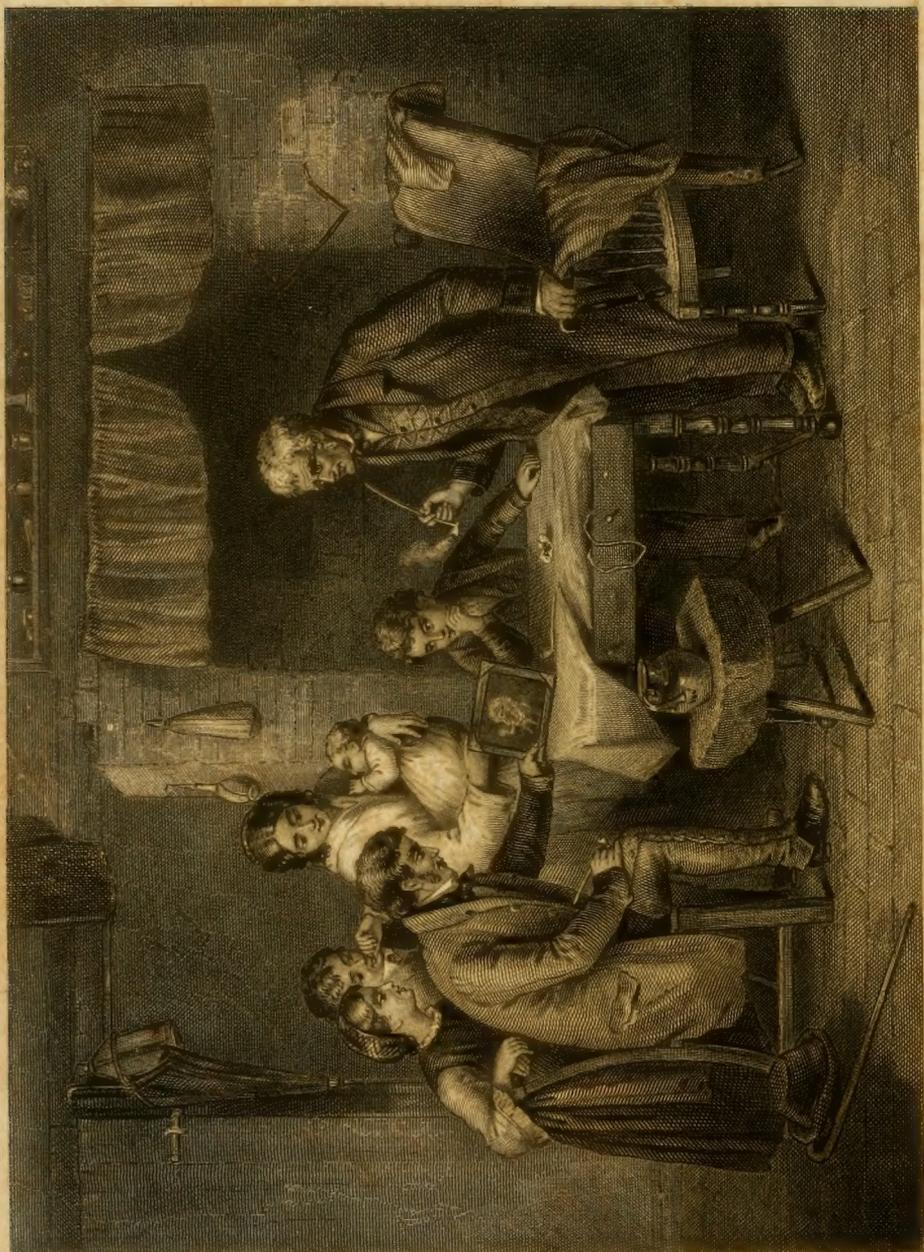


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GRANDFATHERS' PORTRAIT

GODEY'S  
LADY'S BOOK

AND

MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,  
AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

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GODDEY'S

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1831

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1831

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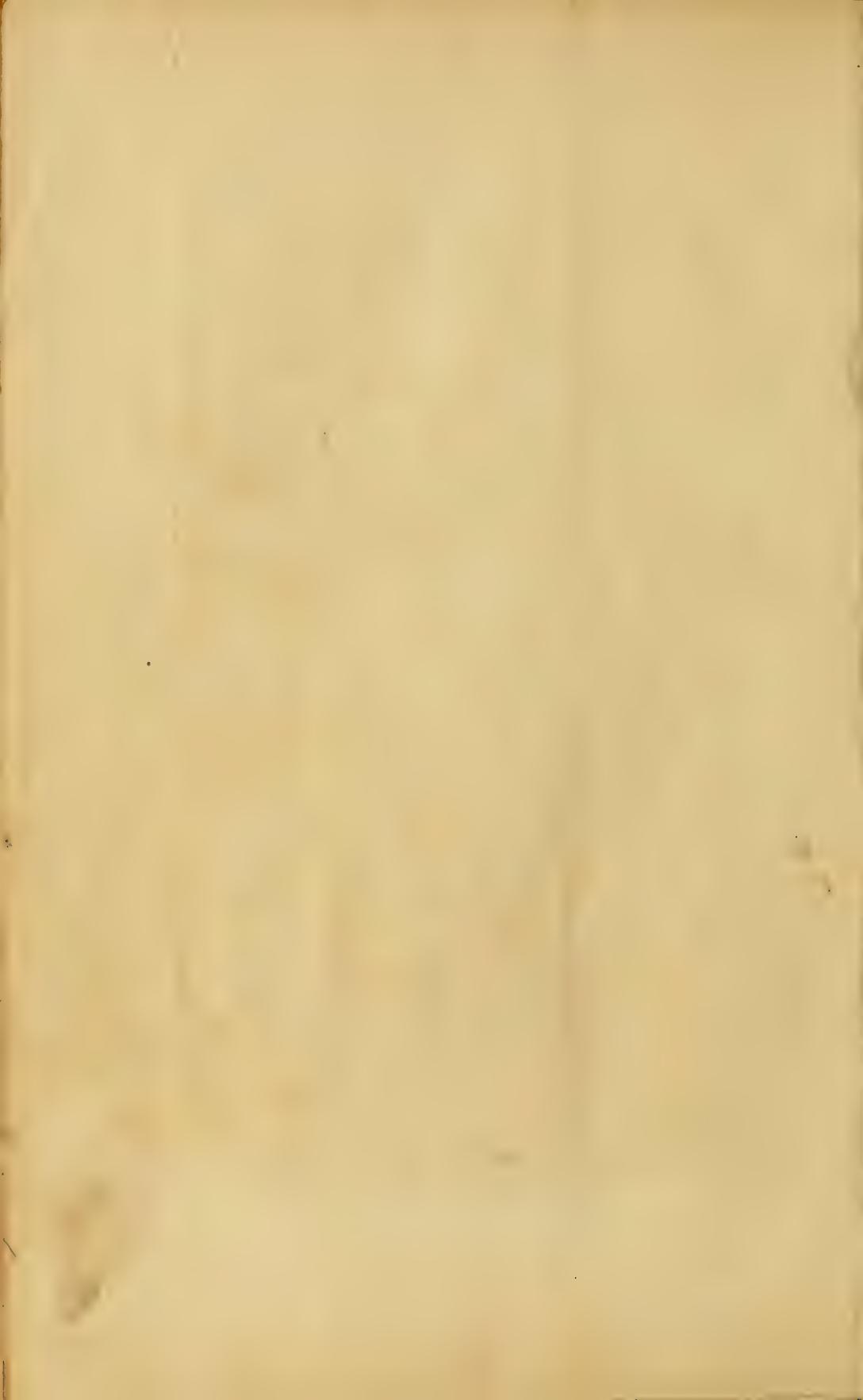
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GOODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JULY 1863.





HATS AND FACES AT A WATERING-PLACE.

TRUTHFUL AND SATIRICAL.

# I am Old and Gray,

WRITTEN BY LIEUT. A. T. LEE, U. S. A

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY JAS. M. STEWART.

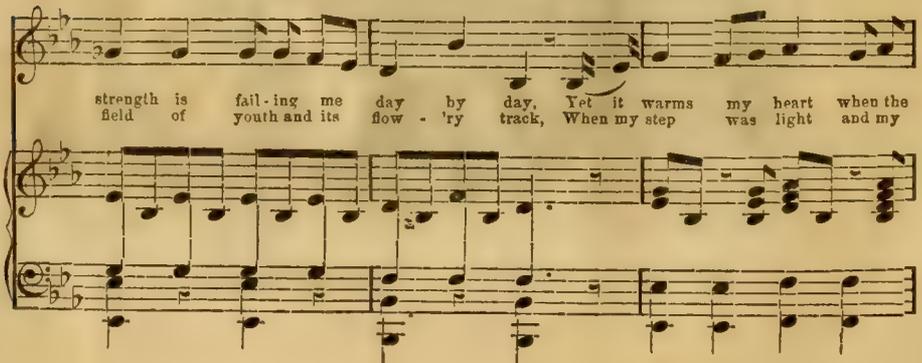


The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



1. I am old and gray, I am old and gray, And my  
2. They bear me back, O they bear me back, To the

The first system of music includes a vocal line with two verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. I am old and gray, I am old and gray, And my / 2. They bear me back, O they bear me back, To the".



strength is fail - ing me day - by day, Yet it warms my heart when the  
field of youth and its flow - ry track, When my step was light and my

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "strength is fail - ing me day - by day, Yet it warms my heart when the / field of youth and its flow - ry track, When my step was light and my".

I AM OLD AND GRAY.

sun is gone, And her robe of stars the night puts on, To  
heart was bold, And my first young love was not grown cold. I

gaze on the glad ones who linger here, To breathe their sweet songs on my aged ear.  
gaze on full many a smiling brow That sleeps in the still old church-yard now.

3.

It wrung my heart, O it wrung my heart,  
To see them one by one depart,  
And it cost me full many a tear of woe,  
For my hopes then hung on the things below ;  
But the visions of earthly joy grow dim  
With the whitening hair and the failing limb.

4.

I am old and gray, I am old and gray,  
But I've strength enough left me to kneel and pray,  
And morning and evening I bless the power  
That woke me to light in the midnight hour  
That spared me to gaze with an aged eye  
On a hope that can never fade or die.

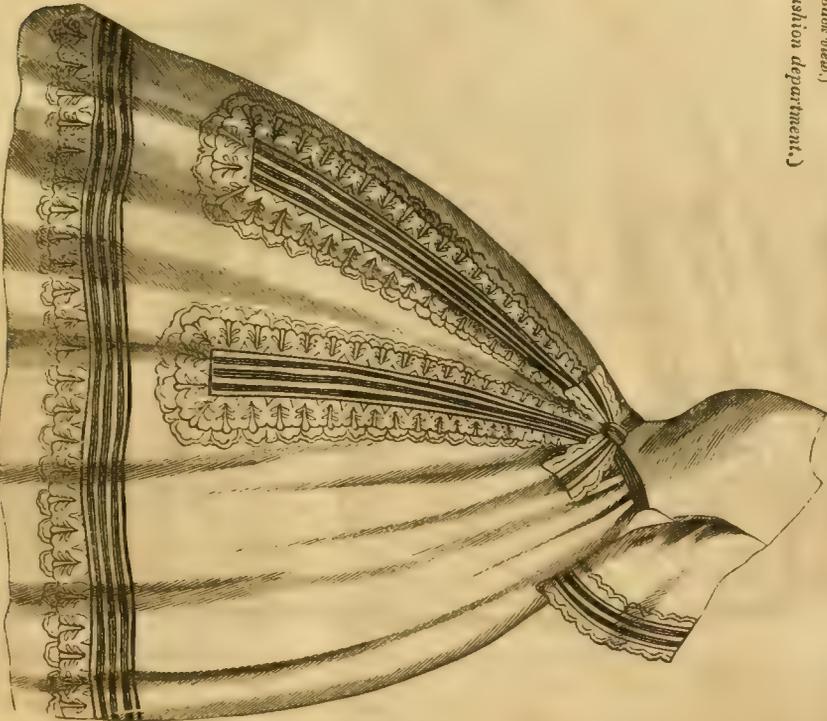
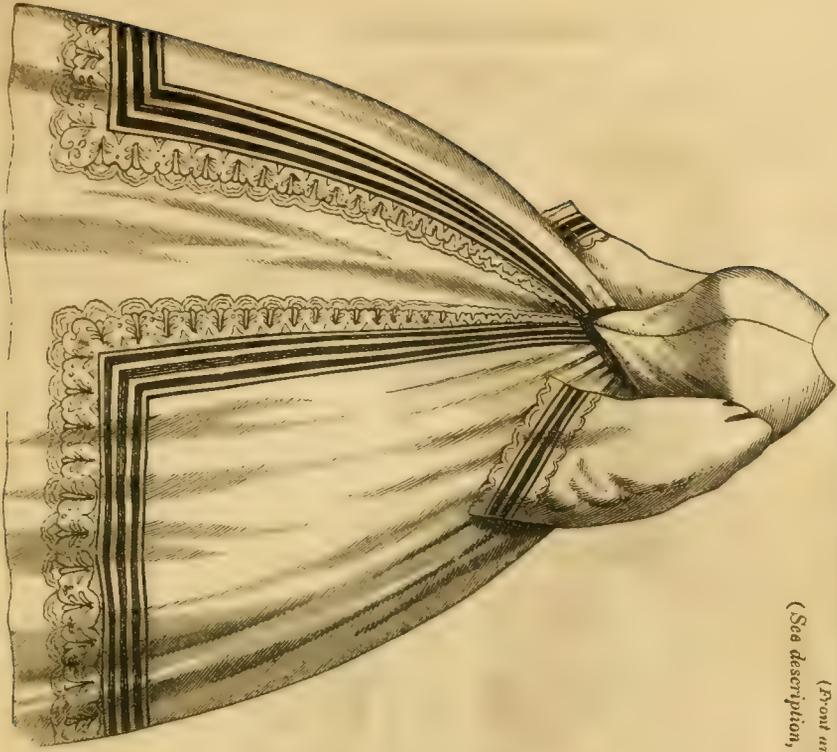
LATEST STYLE.



Dress of white grenadine, with bouquets of gay flowers thrown over it. A fluted flounce of sea-green silk is on the edge of the skirt. The tablier and corsage trimmings are also of green silk. White straw hat, trimmed with a black lace scarf and a bunch of wild flowers.

**ORGANDIE DRESS.**

*Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co. of New York.  
(Front and Back views.)  
(See description, Fashion department.)*



INSERTION FOR MUSLIN.



FANCY PALETOT, FOR THE COUNTRY.



It will require two and a half yards of cloth, or five yards of silk to make this paletot. Either mohair or silk braid can be used for the braiding. The two braids which form the cable should be worked at the same time, so that they may be turned over and under alternately each link. The outline only of the anchors should be braided, the inner part being formed of velvet or cloth.

**EMBROIDERY.**



**MORNING ROBE.**



Trimmed down the front with a graduated piece, scalloped on each edge, and finished with a row of insertion and magic ruffling, neatly fluted. The sleeves and sash are trimmed in the same style.

**COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY.**

*(Front and Back view.)*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*



## COIFFURE ALEXANDRA.

The hair is cut short in the front, and curled, the little curls being arranged over frizzettes to give the coiffure the shape indicated in the illustration. The rest of the hair is parted down the centre, tied on each side behind the ear, and then arranged in as many curls as it is possible so to do. Single roses and leaves are dotted here and there among the curls in front, and an ornamental comb, with a flower on each side, finishes the headdress behind.

### COMB WITH HAIR ATTACHED, FOR COIFFURE ALEXANDRA.



This small illustration shows the comb with hair attached, which may be purchased, ready arranged, to match the natural hair. This has merely to be stuck in the small knot behind, and the back of the hair is dressed in less than a minute.



**HEADRESS.**

(See description, Fashion department.)



**THE MARIA THERESA CRAVAT.**

(See description, Fashion department.)



FANCY COIFFURES. (See description, Fashion department.)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

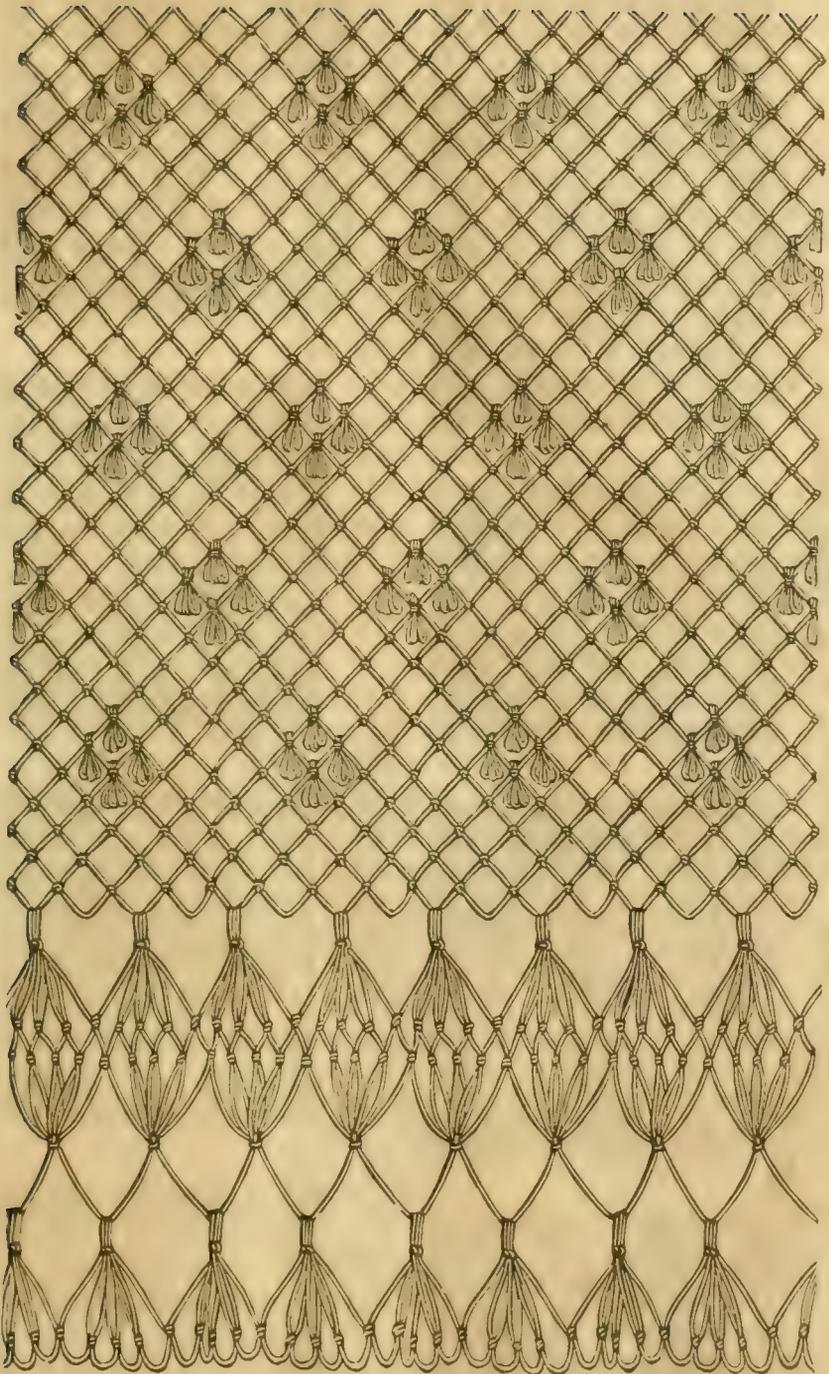


## THE ANDALUSIAN.

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



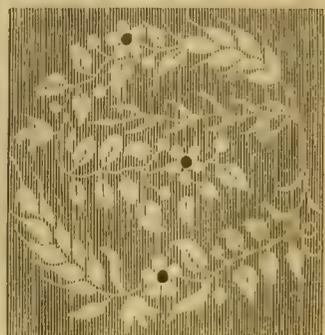
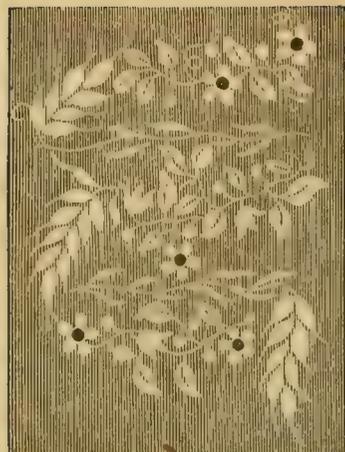
Among the *pardessus* of the season we think none surpass the beauty of this charming variety; the *gilet* gives a dash of piquancy that adds greatly to its attraction. The stuff of which it is made is taffeta, with drop buttons falling from macarons, and adorned with the universally popular braid-wrought embroidery.



**NETTED BORDER.**

*(See description, Work Department.)*

FANCY ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

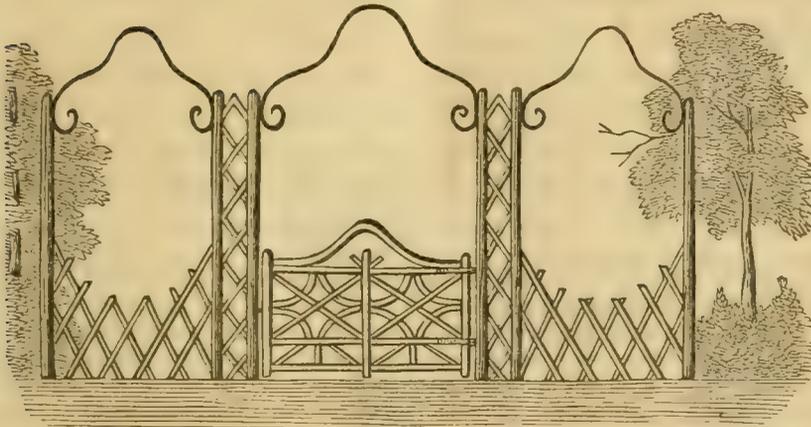


# GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1863.

## GARDEN STRUCTURES.—TRELLISES.

Fig. 1.

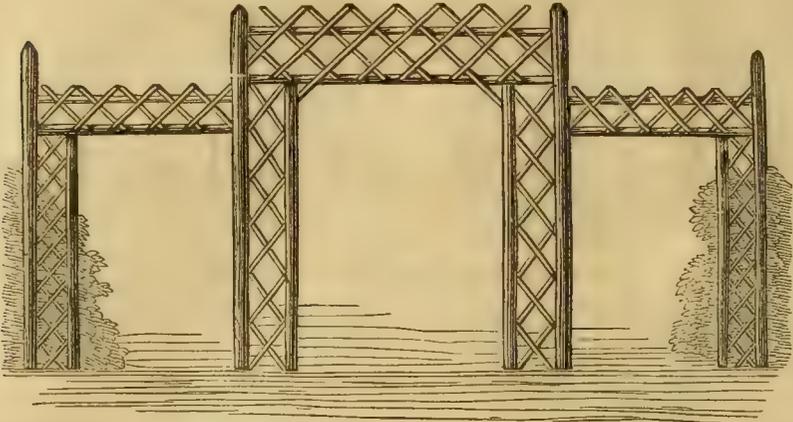


WHETHER a garden be large or small, there are few instances in which it may not be improved by means of some sort of rustic-work, in the way of trellised arches or fences, either for the purpose of dividing one part of the garden from another, or simply as an ornament in some suitable spot. \* The simplest form of trellis is a low fence composed of hazel stakes, driven into the ground in a slanting direction, with others crossing them at right angles; and these may be joined together by tying them at the top with pieces of thin copper wire, or slightly nailing them. This sort of fence answers admirably for training nasturtiums or sweet peas, which may be sown close to it, and allowed to trail over it. Such a fence will last several years; but if it is desired to make it more durable, or carry it higher, it will be necessary to make it stronger with stout posts of the required height; these should be let into

the ground about two feet at regular distances. The part that is let into the ground may be made even more durable by giving it a coat of pitch, or by holding it in a fire till the part is blackened or charred, but not burned away. This has a wonderful effect in adding durability to the wood in resisting damp, which is the first thing to be guarded against. When the posts are in their places, and firmly rammed down, it is advisable to tie them together with stakes cut to the required length, and then proceed to nail hazel rods crosswise, or in any ornamental style—and this is easily suggested on the spot; it may also be a means of testing the ingenuity of the operator, as it is never advisable to copy from others in such matters, since it ought not to be lost sight of that the surroundings, which may tally well with one style, may not suit another.

Wire trellises may be got ready made, and

Fig. 2.



also wire arches of neat and often elegant patterns, which have only to be fixed in their places; and these are sometimes fixed over pathways, where climbing plants are trained over them; indeed, the chief uses of trellises and rustic-work of this kind is for the purpose of supporting climbing plants—a most important section, comprising some of the most ornamental plants in cultivation, and will be sure to add an interesting feature to any garden where a little attention is given to them, and that of a suitable kind.

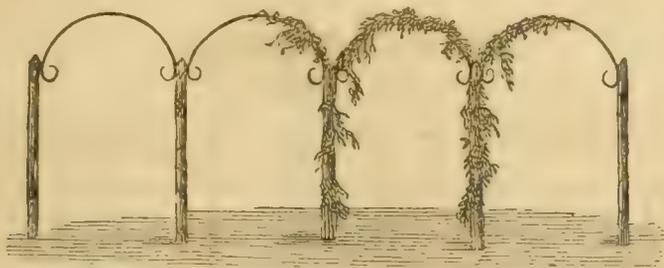
Garden trellises may be made both durable and exceedingly ornamental, by using suitable material, and exercising a little taste in the arrangement of it; in doing this there may be an endless diversity of form and pattern in the disposition of the smaller pieces; and, if well done, nothing adds more to the general effect of a garden, however small; but it is a too common practice to have them of deal wood, both posts and laths cut straight and planed smooth, and generally painted green, which takes off all rusticity from their appearance, until they are completely covered with such plants as are allowed to trail over them. In these structures a certain air of rusticity should be a characteristic feature, and where a person is at all capable of doing the work, it is better to do so than to employ a carpenter who does his work by line and rule. We do not think we can do better here than to copy the following from the "Gardeners' Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet," which applies very much to the point, and expresses most of what we would say:—

"The chief requisites for the structures here figured, are generally to be found growing upon

the place; and if a person can only spare the time necessary for building them, there is not otherwise any great expense incurred. When well done and judiciously placed, they add exceedingly to the interesting features of a garden. The accompanying designs are to be carried out in larch poles or oak saplings, always with the bark on; they are useful for throwing across a walk at any part where a semi-division of the ground is required—where the more highly dressed portion of the ground merges into the wilderness, the fernery, the rose-garden, etc.; or may encircle any special nook set apart for any special purpose. These sorts of things will hardly look amiss anywhere, as they would be, of course, covered with climbers—as roses, honeysuckles, jasmines, pyracantha, cotoneaster, clematis, etc.; or otherwise with ivy—a class of plants, generally speaking, too little grown. The distance from column to column may be regulated according to circumstances; as also their height; but from seven to eight feet in the width of openings, and from seven to nine feet in the height of columns, will be about the best proportions; of course using the greatest height where the columns are furthest apart, and *vice versa*. The principal posts should be about five to seven inches in diameter, and the filling-up stuff about two inches. The iron bows over Figs. 1 and 3 are formed of round iron rods, five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Collectors of climbing plants cannot adopt a better mode of displaying them than these trellises; when covered with species and varieties of clematis, they are most beautiful ornaments to a garden."

One of the best climbing plants for trellises is *jasminum nudiflora*—the yellow naked flow-

Fig. 3.



ering jasmine; it flowers freely in the winter, and makes a fine dense foliage in the summer; it will grow in any soil or situation, and requires no extra treatment beyond what is required by ordinary climbers, that is, to be neatly trained, and never allowed to make any extra growth before tying up. Clematis flamula, or the sweet-scented virgin's flower, is another climber exceedingly well adapted to cover a trellised archway; it gives out a delicious perfume when in flower, in July and August. Cotoneaster macrophylla will also give satisfaction on account of its red berries. Many sorts of roses will also be found highly ornamental when allowed to trail over arches and trellis-work; but although, as before mentioned, climbing plants ought never to be allowed to wear any appearance of neglect, and should be fastened up in time to prevent that unsightly appearance that always accompanies tying up, after allowing them to grow as they please for too long a time, still they look none the better for being trained in too closely or with any degree of formality; a certain natural and easy look about these trellis plants will always have a most pleasing effect. It would be impossible to enumerate all the various plants suitable for the purpose of clothing garden trellises with a verdant covering; they are very numerous, comprising both annuals and perennials. Of the former, tropeolums, convolvulus, cobeia scandens, etc., may be taken as examples, they being the most common. Others die down every year, as everlasting peas, and some sort of clematis; but the best are those that live on, as the honeysuckle, the jasmine, the glycine, or wistaria; and not the least worthy of note is ivy, which makes a fine evergreen wall or fence for hiding one part of the ground from another, or covering in an unsightly corner. Speaking of this, we have seen some beautiful arches built of burrs and shells, having both variegated and plain leaved ivy trailing about them, but not enough to hide the burrs and shells, yet presenting a due proportion of each,

filling up in a most effective style what would otherwise be a most unsightly corner.

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THE LOVER'S PRIDE.—I believe there is no period of life so happy as that in which a thriving lover leaves his mistress after his first success. His joy is more perfect than that of the absolute moment of his own eager vow, and her half-assenting blushes. Then he is thinking mostly of her, and is to a certain degree embarrassed by the effort necessary for success. But when the promise has once been given to him, and he is able to escape into the domain of his own heart, he is as a conqueror who has mastered half a continent by his own strategy. It never occurs to him, he hardly believes that his success is no more than that which is the ordinary lot of mortal man. He never reflects that all the old married fogies whom he knows and despises, have just as much ground for pride, if such pride were enduring; that every fat, silent, dull, somnolent old lady whom he sees and quizzes, has at some period been deemed as worthy a prize as his priceless galleon; and so deemed by as bold a captor as himself. Some one has said that every young mother, when her first child is born, regards the babe as the most wonderful production of that description which the world has yet seen. And this, too, is true. But I doubt even whether that conviction is so strong as the conviction of the young successful lover, that he has achieved a triumph which should ennoble him down to late generations. As he goes along he has a contempt for other men; for they know nothing of such glory as his. As he pores over his *Blackstone*, he remembers that he does so, not so much that he may acquire law, as that he may acquire Fanny; and then all other porers over *Blackstone* are low and mean in his sight—are mercenary in their views, and unfortunate in their ideas, for they have no Fanny in view.

## CARRIE HARDING.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"WHAT are you studying so earnestly, Carrie?"

"French verbs, mother. Miss Delattre said I was backward in my verbs; and, as she is so kind as to teach me her language for nothing, the least I can do is to try to be a credit to my teacher."

"Right! you are right, Carrie. Learn all you can now, it will come of use some time, be sure of that." And the widow sighed as her eye rested on the intelligent face raised to hers, regretting the limited advantages accorded to the child.

True, she went to the public school, but there were many times when Mrs. Harding's illness kept the uncomplaining little girl in her room for weeks at a time.

Mrs. Harding was the widow of a sea-captain; and of seven children, Carrie was the only one who had survived her infancy. Carrie was, at the time my story opens, in her thirteenth year, tall, but very slender, with a pale, thin face, lighted by large brown eyes, of wonderful intelligence. Accustomed from her earliest childhood to be her mother's comfort and support, her willing little hands were fitted for many a task suited to older years. To cook their simple meals, to take care of the room, and help her mother to sew were her daily tasks; and when illness came, Carrie's busy hands finished the work her mother was unable to complete, and took it home. In the same house, where Mrs. Harding rented a room, there lived an old French lady, who earned an humble livelihood by making artificial flowers. She had lived for years in this little house, and none suspected her of being born to a higher station than the one she filled; but her history was one quite common, but not less mournful on that account. She had been a lady of rank and fortune, driven from her home by the Revolution, and obliged to turn the pretty art she had learned to decorate her own rooms and vases, into a means of gaining her daily bread. From their first meeting, there had been a cordial feeling between Mrs. Harding and Miss Delattre; and the old French lady especially loved the active, handy little Carrie. She had taught her to cut and form the many-colored muslins into flowers, and was repaid by many an hour of active assistance when a

large, hurried order required constant work. Then, seeing the child's love for books and study, she began to teach her her own musical language, and felt a real pleasure in hearing the well-loved accents from the fresh girlish voice.

"There! I know it!" and Carrie laid aside her book and came close to her mother's side. "Mother, do you feel sick to-night? You are so pale, and your lips look dry and parched."

"My head aches," and Mrs. Harding leaned wearily back in her chair, letting the sewing fall from her listless fingers.

Carrie placed a soft, cool hand on her mother's forehead, whispering, in low, loving accents: "Poor mamma! dear mamma! Lie down and rest!"

"No, no! this must be done to-night," said her mother, taking up the sewing.

"I will finish it! Oh dear, I can't—it is embroidery! I must learn to embroider. Oh, mamma, how I wish I could help you!"

"You do help me, Carrie. Think how little I should get done if I had to stop to run home with work, to make the bed, dust, sweep, or do all the labor my little girl does so handily."

"I will make you a cup of tea now, and see if it will not take the pain from that poor head." And, pleased with the idea of relieving her mother, Carrie hummed a merry little tune as she proceeded with her labor of love.

The tea did not prove a sufficiently powerful remedy, and Mrs. Harding was forced to lay aside the work, and resign herself to Carrie's nursing. The next morning, rising softly and dressing herself, Carrie was preparing to get breakfast, when a moan from the bed startled her. She went towards it. Mrs. Harding lay with her eyes staring wide open, a bright color in her cheeks, her lips parted, breathing heavily.

"Mamma!" said Carrie, uneasily, for she had never seen her mother look so before.

"Go away," said her mother, turning her eyes towards her daughter, without one ray of recognition in them. "Go away!"

"Go away, mamma? Will you send away your own little Carrie?" And the child bent over her, and kissed the hot cheeks.

"I tell you go away!" cried Mrs. Harding. "I know what you want. You want to persuade Harry to go to sea again without me! Harry,

don't leave me! It is so lonely when you are away! Our babies are all dead, Harry; don't leave me all alone!"

The tears started into Carrie's eyes at the mournful pathos of her mother's voice, and then she drew in her breath quickly with terror, for it was the first time she had ever seen delirium. What could ail her mother!

"Mamma, dear mother, don't you know me?" she said pleadingly.

"Hush!" said her mother, "don't you hear the waves? Under the waves! far away at sea! Dead! dead! and he could not bid me good-bye. I couldn't go! They wouldn't let him take me and the baby! Carrie! Where is my baby! Did she die too?"

"I am here, mother. Your own little Carrie!" sobbed the child.

"Don't cry," said Mrs. Harding, looking earnestly at her; "don't cry. We must all die. It's only that some are called earlier than others."

Frightened now beyond her powers of control, the child left her mother's side to seek assistance. Miss Delattre answering her loud, terrified knock, accompanied her back to the room. One glance showed her how the case was, and she calmed Carrie effectually by telling her that her mother's life perhaps depended upon careful, quiet nursing. Loving, as she did, the only parent she had ever known, Carrie controlled her grief by an effort, marvellous in one so young, and started to go for a doctor.

Miss Delattre, seeing the impropriety of leaving her friend entirely in the charge of a mere child, brought the table with her articles of toil upon it, and set down to await the arrival of Carrie with the doctor.

A few days of violent illness—bitter days, during which the poor child obtained not one glance of recognition and love, and then Carrie Harding was motherless.

"She shall come into my room. I teach her my trade. She shall live with me!" said Miss Delattre, when the question how to dispose of the child came up.

These were days and nights of bitter, mournful sorrow; but, young as she was, Carrie had been taught by a pious parent where to look for comfort, and Miss Delattre, a sincere, earnest Christian herself, enforced the early lessons; and, as the elasticity of a child's mind gradually awakened to new impressions, she became cheerful, happy once more. Not that she forgot, but she let present duties fill her time, and drew her thoughts from unavailing

sorrow. Many tears were shed as she and her kind old friend talked over the loved one who was gone; but they were quiet tears, and she became resigned to the will of Providence, and calm in proportion as she felt willing to submit.

Her days passed quietly, but were not without their pleasures. Miss Delattre, who loved her intensely, took her from school, to superintend, herself, her studies. It was a pleasant sight to see the old lady, with busy fingers, shaping the leaves which the child cut and handed to her, and all the while listening to the recitations the little one was giving. As French from constant intercourse with her instructor became easier, Carrie gradually fell into the habit of using it instead of her own tongue, and reciting her lessons in history or geography in her teacher's own language.

Her mother had been dead some months, when her room was taken by a gentleman, a middle aged man, with light hair and a heavy beard, whose violin and piano preceded him, and who met the child in the entry with a grunt and a nod of approval.

She gave him a sly, but graceful salutation, her eye wandering curiously to the open piano, visible through the door.

"You knows him, ha?" said the gentleman, following the glance.

"Sir?"

"You plays him?"

"No, sir!"

"You have hear him?"

"No, sir."

"Come in, come in! I plays him for you."

Carrie followed him into the room full of curiosity, wondering what the queer looking instrument could be.

The first chord made her eyes open wide with delighted surprise. A hand organ and the human voice were the only mediums through which the child had ever heard music, and this was like opening a new world. The musician, amused and pleased by the unaffected delight betokened in the eager face and large dark eyes, played one simple air after another; when he ceased, Carrie, drawing a deep breath, and unconsciously using one of her old friend's exclamations, whispered: "C'est magnifique!"

Her own delight in the music was equalled by the expression of the musician's face. "Vous parlez Francais?" he cried.

"Oui, monsieur!" said Carrie, blushing as she spoke.

The gentleman, or, we may as well give him his name, Mr. Beauvais, began eagerly to question her about her love of music, and while he

appeared amazed at her ignorance of different instruments, he was delighted by the intelligence of her answers, and, above all, by her pure Parisian accent and correct use of the language. Questions, delicately put, elicited from the little girl a simple but touching account of her mother's death and her dear friend and instructor Miss Delattre. At this point of the conversation, finding he had a countrywoman in the building, the musician, discarding all ceremony, took the hand of his little friend and started to pay his respects to Miss Delattre. The rooms being directly opposite to each other, separated only by an entry, Miss Delattre had heard much of the conversation, and rose to meet her guest as he came into the room.

He introduced himself! Mons. Beauvais, first violinist of the — theatre orchestra, and her countryman.

The three neighbors were soon fast friends. Many a meal Carrie's active little fingers prepared for Mr. Beauvais, amply repaid by the uninterrupted flow of music from his violin or piano, and through the open doors the sounds of his practising made little fingers fly speedier in the pretty task of flower making, and the little old maid's heart beat with new life and energy.

One morning Mr. Beauvais had gone to rehearse, Miss Delattre was out purchasing the materials to fill a large order for flowers, and Carrie, having put both rooms in perfect order, was wandering listlessly up and down, weary with the, to her, novel weariness of nothing to do. Her eye rested on the open piano, and, crossing the entry, she sat down before it, wishing intensely that she could draw from it the sweet sounds which Mr. Beauvais' fingers called forth. With a timid hand she touched one of the keys, then another, and having run the scale with light frightened fingers, she began slowly and laboriously to pick out note by note one of her favorite airs. Finding the task rather a hopeless one, she abandoned the effort and began to hum the air. Before the arrival of the wondrous instruments of music she had often sung softly as she moved about her work, but her wonderful reverence for them had lately kept her musical efforts silent. Now, alone, and full of earnestness to hear the air she loved, she gradually allowed her voice to rise and swell, sometimes touching one of the keys, flushing with delight if it accorded with the tones of her voice. A new idea now struck her. She could not play the air, but she could sing it, and some of her notes accorded with these white and black keys. After several

trials she found she could sing and play occasionally a note without interrupting the air, and with this simple, one note accompaniment, she poured forth her pure clear voice fearlessly. No miser, over a new-found treasure, ever felt his heart beat with more rapture than this child felt at her newly discovered power. Her pale cheeks flushed crimson, her eyes were raised, and her whole figure seemed expanded with rapture, as the clear notes swelled higher and higher, filling the little room with waves of melody. At last, excited, trembling with pleasure, she bent her head over the piano, and burst into tears. An exclamation behind her made her start and spring to her feet.

Mons. Beauvais stood there, and not alone. With him was a gentleman, whom she had never seen before, whose large blue eyes rested full upon her trembling figure and flushed face, as she stood silent before him.

"Is this one of your pupils, Beauvais?" he said, putting his fingers under the child's chin, and gently raising her tearful face.

"No, sare! I never heard her sing before."

"Who taught you?" said the gentleman kindly, to Carrie.

"No one, sir. They were all out, and I tried a little. I was very careful not to strike hard, and I did not wear it out much, I hope!"

Both gentlemen laughed, and glad not to be scolded for meddling, the child glided past them into her own little room.

"Beauvais, that child's a genius!" said the stranger.

"Eh, sare! I never hears her sing before!" repeated the musician, who was in truth overwhelmed with surprise at Carrie's performance.

The conversation turned upon other topics, and having settled the business which had brought him there, to the arrangements for a serenade to be given to one of his fashionable friends, Mr. Clarence Latimer went away, and wondered who that child was with such a magnificent voice, and then forgot the whole incident.

Not so Mons. Beauvais. The idea that he had lived for six months within reach of such a voice, and never heard it, confounded him. He had liked Carrie, was pleased with her attentions to himself, and her frankly expressed delight at his music, but he had never thought of taking the same place as Miss Delattre towards their little friend. Now the case seemed entirely altered, and he at once conceived the design of instructing the child, and cultivating the musical talent with which she was evidently endowed.

Words cannot describe Carrie's ecstasy when this plan was imparted to her. Her eyes filled with tears, and throwing herself on her friend's bosom, she fairly sobbed out her thanks. From that time regular hours were set apart for music.

Six years had passed since Mrs. Harding died, when it became necessary for Carrie to leave the quiet, happy seclusion in which she had heretofore lived, and go out into the great city to earn her living. Miss Delattre had taken early in the winter a severe cold, neglect of its symptoms had increased it, rheumatism came after, and finally terminated in the loss of the use of the right hand. Now was the time for Carrie to repay the years of care which the old lady had lavished upon her, and she cheerfully took up the burden.

Making flowers she soon found would not be sufficient; it was very well while there were two persons to work at it, but, alone, she found her labors would not be sufficient to support them.

She applied at the millinery establishment for which her old friend had worked for so many years, and they readily agreed to take her as a hand.

A perfect French scholar and a fine musician, it may seem strange that she did not think of these accomplishments as a means of support; but Carrie never thought of this. For every difficulty that she conquered in music, her instructor supplied another to be surmounted, and the young girl really felt that her progress was slow, and would have urged her own incompetency, had any one suggested to her to teach the art in which she was so promising a pupil; and, as for French, so natural was it now for her to use it, that she did not think of it as an accomplishment. She would as soon have thought of priding herself upon speaking English correctly.

Mrs. Manners, the principal of the milliner's store in which Carrie now worked, placed her as saleswoman in the show room. Her childish leanness of contour had vanished with her growth, the thin face was now a beautiful oval, the pale complexion, still white and smooth, was tinged with a healthful color, and a profusion of rich brown hair shaded the broad white forehead. Tall, graceful, and beautiful, with a natural refinement, improved by her intercourse with her old French friend, Carrie was a most valuable acquisition in the show room, especially as a native modesty, fostered by her secluded life, made her unobtrusive and respectful. Her evenings were devoted to music and the society of her friend.

"Carrie, can you spare time to alter the arrangement of these flowers?" said Mrs. Manners, coming into the show room with an exquisite crape hat in her hand. "Mrs. Latimer wishes to have them higher up, and the girls are so hurried just now."

"Certainly; give it to me. How stiff they are!" And with quick, skilful fingers, Carrie took off the flowers, and began to reshape them.

"Don't! you will tear them to pieces!" cried Mrs. Manners.

"Tear them to pieces!" said Carrie, smiling. "Why, I have spent nearly all my life making flowers! There! Is not that better?"

"Beautiful! There, put them in. Here comes Mrs. Latimer, and—why, bless me, she has got our new neighbor, the rich French lady who lives around the corner. If I can secure her custom I'm a made milliner; for, I think, she wears a new bonnet every time she goes out."

Mrs. Latimer, a tall, elderly lady, entered the salesroom, accompanied by another lady about her own age, dressed with exquisite taste, and with a mild, benevolent face once seen never to be forgotten.

After duly admiring the change in her new hat, wrought by Carrie's skilful fingers, Mrs. Latimer introduced Madame de Villa, and, pleading an engagement, hurried away, leaving her friend to make her own selections. A difficulty now arose, which Carrie, occupied in another part of the room, did not at first perceive. Mrs. Manners could speak nothing but English; Madame de Villa, nothing but French. Weary at last with the fruitless effort to understand her customer, Mrs. Manners turned away, saying:—

"Dear me! how provoking to lose such a rich customer, just because I can't speak French!"

Carrie caught the words, and coming to Madame de Villa, requested her order in French. Mrs. Manners was surprised, but gratified; and through the medium of this willing interpreter, the orders were clearly delivered.

"Call at my house this afternoon, and I will give you the flowers for the bonnet," said Madame de Villa to Carrie, as she left.

"Will you go?" said Mrs. Manners. "I know it is not exactly your place, but the errand-girl would never understand her."

"Certainly, I will go," said Carrie.

When she made the promised call, Madame de Villa sent for her to come up into her dressing-room. The young girl's eyes would rove with a natural curiosity over furniture, dresses,

and bijouterie, such as she had never seen before; but she listened attentively to the directions for the disposal of the flowers.

Hearing her own tongue from such a musical voice, and with such a pure accent from a beautiful girl, who, simply attired, acted as saleswoman in a store, naturally roused Madame de Villa's curiosity; and, courteously requesting Carrie to be seated, she began to question her, and in a short time drew from her her simple history.

"Why do you not teach French?" she asked. "You say you have studied the grammar thoroughly; your accent is pure and your idioms correct."

"I should not know where to apply for scholars," said Carrie. "I have no friends excepting Mons. Beauvais and Miss Delattre, and they have lived very secluded."

"Well, well, we will see!" said Madame de Villa, and Carrie, understanding that the interview was over, took her leave.

The next morning she was standing in the show-room alone, when Mrs. Latimer came in.

"Miss Harding," she said, coming abruptly to the point, "I have been talking to Madame de Villa about you, and she says you are competent to teach French. I have been looking out for a French teacher for my daughter, and having ascertained from Mrs. Manners that the story you told yesterday was true—there, don't blush, we never doubted it—I have come to engage your services. As I know that one scholar alone will not support you, I propose to get more. Come to my house on Wednesday evening next; I am going to have a party, and I will introduce you to some of my friends who have children, and we will try to make you a class. There, not a word. You are a good girl, or Mrs. Manners would never speak of you as she does. Be sure you come on Wednesday. Stay! I will send for you. What is your address?"

Carrie gave it, and Mrs. Latimer left her. Invited to a party at one of the largest houses in the city, and by one of its most elegant leaders of fashion, Carrie was half afraid she was dreaming.

As soon as she reached home, she spoke of her new opening in life to Miss Delattre, or Aunt Elise, as she always called her.

"You must go, my dear! you must go!" said the old lady, decidedly. "Open the lower drawer in that bureau, and bring me a large roll you will find there."

Carrie obeyed. When opened, the roll contained many rich dresses, relics of the little old

maid's former state, but one and another was rejected. One was too dark, another faded, and all were too small, while the difference between the stature of the tall graceful girl, and her little old friend, made any alteration a hopeless task. With a sigh, the roll was placed again in the drawer.

"Oh," said Carrie, suddenly, "I know what will do. I remember a roll of white muslin father sent to mother before I was born, which she always persisted was too rich for her to wear. It is in her trunk; I will get it. I have often seen it," and Carrie turned eagerly to the trunk.

The muslin proved to be a rich India muslin heavily wrought, yellow, but otherwise in perfect order. Soap, water, and a hot sun soon bleached it white, and Carrie made it up.

The anxiously expected evening came, and, when dressed, Carrie looked like some bright spirit in the little room. For the first time in her life she wore a dress which, fitting her form perfectly, left her arms and shoulders uncovered. It fell, this snowy drapery, in full soft folds round her, and was untrimmed, save by a lace hunted up from Miss Delattre's stock, which partially shaded the round white arms. Wreathed in with her dark chestnut curls, were clusters of jessamine, made by her own skilful fingers, and her beautiful face needed no ornament of jewels to set it off. The carriage sent by Mrs. Latimer came early, and, with many good wishes from her two friends, Carrie started for the party.

The dressing room, filled with gay laughing girls, gave her an uneasy sensation; she felt so lost and lonely in this crowd of strangers, but, throwing aside her shawl, and smoothing her hair with her hands, she descended the broad staircase to find her hostess.

Many admiring eyes followed her graceful figure as she threaded her way among the crowd, but she did not know it. Mrs. Latimer received her kindly, herself astonished at the wondrous beauty of the young girl in her becoming dress, and Madame de Villa took her young *protégée* under her own especial charge. The blaze of light, rich dresses, and splendid apartment were like dream land to the young girl, but native ease took the place of custom, and no awkward stare or gesture marked the novice. She was still chatting with Madame de Villa, not hearing the inquiries made to Mrs. Latimer about the beautiful French girl, when the hostess came up with a face full of vexation.

"Is it not too provoking?" she said; "Mr. B. has brought his violin to play for us, and all

his music is in duets. His friend Mr. L., who was to play second violin, has sent a regret, and so we lose our music."

Carrie listened, and then said timidly: "If it is not very difficult, I can play it for you."

"Play the violin!" cried the astonished lady.

"I can play a little!"

The music was brought to her, and one glance showed it to be within her power. An instrument lay upon the piano, and Carrie, taking it up, pronounced herself ready to assist Mr. B. The celebrated musician cast one half contemptuous glance at his proposed assistant, but took his violin, and, nodding to her, began to play. The contemptuous expression changed to one of quiet satisfaction as they proceeded. Perfect time, accuracy and expression characterized Carrie's performance. Unconscious that she was doing anything extraordinary, only anxious to give her hostess the pleasure of hearing the great violinist, she played her part, as it should be played, secondary to her companion. As the last note died on the air, murmurs of applause greeted them, but Carrie never dreamed that any of these were intended for her.

Mr. B., turning to her, complimented her highly upon her performance, and, taking another piece from his pile, asked her if she could play the accompaniment. It was for piano and violin, and Carrie gave a ready assent. She was even more at home here than with the violin, and the performance went off with great success.

"You sing?" said Mr. B., as she finished. He seemed to wish to engross the young girl entirely.

"Yes."

"Sing!" he said, abruptly, and Carrie complied.

There was no wish for display in all this. Remembering the intense delight she herself felt in hearing music, she hoped that, in a less degree, she was imparting the same pleasure. Her instrumental performances had been purely mechanical, but now the genius in her own soul shone forth. As she sang, the murmurs of conversation through the room were hushed, and all crowded to the piano. Clear, pure, and true came the notes, and full of power and richness rose the fresh young voice. Now, as the song required, dying away in trills, growing fainter and fainter, then coming back in prolonged full notes, filling the whole room with music. As she finished, a deep hush was over all that crowded room, for it seemed more than human, that glorious young voice. Mr.

B.'s eyes were full of tears, so powerfully had this affected him; and, still perfectly ignorant that she had done anything worthy of especial notice, the young girl glided back to her seat beside Madame de Villa.

Gentlemen were introduced to her, but after a few moments' chat, shrugged their shoulders, voted her a mere musical machine, and left her. Why? She had never been to the opera, knew none of the celebrities, and had no small talk. One only exception there was to this rule. One gentleman, Mrs. Latimer's only son, kept his place beside her. He knew her history, and instead of talking on the chit-chat of society, he began to discuss books and music. Here Carrie was in her element. Mr. Beauvais had a good library of French literature, and knowing as he did many men of letters, he had from time to time borrowed standard works in her own language for the young girl's perusal, and also to improve his own knowledge of English.

Modest and quiet, Carrie still chatted with ease and grace, and Clarence was amazed at the information her remarks displayed.

"Do you remember," he said, suddenly, "the first time you ever tried to play?"

"Yes, indeed," said Carrie, smiling; "I was caught in the act by Mr. Beauvais and another gentleman. I do not remember his face, for I was too much frightened to look up; but he had a gentle touch and a sweet voice."

"Thank you," said Clarence, laughing. "I prophesied then that you had genius, and my predictions are fulfilled."

"You! was it you?"

"I, myself," was the gay answer. "Tell me, now, how you enjoy this evening?"

"Oh, so much," said Carrie, "particularly the piano"—and she glanced at the grand piano on which her fingers had lingered with such a loving touch. "It don't jingle like ours, and the pedal does not creak."

"Rather important advantages," said Clarence. "So you enjoy the piano?"

"Indeed I do. And I like to talk to you, too," she added, frankly. "You know so much. How I should like to travel as you have done, and see all you have seen."

Clarence had too much tact to embarrass her by noticing the compliment, but he fully appreciated it.

All pleasant things must have an end, and at midnight, according to promise, Carrie went home. She bade Mrs. Latimer and Madame de Villa good-night, and glided away, leaving the gayety in full bloom. Clarence accompanied her; and asking permission to call, left her at

her own door. Think how odd it seemed for such a girl as that, to live in a little room in the third story of a small house in a narrow court.

The next day Carrie took a grateful leave of her kind friend, Mrs. Manners, and entered upon her duties as a teacher. The *eclat* of her introduction, and the announcement of the fact that Mrs. Latimer intended to place her daughter under her instruction for both French and music, gave her a start in this line, and in a few weeks her time was entirely filled up at good prices.

She was glad to change her former life for the present one, as it gave her more time to be at home, and her Aunt Elise seemed every day to need her care more. The old lady, in her little room, watched for the bright young face, and hungered for the cheerful voice that made the music of her home. No invitation to dine or sup in the houses where she taught, could keep Carrie away at the hours when she knew Miss Delattre was waiting for her to prepare her simple meals, and no daughter's hand could have more gently and kindly fed the cripple. Her first party was the only indulgence of this kind she permitted herself to take. Many invitations were extended; but she remembered her old friend's words when she returned—

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! I have been so lonely all the evening. Mr. Beauvais was at the theatre, and it was very dull."

And Carrie, thinking only of the immense debt of gratitude she owed her old friend, resolved never to call forth the same complaint of loneliness again.

Madame de Villa was the young girl's constant friend. Books, music, paintings, all were placed within her reach, and the French lady delighted in her young *protégée*. One morning, calling to get a book to read in the evenings to Miss Delattre, Carrie was surprised to find Madame de Villa making preparations for a journey.

"Ah, Carrie!" she said, looking up as the young girl entered. "I was going to send for you. Sit down, and listen to me. I am going to France, going to live there, and I want you to go with me. Not," she continued, mistaking the young girl's expression of dismay, "not as a companion or a subordinate, but as my child, my adopted daughter, to whom at my death I shall will all my property. I love you, Carrie!" and she drew her into a close embrace. "I am widowed and childless; you shall be my child."

For a few moments surprise kept Carrie silent;

then she said: "Oh, you are too kind, too good, but I cannot!"

"Cannot! why?"

"I cannot leave Aunt Elise. She depends upon my labors for her daily bread. Could I leave her to starve?"

"My dear child, do not accuse me of such an inhuman idea! I will leave an ample income for Miss Delattre."

"But she is a cripple; she cannot live alone."

"I will pay some one to attend to her; so make your mind easy about that."

"Pay some one! Oh, Madame de Villa, can hired hands be to her what mine are? Can paid services take the place of those dictated by love alone? She loves me, and the separation would kill her. You are kind, and I am very, very grateful; but I cannot leave Aunt Elise!"

"But, my child, I will make you rich, and you can send her superb presents. She is no relation to you—has no real claim upon you."

"No real claim upon me! She has been more than a mother to me since my own died. Parent, teacher, friend. All I am I owe to her. Could you expect me to be a grateful, dutiful child to you, if I repaid her by deserting her in her lonely, crippled old age?"

"You are right! Go back to her. I will write to you often; and remember if her death releases you, you are to be mine, my child."

A long loving conversation followed, and then Carrie returned home.

Miss Delattre was seated in her arm-chair near the window when Carrie entered, and a gush of emotion flooded the young girl's eyes as she pictured her waiting thus for one who would never come. Crossing the room softly, she knelt down beside her old friend, and looked up lovingly into her face.

"Carrie, Carrie," softly sighed Miss Delattre, stroking back the rich dark hair from the fair forehead. "I think you have been gone a great while."

"I was detained at Madame de Villa's."

"Did you get a new book?"

"No, auntie, I forgot it. Madame de Villa is going home to France. She starts for New York this afternoon."

"Going home! France, dear France!" and the invalid's fingers fluttered. "Home to France!" and then a deep silence fell on the two. Carrie, leaning her head against the arm-chair, thought over her long conversation with Madame de Villa, and the invalid went in fancy across the water to "dear France."

The next afternoon, when Miss Julia Latimer

was taking her singing lesson, her brother Clarence strolled into the parlor. It was the first time Carrie had seen him since the eventful party, and she returned his graceful bow, with smiling pleasure.

"Do go away, Claire, while I take my lesson," said his sister.

"I shall not disturb you," was the reply, and he sat down near the window.

The lesson was over, but Sophie, Carrie's other scholar, was out, though expected home every minute. Julie, glad to run away, left the room, and Clarence joined Carrie at the piano. No idea of impropriety disturbed the young girl. She was waiting for a pupil. Mr. Latimer surely had a right to remain in his own parlor, and the time would be less tedious in company than alone.

"Do you still retain your love for this piano?" said Clarence.

"As the first really fine instrument I ever touched, I certainly love it," was Carrie's reply.

"I never heard you play except to accompany a duet or the voice; will you favor me now?"

"Certainly! I must wait till Sophie comes. Give me a subject?"

"A subject?"

"I had rather improvise than play from memory. Mous. Beauvais always gave me a subject at every lesson."

"She does not seem aware that there is any genius required for that," thought Clarence, amused at her simple business-like tone; aloud he said: "Take memory, Miss Harding."

"Memory, whose? mine?"

"Yes."

For an instant she was silent, then she said in a low tone: "My first recollection is my mother's lament over my father's death at sea."

Low, quivering notes softly glided into a murmuring like rippling water, growing deeper and stronger as, forgetting her listener, the young girl's imagination pictured a storm at sea. Gradually the deep sonorous chords, and rapid sweeping, like wind, among the keys, died away, and joining her voice, a wailing dirge for the lost sailor filled the room; then more slowly, solemnly rose a hymn for her mother. Gliding softly from sad strains, little scraps of the negro airs she had first learned from the hand organs followed, and then her face flushed and her eyes shone as she recalled Mons. Beauvais' first meeting with her. Looking earnestly forward, her fingers gradually drawing out sounds of unparalleled sweetness

and melody, she burst suddenly into a song of praise. There were no words, yet Clarence knew she was recalling the day when she first tested her own musical powers. The rich glorious voice filled the air around him, and the joyousness of the song made him almost long to join his voice with hers, when she was recalled from her dreams, he from his ecstasy, by—

"I am ready for my lesson, Miss Harding!"

Little Sophie, Mrs. Latimer's youngest child, had, all unperceived by Carrie or Clarence, come in, taken off shawl and bonnet, and now stood ready for her lesson.

Thoughtfully, his heart full of that glorious music, Clarence left them, feeling that his sister's childish strumming would be unendurable after Carrie's performance.

That same evening, while Carrie sat at her aunt's feet reading aloud, there came a tap at the door. She opened it, to find Mr. Latimer standing there.

"May I hope I am not intruding?" he said; "you gave me permission to call, on the evening when I escorted you home from my mother's. I have been out of town, or I should have availed myself of it sooner."

"Walk in," said Carrie. "Aunt Elise, this is Mr. Latimer, the gentleman I spoke of you about."

Clarence spoke to the old lady in her own tongue, and accepted Carrie's offered seat. His call was a long one. Having lately visited France, he could give Miss Delattre intelligence of scenes and people, from whom she never expected to hear again, yet although attentive to her, his eye took in the neat arrangement of the simple furniture and the graceful figure sewing near the table.

"You will come again, come often," said Miss Delattre as he rose to go.

"Thank you for permission to do so," he said. There were few *tête à tête's* after this for Carrie and her old friend. Some time in the evening, if only to stay long enough to bring some flowers or a book, Clarence came in, often remaining for hours, reading aloud while Carrie sewed, or chatting with Miss Delattre of the never wearying subject—France. Coming home from long walks and patience tasking lessons, Carrie learned to listen for the well-known knock, and cheerful voice at the door, welcoming both with frank pleasure.

Coming home one day at dinner time, she was surprised at having no answer to her cheery good-day, from her aunt, and looking up saw that the old lady's head was thrown back, her

mouth partly open, her eyes fixed and glassy. A loud cry of terror brought Mons. Beauvais to her side, but all help now was useless. Miss Delattre was dead.

With this grief still weighing bitterly upon her, a new trial came. Mrs. Latimer visited her, paid her bill for her daughter's tuition, withdrew them from Carrie's care, and then heaped upon the young girl's head the bitterest reproaches for her "shameless conduct with regard to Clarence."

"My conduct! My brain is confused with sorrow and surprise! What have I done?"

"It is too late to feign ignorance, Miss Harding," said Mrs. Latimer, severely. "I little thought my kindness to you would meet with such base ingratitude. Have not you and your aunt tried to inveigle my son, one of the first young men in the city, into marrying you—a music teacher?"

Carrie stood erect, with flashing eye and flushed cheek. "You mistake, madam. That your son has sought me, loves me, is true. That I return his love is also true; for, unaccustomed to let worldly calculations influence my heart, I gave him my love freely, as he offered his. He has asked me to be his bride; but"—and she drew a ring from her finger, and placed it in Mrs. Latimer's hand—"you will return this, telling him why I send it. I"—and she drew herself up proudly—"I enter no family where I am unwelcome." And she bent her head with queenly grace, and left the room, crossing the entry to remain with Mons. Beauvais till Mrs. Latimer saw fit to depart, which she did soon, glad to have got through her errand without the expected fit of tears and hysterics.

Furious with generous indignation, Clarence flew to Carrie that evening, after hearing his mother's story. She was gone. Mons. Beauvais could not or would not give any clue to her whereabouts; and, after weeks spent in fruitless search, Clarence finally relinquished the pursuit in despair.

Three years passed away. Clarence was on a visit to New York when an invitation was sent to him to join a large fancy party; the note concluded thus:—

"Amongst our other guests, my mother has invited a new belle, a French lady, heiress to an immense fortune, who is on a visit to America with her guardian. Be sure to come.

"HENRY."

The rooms were crowded when Clarence came

in, and the usual mixture of costumes belonging to such a scene prevailed. His own dress of a friar was too modest to attract much notice, and he mingled in the crowd.

"Have you seen the fortune-teller?" said a pretty blonde, who accepted his arm for a promenade. "All the gentlemen are crazy about her, and she will not unmask. Ah! there she is!"

Clarence looked in the direction indicated. A tall, graceful girl was leaning against a marble pedestal, toying with some flowers upon it, and conversing with two gentlemen. She was dressed in black velvet, richly embroidered in gold. The dress, open in front, left exposed a vest of white satin buttoned with large pearl buttons, and rich lace closed with a diamond pin at the throat. Upon her head was a long, rich, black lace veil, and her mask covered all her face save her mouth, which could be seen through its lace edge, while two large dark eyes shone through the holes in the mask.

"Ah," said one of the gentlemen, looking up, "there! comes Clarence Latimer. Now, Lady Sorceress, for a new trait of skill."

The lady did not answer, her graceful head being bent low over the flowers.

"Come, Claire, and have your fortune told," said both gentlemen, in gay tones.

Clarence bowed to the stately lady, who turned her eyes full upon his face.

"You have known trouble," she said, in a deep voice; "the lines on your face tell that."

"Trouble!" said one of the gentlemen, gayly. "I think your skill is failing you. Why, Clarence Latimer is the envy of half his friends."

"Yet he has known trouble through poverty and obscurity."

"It is clear you have mistaken the person," continued the young man, son of the hostess for the evening.

"No, I do not mistake!" was the answer.

"It was not his own poverty, but that of one—"

"Hush! hush!" said Clarence, in a low tone; "do not name her here."

"Then you have not forgotten her?" said the lady, in the same low voice. The rest of the group left the two together.

"Forgotten! Never!"

"I can give you tidings of her."

"You can?" said the young man, eagerly. "Where is she? Is she near, or far away? Alas! I fear poor and friendless now!"

"Not so. Through the death and liberal will of one who adopted her after her aged friend's death, she is now in the highest society in Paris, and rich enough to"—and her voice

took a tone of bitter irony—"satisfy even your mother."

"Lost! lost!" said Clarence, in a low, sad tone. "Had she been in trouble, seas could not have divided us; but now she might justly despise me if I sought her."

"Not so! I know her well: she cannot forget, cannot cease to love one who won her heart when her friends were few, and who would have married her despite her station. But she is proud; she cannot seek one whose family cast her off."

"Gently," said Clarence, "gently! My mother is dead."

"Are you confessing to this reverend friar?" said a gay voice behind the two.

"Not yet," said the sorceress, taking Clarence's arm. "Will you promenade with me, Mr. Latimer?" She gently led him to the conservatory. Then, when they were alone, Clarence said in an agitated voice:—

"Tell me, who are you?"

"Mademoiselle de Villa, the adopted child and heiress of your mother's old friend, but"—and she took off her mask—"better known to you as Carrie Harding."

So Clarence, of all the suitors to the French heiress was the successful one, though all the disappointed ones declared they could not make it out "why he was introduced at Mrs. Mason's fancy ball just one week before he was married."

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#### THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF A SEED.

HAVE you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles. God said, "Let there be 'plants yielding seed,'" and it is further added, each one "after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must still look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is inclosed in a single seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree—picked

up, perhaps, by a bird for her little ones—the smallest seed of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that float about in the air invisible to our eyes! There is a world of marvels and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness!

Consider, first, their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, "the father of Botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants; and at a later period he counted 60,000, then 80,000, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let us ask, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore-tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech-tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and, on the way, may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under the shade of which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer, and shut them up, and sixty years afterward, when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and, soon after, he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in it, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them, perhaps 1,500 or 1,700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them—and what, think you, was seen to spring up from this dust of the dead?—beautiful sunflowers, blue corn-flowers, and clover, bearing

blossoms as bright and sweet as those woven into wreaths by merry children playing in the fields.

Some years ago a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and, at the end of thirty days, these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago (perhaps in the time of Moses), and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living, in the dust of the tomb.

Is not the springing of the seed an emblem of the resurrection of the dead? Accordingly it is mentioned by the Apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. xv., where, from the springing of the seed, he explains the doctrine of the resurrection unto life.

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### THE RAIN.

BY EARNEST BEALLE.

MERRILY, mournfully, pattering still,  
 Falling like dew on the flowers,  
 Singing, and sighing, and moaning at will,  
 Falleth the rain all the hours;  
 Dancing so merrily over the eaves,  
 Falling like music's refrain,  
 Hiding its gems in the heart of the leaves,  
 Merrily falleth the rain.

Falling and falling cheerily still,  
 It kisses the lilies' white breast;  
 Over the meadows it wanders at will,  
 Lulling the blue-bells to rest.  
 Merrily, cheerily falleth the rain  
 Over the country and town,  
 Like the soft murmur of music's refrain,  
 The fairy-like rain cometh down.

The rain, the rain, the beautiful rain,  
 Sadly and sweetly it falls,  
 To the souls of the dead, where the grass groweth green,  
 In sweet spirit voices it calls;  
 It makes, with its murmurs of beautiful grief,  
 The flowers to blow o'er each head,  
 And by its sweet treasures of rose-bud and leaf  
 Makes lovely the homes of the dead.

The rain, the rain, the beautiful rain,  
 The merrily, mournfully falling,  
 The echo of footsteps that fall not again,  
 Strange voices to earth ever calling;  
 The whisper of magic that maketh the buds  
 In beauty and frailty to glow,  
 The message of mercy to man from his God,  
 Proclaiming "All peace be below."

### THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY S. E. H.

"MAMMA, I've had a sweet, sweet dream:  
 I thought the spring was come,  
 And, standing by a cool bright stream,  
 I heard the brown bees hum.

"The countless sands beneath my feet  
 Seemed drops of yellow gold,  
 And the wind that toss'd my hair was sweet  
 With odors manifold.

"And oh, mamma, you cannot think  
 How gay the blossoms grew!  
 A host upon the river's brink  
 Were clad in white and blue.

"While others stretched across the wood,  
 And up the hillside wound,  
 As if a bunch of rainbows had  
 Been flung upon the ground.

"And as I watched in ecstasy  
 Their bright heads toss and flare,  
 A stream of sweetest melody  
 Came surging through the air.

"And oh, mamma, it soared and rang,  
 And seemed the sky to fill;  
 An Eden seraph must have sang  
 Above that flowery hill.

"And while I knelt with strange sweet awe  
 I ne'er had felt before,  
 These words came mingling with the song,  
 And echoed down the shore:

"Sweet child! no strife, nor fear, nor care,  
 Hath aught to do with thee—  
 Thou art too pure to see or share  
 The false world's falsity!

"And, bright-haired darling! ere the sun  
 Another round shall take,  
 Thou'lt stand where sorrows never come,  
 Where pure hearts never break!

"And then the music, soft and low,  
 Died out along the stream;  
 The landscape faint and fainter grew,  
 I woke—and 'twas a dream!

"But deep within my heart I know  
 The angel's words were true;  
 And, mother, I would joy to go  
 If you were going too.

"And you *will* come ere many years;  
 This world is fleeing fast—  
 Oh, mother, why those bitter tears?  
 We'll meet above at last!"

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When twilight's clouds of purple hue  
 Sailed o'er the far of sky,  
 That child with dreamy eyes of blue,  
 Lay sweetly down to die.

And ere with morn's first gush of song  
 The eastern hills were rife,  
 He stood amid that shining throng  
 Beside the stream of life!

## THE NIECE OF JUDGE HUMPHREYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was something very unusual, but that morning Mary Humphreys had a headache; not one of that kind which throbs with its fierce heats through the temples, and fires the brain, and tortures every nerve with its sharp baptismal of pain—nothing of that sort had ever seized on the pretty head of Mary Humphreys, but it ached, nevertheless, with a dull, slow, heavy ache, that made her long-lashed eyelids droop over a pair of eyes like amethyst, and quenched somewhat the half blossomed roses that always seemed on the point of opening wide and bright in the cheeks of this girl of whom I am to tell you.

She was an only daughter, and her father, Doctor Samuel Humphreys, was the oldest physician in Woodleaf, and belonged to one of the oldest families in the fine old town. Indeed, the Humphreys have always prided themselves on their fine old stock, and the doctor seemed to combine all the best qualities of his race. He was a man of high cultivation, of warm, broad, generous nature, of instincts and sympathies fine as a woman's; a Christian gentleman; and this Christianity, which was, with the old doctor, a living, abiding principle, permeated his whole life, and softened the laughtiness and exclusiveness which manifested itself in the other members of his family. Mary was like her father. Her mother was a woman gentle, sweet, lovable, a true home wife and mother; whose rare and delicate beauty, faded now, was a type of her character. Mary inherited her father's force, his warm, quick, impulsive nature, which her twenty-three years had not yet controlled and disciplined.

The holidays were just over, and the doctor's daughter had taken an active part in the Christmas festivals, in the dressing of the Christmas tree in the old gray stone church; and the late nights and the exciting work had at last proved too much for even Mary's elastic youth and nerves.

"You want rest, my dear, for a day—that is all; you'll be right to-morrow," said the doctor, as he looked at the drooping face of his darling, and handed her a sedative he had just mixed. "Take that instead of the sleigh-ride I intended to give you to-day."

"Oh, father, you're not going down to the Run this dreadful morning!" said Mrs. Humphreys with a deprecatory tone and face, as

she came into the sitting-room, and saw her husband drawing on his gloves.

"This dreadful morning! This glorious morning, you mean, my dear, with the pines drooping, heavy with the white lilies of snow they've gathered over night; and the branches of every tree thick with crystals, that remind one of Aaron's rod which blossomed all over."

"O, Samuel, you have your old way of putting things!" said Mrs. Humphreys, with a smile which retained somewhat of the beauty of her youth.

"It's the right way, mamma," said Mary, with eyes cast, brimful of pride and tenderness, on her father, who was a man that any wife and child might be proud of.

The doctor kissed the two women, then went out, and his sleigh cut the first line in the white flannel of snow which clothed the principal street of Woodleaf that winter morning. The ride to the Run was a long one, but the doctor's patients there were a family poor and sick. That was enough. Mary Humphreys walked up and down the room awhile, looking out of the window, and marvelled at the miracle which had clothed the earth—the earth, which had waited bare and patient for it, through the slow December; and now, in the sunlight, the branches were glorified with clusters of pearl and opal, and the grove of pines on the left crowned its green plumes with snow that looked like a surf of lilies.

Mary was in a softened, susceptible mood that morning, for pain has likewise its mission, and her sweet eyes searched in the snow, and found in its whiteness and purity, wrapping up the blank, sodden, uncomely winter earth, a type of the Eternal love, and wisdom, and power from whence it came. At last the sedative soothed the pain in her head; she turned from the window, and sat down before the grate fire, and watched the bright jets of flame, and compared them to glowing leaves bursting suddenly out of the dark soil of coal beneath.

And as she sat there, in her dreamy, convalescing state of mind and body, the door opened suddenly, without even a preliminary knock, and a young man entered the room. He was dark, tall, with a fine, not handsome face, which had some subtle likeness to Mary's, a good manly face, a rapid, nervous figure; and always the bearing of a gentleman. But his

face was white, now, and agitated. No one could doubt that he was laboring under deep, but well-disciplined emotion; there was something that bordered on desperation in his eyes, but a purpose, deliberately made, one that would be followed to the death, had concentrated itself about his lips.

"George, what is the matter?" stammered Mary, as she rose up, for she felt at once that her cousin brought her evil tidings.

He was the son of Judge Humphreys, her father's brother, a gentleman of the old school, with all the pride and obstinacy of the old, dead Humphreys. With a deep-seated pride in his good name and position, a man with many good qualities, but one whose purposes and convictions it was not pleasant to encounter.

The young man sat down, and looked at her a moment without answering a word. There was something in his eyes which drew out Mary's heart, and George had always been to her in place of the elder brother God took in his boyhood; for the cousin and the brother were both of one age, just four years Mary's seniors. At last the young man spoke.

"What is the matter, did you say, Mary? Perhaps I had better leave it for others to tell as I first intended. You will know soon enough."

She put her little hand on his arm in the pretty sisterly way that was like her. "It is something that concerns you—that troubles you, George; and so I had rather hear it from *your* lips."

He looked at her again, and she saw the desperate gleam banish from the eyes; and they flamed with something that at another time George Humphreys would have turned away his head that she should not see. "It is the same sweet, bright, pitiful face that it always was, Mary," he said; "the face that I always believed in, trusted, and loved, too, better than all faces in the world—all but one. It will be very hard, very strange to see it grow cold, and darken down on me; but it will not shake my purpose, not for a moment." And now the old gleam drank up the tears in the eyes of George Humphreys, and he ground his teeth together.

"George, George, what is the matter?" some vague fear taking hold of the doctor's daughter and chilling her from head to foot.

He did not delay his answer now. "This is the matter, Mary: My father has this morning turned me from his house forever, and forbade me to look upon his face, because I have disgraced him, and dishonored his name!" He

fairly hurled out the words at her, in a stern, defiant way, that for the moment took no thought of their effect.

But the shock for the moment was too much. She leaned her head back, faint and sick. Her cousin was at her side in a moment, chafing her hands.

"Forgive me, Mary! I didn't think you would take it so."

"Wait a moment—I am better now. What have you done, George?" She asked the question without faltering, looking him steadily in the face, and yet the heart of Mary Humphreys stood still as she awaited the answer, for a terrible fear had taken possession of her.

It came prompt and fearless. "Nothing, Mary, that I am ashamed of before God or man."

"Thank God!" said Mary Humphreys, and she burst into tears. Her worst fears were relieved now. Nothing would seem very terrible after that.

"You do not fear *that*, Mary?"

"I did, George, for a minute; forgive me."

She saw what was coming next cost him a terrible struggle. "But there has harm, disgrace come to Elizabeth. Oh, Mary, you used to love her—you were schoolmates together—you will not forsake her now, now that the world will!"

"What has happened to Elizabeth, George?" And again there was bewilderment and terror in the sweet eyes of Mary Humphreys. In the next hour she had learned the whole truth. It was fearful enough; and yet Mary thanked God in her heart that the sin was not on the souls of those she loved. George Humphreys had been for a year betrothed to Elizabeth Seaton. She was the daughter of a wealthy banker in New York, a schoolmate and friend of Mary's, whom the young lawyer had first met on a visit to the doctor's.

Elizabeth Seaton was a girl-woman, fit to be the elect and dearest friend of Mary Humphreys; a sweet, generous, noble woman, with a face, not handsome, but at times beautiful, always delicate, sweet, intelligent.

The families on both sides had been gratified with the engagement. The Seatons occupied a high social position in the city, and were wealthy and honorable. And Judge Humphreys was a man who valued these things; and George was his only son, of whom any parent might be proud.

The matter was all settled; the wedding was to transpire the following May, when lo! Mr. Seaton, the president of the old saving bank, was

found to have embezzled large sums from the bank, where he had occupied for more than two years a position of the highest trust. The discovery was made suddenly, and fairly stunned those who had known the man longest and most intimately. But, alas! no man can sin to himself. With what bewilderment and anguish, bitterer than death, the blow fell upon Gerald Seaton's wife and daughter cannot be imagined, much less told. The defaulter managed to make his escape from the country, just in time to avoid apprehension.

The first knowledge of these appalling facts reached George Humphreys through the letter of his betrothed: It fell like a thunderbolt on the heart of the young man. Elizabeth Seaton, in the midst of her humility and anguish was too honorable to conceal anything. She disclosed the whole truth, holding back nothing for her own sake or her father's, and offering no extenuation for his crime beyond that which all his friends did, that he had been beguiled into heavy and ruinous speculations; and that he had hoped, as many a man so vainly does, to save himself from failure, by employing the bank funds, and restoring what he had taken before the embezzlement should be detected. He did not mean that it should be robbery.

And then Elizabeth Seaton did just what any one, knowing the real essence of this girl's character, would be certain she would have done. She absolutely released her betrothed from his engagement. She and her mother were about to hide their sorrow and shame in some obscure village, where the small fortune which Mrs. Seaton held in her own right would support them.

George Humphreys was a man of the finest honor; moreover, he loved Elizabeth Seaton with that love which neither misfortune nor disgrace could shake; and the idea of forsaking her, in this hour of her great affliction, was one that his honor would have spurned as it would the suggestion of a crime, had not his heart, too, wrung with pity and tenderness, for he longed to bear all the storm which had fallen so suddenly into her sweet young life.

George Humphreys held long counsel with himself after reading the letter of his betrothed, and his resolution was taken. He would at once seek Elizabeth, and prevail upon her to become his wife, overruling any obstacles which her pride and delicacy might interpose at this juncture to their union. *He*, at least, would show to the world that he was as proud and glad to do her that greatest honor which man can bestow on woman, now that the shadow of her

father's disgrace had fallen upon her, as he was when it stood fair as his own before all men. And, like a true man, George Humphreys rejoiced that his strong arm and his loving heart should shelter Elizabeth Seaton in the time of amazement and anguish.

And with this purpose deliberately settled, George Humphreys sought his father. It cost him a strong pang to tell the story to the stern, proud old man, who listened silently and with his head hidden in his hands, after the first few brief, sharp questions he had asked at the commencement. So George Humphreys was not interrupted until he had disclosed all that Elizabeth had written, and added thereto his intention of going to her at once, and having their union consummated.

There was a little silence when the ardent voice of the young man ceased; and then old Judge Humphreys lifted his face, a pale, proud face, beneath its crown of shining gray hairs. "You shall not do this thing, George. You shall not bring dishonor upon the old name of Humphreys by uniting it to the daughter of a criminal."

The young man winced under the words; for a moment his eyes blazed—it was well that no man but his father dared speak that name in his presence; but remembering whom he was addressing, he choked down the pain and the anger, enough to say in a pleading voice: "But Elizabeth is not to blame for her father's sin?"

"I grant it. I am sorry for you both from my heart. But she must bear her shame alone; no son of mine must take it on him."

So the old Judge was inexorable. Pride was the strongest, hardest part of his nature; pride in the old honorable name of his fathers, which had come down to him through many generations without stain or blemish, and this pride hardened and blinded the old man to all pity or compassion; for George was his only son, and the thought that he would marry the daughter of one whose name was now a by-word and a disgrace, was more than the old Judge could bear. Argument and entreaty availed nothing. The strong will set itself as a rock against them; and at last high words, terrible words, passed between the father and the son. George would not be moved from his purpose of at once taking to wife Elizabeth Seaton, and it ended at last in the old Judge's solemnly lifting up his hand, and declaring that the hour in which he married the daughter of "that outlaw from justice," he was no longer a son of his, and forbidding him even, as the hus-

band of Elizabeth Seaton, to cross his father's threshold again.

So George Humphreys bowed his head and went out from his father's presence, with a face white as the dead, and a step that faltered as a little child's; but his purpose was not shaken.

An hour later, he was leaving Woodleaf, resolving to confide nothing of all which had transpired to any mortal, when the thought of his cousin Mary came over him. The shock which the young lawyer had received during this interview with his father made him feel for the time that all men were against him; but as Mary's sweet face rose before him, and the memory of the quick, tender heart beneath it, which all his boyhood intimacy with her had furnished him such proof, the soul of George Humphreys softened; and, half against his own will, he turned back, and sought his uncle's dwelling.

Mary Humphreys had listened to her cousin's story, with a face out of which all the roses were blanched. Amazement, horror, and pity shook her by turns; but the thought of all Elizabeth Seaton's anguish mastered all the others at last; for the girls had been to each other almost what sisters are, and she was sobbing like a child when her cousin finally paused.

"What are you going to do, George?" she stammered out at last.

"Mary, how can you ask? There is but one thing which it is right that I should do. It is that which I told my father."

What could Mary say? Surely in this case the higher law abrogated the lower: "A man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife."

George searched her white, agitated face, and read there his answer. "Mary, if you were in my place, you would do as I am doing," he said.

"I should do it," answered, solemnly, Mary Humphreys, and she thought of Elizabeth. "God bless you, you and Elizabeth both."

George Humphreys smiled for the first time, and the tears were in his proud eyes, as he bent down and kissed the girl. "Ah, Mary, I was not wrong in trusting you. And I shall carry that blessing in my heart, and it will keep it from growing cold when I remember my father. I must go now, or I shall miss the train."

"Wait for the next one—wait and see father!" pleaded his cousin.

"Wait, Mary, when Elizabeth sits alone in

her anguish and desolation, and there is none but me to comfort her?"

And after that Mary could not say "wait." She followed her cousin to the door, and they parted here with a mute caress which said what their lips could not.

When Doctor Humphreys returned from the "Run," that noon, he heard from his daughter all that she had learned from her cousin. The doctor's sympathies and his wife's were with their nephew. "Elizabeth is not to blame for her father's sin, neither does it absolve George from his duty," was the old physician's verdict.

"But, father, *she* did just what I should do, if I were in her place!" exclaimed Mary; and then, as that terrible "if" flashed across her, she sprang to her father's side, gathered her arms about his neck, and was sobbing on his breast.

The old doctor divined her thought. "My precious child!" trying to soothe her, and feeling a still keener sympathy for her suffering schoolmate. "Truly, we should thank God for every day that we are kept from temptation, and delivered from evil."

"Samuel, you always had more influence with Joseph than anybody," said his wife, wiping away her tears. "Won't you see now what you can do with him for poor George's sake?"

"I shall see him this very evening; but I see, Lucy, that it will be no light thing to move him. In most matters, I might; but here his pride will be stronger than his affection, and the more so, because George is his idol; and the thought of any disgrace falling on him will steel his heart. But for the sake of the living and the dead, I will do what I can."

Doctor Humphreys was faithful to his promise. That evening Mary and her mother waited until the long hours gathered themselves into midnight for the doctor's return.

He came at last; and when they looked in his face, they knew that his mission had failed. "We must wait God's will, now," he said, in a weary way, as he drew off his overcoat.

"Didn't he melt once, father?" asked Mary, as she assisted him to put on his dressing-gown.

"Not once, daughter. I tried every appeal, I urged every motive which would be likely to reach his sense of justice, or his love; but it all availed nothing. He walked the room, white as a sheet; he told me that to save George this sorrow, he would gladly lay down his life; but when, despite his commands and entreaties,

he made himself the son of a criminal flying from justice, he could be his child no longer."

"Oh, father, *such* pride is sin!"

"I know it; I told him so."

A little silence, and then the doctor said, looking from his wife to his daughter: "There, Lucy, Mary, go to bed at once. You both look as though you 'd been ill a week."

Mary's pillow was a sleepless one that night. She thought of Elizabeth and of her father's sin, of her inexorable uncle, and of the face of her Cousin George, and these all drove slumber from her eyes. She longed to be able to serve them in some way; she sometimes half resolved to go and plead with her uncle, with whom she was a great favorite, standing to him in place of the daughter that was not, and then remembering how her father had failed to influence him, she relinquished the plan as hopeless. At last the gray day began to break slowly the long darkness of the night, and with it a new purpose suddenly flashed among Mary's thoughts, as she lay with her face turned to the east, watching the first faint prophesy of the day, written in gray blurred lines upon the distant horizon.

In one of the drawers of the pretty dressing cabinet in Mary's chamber, was a box containing a miniature, of whose existence no one in the world but herself was now aware. The miniature was set in a case of costly veined agate, and the face was that of a little girl, which could hardly have passed out of its tenth summer—a beautiful child's face! a face that once seen could hardly be forgotten. The deep sea-blue eyes, the brown hair, touched with gold, the wide warm roses in the small oval cheeks, and the smile on the lips, red as swamp-berries in the low marshes in December, all made the sweet, wonderful child beauty of that face like a vision that is sometimes seen in dreams of the night, like some face haunting, and shining, and baffling an artist at his work of love.

This face was the face of George Humphreys' mother. It was taken just after her tenth birthday, and just too after her future husband, then a young sophomore, happening on a brief visit at her father's house, had met her for the first time, for the parents of the young student and the little girl were old friends.

Mrs. Humphreys had never discovered this picture to her husband, intending to surprise and gladden him with it some day, and then, after the birth of her daughter Mary, preserving it for the child whom it singularly resembled. But the little girl never saw as many

years as her mother had, when the picture was painted; and so Mary, the doctor's daughter, was christened after her dead cousin and living aunt. And those who loved them best, always detected some subtle likeness betwixt the face that lay still and cold, under the dark plush of the summer grasses, and the face warm and bright above it.

So Mary became to her uncle and aunt almost in place of the daughter that to them was not; and one day, a little while before her aunt's sudden death, she entered her chamber in her privileged fashion, and found her busy in arranging her drawers. The child was a pet with every one in the Judge's house; and after standing and watching her aunt for awhile, she suddenly laid her hand on a small box in a corner of the drawer, and asked with the curiosity of childhood: "What is it, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Humphreys opened the box, and disclosed the miniature inside. "Do you know who it is, my dear?" smiled the lady, as the breathless, wondering child lifted her bewildered eyes to her face.

"It looks like the portrait of Cousin Mary in the parlor."

"So it does; but it's not she. It is your Aunt Mary as she was at your age; and looks more like you now than it does like anybody else in the world," glancing from the miniature to her niece. "Nobody, not even your uncle, knows of the existence of this picture, and you must not reveal the secret, Mary. Some time I intend to show it to him."

Mary promised, and she was a conscientious child; she kept her word faithfully.

Several years after this, when Mrs. Humphreys was gradually sinking into that decline which ended her life, she said one day to her niece, who was now blossoming into her girlhood: "Mary, I want you to take and keep sacredly, for my sake, that miniature which you have seen of me in my early childhood. It is the most precious gift which I could offer you, and you must take it in place of the Mary who went home before the rest of us, and whom it sometimes seems of late that I shall see in a little while. Some time, when I am gone, you must show it to your uncle; it will comfort him; and, Mary, if the time should ever come, when you have some petition to make of him—some especial favor which only he can grant, take this, and tell him in the name of his dear wife and child not to refuse you." And Mary had taken the gift with many tears, and locked it

away from all human gaze until the time appointed.

And as she watched the gray dawn with its white fingers silently breaking down the black walls of the darkness, she felt that the time had come for her to present the gift, to make known her petition. She knew that her uncle had loved his wife with a love which bordered on idolatry, a love whose great tides of tenderness had risen high, and overflowed his proud, strong, reticent character, as the rivers swell in the spring, and overflow the banks and cover the fields.

"I will go to him this very day, and God be with me!" murmured Mary Humphreys; and she turned upon her pillow and slept, and the dawn grew into day.

"Uncle Joseph!"

The voice, sweet, soft, with a little timid plea in it, stole to the old Judge's ear, as he sat, just as the day was closing, in his office study, with his piles of papers before him; and he looked what he was, the straight, inexorable, stately, masterful old man. No matter what anguish he might suffer, what loneliness, what desolation of spirit, whatsoever he had said, that thing he would do to the death; you read this in the face, in the forehead, and in the eyes, and read it anew in the firm concentrated lips; there was no weakness, no flexibility there. But the voice, the sweet woman's voice stole softly to the old Judge sitting among his books and his papers, as another voice used to steal in at that very door, and wind itself in silvery flowing sounds through the tenderest and softest places of his heart.

"Come in, Mary," said the Judge; and his tones now were like those with which he used to answer that other voice, that he would never, never hear again, speaking at the door. She came in, with her swift step and her young bright face, in which some thought at her heart made the roses wider than usual.

"Uncle Joseph, are you glad to see me?" she said; and she put her arms about his neck.

His heart, his lonely heart, that would ache beneath the iron will that held and ruled it, was touched and comforted.

"Was I ever otherwise than glad to see you, Mary, my child?" answered the old Judge, and took the girl on his knee, and held her there, as though she had been his very own.

And Mary Humphreys smiled, and brushed with her soft, warm hand the white hair from her uncle's forehead, and then, as she looked to find courage in that face whereon the un-

finching will had graven itself, her heart failed her, and her uncle felt the shiver which shook her as she sat on his knee.

"What is the matter, my child?"

"I came here, Uncle Joseph, to ask you a question, but my heart has failed me. I can't do it," stammered the girl, looking at him in fear and bewilderment.

He divined in a moment what she meant; the face settled away from its sudden tenderness into stern rigidity. Every feature and lineament was like a rock.

"Mary, it will be useless to ask *that!*" said Judge Humphreys.

"Then, I will not, Uncle Joseph, but somebody else will instead. See here, it is *she speaks to you.*" And with her swift, shaking fingers, she drew out the case of dark veined agate, opened it, and there, before Joseph Humphreys, was the face of the wife of his youth, just as he had seen it the first time in his life! The sweet, breathing, living picture of the dead wife and child. The blue eyes looked out, the lips like berries smiled upon him, just as they had done those long, long gone years, over which his thoughts went swiftly as lightning now, and he saw the old avenue of chestnuts, and the great lawn, and the wide old-fashioned house, and he was chasing that face of wondrous beauty through them all, and the sweet laughter was tossed back to him on the summer winds, and then again, a little graver, the child's face had come to his side and was nestled longingly down close to his knee, and he was stroking it softly, and watching the great wonder and eagerness which filled it, and he was telling stories, strange, marvellous stories of foreign lands, as he told them in his youth, to the child who was one day to be his wife.

The old man gave a low cry as his eyes first caught the picture. He lifted it up, and gazed with that long, greedy gaze that could never have enough of it, and the tears fell like rain down his cheeks.

"Where did you get it, Mary?" he said at last, looking up, with a face that was *not* the face of Judge Humphreys.

"She gave it to me, Uncle Joseph, a little while before she left us. And she charged you solemnly, through me, that if on the time when I should show you that picture, I should bring to you any petition, you should listen to it, and should grant it in her name, for *her* sake, and for the dead child's, as though she asked it standing by your side."

"Mary, Mary, what have you come to ask

me?" There was a great pain and pathos in the Judge's voice.

Then Mary Humphreys stood up, very white, and her words were slow and calm, although her loud heart seemed almost to shake her where she stood. "I came, Uncle Joseph, to ask you, in the name of your dead wife, and your boy's mother, and in the name of your love for her, not to cast him out from your heart and home forever, because he cannot do the wrong you would have him to the woman whom he loves as *you* loved his mother. And I ask you, and not I, but those silent lips speaking through me—'Take back our boy, Joseph, take him back with your new daughter, for my sake, to the heart and home from which you have driven him with your curses!'"

The old Judge bowed his head on the table. The night had fallen now, and drowned the room with its darkness. Mary heard the long, heavy sobs which filled the silence, and the large frame of the old man shook with them, and Mary sat down at his feet, and wept, too. At last, through the darkness she felt a hand steal and rest softly upon her head.

"Mary," said a voice which was not like the voice of Judge Humphreys—so tender and solemn was it, "I have answered the prayer which the dead has spoken through you."

That night Judge Humphreys wrote a letter. It was very brief, but few letters have ever contained so much in so few words.

Come back to your home, my son, and bring your wife Elizabeth, my daughter. You shall both be welcome, my children.

Your father, JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

And if you had seen the face of Mary Humphreys, as she went home through the darkness, you would have wondered if you had seen the face of an angel.

The next week George and Elizabeth Humphreys returned to Woodleaf. Judge Humphreys gave the newly-wedded pair a father's welcome, and the young bride little suspected that a few days before her husband had, for her sake, been driven from that very home forever!

In less than a year, her father sank into his dishonored grave in a strange land; but it was years later, until she was a wife, happy and well beloved herself, that Mr. and Mrs. George Humphreys knew all that Mary, the niece of Judge Humphreys, had done for them.

DIFFICULTIES dissolve before a cheerful spirit like snow-drifts before the sun.

#### TRIFLES.

WHAT is a trifle? We search the dictionary, and find, "A thing of no moment, no value." We look abroad to the heavens, where stars

"Numerous as glitt'ring gems of morning dew,  
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,"

each in their sphere of use—no trifle there. Look we to nature; 'tis but a drop that wears the hardest rock, and opens the way for foaming cataracts and gushing rivers, which sweep relentlessly o'er lands and homes, bringing devastation. A grain of sand is but a small thing, yet what agony it can cause either singly, or as the dangerous bar whereon so many mariners' hopes are wrecked. The careless gardener passes the down which blows hither and thither, and only wakes to his mistake when on the following year, he tries in vain to eradicate deeply-rooted weeds, which choke his blooming flowers, and thus is it, "For there is nothing on the earth so small that it may not produce great things." And, as in nature, so with humanity, for to us "Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every minute has its mission." We cannot say to the passing event, 'tis but a trifle, like the stone thrown in the water, causing a circle far beyond the beholder's eye. So the word which escapes the thoughtless lips may go forth winged with a power to change a life—nay, perhaps, tipped with a poison as deadly as the Indian's arrow, which the speaker forgets as soon as said, or only remembered it when too late, in a time of distress or despair; and thus the heedless ones of the earth daily repeat in society words and deeds, and calm their consciences with the thought, "'Tis but a trifle!" Half our faults arise from thoughtlessness, forgetting that

"So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the paths of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray."

Happy the man who goeth forth knowing no trifles, "sowing the good seed beside all waters," waiting in patience for its fruits; realizing that the acorn may become the pride of the forest, and that no action is too small to influence others for good or evil; and particularly remembers, at this joyous season, that

"Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above."

ONE might as well be out of the world as be loved by nobody in it.

## A SLIGHT SKETCH OF MISS JUMBLE'S CAREER.

BY HERSELF.

FANNY said to me the other day: "I wish I could write such sweet, interesting pieces as you do for Q's Magazine. I'd publish, too, and get a reputation for being literary, as you have."

"Which is not at all desirable."

"Dear me! why not?" And Fanny stared at me, her great blue eyes opening wider than ever with wonder.

"Let me tell you some of my woes, and trials, and annoyances, and then you will see for yourself that it is not so very fine to be the literary star of a small village firmament."

"Pray do; but you will be unable to change my wish. When I was a little girl, I used to think you the most wonderful person in the world, because I read your stories in print. And I'd like to be such a marvel to others."

"That is the worst part of the whole matter. Hear me. I began to write when a child of nine years, because I couldn't help it, stories, school compositions, and endless letters to all my young cousins. When I was older, and went to boarding-school, the girls would beg me to write their compositions. I did so at first, partly because it gave me a sense of superiority, and partly because I liked the work. But I not only soon grew weary of laboring in this way for others, but began to see that it was wrong, and then refused. They called me a very selfish, disobliging person. After leaving school, and when the stern realities of life looked me in the face, I kept on scribbling, and at length saw myself in print. This I took quietly, but was glad to profit by—thanks to a publisher as kind as he was liberal—to the amount of sundry convenient sums of pocket-money, not large, but very welcome. And then to hear the remarks of friends and acquaintances—"Jane Jumble was *so literary* they were afraid of her." It is very queer that some people will persist in calling a woman literary who has only written a few light, *very light* articles for the magazines. It was not long, however, before their awe subsided, and then such an ordeal as some of these same friends would subject me to, would have been funny if it had not been so vexatious.

"They started a 'literary association,' a sort of 'mutual admiration' affair, meeting once a week at each others' houses to read 'original pieces,' talk over the last romance, and have

a 'little music and flirtation.' A very good thing they made of it, too, as they did not happen all of them to be geese. But it so fell out that time, and again on the very morning of the day on the evening whereof a meeting was to be held, Molly Jones, or Tilly Smith, or somebody else would rush to my house, saying: 'Oh, look here, please! The Athenians meet to-night, and there isn't a single original article. Do now, Miss Jumble, write one of your funny essays, or a poem, or a little story, or something—now do. You write so easy—it's nothing for you to throw off an article. And they are going to meet at my house, and I want a real nice lot of pieces, you know, when they come there.' It was of no avail to tell Tilly or Molly that I could write nothing good in such haste. They believed my brain was a sort of mill, and that I had only to grind with a few strokes of the pen, and a story or essay would come forth. If I went to the gathering, without a peace-offering of this description, some would look cross at me, and others bemoan and lament my dereliction in a manner that was meant to be flattering, but that proved greatly tiresome. So I would hunt up some old thing that I was ashamed of, or scratch off a few pages in such a hurry that nobody but myself could make sense of them, and read aloud to an admiring auditory. No matter what it was, it was always praised. My favorite style then was serio-comic, and I mention it as one of the trials of my 'career,' that often after an article had been read, some matter-of-fact young man in the company would ask his neighbor—"Do you suppose that 's written in earnest?"

"Once I went out West to visit some relatives whom I had never seen. They received me kindly, but very constrainedly, and for several days were shy and embarrassed. I could not understand their manner till after a week had brought about some signs of confidence; and Cousin Peggy said to me one morning, with the first genial expression of face that she had worn: 'Well, I don't see but what you can make up a bed jest as well as my girls, and wait on yerself, too. I was dretfully afraid to have you come here, for I thought ye'd be stuck up, because ye wrote for the papers.' Shade of my grandmother! Wasn't that a poser!"

Fanny thought these very trifling troubles when compared with the *début* of being such a "lovely writer" as myself.

"But I have not told you all yet. One summer I went to — Spa with my brother, to drink the sulphurous nectar for both our healths. I had not the least idea that anybody there knew me for the same 'Jane Jumble' that wrote for Q's Magazine, for I put my real name to my articles. But fate had decreed that I should be famous, and my identity was soon discovered. The second day after my arrival, our private parlor was unceremoniously entered by two tall young gentlemen, evidently country youths, who introduced each other, and then asked if 'this was Miss Jumble?'

"Yes, that is my name, gentlemen," said I, rather bewildered by their abrupt entrance, and thinking them farmers' sons with butter and cheese to sell.

"Well," said the foremost, sitting down in a gawky way, 'we heard you was the one that wrote for Q's Magazine, and we had a curiosity to see you, and so we've called.'

"That was coming to the point with refreshing frankness. They believed that no kind of talk except about 'literatoor' would be agreeable to me, and at it they went, asking my opinion of all the authors with whose names or works they happened to be acquainted, and especially of lady writers. Much amused, I turned the subject as soon as possible, by inquiring into the peculiarities of the soil in that region, and the properties of their very fragrant spa. They stared and soon went away, evidently disappointed because I looked and acted like other women."

Fanny thought it must be delightful to have strange youths hunt you up in a strange place by reason of your literary reputation having gone there in advance. I did not agree with her.

"But, Fanny, my next experience was rather more startling. In a certain large inland town where I went to rub off the rust of country life, and visit a married schoolmate, it was soon made known to me that the general impression of the reading folks there was—that I was actually the original Mrs. Partington. That was too much for me—me, who never concocted a single Partingtonian saying in my life, and who secretly prided myself on the growing dignified character of my magazine articles; and homewards in disgust I went.

"Yet this was nothing to what happened not long after, when I was staying at the famous watering-place of S——, where a lady, whose

acquaintance I made in a quiet way, introduced me to all her friends in my literary character. One day, after dinner, I sat with my own party on the piazza, when this person joined us, and asked me if I would like to be introduced to a New York lady, who held a high and influential position in society. 'A very remarkable woman,' she proceeded to say; 'very fond of literary people, and she has literary soirees at her house every week. Encourages all the young writers, and does a great deal to elevate the tone of society.' Hardly waiting for an answer, she dragged me through the nearest window to a sofa just within, where sat an elderly lady of a very serene and elegant aspect, richly, but quietly dressed, diamonds on her fingers, and diamonds in the superb lace of her coiffure.

"Mrs. Van Derbunt, my dear madam, I am glad to have found you here. This is the lady I spoke of. Miss Jumble, that writes for Q's magazine. Allow me to introduce you to each other.'

"Mrs. Van Derbunt eyed me kindly and patronizingly. She must have had the names of all the writing women mixed up in a queer heap inside her dear, old, honest head. For she said to me: 'Oh! then, you're Fanny Fern, ain't you?'

"No, madam, I beg your pardon—I never saw that authoress, but am quite familiar with her writings.'

"Excuse the mistake," said my lady patroness; 'I meant to ask if you were not the author of "Say and Seal." Or her sister—I have heard there are two of them.'

"Another disclaimer from myself:—and then Mrs. Van Derbunt, being determined to settle in her mind who I could be, launched forth once more.

"I remember now all about you. I am sure I have seen your name to that long story in the *Weekly Budget*, 'the Red-plumed Bandit,' that is just finished. I have not read it. I get no time to read though I admire talent very much. But my son and daughter are delighted with it. You must come to the city and attend my literary reunions.'

"What do you think of that, Fanny, to be pronounced a contributor to the *Weekly Budget*—a writer of sensation stories? I withdrew from my officious new friend after this adventure. Such scares are rather more than human nature can bear and maintain gravity."

"There is nothing terrible in what you have told me," said Fanny. "And in the end you found a husband too, notwithstanding the men

are said to be afraid of writing women. My associates tell me the gentlemen will all be afraid of me if I cultivate my taste for composition, and that I shall be an old maid. Surely they were not all afraid of you."

"Wait a moment, and hear that part of my experience. You know that, about the time of my visit at S——, that lucky man who was to be my husband came to our village to reside, a man weary of business cares, and seeking retirement. My literary fame had become an old story, and nobody thought of telling him that I was a writing woman. What-ever may have led him to become interested in me, it certainly was not my reputation as a writer. But we were engaged—when, ten days before the wedding, my cousin lent him a bound volume of Q's Magazine with some of my effusions in it. He handed me the book a few days after, saying, rather gravely: 'I like those stories of yours. They are very good. Some of the love scenes are very touching—but if I had read them before I made your acquaintance, you may be sure that I should never have had the courage to approach you.'

"It was too late to back out, therefore back out he did not. And what do you suppose he really did? In a retired farming village, a pleasant day's drive from us, live some of his kinsfolk and many warm friends. So he must e'en freight the invitations to our marriage feast with some odd numbers of Q's Magazine containing what he, in his newly found pride in my so-called talents, thought my best productions. Mark this instance of masculine vanity. The gifted author of these 'interesting articles' was to be *his* wife. He had secured this intellectual prize—no matter whether he knew it or not when he proposed to me. On reading these writings, they would know how to appreciate his choice. Well—and what was the result? Not one of those good people came to the wedding—a circumstance that caused in us regret and wonder. They afterwards confessed that they were afraid to come. I was 'so literary,' that the party would be of the bluest, primmest kind, they were sure, and being used to the freedom and joyousness of country gatherings, they 'couldn't stand it, they knew they couldn't.' We went among them on a round of honeymoon visits, and you would have laughed to see the astonished faces of the women, and to hear the admiring remarks of the men, when they found that I ate, and talked, and joked like other folks, knew how to keep house, could prescribe for a sick child, and give a receipt for a new kind of cake. And before I tell

you any more of my experiences, let me say that they have proved congenial friends, and are as conversant with the best authors as they are skilful in farming and housekeeping. The only difficulty had been, that they had not a live author among them, and could not detach the creator of books from his works."

"It all turned out nicely, then," said Fanny: "and you have just as good a husband as if you were not literary. I am still determined to write if I can."

"But Fame, my dear Fanny, has other drawbacks, and many humiliations that I have not mentioned yet. There are people living on the same street with me who do not dream that I write, and to them I am only 'one of the neighbors.' A few days ago, my washerwoman's daughter came to me, and said: 'Noaw, mother's been out West to Uncle Smith's, and she heard how 't you wrote a story 'twas printed in a book, and she wants to borrow it.'

"Alas! thought I, and you have lived near me these six years, and never before knew that I wrote. And again, your acquaintances are always making you out to be your own heroine, and saying such absurd things to you, that it is out of the question to frame a reply. Not long ago, a sketch of mine appeared in the *Trumpet*, our weekly paper. Most of my neighbors take it. The object of the sketch was to depict a certain social foible, and turned on the incident of the writer having been visiting a distant town.

"That piece sounds just like you,' said Molly Jones of the olden time, now a quiet matron. 'And the other day, at the sewing society, we all said the same. But then we knew you couldn't have written it, because you hav'n't been away anywhere in more than a year.'

"Such a misconstruction is by no means distressing; but too intensely foolish not to make one feel a little wiser than one's neighbors, which is not good for me."

"And you are just as good a wife and housekeeper," said Fanny, "as if you never wrote. And I know all your household look up to you."

"Alas! no. Do you not believe that saying about no man being a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*? Now, there is my cook, who duly buys and reads each number of the *Ladies' Parlor Friend*. She holds me in no more awe for knowing that I write for its pages. In fact, I think she would respect me more if I was not a writing woman. She doesn't hesitate at all to dispute my ways of doing things. And the

only fact that has made me of late rise in her estimation is this: Last summer I insisted that the green corn should be boiled before drying. She insisted just as strongly that it should be scraped from the cob and dried raw; and so she did it. The consequence is that our winter dish of 'succotash' is not fit to eat. And she has been glad to have left some corn of my own preparing the previous season. I heard her say to your mother's maid the other day that I did know something after all."

"And, after all," said Fanny, with a laugh, "just give me your receipt for making a magazine article, and I will set about concocting one without delay."

"Well, Fanny, laugh if you please: but your jesting request reminds me of another of my experiences. Many a one has come to me and begged it as an especial favor that I would tell her or him even how to go to work to write an article. What hour in the day to begin, and what to begin with; what to do with the personages of a story, if a story it was to be, or how to evolve from their misty brains a subject for an essay. There was something mechanical about the process that they could not just hit upon, unless I would be so kind as to give them a hint. Rules for composition are very proper; but where there is nothing in one's noddle to apply them to, they can be left unknown."

"So I am not to have your receipt," said Fanny. "You put me among the empty noddles."

"No, far from it. But go home and read 'Addison's Spectator,' and Washington Irving, and those delicious old tales of the days of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table. Then, if you are determined on being a writing woman, stick to good, old-fashioned English. And be sure of my deepest sympathy with you in your 'career.'"

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## THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

*Pearl the Seventh.—July.*

Now the long, fervid summer days  
Oppress the heart; the sultry rays  
Of solar heat make weak the nerve,  
And men from all their purpose swerve,  
And only ask some quiet spot  
Where, all forgetting and forgot,  
They may in indolence and ease,  
Beneath the cool, umbrageous trees,  
Or by the limpid streamlet, lie,  
And watch the white clouds in the sky,

And call them angels, on their way  
To far-off realms of endless day,  
With messages of love and bliss  
To brighter, fairer worlds than this;  
Or, listening to singing birds  
Repeating tender, wooing words  
In bowers hard by, they fall asleep,  
And in their dreams Time's barriers leap  
And reach that fair, Utopian clime,  
Where—like a song of perfect rhyme  
To sweetest music wedded—life,  
Forever separate from strife,  
From agony of hope or fear,  
From bursting sigh, from falling tear,  
From disappointed plans, and from  
The woe that makes its victims dumb—  
Moves onward in the grooves of joy  
Without the taint of Time's alloy;  
Where perfect happiness resides,  
Where Summer as a queen abides  
In a perpetual reign, and where  
All beatific things and rare  
Present their pleasures to the soul,  
As from an overflowing bowl.

So, 'neath the fervor of July,  
Its sultry heats, its torrid sky,  
Man languishes with time and sense,  
And lapses into indolence,  
While Nature from her treasure pours  
Upon the world her myriad stores  
Of fruits and flowers, and strews the road  
With gifts that leads to her abode.  
The droning bee, amid the hay,  
Fears not the reaper in its play;  
The butterfly, amid the flowers,  
Heeds not the child that roams the bowers;  
The humming-bird upon the rose  
Sits idly, careless of all foes;  
And all the children of the air  
The confidence of nature share.  
The days go by, we scarce know why,  
We scarce know how; they're born, they die,  
And others come, and still we turn  
And in the sky and air discern  
A sense of heaviness and gloom,  
Though freighted with Cathay's perfume.  
Turning aside from written books,  
We find our lessons in the brooks;  
The leaf of the witch-hazel gleams  
With the bright alphabet of dreams;  
In the lake lilies' bosom lie  
Stars with twin-sisters in the sky;  
And the sweet violet offers up,  
Within the azure of her cup,  
The heavy freighted odoriferous hour,  
And bids us prize the precious dower.

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EXCELLENCE.—Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make their hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

## "HUSKS."

"And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOTIS 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 553.)

### CHAPTER XIV.

LEWIS HAMMOND had thrown the whole weight of his influence in the family conclave, into the Newport scale; and to this popular resort Sarah went, in July, in company with the Bensons, her mother, and Jeannie, who was made one of the party at Lewis's request and expense. The generous fellow acted in conformity with conscience and judgment in this temporary exile of his treasures; and, consistent in his purpose of rendering it a pleasure excursion to his wife, he made very light of his prospects of lonely widowhood, representing, instead, the benefit she and the babe would draw from the sea-breezes, and his enhanced enjoyment of his weekly visits, because they *were* so far apart. He went with them to the shore, at their general fitting, and spent two days; saw for himself that those whose comfort was nearest his heart were properly accommodated; privately feed chambermaid and waiter, with hints of future emolument to accrue to them from special regard to the wants of Mrs. Hammond and her infant, and returned to town with the unenviable consciousness of having left at least three-fourths of himself behind him.

A brisk rush of business beguiled him of the aching, hollow void for a few hours after he got back. Not even Baby Belle's accents could be heard amid that roar and whir. But at luncheon-time, while waiting for his order to be filled at a restaurant, the dreary, solitary void overtook him—a fit of unmistakable homesickness, that yet caused him to recoil at the idea of entering the deserted house up-town, when evening should oblige him to seek a lodging. How were Sarah and baby getting along without him? He was afraid that Lucy was not, in all respects, as congenial a companion as he could have wished his wife to have, and that Mrs. Hunt's undisguised worldliness, her foolish love of fashion and display, would often annoy and mortify her sensible, right-judging daughter. Benson was capital company, though—a gentleman, every inch of him! and very friendly to Sarah. But for her

reserved manners he would act the part of a real brother to her; in any case, he would be kind, and see that she wanted for nothing.

Then—shot into his head by some unseen and unaccountable machinery—there darted across his mind a fragment of a conversation he had overheard, at entering his parlor, the day before the Bensons left. Philip and Lucy were standing before a miniature painting of Sarah and her child, completed and brought home a short time previous. Although seemingly intent upon the picture, their conversation must have strayed far from the starting-point, for the first sentence that reached the unintentional listener was a tart, scornful speech from Lucy, that could by no stretch of the imagination be made to apply to her sister.

"If you admire her so much, why did you not marry her when you had the opportunity? She was willing enough!"

"Take care you do not make me regret that I did not do so!" was Philip's stern rejoinder as he turned from her.

The change of position showed him that Lewis was present, and for a second his inimitable self-possession wavered. Recovering himself, he reverted to the picture, and called upon his host to decide some disputed point in its artistic execution which he and Lucy were discussing.

"Poor fellow! he has learned that all is not gold that glitters!" mused Lewis to the newspaper he was pretending to read. "Lucy had a high reputation for amiability before she was Mrs. Benson. There is no touchstone like the wedding-ring to bring out one's true qualities."

He sat with his back to the entrance of the saloon, and the table directly behind him was now taken possession of by three or four new arrivals—all gentlemen, and apparently on familiar terms with one another. They called for a bountiful lunch, including wine, and plunged into a lively, rather noisy talk. Lewis closed his ears, and applied himself in earnest to his paper. He started presently at a word he could have declared was his name. Re-

straining the impulse to look around and see who of the group was known to him, he yet could not help trying to determine this point by their voices. One, a thin falsetto, he fancied belonged to George Bond, who was no more of a favorite with him than was his better half with Sarah. Lewis regarded him as a conceited rattle-pate, whose sole talent lay in the art of making money—whose glory was his purse. "Why should he be talking about me here? Nonsense; I was mistaken!" and another page of the newspaper was turned.

"When I leave my wife at Newport, or anywhere else, in the particular and brotherly care of one of her former flames, publish me as a crazy fool!" said the wiry voice again, almost in the reader's ear.

"He doesn't know old stories as well as you do, perhaps," replied some one.

"I should think not! When *my* wife pulls the wool over my eyes in that style, horsewhip me around town, and I won't cry 'Quarter!' Sister's husband or not, I'll be hanged if I would have him in my house for two weeks, and he such a good-looking dog, too!"

He stopped, as if his neighbor had jogged him, as Lewis looked over his shoulder in the direction of the gossip. A dead and awkward silence ensued, ended at last by the pertinent observation that the "waiter was a long time bringing their lunch."

In a maze of angry doubt and incredulity as to the evidence of his senses and suspicions, Lewis finished his meal, and stalked out past the subdued and now voracious quartette, favoring them with a searching look as he went by, which they sustained with great meekness. All the afternoon a heavy load lay upon his heart—an indefinable dread he dared not analyze; a foreboding he would not face, yet could not dismiss.

"You are blue, Lewis!" said Mr. Marlow, kindly, as they started up town together. "This is the worst of having a wife and children; you miss them so terribly when they are away. But you will get used to it. Make up your mind at the eleventh hour to cross the water, and stay abroad three months. You will be surprised to find how easy your mind will become after a couple of weeks."

"I am satisfied, sir, without making personal trial of the matter, that men do become inured to misery, which seemed in the beginning to be insupportable."

Mr. Marlow laughed, and they separated.

Lewis sighed as he looked up at the blinds of his house, shut fast and grim, and still more

deeply as he admitted himself to the front hall, that echoed dismally the sound of the closing door. His next movement was to walk into the parlor, throw open a shutter, and let in the evening light upon the portraits of the dear absent ones. There he stood, scanning their faces—eyes and soul full of love and longing—until the mellow glow passed away and left them in darkness.

The comfortless evening repast was over, and he betook himself to the library, Sarah's favorite room, as it was also his. Her low easy-chair stood in its usual place opposite his, at the centre-table, but her work-basket was missing; likewise the book, with its silver marker, that he was wont to see lying side by side with some volume he had selected for his own reading. But one lay there now, and there was an odd choking in his throat as he read the title on the back. He had expressed a wish for it in Sarah's hearing some days before, and her delicate forethought had left it here as a solace and keepsake, one that should, while reminding him of her, yet charm away sad feelings in her absence. Even in the exterior of the gift, she had been regardful of his taste. The binding was solid and rich; no gaudy coloring or tawdry gilt; the thick smooth paper and clear type were a luxury to touch and sight. Lewis was no sentimentalist in the ordinary acceptance of the term, yet he kissed the name his wife had traced upon the fly-leaf ere he sat down to employ the evening as she by her gift tacitly requested him to do. But it was a useless attempt. The book was not in fault, and he should have read it intently, if only because she had bestowed it: still the hand that held it sank lower and lower, until it rested upon his knee, and the reader was the thinker instead. The most prosaic of human beings have their seasons of reverie—pleasing or mournful, which are, unknown often to themselves, the poetry of their lives. Such was the drama Lewis Hammond was now rehearsing in his retrospective dreams.

The wan and weary mother, whom he remembered as always clothed in widow's weeds, and toiling in painful drudgery to maintain herself and her only boy; who had smiled and wept, rendered thanksgivings and uttered prayers for strength, alternately, as she heard Mr. Marlow's proposal to protect and help the lad through the world that had borne so hardly upon her; who had strained him to her bosom, and shed fast, hot tears of speechless anguish at their parting—a farewell that was never to be forgotten in any meeting on this side of

eternity; this was the vision, hers the palladium of love, that had nerved him for the close wrestle with fortune, guarded him amid the burning ploughshares of temptation, carried him unscathed past the hundred mouths of hell, that gape upon the innocent and unwary in all large cities. Cold and unsusceptible as he was deemed in society, he kept unpolluted in his breast a fresh, living stream of genuine romantic feeling, such as we are apt to think went out of fashion—aye, and out of being—with the belted knights of yore; wealth he had vowed never to squander, never reveal, until he should pour it, without one thought of selfish reserve, upon *his wife!* He never hinted this to a living creature before the moment came for revealing it to the object of his choice. He was a “predestined old bachelor!” an “infidel to love and the sex,” said and believed the gay and frivolous, and he let them talk. His ideal woman, his mother's representative and successor—the beauty and crown of his existence—was too sacred for the gaze and comment of indifferent worldlings. For her he labored, and studied, and lived; confident in a fatalistic belief that, at the right moment, the dream would become a reality—the phantasm leave her cloudy height for his arms. Love so beautiful and intense as this, like snow in its purity, like fire in its fervor, cannot be won to full and eloquent utterance but by answering love—a sentiment identical in kind, if not equal in degree; and Sarah Hammond's estimate of her husband's affection was, in consequence of this want in herself, cruelly unjust in its coldness and poverty. His patience with her transient fits of gloom or waywardness in the early months of their married life; his noble forgetfulness of her faults, and grateful acknowledgment of her most trifling effort to please him; his unceasing care; his lavish bounty—all these she attributed too much to natural amiability and conscientious views of duty; too little to his warm regard for her, personally. In this persuasion she had copied his conduct in externals so far as she could; and applauding observers adjudged the mock gem to be a fair and equitable equivalent for the rare pearl she had received.

Lest this digression, into which I have been inadvertently betrayed, should mislead any with the idea that I have some design of dignifying into a hero this respectable, but very commonplace personage, return we to him as he bears eleven o'clock rung out by the monitor on the mantel, and says to himself, “Baby Belle has been asleep these three hours, and

mamma, caring nothing for beaux and ball-room, is preparing to follow her.”

Beaux and ball-room! Pshaw! why should the nonsensical talk of that jackanapes, George Bond, come to his mind just then? The whole tenor of the remarks that succeeded the name he imagined was his disproved that imagination. But *who* had left his wife at Newport in the care of a “good-looking” brother-in-law? *who* had been domesticated in the family of the deluded husband for a fortnight?

Pshaw again! What concern had he with their scandalous, doubtless slanderous tattle?

“Why did you not marry her when you had the opportunity? *She* was willing enough!”

Could Lucy have spoken thus of her sister? Sarah was barely acquainted with Philip Benson when Lucy wedded him, having met him but once prior to the wedding-day at the house of her aunt in the country, from which place his own letter penned by her father's sick bed recalled her. How far from his thoughts then was the rapid train of consequences that followed upon this preliminary act of their intercourse!

*Did* that scoundrel Bond say “Hammond?” It was not a common name, and came quite distinctly to his ears in the high, unpleasant key he so disliked. A flush of honest shame arose to his forehead at this uncontrollable straying of his ideas to a topic so disagreeable, and so often rejected by his mind.

“As if—even had I been the person insulted by his pity—I would believe one syllable he said of a woman as far above him in virtue and intellect, in everything good and lovable, as the heavens are lifted above the earth! I would despise myself as much as I do him, if I could lend my ear for an instant to so degrading a whisper! I wish I had faced him and demanded the whole tale; yet no! that would have been rash and absurd. Better as it is! By to-morrow, I shall laugh at my ridiculous fancies!”

“Scratch! scratch! scratch!” The house was so still in the approaching midnight that the slight noise caused him a shock and quiver in the excited state of his nerves. The interruption was something between a scrape and a rap, three times repeated, and proceeding, apparently, from the bookcase at his right. What could it be? He had never seen or heard of a mouse on the premises, nor did the sound much resemble the nibbling of that animal. Ashamed of the momentary thrill he had experienced, he remained still and collected, awaiting its repetition.

"Scratch! scratch! rap!" It was in the bookcase—in the lower part where were drawers shut in by solid doors. These he had never explored, but knew that his wife kept pamphlets and papers in them. He opened the outer doors cautiously, and listened again, until assured by the scratching that his search was in the right direction. There were three drawers, two deep, the third and upper shallow. This he drew out and examined. It contained writing-paper and envelopes, all in good order. Nor was there any sign of the intruder amongst the loose music and periodicals in the second. The lower one was locked—no doubt accidentally, for he had never seen Sarah lock up anything except jewels and money. Their servants were honest, and she had no cause to fear investigation on his part.

Feeling, rather than arguing thus, he removed the drawer above, leaving exposed the locked one, and thrust his hand down into it. It encountered the polished surface of a small box or case, which he was in the act of drawing through the aperture left by the second drawer, when something dark and swift ran over his hand and up his sleeve. With a violent start, he dashed the casket to the floor, and another energetic fling of his arm dislodged the mouse. His first care was to pursue and kill it; his next to examine into the damage it had indirectly produced. The box—ebony, lined with sandal-wood—had fallen with such force as to loosen the spring, and lay on its side wide open; its treasures strewed over the carpet. They were neither numerous, nor in themselves valuable. A bouquet of dried flowers, enveloped in silver paper, lay nearest Lewis's hand, as he knelt to pick up the scattered articles. The paper was tied about the stalks of the flowers with black ribbon, and to this was attached a card: "Will Miss Sarah accept this trifling token of regard from one who is her staunch friend, and hopes, in time, to have a nearer claim upon her esteem?"

The hand was familiar to the reader as Philip Benson's. Why should Sarah preserve this, while the many floral tokens of his love which she had received were flung away when withered like worthless weeds? The pang of jealousy was new—sharp as the death-wrench to the heart-strings, cruel as the grave! The card was without date, or he would have read, with a different apprehension of its meaning, the harmless clause—"And hopes in time to have a nearer claim upon her esteem." There was a time, then, when, as Lucy had taunted her husband, he might have married her sister!

when Sarah loved him, and had reason to think herself beloved in return! What was this sable badge but the insignia of a bereaved heart, that mourned still in secret the faithlessness of her early love, or the adverse fate that had sundered him from her, and given him to another?

Crushing the frail, dead stems in his hand, he threw them back into the box, and took up a bit of dark gray wood, rough on one side—smoothed on the other into a rude tablet. "*Philip Benson, Deal Beach. July 27th, 18—.* *Pensez à moi!*" But ten days before he met her at the wharf in New York to take her to her sick father! but three months before she plighted her troth to him, promised to wed him, while in spirit she was still weeping tears of blood over the inconstant! for he did not forget that Philip's engagement to Lucy preceded his own to Sarah by eight or nine weeks. There were other relics in the box, a half-worn glove, retaining the shape of the manly hand it had inclosed—which, he learned afterwards, Philip had left in his chamber at the farm-house when he departed to seek gayer scenes; a white shell, upon whose rosy lining were scratched with the point of a knife the ominous initials "P. B.," and beneath them "S. B. H.," a faded rose-bud, and several printed slips, cut from the columns of newspapers. He unfolded but two of these.

One was an extract from Pennyson's "Maud"—the invitation to the garden. Breathlessly, by reason of the terrible stricture tightening around his heart, Lewis ran his eyes over the charming whimsical morceau. They rested upon and reviewed the last verse:

"She is coming—my own, my sweet!  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat;  
Were it earth in an earthly bed,  
My dust would hear her and beat;  
Had I lain for a century dead,  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red."

He did not discriminate now between printed and written verses. These were love stanzas sent by another man to his wife, received and cherished by her, hidden away with a care that, in itself, bordered on criminality, for was not its object the deception of the injured husband? The most passionate autograph love-letter could hardly have stabbed him more keenly.

The other was Mrs. Browning's exquisite "Portrait."

And here the reader can have an explanation the tortured man could not obtain. With the

acumen for which Cupid's votaries are proverbial, Philip Benson, then at the "summer heat" degree of his flame for the Saratoga belle, had recognized in this poem the most correct and beautiful description of his lady-love. Curiosity to see if the resemblance were apparent to other eyes, and a desire for sympathy tempted him to forward it to Sarah. She must perceive the likeness to her divine sister, and surmise the sentiment that had induced him to send it. A little alteration in the opening stanza was requisite to make it "a perfect fit." Thus it ran when the change was made:—

"I will paint her as I see her;  
— times have the lilies blown  
Since she looked upon the sun."

The poetess, guiltless of any intention to cater for the wants of grown-up lovers, had written "Ten" in the space made blank by Philip's gallantry and real ignorance of his charmer's age. For the rest, the "lily-clear face," the "forehead fair and saintly," the "trail of golden hair," the blue eyes, "like meek prayers before a shrine;" the voice that

"Murmurs lowly,  
As a silver stream may run,  
Which yet feels you feel the sun"

were, we may safely assert, quite as much like poor Sarah, when he sent the poem, as they were now like the portrait he would—if put upon his oath—sketch of his unidealized Lucy.

It was not unnatural then, in Lewis Hammond, to overlook, in his present state, these glaring discrepancies in the picture as applied by him. With a blanched and rigid countenance he put all the things back into the box, shut it, and restored it to its place. Then he knelt on the floor and hid his face in her chair; and there struggled out into the still air of the desecrated home-temple, made sacred by his love and her abiding, deep sobs from the strong man's stricken heart—a grief as much more fearful than that of widowerhood, as the desertion and dishonor of the loved one are worse than death.

## CHAPTER XV.

It was the "grand hop" night at the headquarters of Newport fashion. Sarah, characteristically indifferent to gayeties "made to order," had determined not to appear below. The air of her room was fresh and pure, and a book, yet unread, lay under the lamp upon her table. Her sister and mother had withdrawn to dress, when Jeannie's curly head peeped in

at Mrs. Hammond's door. Her features wore a most woe-begone expression.

"What has gone wrong, Jeannie?" inquired Sarah.

"Why, mamma says that I will be in her way if I go into the ball-room; and it will be so stupid to stay out the whole evening, while all the other girls can see the dancing and dresses, and hear the music. And sister Lucy says that children are 'bores' in company."

"A sad state of things, certainly! Perhaps I may persuade mother to let you go."

"Yes; but if she does, she will sit close against the wall with a lot of other fat old ladies, and they will talk over my head, and squeeze me almost to death, besides rumpling my dress; and I so want to wear my tucked pink grenadine, sister!"

"And you would like to have me go down with you; is that it?"

Jeannie's eyes beamed delightedly. "Oh, if you only would!"

Sarah looked down into the eager face and saw, in anticipation, her own little Belle imploring some boon, as important to her, as easy to be granted by another as this, and consented with a kiss.

"Run away and bring your finery here! Mother is too busy to attend to you. Mary can dress you."

The order was obeyed with lightning speed; and Sarah, still beholding in the excited child the foreshadowing of her darling's girlhood, superintended the toilet, while she made herself ready.

"What shall I wear, Jeannie?" she asked, carelessly, holding open the door of her wardrobe.

"O that lovely fawn-colored silk, please! the one with the black lace flounces! It is the prettiest color I ever saw; and I heard Mrs. Greyling tell another lady the night you wore it, when brother Lewis was here, you know, that it was one of the richest dresses in the room, modest as it looked, and that the flounces must have cost a penny!"

"Probably more!"

Sarah proceeded to array herself in the fortunate robe that had won the praise of the fashionably distinguished Mrs. Greyling. Her abundant dark hair was lighted by two coral sprigs, which formed the heads of her hair-pins, and handkerchief and gloves in hand, she was taking a last survey of Jeannie's more brilliant costume when there came a knock at the door.

"Mr. Benson!" said Mary, unclosing it.

“May I come in?” he asked.

The tidy Mary had removed all traces of the recent tiring operations from the apartment, which was a compound of parlor and dressing-room, a necessary adjunct to the small chamber and smaller nursery, leading out of it, at the side and rear.

“You may!” replied Sarah. “Here is an aspirant for ball-room honors, who awaits your approval.”

“Mademoiselle, que vous êtes charmante! I am penetrated with profound admiration!” exclaimed the teasing brother-in-law, raising his hands in true melodramatic style.

Jeannie laughed and blushed until her cheeks matched the grenadine.

“Mrs. Hunt told me that you had changed your mind, and intended to grace the festive scene with your presence,” continued Philip, addressing Sarah. “She and Lucy are there, and the dancing has begun. I came to escort you and our fair *débutante* here—that is, unless some one else has offered his services and been accepted.”

“That is not likely, since Mr. Hammond left us in your care. Do not your fourfold duties oppress you?”

“Not in the least. If all of my charges were as chary of their calls upon me as you are, my time would hang heavily upon my hands. No one would imagine, from your reluctance to be waited upon, that you had been spoiled at home. If Mr. Hammond were here now, he would tell you to draw that shawl—”

“It is an opera-cloak!” interrupted Jeannie.

“A ball-cloak to-night, then, is it not? I was saying that, although the night is not cool for sea air, you had better wrap that mantle about your chest and throat as we go out.”

Just outside the door, a waiter passed them with a note in his hand. He stopped, on seeing Philip.

“Mr. Benson! I was on my way to your rooms with this, sir.”

Philip stepped back within the parlor to read it by the light. It was a line from a friend who had just arrived at another hotel, notifying him of this fact. It required no reply, and leaving it upon the table, he rejoined his companions.

“See mamma! Isn’t it just as I said?” whispered Jeannie, as she established herself beside her sister in a comfortable corner that commanded a view of the spacious hall and its gay, restless sea of figures.

Sarah smiled at discovering her mother sandwiched between two portly dowagers; one in purple, the other in lavender silk; all three

bobbing and waiving in their earnest confabulations, in a style that presented a ludicrously marked resemblance to the gesticulations of a group of Muscovy ducks, on the margin of a mud-puddle, held by them in their capacity of a joint stock company.

“I see that Lucy has taken the floor,” observed Philip. “She will not thank me for any devoirs I could render her for the next three hours. If they get up anything so humdrum as quadrilles, may I ask the pleasure of your company for the set?”

“If you wish it—and my dress is not too grave in hue—”

“And too decorous in its make, you were about to add, I presume,” he finished the sentence bluntly. “It forms a refreshing contrast to the prevailing style around us.”

Lucy here flitted into sight, and her very bare arms and shoulders pointed her husband’s strictures. A stool, brought into the room for the use of some child or invalid looker-on of the festivities, now stood empty under Sarah’s chair, and Philip, espying it, seized upon and drew it forth. When seated, his mouth was nearly on a level with Sarah’s ear.

“This is pleasant!” he said. “We are quite as much isolated from the rest of mankind as if we were sitting among the heathery hillocks on Deal Beach. You do not love the visions of those tranquil, sunny days as I do. You never allude to them voluntarily. Yet you have had less to convert your dreams into every day actualities, tedious and prosaic, than I have. I stand in direful need of one of the old lectures, inculcating more charity, and less study of complex motives and biassed tendencies in the machine we call Man. Begin! I am at your mercy.”

“I have forgotten how to deliver them. I am out of practice.”

“That is not surprising. Your husband is behind the age he lives in—and so are you. You two would make Barnum’s fortune, could he ever persuade the public of your idiosyncrasies.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Look around and through this room, and you will understand one part of my meaning. Do you remark the preponderance of married over single belles? and that the most tenderly deferential cavaliers are husbands, and not dancing with their wives? I could point out to you three men, leaders of the *ton* in this extremely reputable, eminently moral assembly, who, it is whispered among the knowing ones, are married, and, having left their domestic

associations for a season of recreation, boldly attach themselves to certain stylish young ladies here, and challenge observation, defy public censure, by their marked and increasing devotion. I meet them strolling along the beach in the morning; riding together in the afternoon; and when not engaged in this evening exhibition of toilet and muscle, you will find them pacing the moon or star-lit piazza, or, perchance, again sentimentalizing on the shore until the witching hour draws near."

"You surprise me!"

"You have no right to be surprised. You have the same thing continually before you in your city. Every fashionable hotel or boarding-house can supply you with such flirtations by the dozen. A married woman who declines the polite services of any gentleman, except her husband and near relatives, is a prude, with false scruples of propriety and delicacy. Let her legal partner complain—he is cried out upon as a despot, and you can trust the sweet angel of an abused wife to elude his vigilance—violence, she terms it—for the future, without altering her conduct in aught else. Do you see that pretty woman in blue—the one with the Madonna-like face? Her tyrant is here but once a week—from Saturday until Monday—then hies back to the business he loves as well as she does her pleasure. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and the forenoon of Saturday, any moustachioed puppy may walk, talk, drive, and flirt with her—bask in the rays of those liquid orbs. When the rightful lord appears, she is demure as a nun, patient as a saint, dutiful as Griselda, to him and him alone. Do you begin to understand why I congratulated you upon having a husband of the olden stamp? why I do from my heart felicitate my friend Hammond upon having gained, as a helpmeet, one of that nearly obsolete species—Woman!"

Sarah's embarrassment was painful, and but indifferently concealed. She felt that it was barely excusable, in consideration of his fraternal relation to her, for Philip to speak so plainly of this social blemish; and altogether unpardonable, while he did not or could not prevent his wife's participation in the questionable gayeties he assailed so unsparingly. Reply she could not, without implicating Lucy in her reprobation, and he must perceive her difficulty. This was the trouble that lay uppermost. At her heart's core, the uneasy feeling she ever experienced in conversation with him; the stirring of the entombed love, of whose actual death she had horrible misgivings; the incon-

gruous blending of past emotion with present duty, were now aggravated by the enforced acceptance of unmerited praise. Her woman's instinct, her experience as a wife, told her that the cause of the sinful recklessness, the contempt of the true spirit of the marriage tie was not the fruit merely of the vanity and thirst for adulation, to which it was properly attributed. With the recollection of her own life, the education she had received at home, the hateful, yet even to her independent spirit resistless decrees of society, there swelled up within her bosom something akin to Philip's bitter cynicism. Under this spur, she spoke.

"And from these signs of the times, you would argue an inherent degeneracy of womanhood—a radical change in its composition, such as some anatomists tell us has taken place in the structure of our bodies—our blood—our very teeth. A dentist, who filled a tooth for me the other day, imparted divers scientific items of information to me that may illustrate your position. 'Enamel, madam, is not what enamel was in the days of our ancestors!' he affirmed, pathetically. 'The color, the very ingredients of the bone, the calcareous base of the teeth differ sadly from the indestructible molars of fifty years ago.' At this passage of his jeremiade, he chanced to touch the nerve in the unhappy 'molar' he was excavating, and I am persuaded that I suffered as really as my grandmother would have done, had she sat in my place."

She paused, and beat time with her fingers on Jeannie's shoulder to the wild, varying waltz that swept the giddy crowd around the room in fast and flying circles.

"Your analogy asserts, then, that at heart women are alike in all ages?"

"Why not, as well as men?"

"Then why does not action remain the same, if that be true?"

"Because custom—fashion, if you prefer this name—an unaccountable, irresponsible power—owing its birth oftenest to accident or caprice, says, 'Do this!' and it is done! be it to perpetrate a cravat-bow, a marriage, or a murder!"

Another pause—in which music and dancers seemed sweeping on to sweet intoxication—so joyous in their *abandon* were the gushing strains; so swift the whirl of the living ring. The fingers played lightly and rapidly on Jeannie's plump shoulder—then rested on a half-beat.

"Yes!" She was looking towards the crowd, but her eye was fixed, and her accents slow and grave. "Hearts live and hearts love,

while time endures. The heart selects its mate in life's spring-time, with judgment as untaught as that of the silly bird that asks no companion but the one the God of Nature has bestowed upon it. But see you not, my good brother"—she faced him, a smile wreathing her lip—a strange glitter in her eye—"see you not to what woeful disorders these untrained desires, this unsophisticated following out of unregulated affections would give rise? It would sap the foundations of caste; level all wholesome distinctions of society; consign the accomplished daughters of palatial halls—hoary with a semi-decade of years—to one-story cottages and a maid-of-all work; doom nice young men to the drudgery of business, for the remainder of their wretched lives, to maintain wives whose dowries would not keep their lily-handed lords in French kids for a year; cover managing mammas with ignominy, and hasten ambitious papas to their costly vaults in—as Dickens has it—"some genteel place of interment." Come what may of blasted hopes and wrecked hearts, the decencies of life must be observed. Every heart has its nerve—genuine, sensitive, sometimes vulgarly tenacious of life—but there are composites that will eat it out; fine, deadly wires, that can probe and torture and extract it. And when the troublesome thing is finally gotten rid of, there is an end to all obstacles to judicious courtships and eligible alliances!" She laughed scornfully, and Philip recoiled, without knowing why he did so, as he heard her.

"That is all very well, when the nature of the contract is understood on both sides," he said, gloomily. "I doubt, however, whether the beautiful economy of your system will be appreciated by those whose living hearts are bound to the bloodless plaster-casts you do describe."

"These accidents will occur in spite of caution on the part of the best managers of suitable marriages. By far the larger proportion of the shocks inflicted upon polite circles arise from this very cause. Pygmalion grows weary of wooing his statue, and wants sympathy in his disappointment and loneliness."

The dance was ended. The fantastic variations of the waltz were exchanged for a noble march—pealing through the heated rooms like a rush of the healthful sea-breeze. The spark died in Sarah's eye. Her voice took its habitual pitch.

"I have permitted myself to become excited, and, I am afraid, have said many things that I

had no right to think—much less to utter. If my freedom has displeased you, I am sorry."

"The error—if error there were—was mine," rejoined Philip. "I led the conversation into the channel; you, after awhile, followed. I believe there is no danger of our misunderstanding each other."

"Darby and Joan! good children in the corner!" cried Lucy, flushed with exercise and radiant with good-humor, as she promenaded past them leaning on the arm of a young West Pointer, a native Southerner and an acquaintance of Philip's. If his wife must flirt and frolic, he was watchful that she did not compromise him by association with doubtful characters. On several occasions, the advances of gay gentlemen, whose toilets were more nearly irreproachable than their reputations, had been checked by his cool and significant resumption of the husband's post beside the belle, and if need existed, by the prompt withdrawal of the unwilling lady from the scene. The cadet laughed, and, convinced that she had said a witty thing, Lucy swam by.

"The common sense of our tropes and rhodomontades and allegories is this!" said Philip, biting his lip, and speaking in a hard tone. "The only safe ground in marriage is mutual, permanent affection. You meant to convey the idea that if each of these dressy matrons, humming around our ears, had a sincere, abiding love for her husband—and each of these gallant Benedicks the right kind of regard for his wedded Beatrice, the vocation of us corner censors would be gone?"

"Well said, Mr. Interpreter!" she responded in affected jest.

"This point settled, will you take my arm for a turn through the room before the next set is formed? They are talking of quadrilles. I shall claim your promise if a set is made up, unless you are not courageous enough to have the public sneer by dancing with your brother. Come, Jeannie, and walk with us."

Two sets of quadrilles were arranged at different ends of the saloon. Philip led Sarah through one, with Lucy—who considered it a capital joke—and the partner *vis à-vis* to them Jeannie, meanwhile, remaining by her mother.

The summer nights were short; and, when the dance was over, Sarah intimated to her younger sister the propriety of retiring. Mrs. Hunt's head ached, and she esteemed the sacrifice comparatively light, therefore, that she, too, had to leave the revels and accompany the child to her chamber. Sarah's apartments

were on the same floor, several doors further on. Having said "Good-night" to the others, she and Philip walked slowly along the piazzas, light as day in the moonbeams, until they reached her outer room, the parlor.

"I hope you will experience no ill effects from your dissipation," said Philip, in playful irony. "In a lady of your staid habits, this disposition to gayety is alarming. Absolutely eleven o'clock! What will Hammond say when he hears the story? Good-night! Don't let your conscience keep you awake!"

Sarah opened the door softly, that she might not startle the baby-sleeper in the inner room. The lamp was shining brightly, and by it sat—her husband!

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Lewis had entered his wife's room within fifteen minutes after she left it. He looked so ill and weary that the girl, Mary, gave a stifled scream of fright and surprise.

"Are you sick, sir?" she asked, hastily, as he threw off his hat, and wiped his pale forehead. "Shall I tell Mrs. Hammond that you are here? She went down to the ball-room awhile ago."

"What did you say? No!" replied he, shortly.

His frown rather than his tone silenced her. He had picked up the envelope Philip had dropped on the table, and his face darkened still more. Too proud to question a servant of her mistress' actions and associates, he believed that he had gathered from this mute witness all that it was needful to know. As a privileged *habitué* of the cozy boudoir he had been at such pains to procure and make fit for his wife's occupancy, another had sat here and read his evening mail, while awaiting her leisure; careless of appearances, since the deceived one would not be there to notice them, had tossed this note down with as much freedom as he would have done in his own apartment.

Through the open windows poured the distant strains of the band; and, seized by a sudden thought, he caught up his hat and strode out, along piazzas and through halls, to the entrance-door of the ball saloon. As Sarah's ill-fortune ordained it, the piercing glance that ran over and beyond the crowd of spectators and dancers detected her at the instant of Philip's taking his lowly seat at her side. Jeannie's pink attire was concealed by the drapery of a lady, whose place in the set then

forming was directly in front of her. Lewis saw but the two, virtually *tête-à-tête*; and, as he obtained fleeting glimpses of them through the shifting throng, marked Philip's energetic, yet confidential discourse, and the intencness with which she listened, until, warmed or excited by his theme, Sarah lifted her downcast eyes and spoke, with what feeling and effect her auditor's varying expression showed.

The gazer stood there like a statue, unheeding the surprised and questioning looks cast by passers-by upon his travelling-dress, streaked with dust—his sad and settled visage, so unbefitting the scene within—while Philip made the tour of the room, with Sarah upon his arm, until they took their stations for the dance; he, courteous and attentive—she, smiling and happy, more beautiful in her husband's eyes than her blonde sister opposite; and he could stay no longer. If Mary had thought him sick and cross at his former entrance, she considered him savage now, for one who was ordinarily a kind and gentle master.

"You can go to your room!" he ordered, not advised. "I will sit up for Mrs. Hammond!"

"I have slept in the nursery, sir, while you were away."

"That cannot be to-night. I will find you some other place."

He had no intention that the anticipated conversation with his wife should be overheard.

"I can stay with a friend of mine, sir, only a few doors off."

"Very well."

Quickly and quietly the nurse arranged the night-lamp and the child's food, that her mistress might have no trouble during her absence, and went out.

Baby Belle slumbered on, happily wandering through the guileless mazes of baby dream-land; one little arm, bared from the sleeve of her gown, thrown above her head—the hand of the other cradling her cheek. The father ventured to press a light kiss upon the red lips. In his desolation, he craved this trifling solace. The child's face was contorted by an expression of discomfort, and, still dreaming, she murmured, in her inarticulate language, some pettish expression of disgust.

"My very child shrinks from me! It is in the blood!" said the unhappy man, drawing back from the crib.

If his resolution had waned at sight of the sleeper, it was fixed again when he returned to his chair in the outer room. He raised his head from his folded arms when he heard Philip

and Sarah approaching, but did not otherwise alter his position. The low tone of their parting words—one soon learned by the sojourners in hotels and watering-places, where thin partitions and ventilators abound—was, to him, the cautiously repressed voice of affectionate good-nights. But one clause was distinct—“What will Hammond say, when he hears the story?” They jested thus of him, then. One of them, at least, should learn ere long what he would say.

“Lewis! you here!”

Sarah changed color with amazement and vague alarms—emotion that paralyzed her momentarily. Then, as she discerned the tokens of disorder in his dress and countenance, she hurried forward.

“What has brought you so unexpectedly? Are you sick? Has anything happened?”

He did not rise; and, resting her hand on his shoulder, she stooped for a kiss. But his stern gaze never moved from hers—anxious and inquiring—and his lips were like stone.

“Lewis, speak to me! If you have dreadful news to tell me, for pity’s sake, do not keep me in suspense!”

“I have nothing to say that will be new to you,” he said, without relaxing his hard, cold manner, “and not a great deal that ought to have been kept back from me when I wished to marry you, believing that you had a heart to give me with your hand.”

As if struck in the face, Sarah sank back into a chair, speechless and trembling.

“Yes! had you been sincere with me then, grieved and disappointed as I would have felt, I would have respected you the more, and loved you none the less for the disclosure. But when, after a year and a half of married life, I learn that the woman I have loved and trusted with my whole soul—from whom I have never concealed a thought that it could interest her to know—has all the while been playing a false part—vowing at the altar to love me and me alone, when she secretly idolized another; bearing my name, living beneath my roof, sleeping in my bosom—yet thinking of and caring for *him*, treasuring his keepsakes as the most precious of her possessions—is it strange that, when the tongue of a vulgar gossip proclaims my shame in my hearing, and other evidence proves what I thought was his vile slander, to be true as gospel—is it strange, I say, that I am incensed at the deception practised upon me—at the infamous outrage of my dearest hopes—my most holy feelings?”

She threw herself at his feet, clasped his knees, and implored him, chokingly, to “forgive” her. “Oh! if you knew what I have suffered!”

“What you have suffered!” He folded his arms and looked sorrowfully down at her crouching figure. “Yes! you were not by nature coarse and unfeeling! The violence you have committed upon your heart and every principle of delicacy and truth must have cost you pain. Then, you loved him!”

“Once! a long while ago!” said Sarah, hiding her face in her hands.

“Take care!” There was no softness now in his tone. “Remember that I have seen you together day by day, and that glances and actions, unnoticed at the time in my stupid blindness, recur to me now with terrible meaning. For once, speak the true voice of feeling, and own what I know already, that all the love you ever had to give belongs still to your sister’s husband!”

“I will speak the truth!” Sarah arose and stood before him—face livid and eyes burning. “I *did* love this man! I married you, partly to please my parents, partly because I found out that by some means my secret had fallen into unscrupulous hands, and I was mad with dread of its exposure! It seemed to me that no worse shame could come upon me than to have it trumpeted abroad that I had bestowed my love unsought, and was ready to die because it was slighted. I have learned since that it is far, far worse to live a lie—to despise myself! Oh! that I *had* died then!” She battled with the emotion that threatened to overwhelm her, and went on. “Once bound to you, it has been my hourly endeavor to feel and act as became the faithful wife of a kind, noble man. If, sometimes, I have erred in thought—if my feelings have failed me in the moment of trial—yet, in word and deed, in look and gesture, I have been true to you. No one have I deceived more thoroughly than Philip Benson. He never suspected my unfortunate partiality for himself; he believes me still, what I would give worlds to become in truth, your loyal, loving wife! It is well that you know the truth at last. I do not ask you how you have obtained the outlines of a disgraceful story, that I have tried a thousand times to tell you, but was prevented by the fear of losing your favor forever. This is my poor defence—not against your charges, but in palliation of the sin of which they justly accuse me. I can say nothing more. Do with me as you will!”

“It is but just to myself that you should

hear the circumstances which accidentally revealed this matter to me."

He narrated the scene at the restaurant, and the discovery of the evening. He evinced neither relenting nor sympathy in the recital. Her confession had extinguished the last ray of hope, cherished, though unacknowledged by himself, that she might extenuate her error or give a more favorable construction to the evidence against her. It was not singular that, in the reaction of disappointment, he was ready to believe that he had not heard all; to imagine that he could perceive throughout her statement a disposition to screen Philip, that was, in itself, a proof of disingenuousness, if not deliberate falsehood. She denied that he had ever been aware of her attachment or had reciprocated it. What meant then those words—"hopes in time to have a nearer claim?" what those impassioned verses? what the linking of their initials within the shell? the motto on the wooden tablet? While these subtle queries were insinuated into his soul by some mocking spirit, he concluded the history of the discovery of the casket.

"I have never opened it since the night before I was married," said Sarah, with no haste of self-justification. "I put it into the drawer the day after we went to our house. It has not been unlocked from that day to this."

"Why keep it at all, unless as a memento of one still dear to you?"

"I felt as if I had buried it. I said to myself: 'If the time ever comes when I can disinter these relics and show them to my husband, without a pang or fear, as mementoes of a dead and almost forgotten folly, he shall destroy them, and I shall have gained a victory that will insure my lifelong happiness.'"

"And that time has never arrived."

She would have spoken, but her tongue proved traitorous. She crimsoned and was silent.

Lewis smiled drearily. "You see that I know you better than you do yourself. It is well, as you have said, that I know all at last. I pity you! If I could, I would release you from your bondage. As it is, I will do all that I can for this end."

"Never!" cried Sarah, shuddering. "Have you forgotten our child?"

"I have not!" His voice shook for a second. "She is all that unites us now. For the sake of her future—her good name—an open separation ought to be avoided, if possible. If it be inevitable, your conduct must not be the ostensible cause. To quiet malicious tongues, you

must remain here awhile longer under your mother's care. To accomplish the same end, I must appear once more in public, and on apparently friendly terms with—your brother-in-law. When your mother returns to the city, you had best go, too, and to your own house. Your brother Robert is now sixteen years old—steady and manly enough to act as your protector. Invite him to stay with you, and also Jeannie, if you find it lonely."

"What are you saying? Where will you be that you speak of my choosing another protector?"

"A very incompetent one I have proved myself to be!" he returned, with the same sad smile. "I have not been able to shield you from invidious reports; still less to save you from yourself. I sail for Europe day after tomorrow."

"Lewis, you will not! If you ever loved me, do not desert me and our child now! I will submit to any punishment but this!" She clung anew to his knees as she poured out her prayer.

Not a month ago she had turned pale with fright at the suggestion of this voyage. It was sheer acting *then!* why not now?

"Objections are useless!" he said. "My arrangements are made. I have passed my word."

"But you will not leave me in anger! Say that you forgive me! that you will return soon, and this miserable night be forgotten!"

"Shall I tell you when I will return?" He raised her head, and looked straight into her eyes. "When you write to me, and tell me that you have destroyed the love-tokens in that box; when you bid me come back for your sake—not for our child's! Until then, I shall believe that my presence would be irksome to you. It is necessary for our house to have a resident partner in England. It is my expectation to fill that place for some time to come; it shall be for you to say how long."

Bowed as Sarah's spirit was beneath the burst of the long dreaded storm and her accusing conscience, her womanly pride revolted at this speech. She had humbled herself in the dust at the feet of a man whom she did not love; had borne meekly his reproaches; submitted dumbly to the degrading suspicions that far transcended her actual sin: but as the idea of her suing servilely for the love she had never yet valued; of him, indifferent and independent, awaiting afar off for her petition—hers, whom he had abandoned to the scornful sneers of the keen-witted hyenas of society; to

the cross-examination of her distrustful relatives; the stings of remorse; left in one word to *herself*!—as this picture grew up clearly before her mind, the tide of feeling turned.

"You reject my prayers and despise my tears!" she said, proudly. "You refuse to accept of my humiliation. Yet you do not doubt me, as you would have me believe that you do! Else you would not *dare* to trust me—the keeper of your honor and your child's fair name—out of your sight! I throw back the charge in your teeth, and tell you that your conduct gives it the lie! I have asked you—shame on me that I did!—to continue to me the shelter of your name and presence, to shield me, a helpless woman, more unhappy than guilty, from the ban of the world, and you deny me everything but a contemptible shadow of respectability, which the veriest fool can penetrate. I would not have you suppose that your generous confidence in my integrity"—she brought out the words with scathing contempt—"will deter me from sinking to the level you are pleased to assign me. If the native dignity of my womanhood, the principles I inherit from my father, my love for my innocent babe do not hold me back from ruin, be assured that the hope of winning your approval will not. To you I make no pledges of *reformation*; I offer but one promise. If you choose to remain abroad until I, in spirit, kiss your feet, and pray you to receive a love such as most men are glad to win by assiduity of attention, and every pleasing art—which you would force into being by wilful and revengeful absence—you will never see your native land again until the grass grows upon my grave!" She paused for breath, and continued more slowly. "While your child lives, and I remain her guardian, I will use your means for her maintenance—will reside in your house. If she dies, or you take her from me, I will not owe you my support for a single day more!"

Lewis grew pallid to his lips; but he, too, was proud, and his stubborn will was called into bold exercise.

"Very well! It is in your choice to accede to my propositions, or not. A share in all that I have is yours; not only during the child's life, but as long as you live. Before I leave America, I shall deposit for you in your father's bank a sum, which, I hope, you will find sufficient to maintain you in comfort. Your father will be my executor in this matter. I shall not confide to him the peculiar circumstances of my departure, leaving you at liberty to act in

this respect, as in everything else, according to the dictates of your will and pleasure. At the end of a certain term of years specified by law, you can, if you wish, procure a divorce on the ground of my wilful and continued desertion of you; in which case, the provision for your support will remain unchanged. As to the child—the mother's is the strongest claim. I shall never take her from you. Do not let me keep you up longer. It is late!"

With a silent inclination of the head, she withdrew, and he cast himself upon the sofa, there to lie during the few hours of the night that were yet unspent.

He had arisen, and was standing at the window when Sarah entered in the morning. But for the dark shadows under the eyes, and the tight-drawn look about the mouth, she appeared as usual; and her "Good-morning," if cold, was yet polite.

"I imagine," she said, as the gong clashed out its second call, "that you wish me to accompany you to breakfast, and to preserve my ordinary manner towards you when others are by. Am I right?"

"You are. This is all I ask. The effort will not be a tedious one. I leave here at noon."

Arm in arm they directed their steps towards the great dining-hall—to the view of the spectator as comfortable and happy a pair as any that pursued that route on that summer morning. Together they sat down at table, and Mr. Hammond ordered "his lady's" breakfast with his own. Mrs. Hunt bustled in shortly after they were seated, full of wonderment at having heard from Sarah's maid of her master's unexpected arrival; while Jeannie gave his hand a squeeze as hearty as was the welcome in her smiling face. The Bensons were always late. So much the better. There were more people present to observe the cordial meeting between the brothers-in-law, made the more conspicuous by Philip's surprise. The genuineness of his good spirits, his easy, unembarrassed manner was the best veil that could have been devised for Sarah's constraint and Lewis's counterfeit composure.

It did not escape Philip's eye that Sarah ate nothing, and spoke only to avoid the appearance of singularity, and he believed that he had discovered the origin of her trouble when Lewis communicated his purpose of foreign travel. When the burst of surprise subsided, the latter tried successfully to represent his plan as a business necessity. Lucy, who never saw an inch beyond her nose—morally and

mentally speaking—except when her intuitions were quickened by self-love, was the questioner most to be dreaded.

“Why don't you go with him?” she inquired of her sister. “He should not stir one step without me, if I were in your place. Only think! you might spend six months in Paris!”

“How would Baby Belle relish a sea voyage!” returned Sarah.

“Nonsense! How supremely silly! One would suppose that she was the only member of the family whose comfort was to be consulted. Rather than expose her to the possibility of inconvenience, you will deprive yourself of profit and pleasure, and be separated from your husband for nobody knows how long. This shows how much these model married people really care for one another. When put to the test they are no better than we poor sinners, whom everybody calls flirts. Phil, are those muffins warm? This one of mine has grown cold while I was talking.”

“How are the horses, Benson?” inquired Lewis. “Have they been exercised regularly?”

“Yes, and are in capital order. You could have left us no more acceptable reminder of yourself than those same fine bays.”

“If you have no other engagement, suppose we have them up before the light carriage after breakfast, and take a short drive.”

“Agreed, with all my heart! unless Mrs. Hammond quarrels with me for robbing her of a portion of your last morning with her.”

“She will forgive you!” Lewis rejoined, to spare her the effort of reply.

From her window Sarah saw them whirl off along the beach in sight of the hundreds of spectators on the sands and about the hotels, and recognized the ingenuity of this scheme for proclaiming the amicable feeling between the two.

“But one more scene, and the hateful mockery is over!” thought the wife, as she heard her husband's step outside the door on his return.

She snatched a paper from the table, and seemed absorbed in its contents, not looking up at his entrance. Lewis made several turns through the room, sighed heavily, and once paused, as if about to address her, but changed his mind.

Then sounded from without the fresh, gurgling laugh of a child, and the nurse came in with the baby—rosy and bright—from her morning walk on the shore. She almost sprang from Mary's hold at sight of her father, and

dismissing the woman with a word, he took his darling into his arms, and sat down behind his wife. Inflexibly sullen, Sarah tried not to listen, as she would not see them; but she heard every sound: the child's soft coo of satisfaction as she nestled in the father's bosom; the many kisses he imprinted upon her pure face and mouth—what agony Sarah well knew—the irregular respiration, sometimes repressed, until its breaking forth was like sobs; and the proud, miserable heart confessed reluctantly that, in one respect, his share of their divided lot was heavier than hers. She was not to witness his final resignation of his idol. Under color of summoning Mary, he carried the infant from the room, and came back without her.

“It is time for me to go now, Sarah!”

His voice was calm, and its firmness destroyed what slender encouragement she might have drawn from the scene with his child, to hope for some modification of his resolution.

“Will you write to me, at regular intervals, to give me news of Belle?”

“Certainly, if such is your wish.”

“And yourself? you will be careful of your health, will you not? And, if I can ever serve you in any way, you will let me know?”

“It is not likely that you can; thank you.”

There was a silence of some moments. Sarah stood playing with the tassel of her morning-robe, pale and composed.

“Sarah!” Lewis took her hand. “We have both been hasty, both violent! Unfeeling as you think me, and as I may have seemed in this affair, believe me that it almost kills me to part from you so coldly. It is not like me to retract a determination, but if you will say now what you did last night—‘Do not go!’ I will stay and be as good a husband to you as I can. Shall we not forgive, and try to forget?”

The demon of resentful pride was not so easily exorcised. At a breath of repentance—a suggestion of compromise, the fell legion rallied an impregnable phalanx. She was frozen, relentless; her eyes, black and haughty, met his with an answer her tongue could not have framed in words.

“I have nothing to say!”

“‘Nothing!’ The ocean must then separate us for years—it may be forever!”

“It was your choice. I will not reverse it.”

“Not if you knew that if you let me go I would never return?”

“Not if I knew that you would never return!”

Without another word, without a farewell look, or the hand-grasp mere strangers exchange, he left her there—the stony monument

of her ill-directed life and affections; the victim of a worldly mother and a backbiting tongue!

(Conclusion next month.)

## THE COMEDY OF AN EVENING.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

### *Dramatis Personæ.*

MR. LEROY, *a middle-aged gentleman of fortune.*  
 DR. SAMPSON, *brother-in-law to MR. LEROY, and living in his family.*  
 DR. HEMMINGWAY, *friend to DR. SAMPSON.*  
 MR. HARVEY LAWRENCE, *cousin of MRS. MEDFORD.*  
 MRS. MEDFORD.  
 MISS THERESA LEROY, } *daughters of MR. LEROY.*  
 MISS EMILY LEROY, }  
 MISS LUZETTA LEROY, }

SCENE I.—MRS. MEDFORD'S *sitting-room.* MRS. MEDFORD and MR. HARVEY LAWRENCE.

*Mrs. Medford.* Thirty-five, and not engaged! What keeps you, Harvey, from marrying? You are handsome, wealthy, and attractive.

*Mr. Lawrence (ironically).* You are no flatterer, Mrs. Medford, ah?

*Mrs. Medford.* No, I am no flatterer. I only say what you already believe to be true. A bachelor's life is, at best, a heartless life.

*Mr. Lawrence.* And what do I want of a heart, pray? Don't I have aches enough already? My heart throbbed all last week, and my teeth have troubled me for a fortnight. You, no doubt, would be pleased to see me pouring out tears, and reciting verses, like a lover in the Arabian Nights; but, really, unless I can meet with your counterpart—

*Mrs. Medford.* Either talk sensibly, Harvey, or give up talking entirely.

*Mr. Lawrence.* And leave all the time to you, Mrs. Medford, in which to deliver your homilies on marriage. Were all husbands as happy as Mr. Medford, I might change my views on the subject; as it is, St. Paul, Hannah More, and myself, form an excellent trio in favor of celibacy.

*Mrs. Medford.* Hannah More herself came within an ace of marrying; and if you were more like St. Paul, I should have less objections to your remaining single. But, placed as you are, you are leading a heartless, selfish, dangerous life—(*Mr. Lawrence smiles*); for it is dangerous, Harvey. If you were poor, it would be different; but with wealth enough, and time enough, and Satan to find work for your idle hands—I tremble for you, Harvey!

*Mr. Lawrence.* I can't perceive it. You ap-

pear perfectly calm, and I assure you it is entirely unnecessary.

*Mrs. Medford.* Just think of it, Harvey! Your mornings are all dogs and horses, your afternoons all smoke and billiards, your evenings all waltzes and wine.

*Mr. Lawrence.* How unjust! All yesterday I devoted to your charming self; and, to-night, I intend to spend the evening with the three Miss Leroy's, when I certainly shall not waltz, and wine is highly improbable.

*Mrs. Medford.* The Miss Leroy's! For once, Fortune favors me! If you ever intend to relinquish your obduracy, you will never have a better opportunity than the present. They are, at once, fascinating and intelligent. They sing like syrens.

*Mr. Lawrence.* And are as amiable as angels, and as beautiful as Peris—the only trouble being, there are too many of them. I'm not prepared to take three at once; and, besides, I am not sure you would better my morals by making me turn Mormon.

*Mrs. Medford.* But I am in earnest, Harvey. They are, really, very uncommon girls, and so different from each other that you have the widest liberty of choice. Do you know them, already?

*Mr. Lawrence.* Very slightly. I have met them at parties, and admire them all. They are, as you say, very unlike each other.

*Mrs. Medford.* Theresa now; she is exactly the person I would wish you to marry. She converses with the dignity of a queen, and would preside at your table—

*Mr. Lawrence.* O yes! I shall certainly marry Theresa. But Emily—what of her?

*Mrs. Medford.* Oh, she is as amiable as the day is long. She doesn't read much, it is true; but you have a horror of learned ladies, and perhaps you will prefer her to Theresa; but, for my part—

*Mr. Lawrence.* O delightful! I admire one of these waxy women, that will take your stamp, whatever it is. As for the youngest one?

*Mrs. Medford.* Luzette, you mean. She is a bright little butterfly, pretty and pleasant

enough; but then I hadn't thought of her. Theresa seems to me more fitted than either of the others to render you happy. I hope—

*Servant (at the door).* Mrs. Pendleton is in the parlor.

*Mrs. Medford.* Don't forget my injunctions, Harvey; I am really in earnest.

*Mr. Lawrence.* You must give me leave to cast lots, Mrs. Medford.

[*Exit MRS. MEDFORD.*]

*Mr. Lawrence (solus).* It is as she says. I am leading a heartless, selfish, dangerous life. I am sick of it! *tired to death* of cigars and billiards, and balls and parties, and dancing and flirtations! Bah! those girls at Saratoga! I want to do something serious and sensible; I wish I were anything—a student of theology—a missionary to the Tulus—anything but what I am—a poor, miserable, pleasure-seeking fool! I have half a mind to follow her directions and marry Theresa Leroy. It, at least, would be what people call a sensible proceeding; she has property, she has family, she has intellect, she has good looks; she has also two sisters, possessing equal advantages with herself. One of the family must certainly furnish the future Mrs. Lawrence. Adieu to hotels and billiards! I mean to live a nobler and a better life. It will certainly be easier to do right with some good angel to point out the way.

SCENE II.—MR. LEROY'S parlor. DR. HEMMINGWAY seated.

*Enter DR. SAMPSON.*

*Dr. Sampson.* What? Hemmingway? You are a sight to do my eyes good. I've been down to your office every day, for a fortnight, and always found the door shut. How is Miss What-'s-her-name—the case of fits? Does the medicine suit her?

*Dr. Hemmingway.* I can scarcely say. She had a spasm yesterday, though not so violent as the day before.

*Dr. Sampson.* What a splendid opportunity for your investigation! I quite envy you to have her among your patients. You seem to have all the remarkable cases. Are you going to amputate young Nicholson's leg?

*Dr. Hemmingway.* We are hoping to avoid an operation. If we are compelled to use the knife, you must certainly be present.

*Dr. Sampson.* I am expecting, to-morrow, to remove the tumor, of which I told you, from the neck of an old lady sixty-nine years old. Let me call for you, may I, at nine o'clock? Most of the fraternity at our end will be there.

It will be a difficult and somewhat painful operation, though, of course, I shall use chloroform. (*He holds up a bottle.*)

*Dr. Hemmingway.* That chloroform? I thought it was a cologne bottle when I saw it in your hands. By the way, have you read Jessup's Essay on the Uses and Abuses of Chloroform?

*Dr. Sampson.* Yes; and the answer to it.

*Dr. Hemmingway.* Answer? I hav'n't seen it. My four boys must be my excuse; but you have all your spare moments; unless, indeed, they are given to your nieces, who are, I hear, the belles of the town, and the sweetest singers in the county.

*Dr. Sampson.* My nieces! Pshaw! They are pleasant enough in their way, but they are no society for a man of science.

*Dr. Hemmingway.* You are censorious. I have heard them all well spoken of; but Theresa, especially, I have always regarded as a young lady of superior mind.

*Dr. Sampson.* I never intimated that she had no mind. I said she had no science, and she has none. Her desire for knowledge is limited by the acquirements of those around her. If her companions knew nothing but their letters, she would never get beyond the abs in the spelling-book. She was the best scholar in the school she attended. She desired to excel, and she excelled. She is now in society; she is ambitious to please, and she pleases.

*Dr. Hemmingway.* A little artful, perhaps? It seems to be the special temptation of young ladies.

*Dr. Sampson.* A little artful? I am positively afraid of her. She is like a checker-man that has been in the king-row; she can move both ways and jump on either side. She is, however, I suppose, a good girl, and I am very much attached to her; I am to all my nieces.

*Dr. Hemmingway.* And Emily; does she resemble her?

*Dr. Sampson.* Emily? No; she is one of the yielding sort, and takes her form, like a jelly, from the mould she is put in. She has not strength enough to oppose; she would yield alike to Satan or an angel.

*Dr. Hemmingway.* And Luzetta?

*Dr. Sampson.* Oh, Letta? Bless her little heart! She is the sunshine of the house! She is truthful, and good-tempered, and conscientious; but she has about as much science as a kitten, and is as noisy as a Guinea-hen. I spent all one evening explaining to her the circulation of the blood, and the next morning she had forgotten it all, and refused to hear it over.

*Dr. Hemmingway.* Poor fellow! what man ever endured such afflictions? But I must not delay; I have stayed too long already. Can you not call with me now on Miss Clark, the young lady who has spasms?

*Dr. Sampson.* Certainly, there is nothing to detain me, but this bottle of chloroform. I was intending to take it up to the office, but as you are in haste, I will leave it here. It is a neat looking bottle, and the girls, silly butterflies, never meddle with anything pertaining to science.

SCENE III.—MRS. LEROY'S parlor. MISS THERESA seated in full dress by the table.

*Miss Theresa (solo).* Three of us, and all at home; it is so provoking! Two young ladies at once in a family, are only just passable; but three is beyond all endurance. In such a family, a tête-à-tête is quite out of the question, and a flirtation is simply impossible. Among so many sisters, one attracts no more attention than a single blossom of a compound flower. You are never viewed individually but collectively. I always get my invitations in this way: "Please come, Miss Theresa, or send one of your sisters." I am always known by the town's people as "one of the Leroy's." And, to-night, instead of having a clear field, in which case I should feel sure of a conquest, I must meet Mr. Lawrence in company with my two rival sisters. But Emily and Luzetta cannot have equal chances with myself. I can play a better game than both of them together; and I shall do it. Emily I will throw into the background. Luzetta is too talkative by far, when she is excited. I will humor her bent; she shall appear like a noisy child; I will be dignified, yet affable; but above all things I will be observant.

*Enter EMILY and LUZETTA.*

*Emily.* Theresa, how do I look?

*Theresa.* Very nicely. If I were you I would have worn that corn-colored bow.

*Luzetta.* That bow? It makes her look like a fright. Do I look well? I've spent time enough; I hope I do. I can't help it, Theresa; you always seem so calm, and dewy, and indifferent, as if it made no difference whether you pleased or not; but I never can be satisfied without I know that people are pleased with me, and I with them. Should you care because you talked so much when I met Mr. Lawrence before at the Gibson party? I can't help it; I've been troubled about it ever since.

*Theresa.* Nonsense! He liked you all the

better for it. He enjoys a gay girl, I have no doubt. You must talk to-night, for I feel as though I could scarcely say a word. There is no danger of being too lively. Say what you like, and enjoy it.

*Emily (languidly seating herself).* What is that bottle on the table? I never saw it before.

*Theresa.* It is a cologne-bottle I should think. Do you wish for some? (*She passes the bottle towards Emily.*)

*Luzetta (who is standing by her and takes the bottle).* Here; give it to me. I've a penknife in my pocket to take out the cork. (*She tries to remove the cork.*) I never saw a cork in so tightly. (*She tries again.*) Oh, here it comes. Do you want some, Emily? (*She takes out her own handkerchief and perfumes it.*) If you do, hand me your handkerchief. I've drenched mine. (*They hand their handkerchiefs, which she moistens from the bottle.*) Here, Emily, let me pour some on your hair. (*She pours some on Emily's hair.*) And Theresa, I will anoint you with oil. (*She pours some on Theresa's hair.*)

*Theresa (pettishly).* I wish, Luzetta, you would be quiet. You are wetting my collar, and spilling it on my neck. If you want the cologne, use it yourself; and besides, I never saw any perfumery like it; it is very strange and unpleasant.

*Luzetta.* Well; it is not much like cologne I must confess. I hope Bridget hears the bell; it must be he. I didn't mean to vex you, Theresa. (*Aside.*) O dear! I wish I hadn't touched that bottle; I never saw anything like it before, and hope I never shall again. (*She smells of her handkerchief, and places the bottle on a mantle in another part of the room.*)

*Emily.* It is a gentleman's step in the entry. It must be he.

*Theresa.* Don't talk so loud.

*Enter MR. LAWRENCE.*

*Mr. Lawrence.* Good evening, Miss Leroy. (*He shakes hands with Theresa.*) Good evening, Miss Emily (*he shakes hands*); and Miss Luzetta (*shakes hands*).

*Theresa.* We are happy to meet you again. Pray, be seated.

*Mr. Lawrence.* And I to renew the acquaintances I formed at Miss Gibson's party. I remember your *repartée*, Miss Luzetta; and the sprig of honeysuckle you gave me, Miss Leroy, I shall keep among my treasures. (*Miss Theresa bows.*) Have you been well since we last met? all of you?

*Luzetta (rather drowsily).* Quite well—thank you; quite—well—thank—you.

*Mr. Lawrence.* I am happy to hear it. Mrs. Medford was speaking of you this afternoon, and said you had been devoting yourselves to music of late. It is a divine accomplishment! One can enjoy it either in society or in solitude. It seems to me far superior, as an art, to painting; does it not to you, Miss Leroy?

*Theresa (very drowsily).* It is very pretty—thank you—sir—very—pretty—indeed.

*Mr. Lawrence.* Mrs. Medford assures me I must imitate Ulysses; but I prefer to try and make friends with the syrens than to seek to avoid them. (*During these remarks, the young ladies are becoming more and more unconscious, and are now lost to all around them.*)

*Mr. Lawrence.* I hope I shall be able to practise now and then with you, before I leave. I play a little upon the flute—very little to be sure, but I am passionately fond of it. Are there many singers in the place, Miss Luzetta? (*Mr. Lawrence, who has been observing them before, here perceives that they are all apparently asleep. He supposes it to be a joke.*) I appreciate the wit of your idea, young ladies; and, though I am the subject of your jest, I can enjoy it with you—provided, of course, it is not continued too long. (*He waits a moment.*) Ah, you are unrelenting! I shall be obliged to wait for your returning smiles, and solace myself with books. What have you here? (*He takes up the books on the table.*) Godey's Lady's Book, Great Expectations, Bryant's Poems. (*He opens the latter, and turns over the leaves.*) Oh, here we have something to the point! (*He reads aloud.*)

"If slumber, sweet Lisena,  
Hath stolen o'er thine eyes,  
As night steals o'er the glory  
Of Spring's transparent skies;  
Wake, in thy scorn and beauty,  
And listen to the strain  
That murmurs my devotion,  
And mourns for thy disdain."

(*He pauses and looks around him.*)

Indeed, Miss Luzetta, since I find you so obdurate, I must take my own way of awaking you. (*He rises, and taking the hand of Luzetta, who is next him, presses it to his lips, when he perceives that her stupor is unaffected.*) Can it be possible that you really are asleep? I must entreat you, young ladies, if you are in jest, to please, for my sake, discontinue it. It bears too much the semblance of reality. (*He takes the lamp and holds it close to the faces of EMILY and THERESA. He puts down the lamp.*) Where am I? Tell me, are you awake, or is it I who sleep? It seems as if I were wandering around in a strange dream, from which it is impossible to

awaken. Have I gone really mad? Is not this the vision of a distempered brain? It is too terrible—too terrible a thought! (*He walks back and forth.*)

*Theresa speaks.* One thing is certain. If I cannot succeed in winning Mr. Lawrence, neither of my sisters ever shall. That thing is certain—that thing is certain—that thing is certain.

*Mr. Lawrence.* It is past comprehension. Surely, they cannot be subject to such turns. Luzetta, there, I like the best; she's laughing in her sleep.

*Luzetta speaks.* I want to please him of course, but I won't try; I hate trying. He shall either like me for what I am, or he sha'n't like me at all. I won't be a hypocrite.

*Mr. Lawrence.* That's right, Luzetta. I'll remember that when I come to choose the future Mrs. Lawrence. But, really, I must do something to get away from this absurd situation. Perhaps, however, I am mad, and yet my head seems clear. If I am mad, I may as well do one thing as another. (*He seizes MISS THERESA, and begins to shake her with considerable force.*) Wake, wake, for mercy's sake! wake! wake! (*While he is thus engaged, MR. LEROY rushes in.*)

*Mr. Leroy (very angrily).* Sir, what does this mean? I demand an explanation. Is this the part of a gentleman to startle us with the cries of a madman?

*Mr. Lawrence (pointing around him).* My only explanation, sir, is the state of these young ladies. I found them—

*Mr. Leroy.* Found them? You villain! Found them? Out, out of my house, before you can tell what infernal arts you have practised upon them.

*Mr. Lawrence.* But certainly, Mr. Leroy, I am as unable as yourself to account for their situation.

*Mr. Leroy.* My daughters are not idiots. Out of my house! out of my house! and thank Heaven that I have not a pistol with me. To have done this injury you must have been a fiend, and not a man.

*Mr. Lawrence.* But, sir—

*Mr. Leroy.* Leave my house.

SCENE IV.—MR. LEROY'S library. MISSES THERESA and LUZETTA seated in rocking-chairs, partially recovered, but looking very weary. MR. LEROY walking up and down the floor.

*Mr. Leroy.* I wish (*he clutches his hands*) I wish—

Enter DR. SAMPSON.

*Dr. Sampson (hurriedly).* What, you sick? Not much, I hope, for I can't possibly stay. Hemmingway took me off with him to see one of his patients; fits—remarkable fits. But I can't stop a moment; I only came in to ask about a bottle, that I left upon the parlor table.

*Mr. Leroy.* What kind of a bottle?

*Dr. Sampson.* A bottle of chloroform.

*Luzetta (starting up).* Theresa, Theresa, the mystery is explained. That bottle of cologne—

*Theresa.* Was a bottle of chloroform. What will Mr. Lawrence think of us? What will Mr. Lawrence say? What lunatics we must have seemed! (*She covers her face with her handkerchief.*)

*Dr. Sampson (impatiently).* What was it? What is it?

*Luzetta.* I can't help it. It was a splendid joke.

SCENE V.—MR. LEROY'S parlor. MR. LAWRENCE seated in an easy chair, singing, or, if preferred, reciting to himself.

*Mr. Lawrence.*

"I have placed a golden  
Ring upon the hand,  
Of the sweetest little  
Lady in the land.

"When the royal roses  
Scent the summer air,  
I shall gather white ones  
For my darling's hair.

"Hasten, happy roses,  
Come to me by May;  
In your folded petals  
Lies my wedding-day!"

Enter LUZETTA, who steals up behind him and lays her hand upon his forehead.

*Luzetta.* Harvey!

*Mr. Lawrence.* My better angel!

*Luzetta.* Positive good, comparative better, superlative best. I only possess the second degree of excellence.

*Mr. Lawrence.* You desire promotion? My best, best angel! Then do you know how much you have done for me?

*Luzetta.* Certainly. I made your lounging-cap and two pairs of slippers.

*Mr. Lawrence.* But seriously.

*Luzetta.* I did not speak of the watch-case, and of the red pin-flat.

*Mr. Lawrence.* But truly, Luzetta, do you realize how often your shadow has come between me and temptation? how the memory

of your truthful face has kept me back from many a sin, and that, to-day, I am a nobler and, I trust, a better man, for having known and loved you?

*Luzetta (with mock gravity).* No, I did not realize it. I had no idea my goodness was so remarkable.

*Mr. Lawrence (affecting a frown).* You provoking image! You are, I believe, only charming when you are unconscious of your charms. Did you know that I might never have loved you had I not seen you fast asleep on the night of my memorable call? Through the dull haze of that chloroform stupor, I saw your soul gleam out like a star from a cloud, and you have been dear to me ever since.

*Luzetta.* What a wonderful call!

*Mr. Lawrence.* Yes; the idea of drawing one's happiness from absurdity; of finding the elixir of life in a chloroform bottle!

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INFANTS.—This is a hard world for babies. We have had experience enough of the dear little creatures to feel keenly the hardships of their state, and to rejoice greatly in anything that promises to make it easier for them, or that may help in any measure to carry their tender and precious life safe through the perils which threaten it. For what were this world, what could it be, to us, without the purity, the innocence, the frolicsome happiness, the moral sunshine of little children? They are indeed the very best fragrance that has survived the wrecks of Paradise. And we can but pity the man who does not so regard them; nay, we more than pity him; we fear him too, even as we would

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd by concord of sweet sound.

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ACROSTIC.—TO MRS. \_\_\_\_\_.

BY LEWIS TORSON VOIGT.

As some cool fount, amid the desert sands,  
Makes a green Eden in its crystal play;  
And fills with rapture the faint pilgrim bands  
Noon's torrid heats have parch'd; so o'er our way,  
Do thy sweet charms, fair lady, winsome throw,  
A spell enchanting as that streamlet's flow.

Brightly may gentle thoughts and deeds of love  
Enwreath, like fragrant flowers, thy path beside;  
And home-born joys around thee sweetly prove  
That still on earth an Eden may abide,  
Enshrined within the heart: as that glad stream  
Smiles with the rainbow blooms which o'er it gleam.

## HYACINTH COTTAGE.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

"ARTHUR!"

"Well, Maria?"

"You hav'n't said a word about what we talked of last evening."

This sentence was spoken a little querulously, and a shade of dissatisfaction rested on the forehead of the pretty, stylish-looking little lady who sat behind the coffee-urn. Her husband—the tall, handsome man, who had risen, and was drawing on his gloves preparatory to going down town—turned toward her with a half-annoyed, half-wearied expression, and dropped into his chair again. The nursery girl at that moment appeared, and took away the two children, Master Charlie and Miss Katy, who had shared the breakfast of hot rolls and fragrant coffee, and the parents were alone.

"You mean about taking the cottage out of town this summer, I suppose, Mrs. Woodner?" He always said "Mrs. Woodner" when displeased or grave.

"Yes," replied the lady, too eager in securing her point to seem to notice his evident dissatisfaction. "We must take it! I can't tolerate the idea of staying cooped up in town, when everybody is to leave. And it's such an opportunity! Mrs. Harrison says her husband has made a purchase of the one adjoining it. Oh, Arthur, I wish you'd buy this one!"

"That isn't to be thought of in these times," said Mr. Woodner, decidedly. "You ought to know as well as I, that, with my income and our expenses, it is impossible for me to keep up two establishments; and, if we even lease this house at Belmont for the summer, it will be a hard drain on my purse."

"Why, Mr. Woodner, you talk as though it would ruin us!" said the lady, with a little red spot on each cheek. "I'm sure your business is as profitable as Mr. Harrison's, everybody says; and we never have lived half so extravagantly. Her wardrobe is far more expensive than mine, and they have been to the seaside every summer since they were married, besides that trip to the Mountains last season. If we cannot take the cottage, say so at once; and I'll go poking off into the country, and bury myself at Wheaton!" And the little lady grew decidedly unpleasant-looking as the crimson spread from cheeks to brow.

"Maria, listen a minute," said Mr. Woodner

in a calm voice. "Let us talk this matter over dispassionately. We will set aside the question of our neighbors, who should be no guides for us in our domestic affairs. I always thought it was a pleasure to you to visit your girlhood home at Wheaton, and that you enjoyed your summer stay there."

"And so I do," interrupted the lady, a little ashamed of her hastiness, "and of course I don't intend to give up my yearly visit home, only I shouldn't stop so long there if we took a house out of town. I could be a fortnight at the homestead, and then bring sisters Annie and Kate back with me to Belmont. And don't you see that it would be far better for me to be in my own house with the children; father is growing old, and they must disturb him."

"I thought your father was never weary of Charlie and Kate," said Mr. Woodner, in an astonished tone.

"Oh, children always disturb old people!" was the reply.

Mr. Woodner smiled a little incredulously at her ingenuity in presenting reasons for the carrying of her point. Only a year before, she had anticipated the pleasure the advent of the children would give Grandma and Grandpapa French at the old homestead; but that was before a band of building speculators had erected a dozen showy "Gothic" cottages, in the much-advertised, much-newspaper-puffed new town of Belmont, said cottages being set forth as "elegant, desirable suburban residences, airy, roomy, with all the modern improvements, and presenting rare inducements for genteel families going out of town for the summer."

"And then another reason, and the best of all!" continued Mrs. Woodner. "You know that when I have been at father's, you always had to sleep in town, and was lonesome; but now you can come out every night. Mr. Harrison is going to!" and she clinched the sentence triumphantly.

"Twenty miles out, and twenty in—and I don't love the steam cars well enough to spend nearly two hours every day in them," said Mr. Woodner. "Harrison must find greater comfort in the puff of a locomotive than I do."

"Why, they're all coming out every night; not only Mr. Harrison, but Mr. Davenport and

Mr. Blake, and others. You wouldn't be *alone*, Arthur!"

"Misery loves company to be sure!" he replied, shrugging his shoulders at her suggestion.

"What bugbears you *do* conjure up, Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Woodner, testily. "How many times I've heard you say you'd give anything for a little rural home of your own, after the day's bustle in the city!"

"And so I should, Maria, if it were *really* a home," he replied. "But a man may sigh for what is neither expedient nor practicable. We are comfortable here; the house is large, high, and airy, and on a good street; and so long as I am in business we must make our home in the city. If I ever am rich enough to retire, then we will own a house in some fine old country town, where we may have society, and build up new interests around us. We cannot serve two masters—nor keep up two houses," he added.

Mrs. Woodner's face fell. This sentence seemed to dash to earth the darling project of her heart. "Then I am to be disappointed, I suppose!" she said in a voice that quivered a little.

But, talk as he might, Mr. Woodner had only been making a decision. Although he doubted the wisdom of the step his wife was so intent upon taking, he had determined to permit her to proceed. He was neither an unkind nor captious husband.

"Maria, I am not going to disappoint you," he said. "We will take this cottage for the summer; *lease* it, for as I said, I am not able to buy; and, if I were, I don't think any of these cheap-built affairs would suit me. So you may make your arrangements as soon as you like. You can probably send out some of the furniture from here, enough to make us comfortable; it would be needless to furnish it new for one season."

"Oh, that's a kind, good Arthur!" exclaimed the little wife, now all smiles and sunshine, springing to his side and hastily bestowing a shower of kisses on his cheeks. "I knew you would let me have the cottage! I told Mrs. Harrison we ought to afford it as well as *they*. You're a dear, good soul, if you do get such queer notions into your head sometimes about living within our income and economy! And now I shall go to work with a will to get away from this horrid, dusty old Boston! And of course I shall be very economical, and send out lots of things from here—mattresses, crockery, and furniture. But there'll be *some* things

we shall need, only a few, you know; you'll let me get those, won't you, Arthur?"

"Certainly, anything reasonable; only remember, Maria, that we shan't require our *menage* very elaborately furnished for three months," was the answer. "And don't get what we can dispense with."

"Oh, Mrs. Harrison will tell me just what I want! I will send Bridget right in to ask if she can go down town with me this very day. It's best to commence early."

"Better trust to your own good sense, and go *alone*!" said Mr. Woodner, quite vexed at this lady's influence over his wife.

"Why, how you do dislike Mrs. Harrison, Arthur! You are so prejudiced! I'm sure her husband always admires to have me accompany *her* out shopping!"

"I suppose because he is in hopes you sometimes prove a check upon her extravagance and thoughtlessness," was Mr. Woodner's comment.

"I'm sure I don't think her extravagant. People ought to live up to the times if they can afford to, and they can, if anybody. But I shall be very economical about furnishing the cottage, I assure you, Arthur. I shall send out everything available from here, as I said; only getting a few light things that we can't do without—such as straw mattings, for you know we shouldn't want to take out our heavy Brussels carpets, one or two of those pretty garden chairs, and a bamboo lounge for the piazza—and, oh, Arthur! why can't you hire a good cottage piano, for ours is too large to be moved easily, and you will enjoy music so after coming from the noisy, dusty city."

Mr. Woodner smiled. A vision of the daily twenty miles ride by steam cars rose before him, leaving little leisure for anything afterwards but rest and sleep; but he only replied: "I'll see! But I must be at the store, it is late!" And, after the customary parting kiss, he again drew on his gloves, took his hat, and left the house for down town.

After Mr. Woodner emerged from his dwelling and gained the brick *parc*, a shade of depression deepened over his face, and his eye grew moody. Many thoughts were at work in his brain.

"It isn't the expense of this house for the summer," he mentally murmured, "but it's Maria's growing love of display and restlessness—never satisfied, never calculating in her expenditures—that troubles me; and that woman's influence over her." (By "that woman," he meant Mrs. Harrison.) "How changed she is

since the early years of our marriage! Then, our house here was the height of her desires; now, though I refurnished last year, by another I suppose there 'll be more new things, to keep up with the times. Then, two or three months of the hot weather at the pleasant old country-house at home was enjoyment; now, it's one of these sham-built martin's nests Slab & Lathe have put up, with 'Gothic' fixings round the roof and portico. I'll wager that the first July thunder-shower will make a sieve of it! But 'Mrs. Harrison takes a cottage at Belmont,' it sounds well; and so Maria must. Well, I'll leave her have her 'bent' *this* time; see if she don't see the folly of it!"

Mr. Woodner walked the length of a block after closing up his mental argument with this peroration; then, turning the corner of the street that brought him into one of the city's great thoroughfares, he held up his hand as the customary signal to the horse-car that now came in sight. The harsh tinkle of its ceaseless bell did not disturb the tenor of his brain wanderings; for, as he stepped from the sidewalk to take his seat in the vehicle, he set out anew in this wise:

"I suppose they 'll be 'bamboo-lounge' hunting all day together! I wish I'd limited Maria; that woman 'll lead her into every conceivable piece of extravagance and folly!"

His train of meditation was here again interrupted by the dissonant tintinabulation of the car-bell; and then, with the passenger who entered next, came the stereotyped barefooted, ragged, old-faced, small newsboy, who, a moment before, had been exercising his little lungs along the *pave*, by informing all within sound of his shrill voice that the damp sheet on his arm contained "the latest strategies of General M'Clellan, and news from the Army of the Potomac."

A moment more, and two bright nickel cents had found their way to the newsboy's dingy palm; and our down town merchant was plunged deep into the "Latest by Telegraph" of the morning journal, forgetful, for the time being, of rural cottages, breakfast conversation, or his little wife's ambitious plans.

Meantime, that little lady had received, *via* Bridget, her neighbor's message that "Mrs. Harrison would indade be plazed to go out with Mrs. Woodner." And, after bestowing a hasty visit to Master Charlie and little Katy, she left the nursery to expedite her toilet for the day's shopping. An hour and a half later saw the two ladies seated in the horse-car, animated

and pleased with the thought of the agreeable duties before them.

The last of June came; and the Woodners were fairly established at "Hyacinth Cottage," for so the rural home at Belmont had been christened, patterning after Mrs. Harrison, who had bestowed upon her own summer retreat the poetical cognomen of "Lilac Hill," from the fact that several young specimens of that rare (?) shrub had been disposed along the gradually ascending avenue that led to the house.

From the last week in May, when Mr. Woodner had taken the lease of the cottage, and his busy wife had commenced her "arrangements," there had been no quiet in the formerly well-kept, orderly city home on H—— Street. As the first act in the programme, Mrs. Woodner had dispatched Charlie and Katy, with the nursery-maid, to the Wheaton farm-house, quite forgetful of the fact that "old people are *always* disturbed by children," sending word to her young sisters to hold themselves in readiness to spend half the summer with her at Belmont "after she was settled;" then followed such a dismantling of chambers, sitting-room, dining-room, and closets, that the husband who returned at evening from the store found a literal reign of "chaos and old night;" and one day imparted to his wife his decision to "go to Parker's till affairs were regulated."

"And I didn't oppose Arthur one bit," said Mrs. Woodner to her confidential friend, Mrs. Harrison. "It is such a trouble to get up dinners now, when we want half the crockery packed to take out to Belmont, that I did feel relieved when he proposed it. I wouldn't have believed that I should have so much to do! If I could have done just as I pleased, I'd have had the cottage entirely new furnished, and not sent out a thing; but Arthur never'd have consented to that; and, as it is, I don't know but he'll think I've been rather extravagant. Dear me! you've no idea how he talks 'economy' and 'war times!' What a relief it must be not to hear that word 'economy' for a month! Your husband doesn't preach like Arthur, I do believe, Mrs. Harrison!"

"Oh, la, my dear, there's nothing like getting used to it! Harrison, if you will believe it, actually said he couldn't afford a single additional item of expense this year, and talked of 'retrenchment' instead; but I was determined to carry my point, and wouldn't listen to 'a lease,' but made him *buy* the house at Belmont. These men—it's a habit they have

of denying us any little thing we may ask. I tell Harrison it's as natural for him to say 'Can't afford it' to me as 'tis to eat his breakfast; but I'm pretty well used to it now; and so I made him buy the cottage.'

Mrs. Harrison did not know that the genteel little place at Belmont was not, in reality, her husband's "possession," since the conditions of the purchase were saddled by a "mortgage back," which nearly covered the property. But her injudicious, unwifely system of "teazing," to "gain her point," had wrought its legitimate effect; her husband—a kind-hearted, but weak-minded man—had not the courage to stand out against her; and so acts of folly and extravagance followed upon each other, and they drifted on.

The last day of June came; Mrs. Woodner had paid a flying visit of a week to the old homestead; brought back the children and nurse Ann to Belmont, where she had given orders for the cook, and Bridget the chamber girl, to proceed before her; and now all was in readiness to receive the *pater familias*. Mrs. Harrison was established at "Lilac Hill," the Davenports at "Laburnum Villa," the Blakes at "Sycamore Lodge," and one or two other city families at their "Country residence," the "genteel," desirable cottages erected by the firm of Slab & Lathe, Architects, aforementioned. This little community at Belmont was quite an affair of city neighbors come to their "country seats" for the summer; and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Woodner congratulated themselves upon the "select society" Belmont would afford them.

It was at the close of a pleasant day that Mr. Woodner left the Belmont station and walked over to his cottage. It had been intensely hot in town, one of those scorching days when all the heats of summer seem concentrated in the air and reflected back from the tall brick walls; and he wore his thinnest linen duster and lightest straw hat.

"A full half mile, if it's a step, to the house!" he soliloquized, as he walked along with a somewhat lagging pace. "I declare, I did not think it half so far! A pretty walk this, every night after being all fagged out in town, and in this new road, too, where the soil shifts like quicksand under your feet! 'Hyacinth Cottage' is a humbug!" and he trudged along wearily through the shifting, red, sandy soil of "Oak Avenue," the new road from the depot.

It was quite sunset when he turned up to Hyacinth Cottage, lifted the latch of the rustic wicker-gate, and set foot on the fancifully-

paved walk bordered by box which he had "ordered," at so much per foot, from a nursery. Mrs. Woodner was awaiting her husband on the piazza; and she made a pretty picture—tastefully dressed in a flowing, airy muslin, which became her still girlish figure, and standing under a jessamine trained over the trellis at the door. Mr. Woodner cast a brief glance over the cottage, the peaked roof, dormer windows, with their abundant Gothic adornments of pendent carved wood, the various lattices, and the columns that supported the piazza, then called out—"Well, I suppose this is 'home' till next October, Maria?"

"Yes; and don't you think it's delightful, Arthur?" replied his wife, animatedly. Mrs. Harrison has run over to-day, and says they've got settled nicely, too."

"That woman *first* here!" muttered the husband *sotto voce*, as he sank wearily on the light bamboo lounge on the piazza under the low parlor window, fanning his heated forehead with the brim of his hat.

"But come—you are tired, Arthur; and tea is waiting!" said his wife. "The children have just gone up stairs—such a cunning little room as they have! You must go up after tea, and over the house," and she led the way to the dining-room along the hall.

"A country tea! Plenty of sweet milk, strawberries and cream, golden butter, and so forth, I suppose, Maria?" said Mr. Woodner, entering the apartment which seemed strangely small and cramped after that of their large and comfortable city house, and he seated himself at table.

"Well, I'm sorry that we've been quite unfortunate for a few days, Arthur," replied Mrs. Woodner with some embarrassment. "The butter isn't so good as we *ought* to have had; I engaged to take it of a farmer who called, but it isn't sweet; and milk, I fear, we shall find it difficult to get regularly; they send it into the city, they say. I always thought everybody could get plenty of everything in the country. I'm sure I *must* have milk for the children!"

"Tea without milk, and rancid butter! This is one of the conveniences of being in the country!" said Mr. Woodner. "Well, I shall send out a firken of prime butter to-morrow, and hunt up a man who will supply us with plenty of milk and eggs. Why, what ails the biscuits, Maria? Jane never baked these!" and he broke one hard, clammy edible which he took from the plate before him.

"Yes, they are Jane's, but the blame isn't

hers. It is the range; it don't draw well or bake at all. Jane has been scolding about it for three days, and says she had rather lose her place than her reputation as a cook. She ruins everything."

"A defect in the chimney, I suppose, is the reason it don't draw. The chimneys in these modern cottages are n't much bigger than a stove-pipe. I'll have a mason sent out to-morrow. A glass of ice water, my dear! I am very thirsty to-night."

"We have no ice; they don't bring it to Belmont, but you will find the water pretty cold, I think," and Mrs. Woodner filled a goblet, which she passed him.

"About the temperature of our Cochtuate, I should say," he replied after one sip, when he quickly sat down the glass; "but what a peculiar taste, Maria!" and he wiped his lips with his napkin.

"I know it. Disagreeable, I thought; but Mrs. Harrison says it's just like the Congress water at Saratoga Springs, and it's because it comes through a ledge or mineral soil, or something. We sha'n't taste it when it's been *boiled*."

"Possibly! But boiling or boiled water is not very palatable, my dear!" replied Mr. Woodner, with a wry face and a queer smile, returning to his milkless tea again. "Mrs. Harrison may drink her Congress water. It isn't quite to my taste."

After the tea was over, Mrs. Woodner took a kerosene lamp and preceded her husband "over the house." First, they visited the parlors, two small square rooms, communicating by an arched doorway; showily papered, and poorly painted. Low, "French" windows opened on the piazza; in stepping through one of which Mr. Woodner's head came in contact with the sash with some violence.

"An imitation of city parlors in the tenth degree!" he said, rubbing his head. "Why, a man can't stand upright in this little box!"

"You're very tall, you know," said his wife, excusingly.

"So I am. I never realized the fact before!" was the rueful reply, saturating his handkerchief from a cologne stand on the table, and bathing the abrasion on his forehead. "You've got the cottage piano, I see, Maria. But these chairs, and this table, and *tête-à-tête*, where 'd they come from? Not from home, surely!"

"No; the truth was, Arthur, after I'd been out here to see the cottage with Mrs. Harrison, we came to the conclusion that very little of our heavy parlor furniture at home would be

adapted to a house so much smaller; so we purchased these cheap at Veneer & Co's. You hav'n't had the bill sent in yet, I suppose. He said we should not deface them at all this summer; and, if we didn't want the house another season, they'd sell for almost as much as we paid at the auction-rooms. But perhaps it is possible we may come here again, you know, Arthur?"

Mrs. Woodner's tone was a little hurried and embarrassed as she said this; she began to realize that she had exceeded her warrant, led on by Mrs. Harrison. "The curtains, tabourets, pictures—everything else, came from home, you see, Arthur."

"What else did you buy at Veneer's, Mrs. Woodner?" asked her husband, as he followed her into the hall and up stairs. His tone was full of displeasure.

"Only a couple of chamber sets. Ours were too large to put into these smaller rooms, you know, husband. We really needed these."

"And the straw mattings throughout the house—those are all new?" he asked. "And the rustic furniture for the piazza and garden?"

"O yes, I forgot that! Three garden chairs and two bamboo-lounges; and then—then—I got a smaller extension-table than ours. That was too large for this dining-room, you *must* see, Arthur!" And her voice grew a little sharp through its embarrassment, as though she was determined not to acknowledge her folly in her "bargains."

Mr. Woodner made no reply. He was displeased that she had not consulted him. "That woman" had been the means of this; and he inly anathematized Mrs. Harrison none too mildly.

"Which is your nursery, Mrs. Woodner?" he asked, after turning from the little seven-by-nine box, crowded with a staring, new, painted chamber set, which apartment his wife had informed him was their chamber.

"Here it is," and she paused at an open door, between which and the one window sat poor perspiring Ann, vainly endeavoring to catch a breath of air as she essayed to rock Miss Katy to sleep.

"Oh, but isn't it *blissed* hot weather, Mistor Woodner!" Ann exclaimed, looking up as he paused in the doorway and scanned the little room, crowded with the bed, Master Charlie's crib, and a few toilet conveniences. "And wasn't ye after being scorched to death in the city to day?"

"No, Ann; a hot day, to be sure; but 'twas

cooler there than here!" he answered, as he turned away from the stifling prison.

"Sure an' how can the mather say so?" soliloquized Ann, after he had departed. "When it's hot as the breath ov Purgatory here, in the green and blissed country, I thought they must be dead intirely in the town. Now hush, Miss Katy! Will ye niver be after shuttin' yer swate blue eyes the whole livelong evenin'?" And, with a fresh lurch of the low rocker and another copious start of perspiration, honest Ann swayed the poor heated, fretted child in her stout red arms, and started anew upon the seventh verse of a love-ditty in her native Celtic tongue.

"And now your bath-room, Maria?" was the next query, as Mr. Woodner left the nursery.

There was a little hesitancy of manner, and then she said in a vexed tone: "That is a luxury I miss, Arthur! I quite forgot to notice the want of it when I looked at the house: it is a shame that a new house should be built without one: but Mrs. Harrison says we can have a tub set in that unoccupied chamber over the wood-shed. They're going to at their cottage."

"I thought the advertisements stated 'all the modern improvements,'" said Mr. Woodner, sarcastically, as he led the way down stairs. "But I hope we have a cellar; else, in the absence of ice, we shall be in a nice quandary where to keep our food and stores."

"O yes; there is a cellar!" was the triumphant reply; but as yet, Mrs. Woodner was quite ignorant that said cellar—whose regions Jane only had explored—was scarcely larger than a coal-bin, and damp and mouldy; and that "Hyacinth Cottage" was built over a stagnant, marshy soil, redolent of miasmas and typhus.

"And this is the back yard?" continued the lessee of the summer residence, emerging into those precincts from the passage beyond the kitchen and wood-shed. "These water cisterns may be convenient for Bridget on wash-days, but, to my fancy, they are strongly suggestive of mosquitos. I must have bars at all the windows. What are those—old willows down yonder?" and he pointed away across a lonely, desolate, low marsh to a sickly row of pale-green, gnarled bushes bordering a brook that flowed sluggishly onward.

"Yes, I suppose so," Mrs. Woodner answered.

"Hum! the 'fine belts of woodland and open country views' the advertisements of Belmont property speak of, I suppose," was the somewhat satirical comment. "Come, let us go in, now; it seems uncommonly damp here

after so hot a day. I hope it's a healthy location, Maria?"

"Oh, it must be; so delightfully cool!" was her quick answer.

"Outside the house, you mean; it's stifling enough *within*," muttered Mr. Woodner, as they re-entered the parlors. "But let us have a little music—'Old Hundred,' anything, only one tune, and then I'll go to bed, for I feel wretchedly tired after such a tedious day;" and he lifted the lid of the cottage piano.

Mrs. Woodner played one or two pieces with much grace, for she possessed considerable musical talent; and her husband listened from his position on a lounge he had drawn up close by the window to get a breath of the evening air. Presently, in the midst of a strain from Norma, slap, slap together came his hands, creating a little discord and much commotion as he jumped from the lounge.

"Confound it, Maria, not only mosquitos, but beetle-bugs!" he exclaimed, as one flying visitor settled on his head, whence he brushed it with frantic eagerness. "It's the light that brings them. We shall have no peace to-night, I see, unless we close the windows; and, in that case, we run the risk of stifling. What is it Willis says about going to sleep in the country, and waking with a bug in your ear? But hark! there's Katy! How feverish and restless she looked to-night!" and the child's voice sounded out in a loud, fretful cry.

"I do hope Katy isn't going to be sick!" said Mrs. Woodner, anxiously, dropping the lid of the piano, preparatory to going up stairs.

"It must be that she's played too hard to-day."

"More likely it's the heat, and that stifling little chamber!" was Mr. Woodner's ejaculation to himself, as he lowered the "French" windows, to the exclusion of the great, brown, shining insects that now bumped and whizzed vainly against the panes. "The children will miss their nice airy nursery at home, and the bath-room, and a hundred conveniences it's impossible to get here, in this little coop *yecept* 'Hyacinth Cottage.' But no matter; we'll sweat the summer through because it's 'genteel,' and Mrs. Harrison has laid down her *dictum*. That woman! I only hope she's enjoying a hot-air bath in her little, pent-up 'Lilac Hill Cottage' to-night."

"Sure, ma'am, it's the bloody murtherin' *muskatoes* that plague the childer so!" exclaimed poor Ann as her mistress made her appearance, and found that worthy daughter of Erin battling a whole army of those winged

pests with a large feather-duster, while the window stood wide open, and a glaring kerosene lamp burned brightly on the table between the bed and Master Charley's crib. "Ah, but wasn't I prayin' this blissid minnit for Saint Patrick to fly into the winder, and then fly out agin wid ivery singin' divil ov 'em!"

"Put out the light, Ann, after you have driven out all you can; and then drop your window curtain. Mr. Woodner is going to send out some mosquito-bars to-morrow. I never imagined we should be so infested by these torments," said the lady; and, after soothing little restless, heated Katy, she left the chamber.

"There, now! Kape whist, and out wid ye, ye murtherin' divils!" said Ann, after several wide brushings and plungings with her weapon of clearance. "Sure, an' the misthress called ye right 'pesterin' torments,' comin' here to bite the swate, slapin' childer! There! Saint Patrick be off wid ye now, while honest folks are afther gettin' a wink ov sleep; for it's clane tired out I am intirely!" and the poor girl began to make preparations for sharing her little charge's slumbers. Scarcely three minutes after, she lifted her head from the pillow to cry out, "Arrah now! is it *back* agin' ye are, ye murtherin' thieves? Sure, but it's *aisier* slapin' in ould Ireland! An' it's *there* I wish I was this blissid minit, and not in this buggy Ameriky!"

An hour later, silence had spread her mantle over Hyacinth Cottage; silence, save the shrill, small "winding horn" of the insects that roamed the "stilly night;" but sleep had not yet brought her blessed dew to seal the eyelids of all beneath that roof.

"Maria," said Mr. Woodner, turning restlessly on his pillow, "I advise that you cage and train one of the biggest of these mosquitos, in case you want a carrier dove to bear any little neighborly dispatches to Mrs. Harrison."

Three months had passed at Belmont; and the little community had perspired, fretted, and pined away the heated term in their "genteel," "desirable," country residences. Isolated as they were, yet the roar of the breakers of the fashionable world came dimly to their ears. Perhaps all had not enjoyed their retirement as much as they had anticipated; perhaps Mrs. Harrison had felt a longing to join the party of friends who whirled off to Niagara or to the White Mountains; she confessed as much, in imparting to Mrs. Woodner her resolution to "stay it out at Lilac Hill, though she *did* believe Harrison never came

home unless he brought news of *somebody's* going *somewhere*;" and perhaps the latter lady had not found her summer retreat that *beau ideal* of rural felicity which she had conjured.

Hyacinth Cottage had held numerous guests during those three months from the last of June to the close of September. Mrs. Woodner's two young sisters had spent some weeks with her at her urgent solicitation, though it must be confessed that they had left a far pleasanter country home behind, in the pleasant old town of Wheaton; and then many city acquaintances, to whom the lady had spoken patronizingly of "our house out town," had not hesitated to test her hospitality. Once, Mr. Woodner had expressed the wish that "the dining-room was bigger than a band box," in order that he might invite half-a-dozen gentlemen cronies out to dinner; but he contented himself with transferring the *locale* of his good intentions to Parker's, at whose "mahogany" they enjoyed a feast of good things, while Hyacinth Cottage was left to the undisputed possession of lady and children visitors.

"It seems to me that you are wearing yourself out with so much company, Maria," said Mr. Woodner, one evening, after the last retreating ebb of a tide of visitors which had set in a fortnight before from the city—the last having that day departed.

"I have had considerable lately, though not half as much as Mrs. Harrison. Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Oakley, with their five children and two servants, have just left her. But she enjoys it; and tells me that I feel too much care when people are here, that I don't know how to take things easy."

"I sincerely hope you never will learn to take some things as 'easy' as that woman does! And perhaps her mood of repose won't last always!" he impetuously returned, "Poor Harrison!"

"Why, what can you mean, Arthur?" asked Mrs. Woodner. "Is anything going to happen? You speak strangely. Is Mr. Harrison involved in any unfortunate business speculations?"

"Time will tell!" was the evasive answer; then, hastily changing the subject, he began imparting some bit of news he had heard that day in town, and finally drew forth the evening paper, from which he commenced reading aloud the latest war-tidings, while Mrs. Woodner listened between the intricacies of her crochet-work.

The last of September arrived; and the Davenports and the Blakes had given up their cottages, and returned to town. Mrs. Woodner

began to revolve the same subject in her own mind ; and when, one day, Mrs. Harrison came over to make known her decision to "break up" within the next fortnight, she immediately resolved to follow. That evening she communicated this resolve to her husband.

"Well, for my part, I shall be glad to get home again," was his pleased reply. "It's getting to be too much like work, to be at the station for the first train, now the days are growing shorter. But you look anxious to-night. How is Katy? The child isn't well—I'm convinced of that; she's been pining all summer."

"That's what worries me, Arthur," replied his wife, nervously. "Katy's been fretting and moaning all day; and to-night she's hot and flushed. I'm afraid she's going to have some of the diseases children are subject to—scarlatina, perhaps."

Mr. Woodner started up from the tea-table where this conversation had taken place, and went up stairs hastily. Charlie slept in his crib; he, too, had not gained either in size or plumpness, as he always had during his previous summer visits at his grandfather's in the healthy country mansion at Wheaton; but in little Katy, always a delicate child, the change was most apparent. She moaned and tossed on the pillow, beside which faithful Ann sat, soothing her; her little face was pallid, save two bright red spots that burned on her cheeks; and her skin was dry and hot to the touch.

"I have had her in my arms all day," said Mrs. Woodner, who had followed her husband. "Have hardly given her up to Ann a minute. Isn't she really sick, Arthur?" And she nervously watched his anxious face as he leaned over the pillow. "Oh, I wish I had sent into town this morning for Doctor Sibley; he understands the children so well—and there isn't a good physician anywhere round here."

"Katy certainly is feverish, and I wish Doctor Sibley was here," was the father's reply as he felt the hot, dry skin of the child, and the hard, bounding pulse. "I shall not leave her to-night; but you look quite worn out, and must go to bed immediately, Maria. To-morrow I will have the doctor out by the early afternoon train."

"Oh, if it should be *scarlatina*, Arthur! I always dread that so!" was the anxious exclamation. "And Katy is such a delicate child, it would go hard with her!"

"Do not be unnecessarily alarmed, Maria!" her husband replied, soothingly. "It may be nothing more than a cold, which renders her

feverish. But you must get some sleep; and, Ann, you look tired, too; you had better go out and get a breath of the evening air, and then sleep up stairs to-night. I will take care of Katy."

The night passed; and Mr. Woodner did not close his eyes beside the sick child. With the early morning train, he sought the city; and returned in the afternoon with the family physician, in whom both himself and wife reposed implicit confidence. When Doctor Sibley turned from the little crib, which had been removed to Mrs. Woodner's room, and beside which the mother had anxiously watched all day, a grave look was on his face.

"Is she very sick, doctor?" asked the mother. "And oh, don't tell me that it's *scarlatina*! I dread that so!"

"No, it's not that; but a fever as much to be feared—*typhus*!" was the physician's thoughtful reply. "I will not deceive you; your child is very sick; but we will hope for the best."

"Oh, my darling Katy! do not let her die, doctor!" pleaded Mrs. Woodner, in great agitation. "'Typhus!' how do you think she took it, doctor? I have been so careful of her. No one has been here to give it. If we were in town, now, I shouldn't wonder so much; but Ann has taken her out every day, and she has had the country air all summer."

"Fevers of this class are often the result of our surroundings. Are you quite sure you have selected a healthy summer residence, Mrs. Woodner? I could not help observing a heavy mist that hung over the low grounds in the rear of your cottage, as I came up from the station. And you are not looking as well yourself as when I saw you last in town, Mrs. Woodner."

"Hyacinth Cottage is built over a bog-hole; and the water we have been drinking all summer, doctor, would nauseate your stomach!" bluntly replied Mr. Woodner. "And we have been stifled in these little chambers. No wonder Katy is sick! I'm surprised that we all are not. We were talking of going back to town next week; but now, I suppose poor little Katy must stay here, and take her chance of recovery. What a pity we hadn't got away, doctor!"

"Yes, it is a pity; but the child is too sick to be removed at present. I have no doubt but this location is very unhealthy; hav'n't, much faith in these modern cottages for summer retreats; you really would have had much purer air in your large house near the Park, it seems to me, Mr. Woodner. But do not be

over alarmed about your child ; I will do my best for her ; and that is all any of us can do, you know," he said, sympathizingly.

"But Katy is so frail—so delicate, doctor!" said the mother.

"That very circumstance may be in her favor, Mrs. Woodner ; for often a fever goes harder with a very vigorous person than a less healthy one. Now, your boy is more robust : I should fear more for him, with typhus. And, by the way, you had better send him away at once from this region of danger."

"Ann shall take him to Wheaton to-morrow. I wish I had gone there this summer. The children were never healthier than when there. Oh, doctor, if I were well out of Belmont, I never would desire to set foot in it again. If Katy lives, I shall only be too happy to leave it."

As this confession fell from the sorrow-stricken mother's lips, Mr. Woodner could not help wishing that Mrs. Harrison were present ; and, looking upon his darling child, tossing to and fro upon her little pillow, his feelings toward "that woman," who had been the prime cause of their coming to this unhealthy region, were none too pleasant.

"Doctor, what do you think of Katy?" he asked, as he followed the physician to the gate, when he was leaving to take the train back to the city. "If we should lose her, I never should forgive myself for letting Maria come here."

"As I said, she is very sick ; but I hope to be the instrument of saving her for you. Keep calm, Mr. Woodner ; I will be out again in a day or two : meantime, follow my directions. Good-night!" And Doctor Sibley left him. "There is miasma in every breath. I would as soon bring a family to the midst of the Dismal Swamp as to this marshy spot," said the physician, as he walked rapidly along. "I see how it is—hot and burning at mid-day, and damp and chilly at night ; and the vapors curling up from that sluggish creek that cuts the lowlands. These building speculators—they ought to be hung, every one of them, to put up a line of showy cottages in this region, and then dupe the people from comfortable city homes where the air is a hundred times purer. I am surprised that a man of Arthur Woodner's sense should have fallen into the trap. But the illness of his child will be a lesson to him."

As Doctor Sibley indulged in these reflections until he gained the Belmont station, some friendly voice ought to have whispered into his ear that Mr. Woodner should not have borne the blame which ought, by right, to have

settled heavily on the heads of his wife and Mrs. Harrison.

Three weeks dragged by, on leaden wings to the afflicted parents ; and then, to their great joy, little Katy was pronounced convalescent. Pale, weak, and emaciated, she lay in her little crib, over which the mother had hung tenderly, and beside which the father had passed many days, feeling too anxious to be away in town. Doctor Sibley, meanwhile, had been faithful and unremitting ; and it was with genuine pleasure that he received the grateful thanks of the parents when he spoke confidently of his little patient's recovery.

"And, now, my last piece of advice is, that you break up here and return to town just as soon as possible ; taking care that little Katy gets no cold to bring on a relapse. Your own health demands it, Mrs. Woodner ; for the sake of your husband and children, I don't want to have you on my hands next," said the kind physician, as he paid his last visit to the cottage.

Mrs. Woodner drew a long breath of relief, and the tears stood in her eyes. "To think dear Katy is spared to us, Arthur!" she said, thankfully, to her husband. "I cannot get away from here soon enough. I shall tell Jane and Bridget to commence packing up to-morrow. We will have the new furniture sent off to the auction-rooms : I never want to see anything that shall remind me of this summer at Belmont. To-morrow, when you are in town, you had better go up to the house, and see that it is properly aired for our coming. And oh, how glad I shall be to have Charlie at home again ! Sister Annie writes that the little fellow is plump and rosy, and has had such splendid times at 'grandpapa's,' now they are gathering the fruit in. How happy we shall all be when we get home again ! If ever I again leave our nice house in Boston during the summer season, it shall only be to spend the hottest weather at father's."

"Then you've had enough of 'Hyacinth Cottage,' Maria?" said her husband, quizzically, though inly delighted as much as herself at their proposed speedy fitting.

"Don't mention it to me again, Arthur!" she answered, quickly, with a vexed tone, but a little laugh. "'Hyacinths !' I never saw a single specimen of that flower here. I'd better name it 'Dandelion Cottage,' for they were plenty. Mrs. Harrison's 'lilacs' *did* bloom ; but that shrub grows everywhere ; but the Blakes were as foolish as I, for there was only

one old, dying sycamore—'buttonwood' they call it out here—that grew within half a mile of their house."

"I pity *Harrison*, with his cottage on his hands; but probably she won't want to come here next summer, now some of her neighbors, over whom she used to have such influence, have decided not to accompany her!" Mr. Woodner did not hesitate to say "used to have," for he felt quite sure, now, that the influence "that woman" had formerly wielded over his wife was lessened. And, if this result had been accomplished, "Hyacinth Cottage" had not been such a costly lesson after all.

The following day, Mr. Woodner went into town, transacted his business at the counting-room, dined at Parker's—then, with elate heart and eager step, turned his way to the old familiar house on H—— Street. Opening its doors, and walking through lonely halls and apartments that would soon ring again with the sound of welcome household voices, he felt a keen thrill of pleasure at his heart. But, as he left the house and walked down the street the length of a few blocks, he suddenly cast his eye up at the handsome stone front on whose silver door-plate was engraved "George Harrison." Mrs. Harrison had left "Lilac Hill," full three weeks before, for her town home; but to-day the house on H—— Street was strangely dull-looking—the curtains down, and no callers had left their cards for forty-eight hours at the door.

"Poor Harrison! I thought it would come to this, with that woman's extravagances and want of sympathy with his business cares and perplexities!" sighed Mr. Woodner as he walked past.

When he crossed the threshold of the cottage at Belmont that evening, his wife's first exclamation was: "Why, Arthur, how sober you look! Has anything happened?"

"Yes, Maria—what I have feared for some time, though it shocked me when I heard of it to-day on 'Change—the firm of Harrison & Co. has gone down."

"Failed, Arthur? You don't mean it! What will poor Mrs. Harrison do?"

"Do what she ought to have done years ago—learn to think; to see the folly of her idle, fashionable, extravagant life; to adapt herself, in future, if poor Harrison should ever rise above it, to her limited income; to do what she seemed bent on not doing for the past few years, though she must have known the need of retrenchment—to live economically. I can't

pity that woman so much as I ought to, perhaps, Maria!"

"Retrenchment! Economy!" the very words her husband used to say to her," repeated Mrs. Woodner, in a low tone, when she was alone. "Poor soul! I'm so sorry for her! But how thankful I ought to be that Arthur's business stands so firm, when many others are broken up these dreadful war times! Let him talk 'economy' as much as he pleases in the future, I shall be convinced that he is the best judge!" And, with a blush of shame, she remembered the many occasions when she had contested his better judgment, and, like Mrs. Harrison, "gained her point" through "much importunity." And, as she turned away from little Katy, whom she resigned to Bridget while she went down to take her place at the tea-table, Mrs. Woodner gave another deep and heartfelt sigh for poor Mrs. Harrison.

A week more saw the Woodners comfortably established in their city home again; while the deserted "summer residence" at Belmont was resigned to silence, and the cottage-furniture turned over to an auction-room. The still pale, but fast-recovering little Katy was assigned the coziest corner in the large, cheerful, well-ventilated nursery; and when Charlie, accompanied by nurse Ann and Aunt Annie, made his appearance from Wheaton, the little convalescent's delight knew no bounds. "Brudder Charlie" was ever ready to play with her and amuse her; she pined no longer, but gained rapidly day by day. "Sure, but it's blissid good to say Miss Kathy gettin' so well an' strong, afther the dreadful faiver!" said Ann—"an' it's good, too, to be back agin in ould Bostin, away from the singin' bugs and 'skaters! Ah! and wouldn't Saint Patrick be afther havin' plenty ov worruk to do, if he lived in *Ameriky*?"

Another summer has passed since Mrs. Woodner learned her lesson, that a "genteel, desirable summer residence" may not always be a comfortable or healthy one; and she was well content to spend its months in the large, airy mansion whose roof had sheltered her girlhood, and where blossoming clover roses, new-mown hay, plenty of sweet milk, and "good country fare" deepened the bloom of health upon her own cheeks and her children's.

As for her husband, whenever that gentleman wishes to satirize any plan whereby genuine comfort is likely to be sacrificed to outward show, he gently refers to "Hyacinth Cottage."

## PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

## THIRD LESSON.

You must now turn your attention to the drawing of curved lines. Unless you can draw a curved line accurately in any direction, you can never hope to delineate the human figure or animals in a proper manner; for the outlines of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms are made up of curved lines of every variety. It is needless to give a long list of examples; the student will easily observe them in the objects around him, from the horse to the cat or diminutive mouse; or from the gay butterfly that soars above him, to the caterpillar from which it has been transformed; or from the lofty oak to the humble acorn.

Commence practising the formation of curved lines by drawing several like *a*, Fig. 10, and then, when you are able to do so accurately and easily, draw parallel lines with greater curve, as *b*, Fig. 10. When you can enlarge these copies upon a blackboard, with a piece of chalk, or reduce them with a pencil upon paper, then you may venture to draw a circle like *c*, Fig. 10.

*To draw a circle.*—Commence by making a faint dot upon the paper to mark the centre; then place another dot on either side of it, and at equal distances, and continue placing dots at equal distances all round the central one, until a circle of dots is formed; you must then join all the dots with a steady and slow sweep of the hand, beginning at the top of the circle, and drawing from left to right, and right round from the point at which you started. Practise this several times, as it will give you precision, and enable you to observe the relative distance of the outer part of the circle from the centre. Do not attempt to use compasses to draw a circle.

When you have drawn a few dozen circles by the aid of the dots, draw some without making any marks upon the paper or board; sometimes drawing from left to right, and at other times from right to left.

Draw one circle within another, so that their margins shall be parallel, as in the portion of the one shown in *b*, Fig. 10.

Draw a semicircle (as *f*, in Fig. 10), and then practise forming *d* and *e* in the same figure, until you can join lines neatly, sometimes commencing from the lower part of the figures, and at other times from the upper part.

Divide circles into sections, so as to exhibit the half, a quarter, a third, or other divisions of a circle.

Draw squares, polygons, and triangles within circles, and then construct a circle within a square.

Copy the following figure (11), and then pro-

Fig. 11.

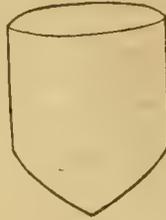
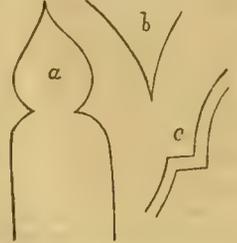


Fig. 12.

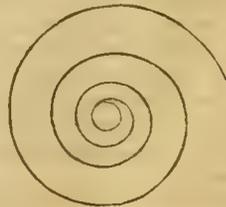


ceed to draw the three following outlines, which you will no doubt do correctly and readily, from the practice you have already had in the curved lines. Be careful, in copying *a* and *c*, to make the left-hand lines darker than those to the right, while *b* has lines of each breadth. It is well to use the pencil marked HB for this purpose, the different thicknesses of the line being produced by the degrees of pressure employed.

In drawing lines, the hand should rest upon the last two fingers. If the lines are short the motion of the hand should not extend beyond the wrist joint; but if the lines are long, then the hand will glide over the paper easily, if it is carefully balanced and rests upon these fingers, while the motion of the hand proceeds from the elbow or from the shoulder.

As you have already practised curved lines and circles, you will no doubt be able to copy this example, which is the outline of the volute

Fig. 13.

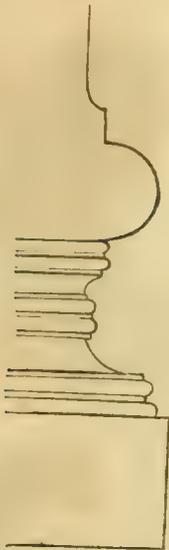


of an Ionic capital from the Erectheum, at Athens. It is needless to describe how it should be drawn, because, if you have attended to the rules already given, you will be able to know how to proceed at once. Copy this example over and over again, enlarging and diminishing the copy, until your eye has become familiar with the figure; then endeavor to form its outline without having the example before you. When you have accomplished your task,

you will be better prepared to copy the next example.

This drawing is a combination of curved and

Fig. 14.



straight lines, so arranged that they form the outline of the base of a column; and by copying this example frequently, you will acquire a very good idea of proportion. If you had not exercised yourself in drawing straight and curved lines, you could not have drawn this figure. You may, therefore, look upon straight and curved lines as the letters or alphabet of drawing.

**PLATO.**—Several anecdotes of Plato are preserved, which reflect honor on his moral principles and character. Having raised his hand to correct a servant when in anger, he kept his arm fixed in that posture for a considerable time. To a friend coming in, and inquiring the reason of his singular conduct, he replied, "I am punishing a passionate man!" At another time, he said to one of his servants, "I would chastise you if I were not angry." When told that his enemies were circulating reports to his disadvantage, he remarked, "I will so live that no one will believe them." A friend observing his studious habits, even in extreme years, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar.—"As long," said he, "as I have need to grow wiser and better."

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the rugged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

## MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

BY C. J. M.

I KNOW not how to paint her, so good and fair was she:  
Her eyes were like the ring-dove's, so pure their brilliancy;  
Her voice was low and liquid, her hair was soft and brown,  
And her cheeks were like the roses that bloom in Summer's crown.

But not for all her beauty my sister did I prize—  
'Twas for the love that looked on me from out her gentle eyes;  
'Twas for the soul's sweet graces that beamed upon her face,  
And all the truth and goodness that in her heart found place.

'Twas not in days of childhood we learned to love so well;  
Her home a city's crowded mart, mine in a northern dell;  
And not until a husband's love my happy life had crowned,  
Did I find the name of sister so very dear a sound.

For years our skies were cloudless, our paths were strewn with flowers,  
But at length we saw the shadows from out the coming hours;  
Ah, then life's thorns so pierced our hearts beside our mother's tomb,  
We felt no more the sunshine, we saw no more the bloom.

Time laid his hand upon our grief—once more the skies grew bright,  
When o'er my sister's home there fell the darkness of the night;  
In the midst of anxious watchings the angel Death came down  
And bore away her fairest to beautify his crown.

And though I loved her dearly when sorrow was unknown,  
For all her days of anguish she had far dearer grown,  
I said, "If prayers can shield her from aught of grief or ill,  
Can bring her any gladness, God knows mine surely will."

Alas, 'twas not in power of love to save her life from care,  
God lays on each the burdens he wishes them to bear;  
She had her joys and sorrows as those of mortal birth,  
But bore them all so meekly she seem'd not of earth.

And now that God hath called her unto her heavenly rest,  
Why should we mourn and murmur? He knoweth what is best;  
Oh give us, God, the eye of faith, that henceforth we may see  
The one whom thou hast torn from us, forever, Lord, with thee.

WHOEVER is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

## NOVELTIES FOR JULY.

LATEST STYLE OF HEADDRESSES, MANTLE, CAPS, ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Figs. 1 and 2 are the back and front views of the same coiffure. The hair is *crépe*, rolled, and dressed with feathers and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Marie Antoinette coiffure.

Fig. 4.—Very simple coiffure for a young lady.

Fig. 5.—Coiffure arranged in looped bands in front and a waterfall at the back.

Fig. 6.—Hair dressed in front with a succession of puffs and a ringlet behind each ear. A coronet tuft of flowers is placed between the puffs, and the hair is dressed in a double bow at the back.

Fig. 7.—The hair is in a double roll in front, with a curl falling behind each ear. The back

Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



back hair is tightly rolled and formed in a scroll, and kept in place by two fancy pins.

Fig. 8.—Summer mantle, made of white *laine*, and trimmed with bands of very narrow black velvet.

Fig. 10.



Fig. 9.—Fancy dinner-cap, made of figured illusion, *point appliqué* lace, and violet ribbons.

Fig. 10.—Apron for a little girl from five to seven years of age.

Fig. 11.

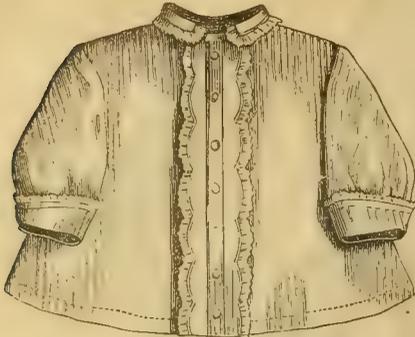


Fig. 11.—Night-dress for a young child.

Fig. 12.

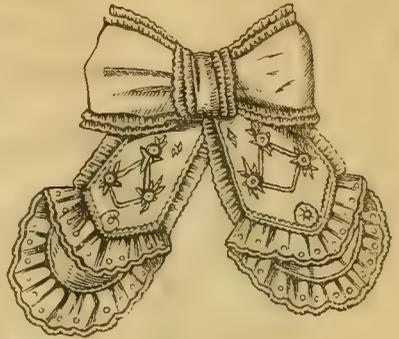


Fig. 12.—White muslin bow, trimmed with fluted ruffles.

### LITTLE GIRL'S CROCHET UNDER PETTICOAT.



*Materials.*—Half pound of white double Berlin wool ; half ounce of scarlet ditto ; a long crochet needle.

A NICE warm petticoat of this description is indeed a comfortable garment for little girls to wear *under* their crinolines, over the usual flannel petticoat, and mothers will do well to employ their leisure time in making a little article like this for their children, to protect, in a slight degree, their little legs from exposure to cold. The stitch that it may be done

in may be left, to a certain extent, to the taste of the worker ; but we will give the full description of the petticoat from which our illustration was made, which was very pretty and comfortable-looking. For a child from six to seven years of age, the garment should be one and a half yards wide and thirteen inches long. The ground-work is in *Gobelin* stitch, and the borders, of which there are three, are in *Wave* stitch. Descriptions of these two stitches have

been given in previous numbers. In white wool, a chain of two hundred and ten stitches should be made, and on this a row of ordinary double crochet worked. Then commence the Wave stitch and work seven double rows, then three double rows of Gobelin stitch, five double rows in Wave stitch, three in Gobelin stitch, three in Wave stitch, thirty-seven in Gobelin stitch—so finishing the petticoat. Care must be taken to keep the work straight at the edges by always inserting the needle through the last loop in each row. The garment is joined behind, leaving an opening for the placket-hole, which should be worked round with double crochet. The small border at the edge in scarlet wool is done in the following manner: one double crochet, \* three long, one

double in the first of these long, one treble in the same long, one double in the two following stitches of foundation; now repeat from \*. A treble needleful of red wool should be run in the first row of Wave stitch, just below the Gobelin stitch, to give the three stripes seen in the illustration. The top of the petticoat is pleated and put into a band, which should be done in tightly-worked double crochet. The garment is pleated up to the desired size, and secured by a row of tightly-worked double crochet, always inserting the needle through the double or treble portions of the pleats at the same time. Eight rows have then to be worked very closely, leaving a space in the working to form the button-hole. A button is sewed on the other side, so that the band fastens neatly.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A LADY'S CRAVAT.



## SOFA OR ELBOW CUSHION.

*Materials.*—Four pieces of blue French merino; four pieces of scarlet ditto; one skein of white purse silk; one skein of black ditto; one skein of bright amber ditto; one skein of scarlet ditto.



We have given a certain arrangement for color, as by so doing the description of the work is rendered more comprehensible. But there are many more contrasts which would be equally pretty: such as scarlet and white, blue and white, black and scarlet, etc. etc. As many ladies will have by them some odd pieces of merino which might be advantageously used for a cushion of this description, we would recommend them, if they may wish to make a showy, and at the same time inexpensive pre-

sent, to work one of these pretty little articles. Cut out four pieces of blue and four pieces of scarlet merino, and allow enough for trimmings, and be particular that one side of each piece is cut the salvage way of the material.

Then embroider the blue pieces in the following manner: Centre of pine white silk, pine amber silk, coral border round pine, scarlet silk. In the scarlet merino the same arrangement of color, with the exception of the coral border, which should be done in black silk. Some of the embroidery is executed in buttonhole-stitch, some in herringbone-stitch, and some in varied dots. The making up, which is always a difficulty and an expense with articles of fancy work, may be accomplished by the worker. The eight pieces of merino must be stitched together, placing one selvaige and a crossway piece so as to prevent the merino from stretching. The bottom must then be cut out; this consists of a simple round the size of the top when all the pieces are stitched together. A calico case, made exactly the same shape as the merino, should be stuffed with wool, the merino laid over, and the opening sewn up. A ruching of ribbon forms a pretty finish to the edge, and the cushion is stabbed through the centre to the wrong side, and ornamented with a rosette. Sometimes the backs of these cushions are made of leather, as being stronger and more durable than merino.

## BEAD BRACELET AND CHAIN.

This little bracelet may be composed of as many rows as the taste of the worker may prefer. If made in jet or imitation pearl, a chain to match is a great improvement. The following are the instructions for threading the beads. Commence with three strings, keeping one for the centre, on which thread one bead, which ought to be a little larger than the others. On the right hand, thread two beads; on the left, four, passing the needle of the right hand through two beads on the left, leaving the centre thread *under*. Thread two more beads on the left-hand side; pass the needle from the right through them, bringing the centre thread

over. By passing the centre thread alternately under and over, the middle bead and thread are firmly fixed in their place. Repeat to the required length. Three rows make a pretty bracelet. Finish with a jet or fancy snap.

NETTED BORDER.

(See engraving, page 25.)

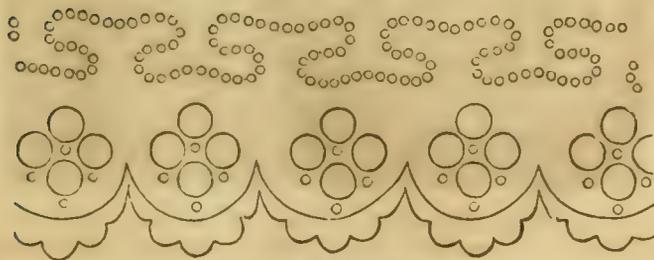
This border may be made any width, and is suitable for trimming bed-furniture, dimity window curtains, etc. Knitting Cotton No. 8, 3-threads, and 2 different sized meshes are required. After making a foundation, net 2 plain rows. 2d row: Net 4 plain, wind the cotton 3 times round the mesh, putting the needle each time into the stitch, but not netting it; then, to knot the stitch firmly, pass the needle round the 3 loops without putting the thread over the

mesh, and secure it in the same manner as a buttonhole stitch would be made at the edge of embroidery. This, we think, will explain the mode of fastening the stitch. The arrangement of the little feathers in the netting can be easily worked from the illustration, and the pattern can be varied as taste dictates, making the diamonds larger, so decreasing the quantity of plain netting. When the top of the border is finished, the fringe is commenced with the largest mesh. 1st row: Net 4 stitches into every alternate loop, and secure in the same manner as the smaller feathers or fancy stitches. The 2d row is netted plain with the smaller mesh. The 3d row the same with the large mesh. 4th row: With the large mesh take 4 loops of preceding row, and make 1 stitch of them. Repeat. 5th row: Same as 1st. 6th row: Same as 2d.

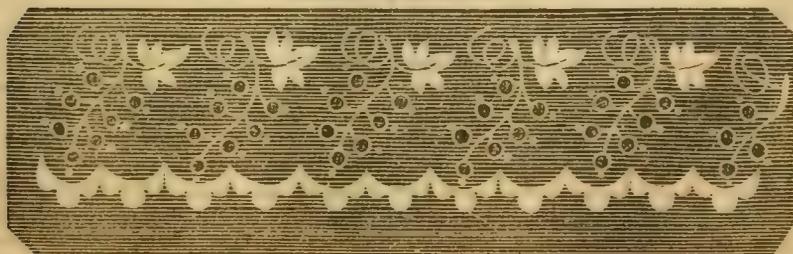
NAME FOR MARKING.



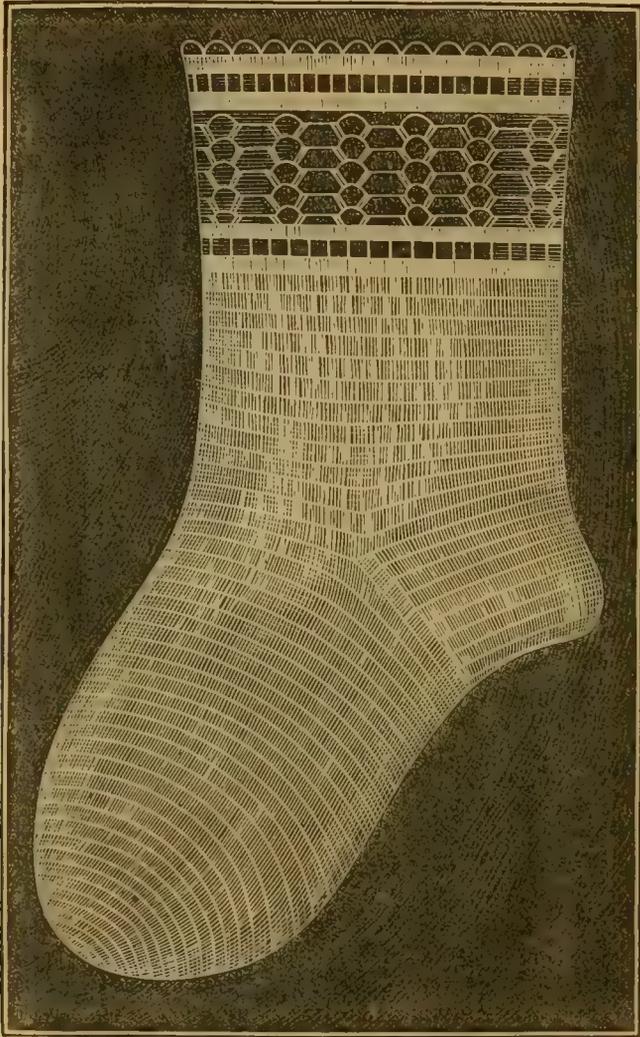
EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.



## CROCHET SOCK.



It is pleasant to combine utility and ornament together, and thus render the occupations of the work-table conducive to a double interest. Crochet is now so universally practised, that few ladies could be found who do not excel in this branch of fancy-work. We have therefore given a little article in it, which is so generally useful, that we feel sure it will be acceptable to many of our subscribers. Children's socks in this pattern are both easy of execution, and extremely durable; they are also adapted for summer wear from their openness, which renders them cool for the hot weather. The pat-

tern will be perfectly understood by the illustration; the manner of forming the sock is the same as that of knitting, namely, to begin at the top. In the one we are now giving, it must be commenced under the fancy pattern which forms the welt, as this is worked the contrary way after the sock is formed. After the upper part is worked, half the width is continued for the heel, which, when long enough, is folded and joined together, the foot being worked from it. The best way is to take a woven sock for a guide for the size, and form it exactly in the same manner. The pattern for the welt is

then worked from the top upwards, and must be in tighter crochet than the sock. If it were commenced at this part, the little pattern would be the wrong way upwards, which would spoil the effect. These socks are extremely pretty when completed. They must of course be worked in fine crochet cotton. The ornamental border at the top can be varied according to taste, as it can be made much more elaborate than the one given by those who are proficient in this branch of fancy-work.

RUFF FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

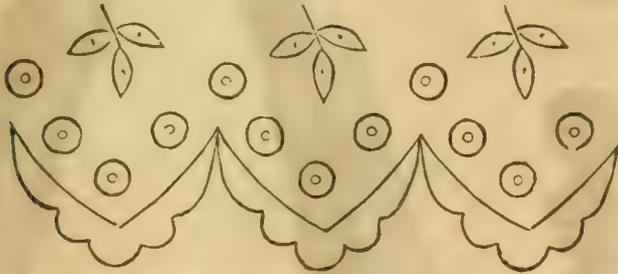
*Materials*—Seven skeins of white wool, and seven of pretty rose color. Knitting needles, No. 15.

With the white wool cast on 130 stitches, and

knit a row. Purl the next; and knit and purl alternately six rows. Join on the colored wool. Purl the first row and knit the next. Repeat these alternately until six colored rows are done. Do the two stripes alternately three times more, then cast off loosely, dropping every fourth stitch, and subsequently undoing it to the foundation. Sew the edges together, and draw up the ends.

**THE TASSELS.**—Take some white wool, and also colored, and wind together round a strong cord about twenty-four times. Tie the strands tightly at even distances of three-quarters of an inch. Cut them between every two ties, and string the balls thus formed on wool, with a rug needle, to form the tassels. Chenille tassels also look very pretty.

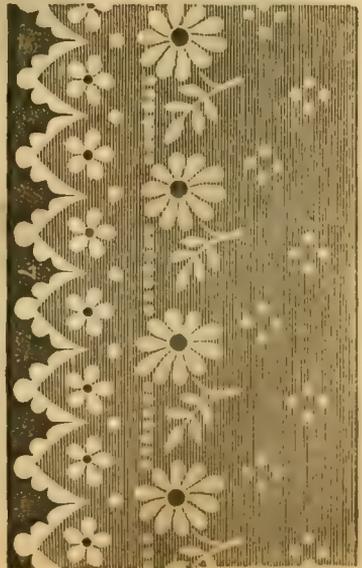
EMBROIDERY.



A NEW STYLE OF CROCHET FRINGE.



EMBROIDERY.

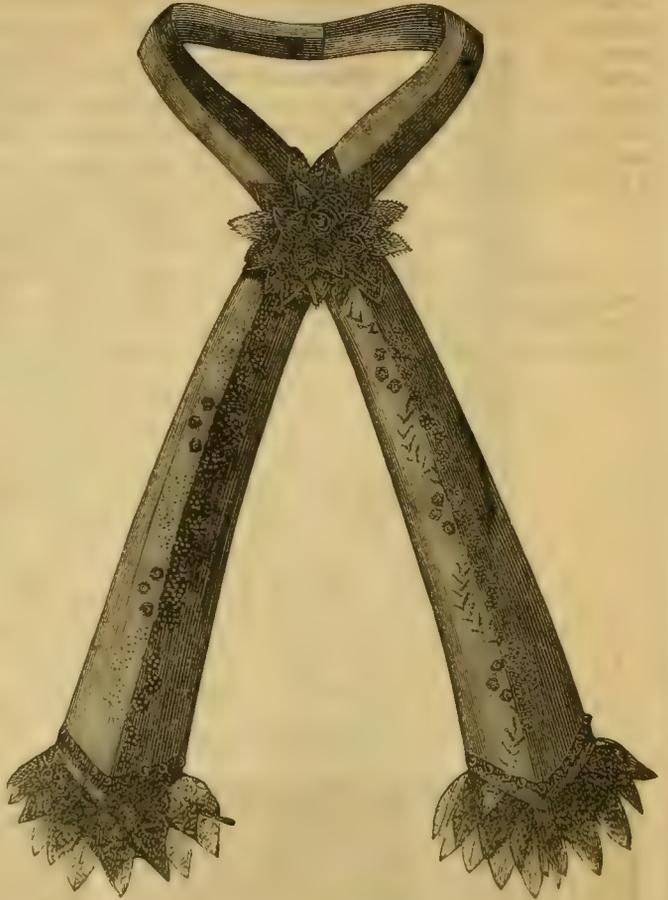


INSERTION FOR MUSLIN.



NECK-TIE AND CUFF,

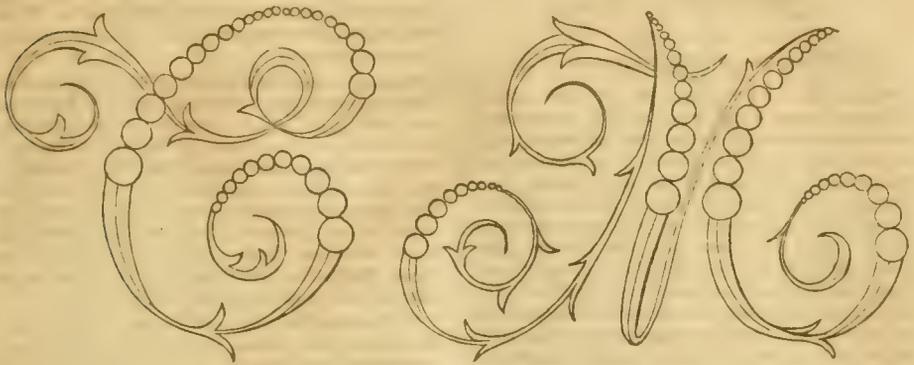
MADE OF BLUE AND BLACK RIBBON, WORKED WITH JET BEADS, AND EDGED WITH BLACK LACE.



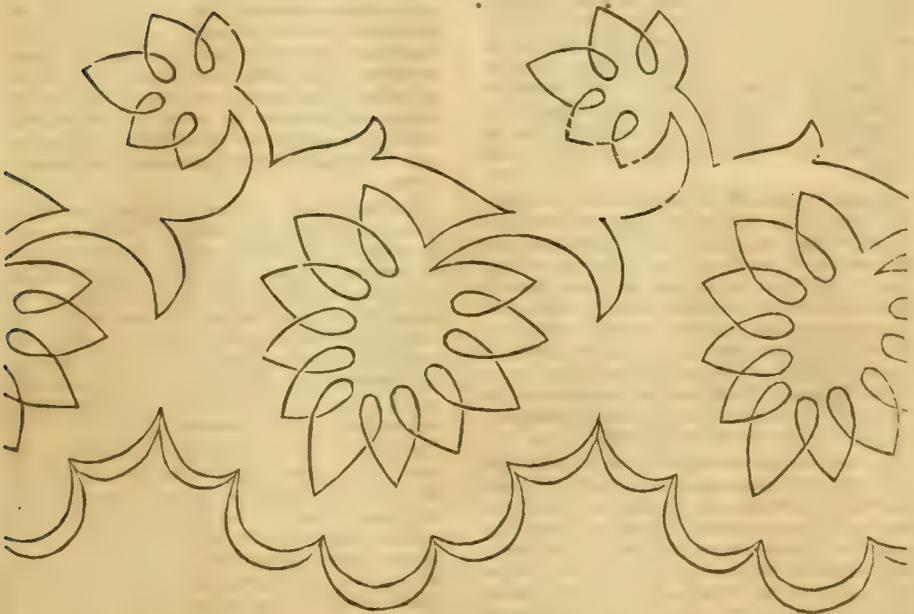
FANCY TRIMMING,  
MADE OF RIBBON, AND VERY  
SUITABLE FOR SUMMER  
DRESSES.



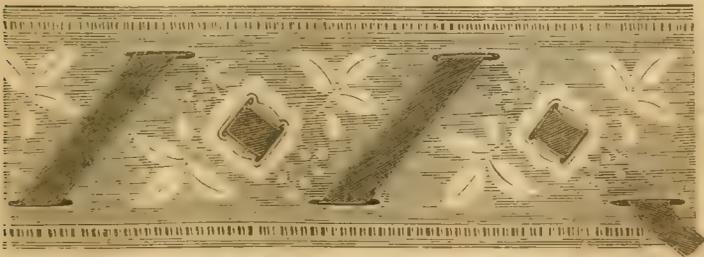
EMBROIDERED INITIALS FOR A PILLOW-CASE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION ARRANGED FOR COLORED RIBBON OR VELVET.



There are numerous purposes for which these insertions may be applied. Collars, sleeves, and chemisettes are much improved by the ornamentation of tasteful insertions like this we have illustrated.

## Receipts, &c.

### DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

**TO PRESERVE GREENGAGES.**—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, skinning 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 greengages 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.

**GREENGAGE JAM.**—When the plums are thoroughly ripe, take off the skins, stone, weigh, and boil them quickly without sugar for fifty minutes, keeping them well stirred; then to every four pounds of fruit add three of loaf 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.

**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 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. Greengages may be done in this way.

**DAMSON JELLY.**—Put any number of fine ripe damsons into a stone jar, and one-third the quantity of bullaces into another, and either bake them in a slow oven, or boil them in a pan of water, till the juice is extracted. Pour off the juice clear from the fruit, strain and weigh it; boil it quickly without sugar for twenty-five minutes, draw it from the fire, stir into it ten ounces of good sugar for each pound of juice, and boil it quickly for six to ten minutes longer, carefully clearing off all the scum. The jelly must be often stirred before the sugar is added, and constantly afterwards.

**TO PRESERVE APRICOTS.**—Choose fine apricots, pare them thinly and cleanly, and when done, take their weight, cut them in halves and remove the kernel, 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.

**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.

**TO PRESERVE APPLES, GOLDEN PIPPINS.**—Take the rind of an orange, and boil it very tender, then lay it in cold water for three days; take two dozen golden pippins, pare, core and quarter them, boil them to a strong jelly, and run it through a jelly-bag till it is clear. Take the same quantity of pippins, pare and core them, and put three pounds of loaf sugar in a preserving-pan with a pint and a half of spring water, let it boil, skim it well, and put in your pippins with the orange rind cut into long thin slips, then let them boil fast till the sugar becomes thick and will almost candy; then put in a pint and a half of pippin jelly, and boil fast till the jelly is clear, then squeeze in the juice of a fine lemon, give the whole another boil, and put the pippins in pots or glasses with the orange peel. Lemon peel may be used instead of orange, but then it must only be boiled, and not soaked.

**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 the 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.

**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.

**TO PRESERVE APPLES.**—Take equal quantities of good moist sugar and apples. Peel, core, and mince them small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water. Skim well, and boil pretty thick. Then add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. Apples prepared in this way will keep for years.

**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 considered 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.

**APPLE JELLY.**—Pare quickly some highly-flavored juicy apples of any kind, or of various kinds together; slice, without dividing them; but first free them from the stalks and eyes; shake out some of the pips and lay the apples evenly into very clean large stone jars, just dipping an occasional layer into cold water as this is done, the better to preserve the color of the whole. Set the jars into pans of water and boil the fruit slowly until it is quite soft, then turn it into a jelly-bag or cloth, and let the juice all drop from it. Weigh, and boil it for ten minutes, then draw it from the fire, and stir into it, until it is entirely dissolved, twelve ounces of sugar to the pound and quarter (or pint) of juice. Place the preserve again over the fire, and stir it without intermission, except to clear off the scum, until it has boiled from eight to ten minutes longer, for otherwise it will jelly on the surface with the scum upon it, which it will then be difficult to remove, as when touched it will break and fall into the preserve. The strained juice of one small lemon to the pint of jelly should be added two or three minutes before it is poured out, and the rind of one or two, cut very thin, may be simmered in the juice before the sugar is added; but the pale, delicate color of the jelly will be injured by too much of it, and many persons would altogether prefer the pure flavor of the fruit.

**RED 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, weigh, and then boil it rapidly for twenty minutes; draw it from the fire, stir in it until dissolved fourteen ounces of loaf-sugar, roughly powdered, to each pound of juice, and boil 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.

**GREEN GRAPES.**—Take the largest and best grapes before they are ripe; stone and scald them, let them lie two days in the water they were scalded in, then drain them and put them into a thin syrup, and heat them over a slow fire; the next day turn the grapes into a pan and heat them, then drain them, put them into clarified sugar, give them a good boil, skim them, and set them by. The next day boil more sugar, put it to the grapes, give them all a good boil, skim them, and set them in a warm stove all night; the day after drain the grapes and lay them out to dry, first dusting them.

**GREEN GRAPES.**—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest when they begin to get soft are the best; split them, and take out the kernels and stew them in part of the sugar, take out the kernels from the shells and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it and add the fruit and kernels, skim it until clear, then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

**TO PRESERVE ORANGES.**—Rasp or cut the oranges in scallops with a pen-knife and throw them into water; change it once a day for three days, then boil them till tender enough to run a wheat-straw through, then put them into cold water until next day; pulp and wipe them very dry, have the syrup ready, boil them two or three times till very clear, observing to put the syrup to them; when cold, make it the same as for cucumbers.

**TO PRESERVE ORANGE PEEL.**—Cut the orange in half, take out the pulp, put the peel in strong salt and water to soak for three days; repeat this three times, then put them on a sieve to dry; take one pound of loaf sugar, add to it a quart of spring water, boil it, skim it until quite clear, let the peels simmer until they are quite transparent, and dry them before the fire. Take loaf sugar with just sufficient water to dissolve it; whilst the sugar is boiling put in the peels, stirring continually until all the sugar is candied round them, then put them to dry, either before the fire or in the oven, and when perfectly dried, put them by for use.

**TO KEEP PEARS.**—Choose the soundest pears, peel and cut them into quarters, take out the pips, and put the pieces into bottles. If the pears are intended for dessert, one boiling is sufficient, but if for cooking, they must boil five or six times; should the fruit thus bottled have fallen from the tree, instead of being gathered, they will require a quarter of an hour boiling.

#### CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

In a recent number of the Book we inquired for a receipt for making "Old-fashioned Connecticut Wedding-Cake." We have received the two following, and we return our thanks to Miss H. N. C., of Boston, and Mrs. A. H. C., of Forrestville, N. Y., for them.

**OLD CONNECTICUT BRIDECAKE.**—Eighteen pounds of flour, ten pounds of sugar, good brown, nine pounds butter, eighteen eggs, eleven nutmegs, five quarts of new milk, one quart distillery, or good homemade

yeast (brewers' yeast is too bitter), ten pounds of fruit, raisins, currants, and citron, if liked, one ounce mace, one quart wine, one pint brandy.

**OLD CONNECTICUT ELECTION CAKE.**—Eighteen pounds flour, nine pounds good brown sugar (it makes this kind of cakes more moist), nine pounds butter, ten eggs, three pints fresh yeast (distillery or homemade), nine pints new milk, two ounces nutmegs, two ounces mace, some cinnamon, if liked (cinnamon is not in the original receipt—it can be added in any; I usually put it in), nine pounds of raisins. Currants and citron may be added, if one please; but usually currants are not used in this. Eight wineglasses each of sherry or Madeira wine and brandy. Currant wine will not do in cake. It makes it heavy.

These quantities will make eighteen or twenty loaves, and as it is too much for an ordinary family, I have reduced the quantity of Election Cake, which will make four large-sized loaves.

**A SMALL QUANTITY OF ELECTION CAKE.**—Two and a quarter pounds of flour, eighteen ounces butter, eighteen ounces sugar, a gill and half of good fresh yeast (as directed in the foregoing receipts), four and a half gills of new milk, two nutmegs, two eggs, half an ounce mace, two pounds raisins (stoned and chopped a little), one wineglass of sherry or Madeira wine, one ditto of brandy. In every kind of cake as much fruit can be used as one chooses.

*Directions for Making these Cakes.*—The night previous to baking, take all the flour, and all the yeast, and all the milk (if warm from the cow it is sufficient, if not, must be warmed some), part of the sugar and part of the butter. Work it well together, and turn a pan over it, and let it rise. In the morning it will be light. Then take the remainder of the sugar, butter, spices, liquor, and eggs, and work well together as for some other cake, then put it all into the cake; put together the night before, and beat it well together for some time. Cover it, and let it rise again. After it is light, work in the fruit lightly, and put it in the tins, and let it stand a short time, then put it in the oven, and bake. After it is baked, it is to be frosted, if one please. I have given the full directions, as those that are not acquainted with making cannot have good luck unless it is made right. These are valuable receipts, and the best in existence.

Judgment must be used in all cake making, and these cakes must not be kept too warm or too cold. They are often kept too warm; that makes the butter oily, and scalds the whole, and makes it sour, and the fault is in the receipt. There is no fault in these. Mrs. A. H. C. Forrestville, Chautauque County, N. Y.

**OLD-FASHIONED CONNECTICUT WEDDING-CAKE.**—Four pounds of sifted flour, two pounds of butter, two and three-quarter pounds of sugar, two cents' worth of yeast, eight eggs, glass of white brandy, raisins, citron, mace, nutmeg, and any other spice to the taste.

*Directions for Mixing.*—Take all the flour, half the butter, half the sugar, a little milk, and all the yeast, and mix like biscuit dough. When perfectly light, add the rest of the butter, and sugar, with eight eggs, and set it to rise again. When light the second time, add the spice and brandy, and half a teaspoonful of soda mixed well. Paper and butter the tins, and let it stand in them half an hour. Bake in a quick oven. This will make six loaves. It is much improved by frosting.

Miss H. N. C., Boston.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**A CHEAP AND PHILOSOPHICAL ORNAMENT.**—Fill a clear glass bottle with distilled water, in which dissolve some sugar of lead, about a penny-worth to half a pint of water. Insert a scrap of sheet zinc into the cork, long enough to reach half way down the bottle when the cork is in; the lower part of the zinc may be cut into two or three forks and twisted like the branches of a tree. The strip of metal is no sooner immersed in the solution than the latter begins to act chemically upon it, and delicate feathery crystals of lead will cover the whole of the submerged portion. The deposit and growth of the lead may be watched with a magnifying glass, and will continue to increase for some hours, and can only be stopped by carefully pouring out the solution and replacing it with distilled water; it will, however, cease of itself when all the lead is deposited. The result looks like an inverted tree or bush, with thick metallic foliage, glistening as the light happens to fall upon it. It need scarcely be remarked that sugar of lead is poisonous to swallow.

**HOW TO KNOW A DOUBLE FROM A SINGLE FLOWER, BEFORE THE BLOSSOM OPENS.**—The usual way of ascertaining this is by comparing the buds, those of the double flowers being more globular and larger than the single ones. But the most simple and unerring test is to cut the bud through the middle, when the single flower will be seen folding around the stamens; the double will be all folds and no stamens.

**HOW TO STOP BLOOD.**—Take the fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather; bind it upon the wound closely, and blood will soon cease to flow. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind and running for a surgeon, who, probably, will make no better prescription if present.

**POMATUM.**—Take one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of castor oil, four ounces of olive oil, and two penny-worth of bergamot, and melt them together in a pot, placed in boiling water, stirring the mixture all the while; when thoroughly mixed, pour the mixture into pots while hot.

**PERMANENT INK FOR MARKING LINEN.**—Take of lunar caustic (now called nitrate of silver), one drachm; weak solution of tincture of galls, two drachms. The cloth must be wetted first with the following liquid, viz. salt of tartar, one ounce; water, one ounce and a half, and it must be made perfectly dry before it is written upon.

**TO WASH BLACK OR COLORED SILKS OF A FAST COLOR.**—Make a lye of soft soap by warming it in a pipkin with sufficient water to dissolve it, but do not let it boil; then add about half-a-pint of whiskey (to half-a-pound of the soap), and let it cool. Have a tub of cold water, and take each breadth separately, and rinse well in the water but do not rub it, and then spread it evenly upon a board or table, dip a piece of flannel in the mixture of soap and whiskey, and rub thoroughly over both sides of the silk; rinse again in clean cold water (but great care must be taken to cleanse it from the soap), then throw it over a line in the open air to drain, but not to dry, and, by the time you have completed the washing, the first piece will be ready to iron, which must be done with a hot iron—as hot as would be required to iron a piece of linen. The result will be that the silk will look equal to new.

# Editors' Table.

## WOMAN:

### IN HER PERFECTION.

Blessed art thou among women.—*St. Luke*, 1. 28.

MORAL character decides the destiny of mankind. Goodness, resulting from obedience to God's laws, is the test of all moral virtue. No individual perfectness can be reached without this obedience, and no progress in what is called "civilization" can be permanent or really improve humanity, which is not founded on and sustained by moral goodness.

When the world has lost the sense of God's holiness,\* and of His requirement of holiness (or goodness in men), it is fast ripening for destruction. Nor can any human device long stay its downward progress. The reintroduction of this moral element of character must be the influence of Divine Power in qualifying His chosen agents for the work. Thus Noah was saved to begin anew God's plan of salvation; Abraham was chosen; Moses raised up; and Cyrus, the Gentile, called when the Hebrew people had too nearly lost the idea of moral goodness to strive for their own deliverance from captivity.

At the time when Mary of Nazareth was born, the whole world lay beneath the darkest shadows of evil. Sins, crimes, and wretchedness filled the earth. The moral power of woman was nearly destroyed by the general licentiousness; all reverence and fear of the true God, and all faith in his promises were lost or derided, even among his chosen people. The selfish passions predominated everywhere; and the universal corruptions of society seemed like a pall over the face of the dead—to shut out even the hope of reviving life.

Man's power to sustain the Good and the True being thus overborne, woman was called to help in the ministry of redemption.

When the Angel Gabriel was sent from Heaven to announce that Divine message of mercy, the rekindling of the pure light of goodness before that sinful and miserable generation, did the holy watchers on the crystal walls of Paradise wonder as they marked the swift messenger of grace, and saw him pass by the abodes of the rich, the learned, the great, the mighty men of renown, and never stoop his wing till he entered the humble home of a young and lowly-born maiden? And yet, has it not ever seemed to men, from that age to this, an astonishing wonder, if not a wrong, that they had no part nor lot in Christ's "manifestation in the flesh?"

"Hail, highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women!" Such was the salutation of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary.

To be the mother of "Shiloh" had, doubtless, been the hope and fervent prayer of many a pious mother in Israel from the time of Jacob's prediction. Isaiah had prophesied that "a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which is, being interpreted, God with us;" yet it is not probable that any Jewish maiden had ever hoped to be thus miraculously endowed with the privilege of motherhood. And Mary of Nazareth could never, in her lowly estate,

\* See St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Chapters 1st and 2d particularly.

betrothed as she was to a poor carpenter, with a life of humble toil and obscurity before them, have dreamed of the glory awaiting her. She had, in perfect truth and humility, been ready to do all the good that offered, performing from her heart every duty of her lot in the fear and love of the Lord God of Israel; thus it was that she "found favor" in His sight. Yet when the angel had assured her she should be the blessed mother of the promised Messiah, and had answered her simple, child-like question—"How shall this be?"—she instantly believed, and accepted the high mission.

Zacharias did not believe the announcement, made to him by Gabriel, of the birth of John. The priest was righteous—as a man is righteous; but the difference between the masculine and the feminine nature is strikingly illustrated in these two examples. *Zacharias was earthward in his doubts, his reason: Mary was heavenward in her faith, her feelings.* He believed not the angel, and was struck dumb: she believed, and "the Holy Ghost overshadowed her!"

Great indeed must have been her faith, when it wholly overcame all fear of man, all selfish considerations. She was betrothed; therefore not only her reputation, but her life would be placed in jeopardy, if she were proven to have been unfaithful to her plighted husband. When assured that she should "bear a Son," who would not be Joseph's son, it might seem natural that some fears for her own safety would have clouded her faith. But no; her humble, trusting reply was:—

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word!"

Worthy was Mary the Virgin to be the mother of our Saviour; that the human nature He, who was very God, took on Himself, should be derived from her, *the obedient woman*. Thus is the high and holy duty of her own sex indicated—by Mary's example—to receive the promises of God in trusting faith, and transmute these, as it were, like living principles into the souls of their sons.

The next event in Mary's life is her meeting with her cousin Elizabeth; this scene, as described in the simple style of divine narrative, is one of the most beautiful and sublime exhibitions of piety and inspiration to be found in the world's history. And Mary's song of triumphant faith, love, and thanksgiving is the sweetest, purest, and most perfect lyrical production of the human mind. (See *Luke* i. 46.)

The mental endowments of woman will never atone for any lack of moral excellence; yet we are glad to know that the mother of our Saviour possessed the highest order of genius—that *which can comprehend the beautiful in the true and the good, and give fitting expressions to these sublime ideas and pious aspirations.*

From the birth of her first-born, her holy Son, Mary seems to have been absorbed in His high destiny. We only see her when ministering to Him. His nature and His offices were made known to her by the angel; that she applied the term "my Saviour" to God, in her song of thanksgiving, indicates that she was the first disciple of Jesus Christ. And she kept "all these sayings in her heart." A woman's heart held the mighty secret of Divine Wisdom—that the MESSIAH had come!

Mary was "highly favored" in her home life as well as in her heavenly destiny. Her husband was "a just man." What a volume of happy days for the wife is contained in those two words! When, obedient to the angel of the Lord, Joseph took Mary to be his wife, with what careful tenderness he seems to have watched over her and her precious Son! The offices of provider, protector, and lawgiver were as fully intrusted to Joseph as to any husband; he had the warning of danger, and took all the task of providing for their flight into Egypt; the return seems to have been left entirely to his care and judgment. In all these scenes, Joseph was the devoted, loving, and faithful husband; Mary the obedient, loving, trusting wife. That she truly loved and revered her husband, and that their hearts and minds were in tender sympathy, was manifested when "the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew it not." Together they searched and grieved; and when He was found, the mother gave to Joseph the first place in all their cares for her Son: "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

The domestic life at Nazareth seems to have been an example of conjugal love, parental care, and filial obedience, which would, if universal, almost restore to earth the lost happiness of Eden.

Two pictures of the human mother and her Divine Son are shrined in the sacred Book; during His man's life on earth their souls met and mingled, once in joy, and once in sorrow; the beginning of His miracles and the closing of His ministry.

There is a marriage in Cana, of Galilee; the mother, and Jesus, and His disciples are all there. Wine, the type, when rightly used, of innocent joy in God's earthly blessings, is wanted. The mother of Jesus told her Son, having perfect faith that He could supply the need.

Jesus replied: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come."

Still the mother's heart was not grieved nor discouraged by the reply. Her faith in God was shown by the care she took to help her Divine Son, when His *human nature* was thus, as it were, shrinking from the awful burden of the world's sins and woes to be laid on him; and her faith prevailed. When she said to the servants: "Do whatsoever He saith unto you," the darkness passed from His soul; He gave forth His command: "Fill the water-pots with water." It is done. "And the pale water saw God and blushed." What a triumph was this to the power of maternal influence! to the gift of insight or harmony with heavenly things which the mind of a true, pure, and pious woman possesses! Even the Son of God, when He came in the form of man to redeem the world, was to be subject to this influence; only at His mother's persuasions and with her sympathy did He begin His miracles.

There is darkness over Jerusalem: but the tear-swollen eyes of Mary the mother of Christ can see Him through the gloom. She was near Him in His last agony; though the dreadful scene was "a sword to pierce through her own heart," yet Mary, the pious mother, was near the cross of Christ.

We see in this the unconquerable power of her love for Jesus, and her perfect faith in His Messiahship, even when He had been rejected of men, scourged and crucified! And his last throb of human affection was for her; the dying Saviour provided for his mother!

One last gleam of light falls on the picture of this perfection of womanhood. The eleven Apostles are gathered in an upper chamber at Jerusalem; "and these all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women and *Mary the Mother of Jesus.*"

Mary's youth was distinguished by the favor of God; her maturity by active piety and faithfulness in all her duties; her age by fervent faith in Christ, and holy communion with His first Church on earth.

What Mary said, prophetically, of herself has been fulfilled: "All generations shall call me blessed; for He that is mighty hath done me great things, and holy is His name!"

#### BORROWED FEATHERS.

CERTAIN pretenders to literary talent seem to be afflicted with a disease that, for want of a definite name, we will call *the mania of appropriation*. When a real poet has won popular applause, these pretenders to genius endeavor either to imitate or plagiarize a portion of the successful poem; and, in some instances, they even appropriate or claim the whole. The young lady who announced herself as the writer of "Nothing to Wear," is a distinguished instance of this kind of *mania*.

The foolishness of the pretender is even more pitiable than his falsehood. His borrowed plumes are only displayed for a moment, to be torn away with the contempt of all classes of readers, for none like to have their sympathies trifled with or an impostor gain their honest tribute of praise. The real author is never injured in these cases; on the contrary, a poem worth stealing, or imitating, is immediately invested with superior merits, all its readers seem ready for the duty of guarding the fame of the genuine poet, and really become his warm friends.

We have lately had an experience of this kind of popular feeling, which has quite interested us. In our long course of editorial duty, we have had many scores of imitations and plagiarisms sent us, but only in one or two instances have we been deceived into accepting and publishing the stolen article. One of these appeared in our April number; see page 365. The poem "Time," by E— (very modest to give only one initial), is the production of Benj. F. Taylor, Esq., formerly known as editor of the *Chicago Journal*, and really is worth reclaiming. The purloiner did not take the whole, therefore we will give the poem, as it deserves to be celebrated for its beauty of sentiment, as well as for the interest it has excited among the friends of the poet. We have half a score of letters on our table, some from ladies, as we judge, each eloquently pleading the right of the author to his own creations. We are gratified by this interest in our Book, and even the plagiarist may be pardoned on the plea that "all is well that ends well."

#### THE LONG AGO; OR, THE RIVER OF TIME.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!  
And the summers like buds between,  
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical ISLE up the river Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the Junos with the Roses are staying.

And the name of this ISLE is the LONG AGO,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—  
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that She used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
By the Mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,  
 All the day of our life till night—  
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
 May that "GREENWOOD" of SOUL be to sight!

### OBITUARY.

WE have the sorrowful task of recording here, where the notice of "Miss Hale's School" has so long appeared, that her duties on earth are closed.

MISS SARAH JOSEPHA HALE died May 3d, suddenly at the last, although her health had been failing for some months; still she had been able to manage all the concerns of the school till the last day of her life. Endeared to all who knew her, and greatly beloved by the young hearts she had usefully trained to occupy woman's true place in the world, while earnestly seeking the heavenly inheritance, she was, in the prime of womanhood, taken from this world by her Almighty Father to enjoy the reward of the redeemed in Heaven. The mourning hearts she has left behind feel that her immortal gain is to them an irreparable loss, and that as daughter, sister, teacher, and friend, her loss cannot but be mourned deeply and long.

In our next number a friend has promised to furnish a sketch which may be more satisfactory, than this brief notice, to the many pupils who have enjoyed the benefits of Miss Hale's instruction.

**COMMON SENSE, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.**—In an excellent Essay on "The Mistakes of Literary Men," Professor John S. Hart makes the following wise suggestions:—

"This habitual intercourse with men and women, and thoughts and things outside of your own little circle, is the true generator of common sense. How often do we see men of great ability and of prodigious learning, become, for the want of a few grains of common sense, mere ciphers in the community. You see a Professor in the lecture-room, whose knowledge in his department is of the very first order, yet utterly powerless in discipline, and consequently utterly useless as an instructor. He has no common sense, no tact. His talents, consequently, are all thrown away. His pupils learn from him nothing, but the habit of insubordination, and skill in the arts of unmanly annoyance. We want among us, undoubtedly, profound scholarship—that original, independent knowledge, which comes only from patient, protracted study in particular lines of investigation. But we do not want men of merely one idea. We do not want the mere book-worm."

**PAMPHLETS.**—We have the Reports of the New-England and the Pennsylvania Female Medical Colleges, both of which we intend to notice next month.

Other notices are, unavoidably, postponed till the next number.

**TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.**—The following articles are accepted: "Uncle Hugh"—"Heroism"—"Eldorado"—and "The Old Maple."

The following are not needed: "A Storm at Sea"—"The Soldier's Fate"—"Columbia"—"England in a Fury"—"Doubt and Danger"—"Lady May"—"Admission to the Bar"—"The Sacrifice" (we are sorry to disappoint the writer, but the story is not well written; literature is not an easy path of life, and cannot be successfully pursued without greater effort than young ladies are willing to make)—"Early Friendships"—"The Money Chest"—"My own little Girl"—"Painting as an Art for Ladies"—"Idle Words"—and "The Gift."

Other MSS. on hand will be reported next month.

E. O.—We have no favorite localities. Our contribu-

tors are from all points of the compass. If an article is good, well written, and we want it, then it is always accepted. Your article is declined.

## Health Department.

### CHILDREN'S FOOD.\*

THIS is a subject of literally vital interest to every family in the land; more especially in large towns and cities, where the want of facilities and inducements to out-door activities makes it absolutely indispensable to adopt some system in reference to the times, quantities, and qualities of the food to be taken by children; for the want of attention to which things multitudes die early, while other multitudes, not as large, however—for half of all that are born die before the age of eighteen years, in consequence mainly of inattention to the habits and health—become dyspeptic, serofulous, or consumptive before the age of twenty-five, many of whom are destined to a life of weariness, of painful toil, and of wasting efforts for a living through sickness, and disease, and chronic sufferings.

On entering the fifth year, or sixth at farthest, a child can be very easily habituated to eat at three regular times a day, at intervals of five or six hours, with nothing whatever between, except, at a little past mid-way, a single good ripe apple, or a piece of cold, dry, coarse bread may be allowed to the less vigorous.

A second consideration is quantity. If children are taught to eat slowly, in loving good-nature—as will be the case if they are let alone by their parents, and not put in an ill-humor by incessant reprimands and innumerable rules and regulations about a hundred and one contemptible trifles—they may generally be allowed, for breakfast and dinner, to eat as long and as much as they want, only if all the hard food is cut up carefully with a sharp knife into pieces not larger than a pea. This should be conscientiously and always attended to by one of the parents, for it cannot be safely entrusted to one hiring out of a million; parental affection only will do it as it ought to be done.

At supper, children should always be controlled; let observation determine how much a child will eat and leave something over, and then allow thereafter certainly not over two-thirds of that amount.

And now as to that most important of all items—quality of food for growing children. The instinct for sweetness is insappasable: without it, any child, however healthy, will soon die, and, fortunately, the two things which children most love everywhere, and of which they never could get tired, and will always relish when hungry, are milk and bread, and these furnish as much sugar as any child needs. But no child can ever grow up healthy and handsome without good teeth, and as the permanent ones begin to be made from the fourth year, their food should contain in great abundance those elements which are needed for sound, durable teeth. The bony part of the tooth contains seventy-one per cent of lime, the enamel ninety-four per cent. Out of one hundred parts of the finest, whitest flour, only six per cent is lime; of one hundred parts of flour made of the whole grain, there is twenty-five per cent of lime, or four times as much; and no other general article of

\* From "Hall's Journal of Health" W. W. Hall, Editor. Terms one dollar a year—single numbers ten cents. Office of publication 531 Broadway, New York.

food contains anything like as much lime as common brown bread. Therefore, it is a reasonable conclusion that if children were to live largely on flour made of the whole product of the grain, in the shape of well-made and well-baked brown bread, very much would be done toward securing them durable and beautiful teeth.

When children are from home, let them live as others; when at home their bread should be uniformly made of the whole product of the grain ground, from their third to their fifteenth year, to be eaten with half a pint of milk for breakfast and supper, adding some berries from June until September, and one or two baked apples the remainder of the year, adding a teaspoon or two of sugar. Such a supper or breakfast will always "taste good" to them. Such a bill of fare with two or three variations a week, and allowing them to eat what they want for dinner, will pretty surely, other things being equal, give good health, good teeth, a good constitution, and a good old age.

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—  
**THE GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.** By Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S., author of "Principles of Geology," "Elements of Geology," etc. etc. This book enters deeply and extensively into all the ramifications of the subject of which it treats. The author proceeds with commendable caution over his ground, rejecting all evidence in favor of his theory which bears the least suspicion of incredibility; while he uses the rest so boldly as to render his conclusions almost beyond cavil. All persons of intelligence will be interested in this work.

**THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE** is a new and handsome publication of ninety-six pages, which is to be issued semi-monthly at \$2 per annum, by the publisher G. W. Childs. It is issued simultaneously in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and, besides giving all the important literary information respecting current literature and authors, gives a list of all the works published in this country during the last year, with announcement of those which are to be published. To publishers of the country, this will be a very useful publication as well as an interesting volume. It will astonish the trade in Europe, being much superior to any publication of a similar character in London or Paris. The publisher may well be congratulated upon his enterprise, good taste, and tact.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—  
**ANNETTE; or, The Lady of the Pearls.** By Alexander Dumas (the Younger), author of "Camille, the Camelia Lady." Translated by Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson.

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philada., Publishers:—  
**THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES.** Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—  
**CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.** Parts 61 and 62 of this valuable work have been received.  
**THE BOOK OF DAYS.** Part 13.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—  
**THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the death of Lord Raglan.** By Alexander William Kinglake. Volume I. This is a full and minute account of the Crimean war, written with evident care, and from an abundance of reliable material. The book is, however, intended for the especial glorification of Lord Raglan, and he is brought forward on all occasions in the position of a hero. Though the book is more peculiarly interesting to Englishmen, it will, undoubtedly, find many readers on this side the Atlantic.

**A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Tale.** This is a novel which it gives us pleasure to commend. Its tone is a healthy one, and its incidents sufficiently exciting to engage the reader, while it is far from being of the sensational school. Its theme is that pure and rare friendship that "loveth at all times."

**A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Novel.** By Mrs. Gaskill, author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," etc. Mrs. Gaskill, usually so quiet in her style, has, in this work, attempted a sensational novel. And in this, though she may not have entirely failed, neither has she quite succeeded. Spite of an excellent plot and well drawn characters, the story drags a little, and would be none the worse for condensation. Nevertheless, this talented lady's works are always worthy of perusal.

**HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.** We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of this serial. This promises to be a work of both interest and importance, while its portraits of distinguished generals and statesmen on both sides render it particularly valuable.

**SEA-KINGS AND NAVAL HEROES. A Book for Boys.** By John G. Edgar, author of "History for Boys," "Foot-prints of Famous Men," etc. In this book we have brief yet spirited sketches of Rollo the Norman, Hastings, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Nelson, and a number of other distinguished Naval Heroes. In subject and style it is well calculated to please those for whom it is intended. The volume contains a number of illustrations.

**A FIRST LATIN COURSE. Comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise-Book.** With Vocabularies. By William Smith, LL. D., author of "A History of Greece," "A Classical Dictionary," etc. Revised by H. Drisler, A. M., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York; editor of "Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon," etc.

**C. SALLUSTI CRISPI Catilina et Jugurtha.** Recognized Geo. Long, M. A. One of Harper's series of Greek and Latin Texts.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. F. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

**THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA Critically Examined.** By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. Part II. We prefer not to enter into the discussion concerning the merits or demerits of this volume, as it is a matter of too serious consideration for a hastily formed or briefly expressed

opinion. Our readers must examine it for themselves, or let it alone, at their option; for it is a book that is likely to try religious faith strongly.

**THE GENTLE SKEPTIC; or, Essays and Conversations of a Country Justice on the Authenticity and Truthfulness of the Old Testament Record.** Edited by the Rev. C. Walworth. The next book we find before us, whose title we have just given, is one of the several which Bishop Colenso's recent works have called out. It is intended not only to refute the arguments and point out the fallacies of that reverend gentleman's Biblical criticisms, but to strengthen wavering faith, wherever found, in the truth of Revelation.

**A TEXT-BOOK OF PENMANSHIP.** Containing all the Established Rules and Principles of the Art, with Rules for Punctuation, Directions and Forms for Letter-Writing; to which are added a brief History of Writing, and Hints on Writing Materials, etc. etc. For Teachers and Pupils. Adapted for use in Schools, Academies, and Commercial Colleges, in connection with any well-arranged Series of Copy Books. By H. W. Ellsworth, Teacher of Penmanship in the Public Schools of New York City, and for several years Teacher of Book-Keeping, Penmanship, and Commercial Correspondence, in Bryant, Stratton, & Co.'s Chain of Mercantile Colleges.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**DARRELL MARKHAM; or, The Captain of the Future.** By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. Miss Braddon has rung a fourth change upon her favorite plot, in which she makes her hero or heroine a bigamist. Though this plot has long since lost its novelty, we must yet give her credit for ingenuity and originality for the variety which she succeeds in introducing in it. She seems, too, to be capable of but two conceptions of female character: one, a commanding beauty, with flashing black eyes and imperious will, after which Aurora Floyd and Olivia Marmaduke are patterned; the other is an insipid, doll-like creature, with blue eyes, fair complexion, and hair "like a pale golden halo" around her face. Lady Audley, Lady Lisle, Lucy Floyd, and the heroine of the present novel, Mrs. Duke, are of this type. With her masculine characters she is somewhat more happy, at least presenting us with a greater variety. This, her latest story, is perhaps the best, though it contains no character, either male or female, that equals "Granville Varney," in "Lady Lisle."

**VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.** By Oliver Goldsmith. We are glad to see that Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, in their "Hand and Pocket Library," are determined to number only sterling novels.

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

**MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS.** By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines." This writer draws largely from his own experience at the South for characters and facts. He displays intimate acquaintance with Southern character, from the courteous and hospitable planter, to the colored dependents of the household and plantation, and the miserable "clay-eaters" of North Carolina. He has written a vigorous and entertaining story, though the narrative is rather loosely strung together, with occasional discrepancies. Mr. Kirke succeeds far better in delineation than in construction.

**THE NATIONAL TAX LAW, as Amended.** With a

complete Compendium of Stamp Duties, etc., and the Decisions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. By E. H. Hall, Washington, D. C.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through MARTIN & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

**"I WILL."** *Being the Determinations of the Men of God, as found in some of the "I Wills" of the Psalms.* By Rev. Philip Bennett Power, M. A. Those who have read the "I Wills of Christ," by this author, need no other commendation of this work. It is a remarkable merit in the productions of Mr. Power that his books interest the mind by their practical wisdom, while the heart is wrapt and moved with the devotional ardor of the Christian sentiment.

**FAMILY SERMONS.** By Horatius Boner, D. D. The poetical genius of this eminent writer has made his name widely known. His "Hymns of Faith and Hope" will be fitting companions for these Sermons, which are full of the pathos and sublimity of "the Gospel of the grace of God."

**THE SUNDAY EVENING BOOK: Short Papers for Family Reading.** This little book is a rare gem of its kind, as six of the most distinguished religious writers of Scotland have contributed to make its worth, beauty, and piety. It has a fitting companion in

**THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.** By the Rev. J. R. Macduff. The two books should be in every Sunday-School, and in every family. These editions are beautifully prepared.

**MINISTERING CHILDREN. A Tale.** By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. With illustrations. Two volumes. The work has already a wide popularity in our land; but this beautiful edition will find a warm welcome. For the young, there can hardly a book be named which deserves a higher commendation. It begins by interesting the child in works of love and mercy; the pleasure of doing good is so well described, or rather shown, that few of any age, who begin the story, will put it by till read to the close.

From LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York:—

**THE BRITISH REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.** Among all the aids of literature we Americans possess, no one is so accessible and useful as the general information which is offered us in the republication of the *London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Quarterly Reviews*. Those who wish to keep up with the age should read these works; ladies who desire to be literary would find a mine of information in the Reviews, which would either greatly improve their capacity for writing, or—and this might be the better part for themselves—induce them to lay aside their ideal fancies for some practical plan of doing good. These Reviews (the *Westminster* excepted) and the *Lady's Book* are a living library for families; which will do more than any other secular influence to diffuse a healthy tone of thought and correct views of life, literature, and morals.

From JOHN BRADBURN, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN ARMY SURGEON; or, Incidents of Field, Camp, and Hospital Life.** By Thomas T. Ellis, M. D., Late Post-Surgeon at New York, and Acting Medical Director at White House, Va. Few recent publications will be more eagerly sought for than this, as it touches the hearts of the people.

While giving a condensed record of events from the formation of the Army of the Potomac, it lifts the curtain, and admits the reader to many thrilling scenes among the wounded and dying soldiers.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." This is another of those delightful productions of the quondam "Country Parson," which no one can read without being charmed and profited. He is a model essayist, investing the homeliest subjects with interest: while his spiciest sayings have a flavor of truth that gives them a double relish.

ON LIBERTY. By John Stuart Mill. The subject of this book is civil or social liberty, which, after the introduction, it treats, in as many chapters, from the following stand-points: "Liberty of Thought and Discussion," "Individuality as one of the Elements of well-being," "Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual," concluding with "Applications." This is a most masterly work, and well deserves the attention of all, of every nation, who prize the word "Liberty."

From T. O. H. P. BERSHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

SLAVES OF THE RING; or, *Before and After*. By the author of "Grandmother's Money," "Under the Spell," etc. Here we have a variation from the great mass of fiction which is crowded upon us—a book really novel and refreshing in character and aim. The chief character of the book is Thirk, a man of strongly marked characteristics, but who has been partly led and partly driven by circumstances to evil. He is selfish, cynical, and passionate, and in every way far from being a pleasing character. Yet when the right moment arrives, and his heart is touched, by mere strength of character he rises above his former self, and becomes a true and good man. His opposite is Robert Genny, who, with natural predispositions to good, and with the best of wives to aid him, yet goes to ruin through a too generous and over-yielding character.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR JULY.—Again we greet you, our fair subscribers. We now issue the first number of the Sixty-seventh Volume of the Lady's Book, and we assure you that we are untiring in our endeavors to please. Do we fall off in our attractions? Look at this number.

"Grandfather's Portrait." An engraving which we have no hesitation in saying cannot be equalled by any magazine in this country. The little fellow who has just scratched the outlines of his grandfather's portrait on the slate, shows no symptoms of the conceit which sometimes distinguishes young pretenders of artistic genius, but calmly awaits the verdict of the family who are scrutinizing the work with ardent interest and approval. The old gentleman himself is rather curious and not altogether at ease regarding the liberty which, unknown to himself, has been taken with his face, and peers across the table to see how he looks.

Our Fashion-plate. It seems useless for us to say anything about this, as it speaks for itself.

"Hats and Faces at a Watering-place. Truthful and

satirical." Such is the title of our wood-cut for this month. It will be difficult for those who visit watering-places, and see the variety of dresses worn there, to tell which is truth and which is satire in our picture.

Fashions from A. T. Stewart & Co. We print in this number another of these splendid plates, and will have several in our next number. Other full length engravings and every variety of work for a lady will also be found in July number.

"Garden Structures" in this number we think will be found very useful to our friends having places in the country, who may wish to ornament them at a reasonable rate.

Our Contributors. Marion Harland, Miss Townsend, Miss Janvrin, Miss Frost, and Mary Forman each have a contribution in this number.

A LITTLE TALK WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We are willing and anxious to oblige, but our time is valuable; so don't ask us to look over sixty-seven volumes for a particular receipt or a piece of poetry. Here is a sample: "Some time between the years 1836 and 1845, you published a piece of poetry addressed 'To a Rose.' Will you please send me the number containing the article. I was once a subscriber, and probably will be again." Now this is profitable—a day spent in looking for a number that is to be sent gratis. We could multiply such cases, but this one is a sample of many others.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Women's Sanitary Committee on our cover for this month. We ask to it the attention of all who wish to contribute to so useful and patriotic an institution.

ESTLACK'S DIPHTHERIA PILLS.—We take great pleasure in introducing these pills to our subscribers; but we would not do so if they were not strongly recommended by two gentlemen of the faculty whom we know well, and also know they would not recommend anything that was not beneficial. They are useful in diphtheria, sore throat, inflammation of the fauces, membranous croup, enlarged tonsils, catarrh, influenza, asthma, hoarseness, and various other diseases of the throat. They are pleasant to the taste and are useful, in fact almost indispensable, to public speakers and singers for clearing the throat and giving power to the voice. They are manufactured by T. Estlack, Jr., corner of Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents per box.

OLD PRICES.—We trust that we shall soon be enabled to put our Book down to the old price. If paper gets down to the old standard, we certainly shall reduce our price.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—On account of the increase in the price, we do not send any books by mail other than our own publications.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—The fortieth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is now open daily, and the collection of pictures, statuary, and other works of art will be found eminently worthy of the attention of all who can admire the beautiful in art. There is a superb marine painting, of large size, by Hamilton, which excites general attention, and will repay a visit. It is one of his peculiarly grand and impressive efforts, with original ideas well developed, and striking effects portrayed with an adventurous hand.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

*The New Musical Monthly.*—The third number of our new and beautiful periodical is now published, containing a new and charming ballad by Balfe; a new Polka Schottische, the Lily Bunk; and an exquisite new composition by the author of The Maiden's Prayer. This last piece, which is entitled Magdalena, Pensée Fugitive, is the gem of the number. It is a delightful, dreamy composition, covering seven or eight pages, and is equally adapted to the advanced performer, who will find it a brilliant, showy piece, and to the learner, as a pleasing and profitable study. We will send single copies of the Monthly, containing the three pieces as above, for 50 cents; or, to those who desire to examine the Monthly as far as published, we will send numbers 1, 2, and 3 on receipt of \$1 00. Future numbers will be 50 cents each, without abatement, excepting to subscribers, who get them at 25 cents by subscribing by the year. The terms are \$3 00 per annum in advance. Every one whose purchases of music amount to twenty-five cents a month should take the Monthly, the cheapest and most beautiful publication, in *sheet music form*, ever printed. It is published by subscription, and is not for sale at the music stores. The only way to get it is to address the publisher, J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. Those who desire complete sets should send in at once.

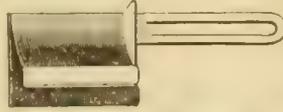
*New Sheet Music.*—The new firm of Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, have just issued a splendid composition for advanced players, Solitude, a brilliant, dreamy reverie, by Richard Hoffman, 60 cents. Also, Reminiscences of Leah, a beautiful arrangement by Robert Staempel of gems from the new tragedy, with a splendid portrait of Miss Bateman, 50 cents. Manual of Ams Polka, by Grafulla, author of Captain Shepherd's Quickstep, 35. The same firm issues, Jane of Ravenswood, new ballad, by Keller, 25. How Long the Hours Seem Love, 25. Washington and our Country, fine patriotic song, 40. These are all fine publications. They warrant us in saying that the new firm who issues them cannot fail to be as successful as the old house of Firth, Pond, & Co., especially when we consider that Mr. Pond, the practical member of the late firm, is now at the head of the establishment.

Horace Waters, New York, publishes several fine new songs. Angel Visitants, sung at the Old Folks' Concerts. Come Sing with Me, pretty song and trio. Pleasant Words for All, song and chorus. Hark, the Signal; Where Liberty Dwells is my Country, and Freedom, Truth, and Right, three spirited patriotic songs. Also, Little Jenny Dow; A Penny for your Thoughts, and Merry Little Birds, songs by S. C. Foster, who is always welcome to the public. Each 25 cents.

O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish Vespers in C, with Magnificat, by W. O. Fiske, with Latin and English words. This is a grand composition, containing solos and chorusses, and well adapted to Catholic and Episcopalian choirs, 25 pages, \$1 00. Also, six short organ pieces by Karl Merz, which all organists should have, 40 cents. General Butler's Grand March, equestrian portrait, 35. Golden Robin Polka, pictorial title, 35. Fine transcription of Annie Lisle, by Brinley Richards, 35. Teresa Carren's Waltz, with fine portrait of the celebrated child pianist. This is a splendid piece, played by Gottschalk, 75 cents.

The Musical Editor of the Book will purchase and mail any of the above music on receipt of price. Address, at Philadelphia, J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

MR. JEPHATH A. WAGENER has attached to our Grover & Baker sewing-machine a highly important invention—"Wagener's Baster." A baster attachment, which obviates the necessity of basting fabric to be sewn by machine aid, which can be attached to all kinds of sewing-machines, has been awarded first premiums at late fairs, and is highly endorsed by all who use it. It



is the invention of Jephth A. Wagener, of Pultney, Steuben County, New York, and is for sale and in use at No. 50 North Fifth Street, and No. 8 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, where all interested can see its utility. Letters patent have been granted Mr. Wagener. Its simplicity and utility will recommend it to all having sewing-machines, and over twelve hundred persons have already used and recommended it.

A GENTLEMAN lately said to his servant: "James, see what time it is by the sun dial."

"But, sir," said the man, "it is dark, the sun set two or three hours ago."

"Well, take a lantern with you," was the reply.

BLOCKLEY INSANE HOSPITAL.—We have received the 14th Annual Report of the Rev. Edward C. Jones, A. M., whose labors of love in the above institution have been so sedulously prosecuted, and with such abundant success. As a faithful friend and benefactor of the mentally affected Mr. Jones has secured for himself a high position, and we are pleased to know that he is fully appreciated by the community in which he has long toiled with a spirit so self-sacrificing and a zeal so unwavering. The Report contains an excellent analysis of mental disorders, and details his own plans of moral amelioration with great clearness and force. He is pastor to about 500 patients, and carries to this large number of stricken ones the genial consolations and rich hopes of the blessed and everlasting gospel of Salvation.

A CONTEMPORARY says that "the advantage of individual over official management is in nothing more apparent than in the present rapid conversion of legal tender notes into the Five-Twenty six per cent. bonds. This business was early put under the special supervision of Jay Cooke, of this city, whose facilities and extended connections with the banks and with capitalists all over the country, enabled him to inaugurate a system that has introduced the bonds into almost every county of the interior."

Let us say a word more upon this subject: if you deal with an official, you deal with a "Jack in office," who will rather pride himself upon letting you know your distance. In dealing with Mr. Cooke you deal with a gentleman in the proper sense of that word. We have seen in Mr. Cooke's office a poor man seated at a table, counting out his money; at the other end we saw, at the same time, one of our millionaires. Mr. Cooke was rather more attentive to the poor than he wasto the rich man. We think much of the popularity of this loan has been owing, at least in this city, to Mr. Cooke's management of it. We take this occasion to say that no one firm—could have managed this loan as well as Mr. Jay Cooke, a gentleman whom we delight to honor.

## A NEW NATIONAL PRODUCT—BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

ONE of the compensations growing out of these troublous times has been an extraordinary stimulus communicated to our industries, and the development of new sources of national prosperity and wealth.

One of the sources bids fair to be a plentiful supply of sugar from the beet. We have had an opportunity, recently, of examining several specimens of it in this city, which were manufactured at Chicago, from beets grown on the prairies of Illinois. The supply of sugar by the Mississippi being cut off by the embargo of that river, Mr. Belcher, a well-known sugar refiner in the West, turned his attention to the refining of syrup from the sorghum plant, which has now become a staple crop in Iowa and Illinois. It is estimated that five million gallons of syrup were produced in the West the past year. To extend the source of supply of domestic sugar, Mr. Belcher procured last spring, from Europe, a supply of seeds of various kinds of the sugar beet, and by the agency of the Illinois Central Railway Company, distributed them among the farmers on the line of that road, and through a range of two hundred miles, with a view to ascertain the kind of soil and climate best adapted to the growth of the root.

The result, so far, has been of a most gratifying character. An analysis of several samples raised in the black prairie soil yielded from nine to thirteen and a half per cent. of saccharine matter. The samples of sugar produced were from liquor evaporated in an open pan, and although undoubtedly far inferior to what might have been produced by more elaborate and scientific processes, have been pronounced by our most intelligent refiners to be of a superior quality, and well granulated, and worth to-day ten cents per pound. The beet is pronounced by intelligent Germans, familiar with the process of sugar-making from it, to be fully equal to the best quality produced in Germany or France under the most favorable circumstances.

The production of sugar from beets has now come to be a leading interest in several European countries. The lands adapted to their culture command the highest prices, and the crop is so profitable that it warrants the most elaborate system of culture. The improvements in the quality of beet and in the process of manufacture, have been so great, that the yield within the last thirty years has increased from three to eleven per cent. Since this percentage has been obtained, the beet in France has become the most important crop in the Empire. In 1861, 148,000 tons were raised in that country, against 9,000 tons in 1830. In Belgium the crop in 1861 was 18,000 tons. In Germany a very large amount was produced; the aggregate for Europe exceeding, in 1861, 200,000 tons, worth more than \$40,000,000.

In our own country the culture of the beet is beginning to attract great interest and attention. The Agricultural Societies of Iowa and Illinois have already taken action in the matter, in which they have been vigorously seconded by the Illinois Central Railway Company, which has offered to transport, free of charge to the manufacturers, all the beets grown from the seeds distributed by Mr. Belcher. Enough has been accomplished to demonstrate that a superior sugar can be produced, and that the percentage of saccharine matter in the American beet exceeds that in the European, as might be expected from the greater heat and moisture of our climate. The President of the Illinois Central Railway has already concluded an arrangement with a German firm to establish a refinery on his farm at Chats-

worth, Ill., the buildings and machinery for which will be in readiness for work the coming season. The contractors will employ fifteen hundred acres of land in the culture of the root.

In the production of beet sugar we have all the advantage of the experience of European manufacturers. In the outset of the culture in France it was stimulated by the Government by the most prodigal bounties. It has now gained such firm footing that an enormous revenue is derived from it. It is so profitable that the annual rental of lands devoted to it in France exceeds four times the price now asked for the soil of the best prairie lands. In France the beet is cultivated entirely by manual labor. In this country, as soon as the plant gained root, the whole culture would be done by labor-saving implements. The produce of this country, the past year, averaged from fifteen to twenty-five tons to the acre, at a cost of not over one dollar the ton. The only element of cost of the manufactured article, remaining unsolved, is that of refining. But, with the well-known skill of our refiners, and the extraordinary success which has attended their efforts, there can be no doubt that this will be equally striking when applied to the clarifying of beet as of cane sugar.

The value of the results growing out of the introduction of the sugar beet into this country can hardly be estimated. Sugar already stands next to manufactures of wool in our imports, and is very rapidly becoming the first. We pay nearly \$40,000,000 annually for foreign sugars alone. If we can place ourselves, as the French have already done, in a position of independence of foreign sugars, we can keep at home the 40,000,000 in gold and silver, which a balance against us has compelled us to export, to make good our account in the great London clearing house.

We hope the New Agricultural Commission will devote a portion of the appropriation made to it by Congress for the purpose of collecting and diffusing information upon this important subject. It is a crop peculiarly adapted to our Northern States, from the abundant moisture and heat of our climate—two indispensable conditions of successful culture.

EMBROIDERY STAMPS.—Send for a few dozen of S. P. Borden's Celebrated Embroidery and Braiding Stamps. There are thousands of dozens of these stamps in use, and they have never failed to give satisfaction. They will stamp on any material with accuracy. There should be a set in every town. Address S. P. Borden, Massillon, Ohio; or his agents, J. M. Pickering, No. 96 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Carrie P. Aydon, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. A. Brooks, No. 838 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. M. Newitt, Chicopee, Mass.; Miss Grace Law, Dixon, Ill.; Mrs. S. A. Childs, Titusville, Pa.; Mrs. E. C. Borden is travelling Agent. Inking cushion, pattern book, and full printed instructions accompany each order without extra charge. Price \$5 per dozen.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to inquire the best mode of making paste for scrap-books, to keep them from being so stiff. "I have inquired of a great many, and as the last resort I come to you."

"BIRDY, call me at five o'clock to-morrow morning; we leave town at six," said a lady to her domestic.

"Yes, ma'am, and will ye be after ringing the bell to wake me a little airlier, if ye please, so I'll remember."

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We present our young friends with another of those choice illustrated hymns we promised them for their own department.

### EVENING PRAYER.



Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me!

Bless thy little lamb to-night!

Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light!

All this day Thy hand has led me—

Oh, I thank Thee for Thy care;

Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me—  
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!

Bless the friends I love so well!

Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell!

We also give another one of those amusing Charades in Tableaux.

### KNAPSACK.

#### TABLEAU I.—NAP.

The scene represents the kitchen of a farm-house. At the right of foreground an old woman, with a large white cap, spectacles, and hood, is holding a ball of yarn, in the act of winding it. She has an open book in her lap, over which her hands have fallen, crossed, while her head droops forward on her breast—her eyes are closed: in short, she is an old woman taking a nap while winding her yarn. Standing in front of her, holding an enormous hank of yarn on his outstretched hands, and looking disconsolately at the idle ball connecting with it, is a little boy, in the dress of a country lad. At an open door in the background is a group of children, trying to coax the skin-holder out, making signals, and holding up tops, balls, and marbles.

#### TABLEAU II.—SACK.

The scene represents a barn. In the background are piled up sacks of apples and potatoes, while in the foreground a party of mischievous boys are collected. One

of them holds open the mouth of a large sack of apples; each of the others has secured an apple, excepting one, who is crawling into the open sack—he is in, and the boys are grouped to show that they mean to tie up the mouth of the sack; one holds the string taut, another leans forward to help the one holding the sack open, and all are laughing. In the background the farmer is just entering, softly, with a large whip in his hand. The boys do not see him.

#### TABLEAU III.—KNAPSACK.

Here the scene is again the kitchen of a farmhouse, where the family is engaged in fitting out the volunteer. To the right, standing erect, his musket grasped in his right hand, his left arm clasping his wife, who is weeping on his breast, stands a man in the private's costume of the United States Army. His eyes are bent upon his wife, full of love, while his attitude and the firm grasp of his gun show his resolve to go. Near him, seated on the floor and playing with his canteen, is a little girl, while in the centre of foreground, upon the floor, is his open knapsack. The old mother kneeling beside it is putting in his Bible, the father stands with his hands full of stockings, shirts, and other necessaries, while to the left, two sisters are gathering from a table the other articles to fill the knapsack. Children are very good in this tableau, and there is plenty of room for effective dresses. The little old man and woman can wear the dress of the last century, the girls pretty country costumes, and the soldier-boy the blue uniform of the present day—or, the whole scene may be made to represent an event in the Revolution, with the young soldier in full Continental uniform, and the other characters in the dress of that day. If the costumes can be obtained the latter is by far the best for effect, and an old flag with the thirteen stars may be held by a child in the background. Music, as "Hail Columbia," or the "Star-Spangled Banner," if the performer is concealed, will add very much to the effect of the scene.

**TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.**—A new preparation called Newton's Prepared Colors for Albumen pictures is for sale by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price, with a bottle of Reducing Liquid complete, with full directions for painting, so that any person, though not an artist, may paint in a most beautiful manner, and very rapidly, the *cartes de visite* and photographs, etc., \$3.30.

There has been offered for sale a worthless imitation that will injure the photograph. See that the box obtained has the name and seal of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who are sole agents for the United States.

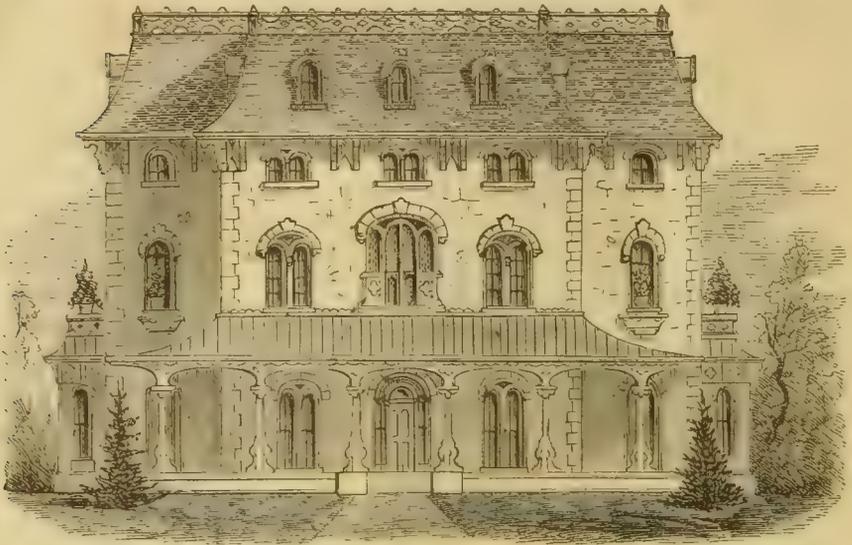
Copies of Natural Flowers for painting with these colors, or for study in oil, pencil, or water colors. Price 25 cents each; per dozen, \$2.25, post paid. Also, beautiful fancy copies of rare engravings for painting this style, 15 cents each; per doz., \$1.25, post paid. Brushes, etc. See Price List of Artists' Goods.

A LADY who prided herself upon her extreme sensibility, said one day to her butcher: "How can you follow such a cruel profession? Ah! how can you kill the poor little innocent lambs!"

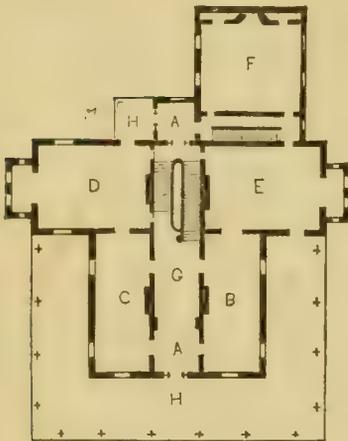
"Madam!" cried the astonished butcher, "would you prefer to eat them alive?"

RURAL RESIDENCE.

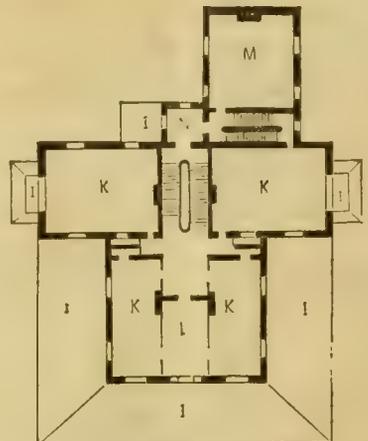
Designed expressly for *Godey's Lady's Book* by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

*First Story.*—A vestibule, B sitting-room, C parlor, D parlor, E dining-room, F kitchen, G hall, H porch.

*Second Story.*—I roofs, K chambers, L dressing-room, M nursery, N bath.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, *ART RECREATIONS*. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

WE have received from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, the following music: The Ometeppe Waltz, by J. G. Barnard, as played by the Band of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point; the West Point March; Frederica Waltz; Father Reed's collection of songs—"Johnny is my darling," "Johnny's so bashful," "Shall we know each other there;" L'Amitie Waltz, composed by J. G. Barnard. Flowers of Spring, a choice collection of popular songs with brilliant variations for the piano, by Charles Grobe.

DANIELS, who wished his portrait taken in the most natural manner, desired the painter to represent him—*reading aloud*.

As we receive a large number of new subscribers commencing with the July number, the publication of the following is not amiss.—

## 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.

**THE PARLOR GARDENER.**—A complete illustrated guide to the cultivation of house plants, care of green-houses, aquariums, and instructions to many new and beautiful methods of growing plants, of grafting, budding, etc. etc. Price 65 cents. By mail, 70 cents. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Publishers.

## 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 S W.—Sent braiding pattern April 15th.

Miss M A B.—Sent patterns 15th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent gold bra'd 15th.

Mrs. E Y H.—Sent braiding pattern 15th.

Mrs. S M K.—Sent corset pattern 15th.

Mrs. A G S.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 15th.

Mrs. M. L. H.—Sent pattern travelling cape, by Kinsley's express 15th.

Mrs. M. N.—Sent talma patterns 15th.

C. G.—Sent braiding pattern and braid, by Adams's express 15th.

Mrs. E W R.—Sent braiding pattern 20th.

Miss M V L.—Sent hair work 20th.

Mrs. K. C. V.—Sent buttons 22d.

Mrs. J. G. E.—Sent edging 22d.

E. A. S.—Sent hair ring 24th.

E. A.—Sent hair work 24th.

Mrs. C. V. L.—Sent hair rings 24th.

Mrs. C. P.—Sent hair rings 24th.

Mrs. J. M. W.—Sent patterns 24th.

Mrs. A. G.—Sent box containing curtains, etc. by express 25th.

Miss Z. De F.—Sent patterns 27th.

Mrs. H. C. H.—Sent patterns 27th.

Mrs. J. M. S.—Sent gump for skirt 28th.

Mrs. M. C. J.—Sent flowers, etc. 25th.

D. D. T. M.—Sent pattern 28th.

Mrs. T. T. D.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 29th.

Mrs. G. W. P.—Sent patterns May 1st.

Mrs. J. H. D.—Sent patterns 1st.

Mrs. S. A. C.—Sent patterns 1st.

Mrs. C. P.—Sent patterns 2d.

Mrs. C. R. A.—Sent patterns and needles 2d.

Mrs. E. E. L.—Sent patterns 4th.

Mrs. M. P.—Sent shirt bosoms, etc. 4th.

Mrs. J. C. C.—Sent box containing bonnet, shawl, etc. by express 5th.

J. G.—Sent pattern 8th.

Mrs. C. M. C.—Sent basque pattern 11th.

P. E. B.—Sent braiding pattern 11th.

C. W.—Sent hair net 11th.

Mrs. S. H. B.—Sent pattern boy's pants 11th.

Mrs. A. M. K.—Sent hair pin 13th.

Mrs. C. H. S.—Sent hair ear-rings 13th.

Mrs. E. L.—Sent hair ear-rings and needles 13th.

A. C. S.—Sent hair ring 13th.

Mrs. M. M.—Sent patterns 13th.

Mrs. A. McK.—Sent hair ring 13th.

Mrs. W. H. L.—Sent orne ball and pattern 13th.

Mrs. W., Hillsdale.—Either is correct—according to the tense.

A. E. L.—The Fashion Editor will answer you by sending your name and a stamp to pay return postage.

Miss M. B.—Yours would be an advertisement, and, therefore, subject to a charge.

A New Subscriber.—Pronounce as if spelled Gode, the accent on the first syllable.

Miss V. R. S.—We will not publish a receipt for removing superfluons hair; nothing will remove it without removing the skin also.

S. C.—We cannot spend several hours looking over numbers for a particular article. We have no idea when the "Camelia" article was published. Some months since we published about a dozen receipts for the skeleton leaves. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have published a book upon the subject. Should be pleased to oblige you, but "time is money."

H.—It is proposed to have a seat elevator at our theatres to screw up short persons that they may see over a lady's bonnet. What a satisfaction it is that the ladies are just as much incommoded as the gentlemen by the bonnets before them.

Miss L. A. V.—It has become quite customary here, when advertising a marriage, to say "No cards sent." It saves trouble, and no one is offended by not receiving a card. The vile practice of sending presents is still continued. One marriage notice was lately published, "No friends to send cards to."

M. W. C.—An apology is expected by the lady whose frounce you tear off by stepping on it, and she is expected to receive it, knowing that you could not have avoided the accident. Her *cue* is to smile and say, "It is of no consequence;" but she is supposed to say privately, "The awkward fellow!"

L. V.—If a married woman were to wear over her

wedding-ring a ring given to her by a single young man, "an acquaintance of three years' standing," we should consider it not only "very improper," but positively disreputable.

S. A.—You should receive good advice in a meeker and more amiable spirit. You asked, and we gave our opinion.

## Chemistry for the Young.

### LESSON XXIII.—(Continued.)

567. Add now to the silver a piece of lead about thrice its own dimensions; fuse both together. This silver we will now proceed to extract from the lead, by a process actually followed in practice, and termed *cupellation*. We shall, however, vary a few of the details, the better to suit our purpose.

568. Put into a clear fire—a bone. Burn it to perfect whiteness, and powder the result. Damp it with a little water, ram it very hard into a common brass thimble, smooth the surface level with the thimble's



edge, then let it become perfectly dry in an oven, or other hot place; when perfectly dry, scoop out a small cavity on the surface, and fix the thimble tightly into a hole cut in a slip of wood, which may serve for a handle.

569. Put the alloy of lead and silver into the cavity thus formed, and direct down upon it the hottest part of the blowpipe flame.

570. For this experiment, a spirit-lamp flame probably will be superior to any other. After having continued the fusion for ten or fifteen minutes, all the lead will have become converted into oxide, and the fused oxide will be absorbed into the bone earth, as a sponge. In practice this operation is conducted on a little crucible formed of bone earth, and termed a *cupel*; the latter being heated in a little oven called a *muffle*, furnished with slits in its side to admit the passage of a current of atmospheric air. This muffle is let into the side of a furnace.



571. Had the alloy been one of silver, lead and gold, then the silver and gold would have remained unoxidized and combined. Had it been one of silver, lead, gold and platinum, still only the lead would have been removed. Therefore, silver, gold, and platinum are termed noble metals. Not only is fused lead oxide absorbed by bone earth, but in being absorbed is able to carry small portions of other oxides with it. Hence the operation of cupelling is had recourse to generally for separating the noble metals from the ignoble metals. The noble metals can only be separated from each other by the moist process.

572. In order to apply the process of cupellation, the substance operated on must be in the condition of alloy; that is to say, in the condition of one caligenous metal united with one or more others. Thus, for instance, common argentiferous galena or sulphuret of lead and silver is not in a condition proper for being cupelled, until all the sulphur has been driven off by the process technically called *roasting*, which consists in exposing the substance to the combined influence of heat and atmospheric air for a considerable period.

## Fashions.

### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editrice 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.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 JULY.

*Fig. 1.*—Dress of white grenadine *barège*, spotted with purple. One deep fluted sounce is on the edge of the skirt. Over this is a narrow fluted ruffle and a rose quilling of purple silk. The corsage is low, in order that it may be worn with a lace, or muslin guimpe. It is made high in the neck by a fichu of the grenadine *barège*, trimmed to match the skirt. The sleeves are made with a cap, which forms a short sleeve if desired. The long sleeves reach nearly to the elbow, and are finished with one deep fluted ruffle. The sash is of broad purple ribbon. The hat is of Leghorn, caught up on the right side, and drooping very low at the back. The trimming is a wreath of myrtle with blossoms.

*Fig. 2.*—Mauve grenadine dress, trimmed with two bands of white silk covered by French lace. The corsage is low, and trimmed with a band of lace. A pointed fichu, crossing slightly in front, is trimmed with a fluted ruffle and insertions of black lace over white silk. Straw hat, edged with a fall of black lace, and trimmed with a lace scarf and a tuft of deep red roses.

*Fig. 3.*—Boy's costume of buff *piqué*, braided with black. The skirt is laid in heavy box plaits, and a braided sash is fastened at the left side. The waist is a Zouave, worn over a very full white Garibaldi shirt.

*Fig. 4.*—Dress of white *barège*, trimmed with five narrow bias ruffles, edged with black velvet and black

lace. The corsage is plain, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A short pelerine of the *barège* crosses in front, and forms a sash at the back. The coiffure is one of the most approved styles.

*Fig. 5*—Dress of striped pine-apple fibre, made with fluted ruffles on the edge of the skirt, and up the front in the tablier style. The scarf is of the same material as the dress, and perfectly plain. The hair is arranged in *crêpe* bands in front, and caught up in a waterfall at the back.

*Fig. 6*—Misses dress, of a very thin pink Mozambique. The skirt is trimmed with four ruffles bound with silk. The corsage is square, and worn with a gumpé. A wide sash of pink ribbon is tied at the back.

#### ORGANDIE DRESS.

From *A. T. Stewart's Establishment, corner of Broadway and Tenth St., New York.*

(See engravings, page 17.)

Back and front view of an organdie dress. It is a clear white ground, dotted with purple. The bands bordering the skirt, and extending up the front, are of purple, and the design below the bands is to represent black lace, which it does admirably. The sash is also of organdie, stamped with the same design which ornaments the skirt.

#### COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

(See engravings, page 20.)

The front hair is in three heavy curls, arranged to look like rolls, and kept in place by small combs. The back hair is tied very low on the neck, and the comb stuck in. The hair being made very smooth, has a fancy colored ribbon trimmed loosely round it, and then looped up to the right and left as represented in our plate.

#### HEADDRESS.

(See engraving, page 22.)

Hair turned off the face, and both back and front arranged very loosely over frizettes. The wreath is composed of large pink roses, with their buds and foliage, also fancy grasses.

#### THE MARIA THERESA CRAVAT.

(See engraving, page 22.)

Silk or velvet may be used for this cravat. The ends are embroidered in silk and beads, which should be worked before the cravat is lined. It measures thirty-one inches from end to end, and each end at the widest part is four and three-quarter inches, which is folded in to the width of two inches. The ends are trimmed with three rows of lace, as well as round the neck. In the trimming round the neck a piece of net should be cut, which should be trimmed with lace before it is attached to the cravat. Four yards of lace are required for trimming.

#### FANCY COIFFURES.

(See engraving, page 23.)

*Fig. 1*.—A fancy coiffure, made of ruby velvet, gold cord, and a white plume. The small cut refers to the coiffure without the plume. This is one of the most desirable styles.

*Fig. 2*.—Butterfly coiffure, suitable for a young lady. It is for the back of the head, and made of black velvet and gold cord.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY.

We think we cannot chat this month upon a more interesting subject than riding habits.

Riding, we are glad to see, has increased in favor all over the land. A fine horse is at all times a pleasant sight; but the finest horse never looks so well in our eyes, as when he proudly bears a fair lady, with her flowing skirt. The Empress of the French, besides being the most beautiful woman, is the most admirable rider in her dominions. She sets the fashion for all the world. If it be to her influence that we owe the fashion of riding on horseback, she has rendered our ladies an excellent service.

Fashion has changed very little, in the way of riding habits. All seem to agree that it is rather a conspicuous position for a lady, and consequently her dress should be plain, at least in the city. At a fashionable watering-place, fancy may be allowed more liberty.

The main points are, that the habit should fit well, and the skirt be long and ample. But bear in mind, dear readers, that there is such a thing as a "*juste milieu*." If the skirt be too long the fair lady's life is in danger, and if it be too wide the horse will be covered with a mountain of dress. The only rule we can give is, that the skirt must be just long and wide enough to hang gracefully.

Few under skirts should be worn. One is ample. Indeed, skirts are generally ignored, and pantaloons, the color of the habit, are now donned.

Though a cloth habit may be found uncomfortably warm on starting, still it is so difficult to provide for both heat and cold, that, as a sanitary precaution, we would advise a rather thick habit. For the city, we admire a dark habit, say black, blue, green, or gray, made with a deep jockey at the back, buttoned in front up to the throat, with tight, or elbow sleeves almost tight. With this should be worn linen collar and cuffs. The Byron is a pretty style. The tie can be of white muslin, or of bright ribbon, either of which, however, must be without streamers to fly about. The hair should be done up closely in a net. The invisible is the best style.

In New York, the steeple hat is much worn, and when the lady is short, and has a well shaped head, it is becoming. But the steeple hat, besides being very warm, does not soften or conceal defects, and we would rather substitute for it the Andalusian, Francis 1st, Henry 3d, or some other fancy style, to be found at Genin's on Broadway. The best style of veil is the Loup or Mask veil, which we described in our January Chat.

At the watering-places we see habits of every variety. There are alpacas and merinos of every shade, trimmed fancifully with silk, velvet, and braid; also gray, buff, white *pipées* made up in the most varied styles.

With these fancy costumes, of course the hat should correspond. The most stylish of the season is of white felt, with rather high crown and trimmed with a black lace scarf tied at the back. The contrast between the white felt and black lace is striking and beautiful.

A handsome whip and well fitting gauntlets complete the equipment of our equestrienne, and so we leave her.

Mme. Demorest has just brought out some entirely new styles for thin dresses. One dress, the Walowski, named after the countess of that name, has three bands of silk or ribbon, sewed on in points, or herring-bone. The lower band extends from the edge of the skirt to the top of hem, the under part of the hem being cut out

between the points, which gives a light and novel effect. The same trimming extends up the front and trims the waist and sleeves. A scarf mantle of new and graceful form accompanies this dress. The *Senorita*—called so, we suppose, from its Spanish appearance—has three ruffles, headed by thick ruchings of silk and caught up in festoons by black lace rosettes. The same style of trimming is on the front of the skirt, the corsage, and sleeves.

Skirts are still plaited, the prettiest style being one large and three small plaits.

The newest body has a jockey half a yard deep, formed of three box plaits, each plait being pointed at the end.

For misses, Mme. Demorest is tucking the skirts, and binding each tuck (which is only one inch wide) with a tiny ribbon or velvet.

Nor have the juveniles been forgotten. From the host of pretty things, we select two for description. One, a dress for a little boy, consists of a white *piqué* skirt elegantly braided, and laid in heavy box plaits. To this is attached shoulder braces, connected both back and front by three bands, all beautifully braided. This is worn over a tucked white waist or shirt.

For a little girl, there is a dress open on each side of the skirt, and the space filled in with an elegantly tucked and braided side stripe. The dress skirt being trimmed all round and up the sides with a fluted ribbon. The corsage is merely side bodies and shoulder straps, sloped down to the waist both back and front, and trimmed with a ruching. This is worn over a muslin waist or *gimp*. The name of this waist is not taken, as some suppose, from the *Sairey Gamp* of Dickens's story. There are many other beautiful styles, which we have not space to describe.

We think mothers could not do better than to visit this establishment, where every article of clothing for infant, child, miss, or lady can be had in paper, the exact counterpart of the original. To amateur dress-makers, these patterns are of valuable assistance, and there is no excuse for them if they do not have pretty sleeves, when there are so many pretty and, at the same time, simple patterns to be had.

Trimmings for dresses are now of so varied a character, that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. Among them, however, are elegant gimp sets, made expressly for each dress, chenille fringes from two inches to one-half yard in width, and lastly, leather trimmings. This seems at first blush a harsh material for a trimming. When we first saw the plain bands, studded with gilt and steel knobs, it was so much in the trunk style that we were ready to consign leather to oblivion. We have lately, however, had reason to change our opinion respecting leather trimming, since we have seen them on some recently imported French mantles. The leather is pressed to resemble elegant gimps and gimp ornaments. Buttons are also ornamented to match, and the contrast between the leather and the black silk is charming. We can positively say that leather is the prettiest trimming of the season. Not only does it assert its claim to novelty, but also to elegance. Cuir-colored silk is also much used in the trimming of mantles, and with good effect.

The weather has now become so warm that light mantles entirely supersede the silk ones. At Brodie's besides the usual variety of lace of every style, shape, and price, are the pretty white *barège* wraps, always fashionable, of which one never tires, and so cool and

pretty for summer. There are talmas, without arm-holes, trimmed with deep ruffles headed by ruchings, velvets, or braids, and finished at the neck by a very all ruching of the *barège*. Then the graceful scarf shape, trimmed also with fluted ruffles and ruchings.

A *pardessus* of lace, with an application of ribbon, covered with lace, makes a light and pretty wrap. Grenadines and *barège Anglais* are also made up in the most graceful forms, and will be found a most convenient wrap for the summer season.

Aprons are being introduced for home wear, made generally of black silk, or *moire*, trimmed with black velvet, black and white braid, fluted ruffles, steel buttons, or leather trimming. In the August number we shall give two very good illustrations of this pretty little article of dress.

The revival of hair powder has not been a success, though to some faces the *white* powder is decidedly becoming. But rest content there, dear ladies, and do not venture on the violet, blue, or green powders you see in the coiffeurs' windows. This, however, may be a useless precaution, for we think few of our belles would willingly appear with purple or blue heads. Red, in our eyes, would be decidedly preferable.

Velvet necklaces are among the pretty novelties. They are a yard and a quarter long, and half an inch wide, and are ornamented with pendants, which surround the throat, the velvet being tied in a bow behind.

The white clerical looking tie is still worn.

Sashes made of black foundation lace, and covered with rows of lace and ribbon, and ornamented with beads, are very fashionable, also very expensive, when purchased, though they may be made very prettily at home at a trifling expense.

Not only are children wearing the little Red Riding-hoods, but Mrs. Ellis is also making them up for young ladies. They are trimmed in various ways, some with swan's-down, which is rapidly gaining favor.

Another pretty wrap, to be made of scarlet material, is a very full circle, with pointed hood. The end of the circle, which is finished with a tassel, should be thrown over the left shoulder. When a lady has sufficient style to wear this gracefully, it is a most charming drapery. But how, we are sorry to say, can do it.

Mrs. Ellis is making up some new styles of bodies; some of them with square jockeys and square ends in front. In others, the jockeys and ends are rounded. The thin waists are made without a shoulder seam. The *Poinpadour* or square waist has been revived, and is much in favor.

Some of the prettiest braided dresses we have seen are from this establishment. One was an ashes of roses alpaca, braided very richly both on the body and skirt with a brown serpentine braid. The sleeves were a novelty. They were buttoned from the shoulder to the wrist, and when closed, made a plain, but pretty sleeve; but when unbuttoned part of the way, and the white sleeve pulled through, it was quite a dressy affair. A talma, richly braided, accompanied this dress. Linked rings of ribbon, silk, or velvet, arranged in different ways on the skirt, is one of the newest styles.

The most simple styles, suitable for misses, are three fluted ruffles, separated by three tucks or bands of ribbon, or else three tiny ruffles just at the edge of the dress.

No two dresses are made alike, and it is impossible for us to describe all the fanciful creations we have seen from the work-room of Mrs. Ellis.

FASHION.





W. H. WOODS, 1852



GODEY'S FASHIONS.





A SUDDEN SHOWER.

# Rock me to Sleep.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY W. DELESDERNIER.

*Andante molto et Appassionata.*

Back-ward, turn back-ward, O Time, in your flight; Make me a  
Back-ward, flow back-ward, O tide of the years; I am so

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

child a-gain just for to-night,— Mother, come back from the  
wea-ry of toils and of tears; Toil without re-compense,

*cres.*

*f*

*cres.*

*f*

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The vocal line continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment is on the grand staff. The music features a crescendo (*cres.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic.

e-cho-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore;  
tears all in vain, Take them and give me my childhood a-gain;

*p*

*Tempo.*

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The vocal line continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment is on the grand staff. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a tempo change to *Tempo.*

# ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore. Kiss from my fore - head the  
 Take them and give me my childhood a - gain. I have grown wea - ry of

*pp*

*Bmorgando.* *pp* *marcato.*

fur - rows of care, Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair,  
 dust and do - cay, Wea - ry of fling - ing my soul-wreath a - way,

*Agitato.* *p* *Lento.*

O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, mother,  
 Wea - ry of sow - ing for oth - ers to reap; Rock me to sleep, mother,

*mf* *mf* *p* *Lento.*

rock me to sleep.  
 rock me to sleep

*p* *pp* *Morendo.*

LATEST STYLE



*Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.*

LATEST STYLE.



Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.

SUMMER WRAP.



Made of white worsted lace, lined with violet silk. Chip bonnet, with violet velvet cape, and trimmed with white feathers.

SUMMER TALMA.



Made of white worsted lace, lined with lavender silk. Rice straw bonnet, trimmed with white lace and lavender-colored feathers.

## SPANISH MANTILLA.

(Front view.)



This is in fact a fichu, with long ends tied at the back. A capuchon is attached to cover the head, over which is a half handkerchief, bordered with a full black lace ruching, having a bunch

SPANISH MANTILLA.

(Back view.)



of carnations on the right side. The mantle is made of figured black lace, and trimmed with rows of black velvet, and a handsome thread lace.

## THE TOLEDO.

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



This style, equally adapted to silks, in which it is charming, represents here a light summer fabric, suited to the heats of August. It is a mantilla shape, with fluted trimming.

We scarcely need observe that at this season the several styles of laces are emphatically "the mode." Among them the black lama lace shawls, single or double, are immense favorites.

LATEST PARISIAN STYLES OF HEADRESSES, ETC.

(See description, Fashion department.)

1



2



3



4



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6



FANCY ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1863.

### AUNT ESTHER'S WARMING-PAN.

BY MRS. D. P. S.

Do you remember Aunt Esther's kitchen, friend Ellen? Ah, I need not ask! Neat, and thriftily kept as was that especial domain of the good housewife in most of our village homes, Aunt Esther's kitchen, in its bright and faultless array, seemed to excel them all!

In gleeful childhood we heeded little the working of that presiding spirit of order which ruled around us; but how often since, in the days of our matronhood, have we sighed for its benign presence, as emerging perhaps from a sick-room, we have sought in bewilderment to fathom the mysteries of Hibernian misrule. Oh, the indescribable atmosphere of negligence that pervades one's precincts under such sway! Deny it not, friend of mine, that at times like these, visions of such a kitchen as Aunt Esther's have floated before your mind's eye like some delightful region of enchantment!

But Katie Townsend—our blithesome friend Katie—I was to tell you of her! Yes, and it was in pursuing the thread of her simple story, that I was led into Aunt Esther's kitchen.

I can see, now, the rows of shining pewter dishes, ranged upon shelves of spotless whiteness; the untarnished painted floor, protected by its mats of brilliant hue, which had been evoked from the *rag-bag* by the magic of Aunt Esther's homely skill; the curtains of white dimity, shading windows whose small old fashioned squares might have vied in lustre with the costly panes of a modern city mansion. I recall also the presence of "the tall old clock, which ticked behind the door;" and last, not least, Aunt Esther's warming-pan!

An heir-loom was this; handed down, as its owner never wearied of relating, "from her great-great-grandmother," and an especial ob-

ject of attraction it was to juvenile visitors, since while they paused professedly to admire its quaintly carved handle, and brightly burnished surface, it served as a mirror, returning the smiles which each little guest was sure to wear upon "Katie Townsend's birth-day."

Did you ever wonder how it came to pass that Aunt Esther—quiet and reserved, with habits of clock-work regularity—should have become involved in an annually recurring children's party? It happened on this wise. Katie, as you know, was ever Aunt Esther's pet. Soon after her birth, some desponding allusion made in her presence by the weakly, overburdened mother, awoke in Aunt Esther's kindly heart the determination to consider wee Katie as her especial charge. Well and faithfully was this resolve fulfilled; and well was it for the child that such a refuge was provided for her.

Poor John Townsend! I need not allude to the painful circumstances by which his household was so early broken up; and through which, but for the unwearied kindness of his good aunt, our Katie would have been left *homeless*, even before she became an orphan.

One day, when the little damsel was about completing her sixth year, she came after school, as was frequently her privilege, "to stay all night with Aunt Esther." Many, indeed, had been the days when a childish voice had rung gleefully through that quiet abode, causing the sage old cat, at first, to raise her head with a stare of grave surprise; although she seemed gradually to acquiesce in her mistress' benevolent purpose, quitting her favorite place upon the hearth-rug with almost as complete an air of resignation as that with which Aunt Esther herself laid down her

knitting, and consented to be led around the house to answer questions!

On the occasion just referred to, Katie had scarcely entered when, coaxingly throwing her arms about Aunt Esther's neck, she exclaimed, "Oh, Aunt, I am so glad to come! I have so wanted to ask you if I might not have a *birthday*!" Aunt Esther's perplexity at this demand seemed in no wise to abate, as Katie went on rapidly to explain that "next week she would be six year's old—mother said so—and she wanted to have a 'birthday,' just as Josie Starr did; *she* had all the boys and girls there, and they had *such* a nice time! Mother said she couldn't do any such thing," continued the little one, artlessly; "but she told me I had better ask you, 'cause old maids had nothing else to do. And so I've been waiting so long to ask you, aunt; you don't think it's *naughty* to have a birthday, do you?" she asked, with a sudden misgiving, recalling some of the good aunt's serious observations and homilies.

"No, child, not *naughty*, I suppose," Aunt Esther replied; and added, musingly, "I will think about it, Katie." And with this answer Katie was forced to be content for the rest of the day, although, many times her eyes wistfully sought Aunt Esther's face, as wondering "why it took aunt so long to think about it!"

Why, indeed?—Because the child's simple request had awakened a struggle with her almost life-long habits. Never, since the period of her great disappointment, had Aunt Esther's house been opened for "invited company." It is true, for many years there was a reason for this seclusion in the constant care demanded by an aged, invalid mother; but *now*—"was it right to live thus?" But a party of children, what a trial! "Yet it might do good," argued Aunt Esther's earnest heart, "and perhaps I have been too strict with Katie; she has few enjoyments at home—ought I not to gratify the child?"

And so at last it was decided; Katie returned home next morning, in high glee, to consult her brothers concerning the invitations, and Aunt Esther applied herself forthwith to the unwonted task of preparation.

Great was Mrs. Townsend's astonishment, on learning that the querulous words which she little imagined Katie was treasuring up to repeat, had produced so unexpected a result; but it was fully equalled by the surprise of the village children, when invited to spend an afternoon at the house of the grave, solitary Miss Esther Townsend!

The "birthday" equalled little Katie's most delightful anticipations; and good Aunt Esther felt rewarded for her self-denial and exertion in witnessing the thorough enjoyment of her young guests, and receiving the earnest "Thank you, Miss Esther; we have had such a pleasant time!" After this it would be easy to conclude that Aunt Esther was not suffered to forget the returns of the happy anniversary; and thus it was that Katie Townsend's birthday-gathering became a fixed institution—an event long anticipated, and long afterwards the theme of conversation among our juveniles; while Katie's "Aunt Esther" was claimed in the same relationship by all the children in the village.

But I must hasten on to one particular birthday, whose occurrences Katie is not likely to forget.

Little as Aunt Esther realized the fact, the children who had grown up around her, looking upon herself as a public benefactor, were many of them children no longer. Wee Katie herself had now reached the age of fifteen, and though still retaining the gleeful spirit and artless grace of her childhood, her development in mind and heart was fully in proportion to her years. Half unconsciously, on this occasion, were the childish games with which the house had rung in former gatherings set aside for more congenial amusements. At length, one of the youngest of Katie's compeers exclaimed: "Oh, let us have a post-office!"—and explaining her plan, she added—"We had one the day I went to Cousin Helen's in Bristol; and I think the *big* girls and boys liked it best of any of us!" A general laugh at this remark was followed by a demand for pencils and paper, and Aunt Esther's warming-pan was designated as the *post-office*. The new game went merrily on, and the frequent clanging of the office lid caused Aunt Esther to peep forth from the pantry, wondering to herself to what novel purpose her time-honored relic was now devoted. The demand for that article in the children's games had ever been in proportion to Aunt Esther's veneration for it; and it would be difficult to enumerate all the parts which it had performed, the old lady having even been known to give her patient assent to the use of it as a corn-popper, in which capacity it was unanimously voted a "capital thing." The new diversion seemed a very harmless one, and Aunt Esther, having put on her large tea-kettle, seated herself unobserved to watch the frolic.

The young people had well nigh exhausted their stock of themes, and were beginning to weary of the amusement, when, glancing from

an open window, Aunt Esther observed Frank Cuthbert—a manly lad of seventeen—seated beneath a tree absorbed in writing. So intent was he that one of his young companions was close upon him ere he was aware.

"Ah, Frank, I've caught you!" he cried, laughingly. "Writing to Katie, eh?"

"Attend to your own correspondence, please sir!" replied Frank in the same tone of pleasantry; but his deepening color did not escape Aunt Esther's observant eye.

Presently after, Frank passed through the kitchen, and noiselessly deposited his note in the post-office. The other young people were already engaging in some new amusement which Frank hastened to join; and, the room being vacant, Aunt Esther seized her opportunity, and softly abstracted the little note. "Mere children like these"—she murmured to herself—"it will never do! Katie must not see this!" And with a resolute face she set about preparing the long table for her guests. But, stepping nervously to and fro, the stern look passed gradually from her face, melted by the busy thoughts within. "How old was she when one—the unforgotten—first signified his heart's preference? Was that a mere boyish folly? And even were it so, was she just in depriving Katie of that which was intended for her—the dear child who had never deceived her?" It was enough; Aunt Esther penitently replaced the little note, saying to herself: "How could I think of wronging the children!" and thus set her mind at ease.

But the restitution came too late. Another had witnessed Frank's visit to the kitchen, and as soon as she could disengage herself from her young companions, Katie stole quietly to the depository to meet with a disappointment. "How very foolish I was to imagine he had been writing to me!" sighed the little maiden, and thus chiding herself into composure, she rejoined her young friends, apparently with undisturbed gayety.

"Well, Frank," observed one of the boys, as the blithesome company prepared to depart, "I suppose we shall not soon again enjoy your company on Miss Katie's birthday!"

"Ah! how so?" inquired Aunt Esther, with sudden interest.

"I am to leave town in a few days, ma'am, to enter college," replied Frank.

"And when shall we see you here again?"

"Perhaps not for many years," he answered, with a perceptible shade of sadness in his tone; "you know I have no home!"

Captain Cuthbert, Frank's father, was con-

stantly absent upon long voyages; his mother was dead, and he had been of late pursuing his preparatory studies under the care of the clergyman of our village, who was a distant relative.

"I am really very sorry to hear this," said Aunt Esther, who had felt a warm interest in the youth; and half unconsciously she glanced towards Katie as she spoke. Frank's eye followed hers, but Katie was quietly occupied in assisting her young friends with their wrappers, and no sign of emotion could be detected upon her tranquil face.

In parting, Frank took her hand, saying calmly: "Good-by, Katie; I may not see you again!" And as Katie replied in a tone of friendly interest, wishing him all success in his studies, Aunt Esther breathed more freely, saying to herself: "Then there was nothing in that note, after all—it is best so," she added, mentally. "Frank is a noble young fellow, but then they are *such children!*"

A few days after this birthday and Frank's departure, a great change passed over Aunt Esther's quiet life. A younger sister—Mrs. Nancy Erle, who had been for some time a widow—was now, by the entrance of her only son upon business, left quite alone in the world. She now wrote, proposing to unite her resources with those of her sister Esther, and live with her in the old homestead. Her plan in its detail was really a very generous one, yet Aunt Esther hesitated long before accepting it. The truth was that, although sisters, there never were two persons more unlike than Mrs. Nancy and herself; and Aunt Esther had not forgotten the power of the good woman's tongue. "Still," pleaded the unselfish heart, "I dare say Nancy is different now after her trials; in any case it would be hard to refuse to let her come home." And she wrote to Mrs. Erle accordingly. But alas! for the future peace of Aunt Esther's fireside!

Mrs. Nancy's luggage comprised a large portion of her own furniture, for, as she remarked, "she could not suppose Esther had ever thought of purchasing anything new, and, really, to use those old-timed things, would be unendurable!" And forthwith, upon her arrival, began a sweeping attack upon her sister's household arrangements, maintained with such vigor, that good Aunt Esther was fain to purchase peace with the placable—"Well, well, sister Erle, I suppose you know best about such things—arrange the house as you like!"

Katie, meantime, knew little of the metamorphosis which was in progress. Her only re-

maining parent was prostrated with a dangerous illness, just about the time of Mrs. Nancy's arrival, and required all the daughter's care. Weeks of anxious watching ensued, in which Aunt Esther almost constantly shared; and when at last release came, and all was over, she tenderly led the sorrowing girl to her own home.

Katie was not long in comprehending Mrs. Nancy's complete self-installation as house-mistress, and the thralldom in which her meek-spirited aunt was held. One day some inadvertence on the part of the latter had drawn upon her a full tide of remonstrance and admonition, which was interrupted by the necessity for Mrs. Nancy's presence in another part of the house. As the door closed, Katie drew an audible sigh of relief, directing towards the victim a comically rueful glance. Aunt Esther replied only with a smile and a shake of the head.

"But, dear aunty," pleaded Katie, "how can you stand this? It is *too* bad that you should be turned out of home in this way!"

"I shall soon get used to it, Katie dear," said the gentle old lady; "Nancy never means to be unkind. I should feel much worse on your account," she continued, "but that I have another plan for you, my child."

"For me?" said Katie, wonderingly. "Not to send your child away from you, I hope," she added with playful earnestness.

"How would you like to go to school at B——?" asked Aunt Esther.

Katie's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the thought; she had deeply longed for higher advantages of education than our village afforded. "But, dear Aunt Esther, surely you could not send me without denying yourself every comfort! No, you must not think of it!"

"I have made inquiries, my dear, and calculated closely, and I find we can manage it very well: Your Aunt Nancy being here will lessen my expenses very much this year."

The good soul did not add, and Katie never knew, that a large share of her income had gone for several years towards the support of her nephew's family. Like most of Aunt Esther's good deeds, this had no record on earth.

"And I am really to go to B——!" said Katie, hardly able to credit the fulfilment of her girlish desire—"Oh, dear aunty, how can I thank you enough! And I know you will miss me so much," she continued, springing from her seat to throw her arms around Aunt Esther; "but indeed I shall try to improve every

moment, if it were only for your sake! But oh, what will Aunt Nancy say?"

"We shall soon hear, I fancy," said Aunt Esther, smiling, "but she can say nothing which will change my intention."

The plan was divulged to Mrs. Nancy that evening, and met with most indignant remonstrance. At first, the good woman maintained stoutly that she would not suffer Esther to sacrifice herself so absurdly; but finding that on this point "Esther" was not to be moved from her purpose, she at length desisted, declaring that "it was sheer folly, but just like Esther," and at once gave herself vigorously to the task of overhauling Katie's wardrobe, and "fitting the child out," as she expressed it, "so that she needn't be ashamed of her!"

More than five years had passed rapidly away, and our Katie was still at the Seminary at B——, having for the last two years occupied the post of assistant teacher, still pursuing the higher branches of study. Her vacations had all been passed with dear Aunt Esther, who observed with delight the manifest improvement of her darling. Her partial eyes did not deceive her—Katie Townsend was, in truth, a lovely, engaging girl.

And how had Aunt Esther fared meanwhile? She had not, as she prophesied, "got used" to the "continual dropping" of words, timely and untimely; but the gentle, elastic spirit had ever so quietly yielded, that no fretted marks were discernible upon her placid face.

And now the long trial was to end unexpectedly. Mrs. Erle's son had married, and taken a house, and now wrote, begging his mother to come and reside with him. Aunt Nancy's bustling nature was delighted with the proposed change, and she at once began to prepare for her removal, although loudly and constantly wondering "what Esther would ever do without her!" "Yet still," as she said, "she felt it her duty to go; for, likely enough, James had married some foolish young thing as fit to keep house as a doll."

Her anxieties for her sister were in some measure abated by a letter from Katie, whose vacation was close at hand, announcing that "now she was quite sure Aunt Esther would need her at home, and that, with her leave, she should resign her position in the school, and return to remain with her." Dear old lady! She was only too glad to grant permission; and it was interesting to notice the briskness of her step, and the animation of her

countenance when this arrangement was resolved upon.

Katie arrived the evening before Mrs. Nancy's departure. The bustle of that day passed, leaving the house somewhat bare and desolated in appearance, it is true, yet full of peace and light to the two hearts whose home it was once more. The next morning Katie addressed herself merrily to the task of rendering the old house presentable again. "And first, aunty, we must rummage the old garret, to see what Aunt Nancy has put away there which we shall need."

To the garret Katie hied; and one of the first objects which met her eye was the old warming-pan, the admiration of her childhood. A smile crossed her face at the remembrance of the last purpose which it had served, yet it was with a sigh that she half unconsciously raised the lid. There still lay the little note deposited so long ago, and as Katie wonderingly read the direction, she tore it open with quickened breath, and a flushing cheek. "Poor Frank! Oh, how could this happen?" was the murmured ejaculation, and the maiden read, and re-read the note, and still sat gazing upon it in thought so deep that Aunt Esther's call was all unheard.

"Katie, child, what has happened?" cried the latter in real alarm, having come in search of the missing one.

"Nothing, dear aunty," said Katie, trying to recover herself; "at least, that is, I ought not to feel so, only this little note!" and the tears would no longer be controlled.

"Frank Cuthbert's note! is it possible?" cried Aunt Esther, quickly. "Oh, why did I not think that you might not have looked again!"

"I *did* look, after I saw Frank go in," Katie admitted innocently in her surprise; "but, dear aunty, how did you know?"

"It is all my fault, then," said the old lady, in a tone of deep self-reproach; "my darling I am *so* sorry!" and she hurriedly explained her abstraction of the note.

"Did you read it, Aunt Esther?" was asked in a low voice, and with a downcast look.

"No, child, I am not prying enough for that, I hope!" said Aunt Esther with unusual resentment.

"Oh, I did not mean that, dear aunty—but—would you like to read it now?" and handing her the precious billet, Katie escaped down stairs to her own room. Aunt Esther, too, descended to seek her spectacles, murmuring as she went, "Poor children! it was my fault,

poor children!" and tears dimmed the glasses while she read:—

DEAR KATIE: For you are very dear to me, and I have few to love. I know I must not say all that is in my heart, but I could not resist this chance of speaking silently to you before I go. You know I am to leave C—— this week, perhaps not to return for a long time. Would it be amiss, Katie, do you think, for me to write to you occasionally? Would your friends object? If you think they would, tell me so, and I will wait until I may speak. But if not, and if you care enough for me to be willing, I want you to place a white rose in your pin, where I may see it. I must not tell you now, but I *may* tell you in some letter ere long, how very much this will gratify FRANK.

Katie reappeared after an hour or two, wearing her own cheerful smile, although there were traces of deep emotion upon her countenance. Observing the anxious look with which her aunt regarded her, she threw her arms affectionately around her, murmuring: "Do not grieve any more, dear Aunt Esther, over that mistake; it is all past now, and I am trying to feel that it is all for the best. Perhaps, indeed I am afraid I should never have been good enough for Frank, even if he had still liked me"—adding, in reply to an inquiring look—"You know he will soon be a clergyman, now!"

"I did not know, my dear; I am very glad to hear it. It seems, then, you have heard of him, though not by letter?" remarked Aunt Esther, with a smile. And Katie blushing explained that "one of her schoolmates was a distant relative of Frank." She was not, of course, bound to confess with what interest—scarcely allowed to herself—she had watched for occasional glimpses of the young man's highly-honorable career.

A few skillful questions, artlessly and confidently answered, convinced Aunt Esther that "the children" had been mutually and sincerely attached; and while the subject was dropped with a few wise and tender words, deep in her own heart she cherished the purpose of making amends in some manner for the disappointment she had unwittingly caused.

And Katie—how was it with her? Although we must suppose that the thought would sometimes cross her mind of *what might have been*, it was not suffered to cast a shade over her cheerful daily life. Pleasantly sped the days and weeks in the restored home of her childhood's happiest hours; while to Aunt Esther, the

peaceful brightness of her present lot more than repaid the trials of the past. It would have seemed almost too much of comfort, had she not schooled herself to remember that her darling might soon be claimed by another.

The old house, too, although its ancient furniture was replaced with but few additions, seemed invested with a new charm by the traces of Katie's skilful industry, and once more it became the favorite resort of our young people, among whom Katie reigned again, all unconsciously, as "a bright particular star."

Some months had passed since the discovery of the hidden note, when one day Katie quietly laid before her aunt a paper, pointing out the intelligence that the Rev. F. Cuthbert had accepted a call to L——. Aunt Esther started, but checked herself in an exclamation of pleased surprise, for she saw that Katie had not observed the coincidence: the manufacturing village in which Mrs. Erle resided with her son, was in the township of L——. At once Aunt Esther's plan was formed.

Very quietly was it matured, however, and no further allusion was made to the item which had so interested both readers.

Several weeks afterward, Katie chanced during an evening colloquy to make some allusion to Mrs. Nancy, wondering also why they had not recently heard from her. In reply, Aunt Esther reminded her that "old folks were poor correspondents, although they might think no less of each other for all that." And proceeded to intimate some intention of going to visit her shortly, if Katie thought she could keep house alone for a few days.

Katie listened with an expression of undisguised amazement, which deepened as she perceived that the old lady was really in earnest. "But, dear Aunt Esther, how *could* you go? you who have never been a dozen miles from C—— in your life."

"I am no traveller, it is true," was the quiet reply; "yet it seems to me the way to L—— must be very straight forward."

"Why, yes, I suppose you could hardly get lost," said Katie, doubtingly; then added, with a perplexed laugh: "Well, aunty, to say the truth, I did not imagine you ever found Aunt Nancy's society so congenial, as to induce you to leave home to visit her."

Aunt Esther smiled, but answered evasively: "Nancy always meant to be kind—she was very obliging; and she urged me to come."

There was no more to be said. And Aunt Esther, having fixed a day for her journey, went on calmly with her preparations and ar-

rangements for her absence, in which Katie assisted as if in a dream.

A harder task was to satisfy the inquisitiveness of the neighborhood, in which surprise and conjecture ran high, when the tidings got abroad that Miss Esther Townsend was going away on a visit. At last all was ready, and on a certain eventful morning Aunt Esther found herself, for the first time in her life, ensconced in a stage-coach, on the way to the nearest railroad depot.

The journey was safely accomplished, notwithstanding Katie's anxious forebodings, and reaching the place of her destination just at evening, Aunt Esther was received with a bustle of astonishment, yet with a sincere welcome.

"Well, now, I really *am* surprised!" ejaculated Mrs. Nancy again and again; "I didn't know as you cared enough for me to come so far to see me, Esther!" And good Aunt Esther was obliged to keep her own counsel, although the words smote upon her conscience, well knowing as she did that, without another object close at heart, the idea of the visit would never have occurred to her.

How that object was accomplished, without exciting the remotest suspicion on the part of her relatives, is more than I am able to explain. Certain it is that, during the brief space of her visit, Aunt Esther contrived to ascertain the good report of the young clergyman at L——, to listen to his preaching, to renew her acquaintance with him, and—but the rest we can only surmise, and that from the sequel.

Safely at home once more, to Katie's unbounded delight, having enjoyed, as she truly affirmed, a very pleasant visit, Aunt Esther amused and interested Katie with her impressions of the novel journey, with accounts of the prosperity of her cousin, James Erle, of his amiable wife, and her childlike dependence upon the stirring mother-in-law (it was evident that Mrs. Nancy had found, at last, her proper element); and Katie came to consider the visit as the most natural thing that could have occurred, and wondered that she had felt so much exercised about it.

It was about a week after Aunt Esther's return, and the two sat by an open window, for it was midsummer again, enjoying the cool approach of evening. Katie, warned by the deepening twilight, had just laid down a volume from which she had been reading aloud, and sat watching the placid smile which rested upon the face of her companion, whose knit-

ting-needles ticked unconsciously on. A knock was heard at the house door.

"Which of our friends has grown so formal?" remarked Katie, rising to answer the summons. Aunt Esther checked her, a little nervously, begging her to fetch some yarn from an upper room before any one entered, adding that she would attend the door herself. Unsuspectingly Katie hastened to comply; and, re-entering the sitting-room, after some little search for the article in demand, she was surprised to perceive a manly form seated beside Aunt Esther.

"This is my niece, Mr. Cuthbert," said the latter, rising. "Katie, you have not forgotten our friend, Frank?"

Katie had not forgotten, indeed; but the twilight shades concealed her agitation as she responded cordially to the earnest greeting of the unexpected guest.

"I had the happiness to meet my well-remembered friend during her visit at L——," said Frank; "and the sight of her brought old associations so strongly upon me, as to draw me hither once more, as you perceive."

"Visit to L——!" thought Katie; "how strange that the thought never occurred to me before!"

Lights were brought in, revealing more clearly the features of each to the other. "I do not see that you are at all altered, Mr. Cuthbert," said Katie.

"Then, if I seem unchanged, call me *Frank*!" was his reply.

The evening passed rapidly in inquiries after old friends, and reminiscences of youthful days; on rising to take leave, Frank expressed a wish to revisit old haunts, on the following morning, but, playfully distrusting his memory, requested Katie to act as his pilot during the drive.

As the door closed, Katie threw herself into Aunt Esther's arms; but the lips which would have framed a question were sealed with a kiss, and the smiling command to "go to rest, for it was late."

The morning drive was a long one, and the exercise must have proved unusually invigorating to judge from Katie's rosy color and sparkling eyes as she re-entered her home. That evening brought Frank again to the old place, but as Aunt Esther found it necessary to absent herself from the room for some cause, I cannot report the progress he may have made in the revival of "old associations."

A brief visit was all the young clergyman could spare from his duties, yet in the short time it would seem that much was accomplished.

It was now the last evening of his stay in C——. Frank had taken tea at Aunt Esther's; while the tea things were removed the young couple strayed into the garden, and as they returned, Aunt Esther smiled to herself, observing a spray of white roses fastened in Katie's pin. After a little pleasant converse, the good old lady was about to excuse herself on some pretence, but was gently detained, and re-seated with Frank and Katie close on either side.

"You do not need to leave us, dear aunty; and we have no secrets from you," whispered Katie.

"All is settled now between us," said Frank, "if you will give us your blessing, dear friend!"

Aunt Esther clasped a hand of each within her own, and blessed them in a voice tremulous with emotion. There was a long silence, as they sat thus in the deepening twilight, with hearts too full for words. At length Frank said, in tones of deep feeling, "Under a kind Providence, dear Aunt Esther, we owe this great happiness to you!"

"Yes," murmured Katie, kissing the hand she held—"and great as it is, it is not *all* I owe her!" And Aunt Esther was happy—truly she had not lived in vain.

Frank Cuthbert's visit was repeated, yet not very many times, ere there was once more a gathering at the old Townsend place. You were present on that occasion, friend Ellen; and I have no need to remind you of its bright, gladsome interest. The story of the *warming-pan* had, in some unaccountable manner, spread itself among Katie's young companions, and the old relic was invested with a new attraction to the merry groups who found their way into the kitchen. There it hung in the accustomed place, but it had changed owners, for Katie had claimed it as one of her bridal gifts. "It is yours, my child," Aunt Esther had said, "only let it remain here while I live."

Urgently had the young couple entreated Aunt Esther to leave her now solitary abode, and make her home with them; but the request was gently yet firmly refused. "I am too old now to be removed," she said; "let me end my days in the old place, and be buried by the grave of my father and my mother."

More than once, however, has the once dreaded journey to L—— been accomplished, with the happiest results; and Katie, now a sedate wife and mother, finds time for frequent visits to her girlhood's home.

I well remember my last call at the old Townsend place. A happy family party were gath-

ered there; and Aunt Esther's smile seemed lovelier than ever, as she sat watching another "wee Katie," who with shouts of baby laughter had reached on tip-toe, and dropped with a resounding clang the lid of "Aunt Esther's Warming-Pan!"

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## WIDOWS: PART V.

### RICH WIDOWS.

Learn more reverence, not for rank or wealth—that needs no learning;

That comes quickly—quick as sin does—ay, and often works to sin.—MRS. BROWNING.

Who shuts her hand, hath lost her gold,

Who opens it, hath it twice told.—HERBERT.

"Oh that some kind power would the giftie gie us, to see oursel as others see us!" exclaimed the poet, and his words have found an echo in many a human heart the world over. Man is not by nature a benevolent being, or he would be thankful for the very unconsciousness of our peculiarities, which keeps us from growing moping and morbid, and even is to many of us the kindly gate 'twixt us and the mad-house. It is well that we do not know exactly how we look, and speak, and walk, or we should at times want to put on "Mr. Hooker's black veil," or give up language and locomotion as altogether unsuited to our idiosyncrasy.

It is indeed a kind Power which makes us "behold our natural face in the glass and go our way, forgetting what manner of men we were." With every step we take from the mirror, the true image fades from our minds, and is superseded by an indistinct halo, half formed of vanity, and half of the kindly estimation in which we are held by our friends. And so we jog along, with the comfortable notion that there is something pleasing about us after all, in spite of freckled skin, pug-nose, boars' teeth, or other imperfections not set down in the description of Sir Charles Grandison, or his incomparable Lady Harriet.

All this is well as a general rule, yet there is one person who needs not only a mirror ever at hand, in which she may count her wrinkles, but a more than Gil-Blas to ring in her ears her nearness to the allotted three score and ten, and the indubitable signs by which all the world may know that she is "no baby." Such mentors and reminders are almost indispensable to the Rich Widow. The human heart, especially the heart of woman, is a wonderful thing: it never grows old, at least it never loses its power to love, and to believe its beloved. Much of the purest, truest affection that this world

has ever known has lingered, flourished, and even had its birth in the bosoms of women no longer young, or fair, or in any way attractive to the outward eye. Pale, thin-necked, faded, forlorn-looking specimens of the gentler sex have loved with a love on which angels might look admiringly—a love which triumphed over self, made light of pain and privation, and was in truth a gem which consecrated and beautified its poor earthly casket.

A true woman is capable of a true affection as long as she treads this lower world; but it by no means follows that she can win that which she so munificently bestows. Youth and beauty, symmetry and grace—these are the charms which carry man's heart by storm, and rarely, very rarely, does he so far triumph over his nature as to love an old, an awkward, or an ugly woman. In these opposing facts lies the peril of the Rich Widow. She feels, perhaps, within herself a tenderness stronger and purer than welled from her maiden heart, an ability to love and sacrifice, which her undisciplined spirit never knew. No kind power "the gift will gie her to see hersel as others see her." She meets her hero—the realization of her cherished ideal. Youth, intellect, and energy struggling with the buffetings of the world, with an eager eye fixed upon the goal. He wins her sympathy at once. She encourages, advises, aids him. He becomes to her the centre of thought and interest. Her pulse beats as quickly at the sound of his footstep as if she were a girl of eighteen. She is hardly surprised when she learns from his lips that he adores her, that she is the queen who reigns in his heart. She feels no discrepancy between them. His strong mind makes him seem her elder, to his iron will it is second nature for her to bow. O Rich Widow! Now you need your ever-present mirror—your Mentor to tick out your by-gone years like the remorseless clock. Your foot is on the edge of a precipice! If you love that young man, save him from his first mean compromise between selfish interest and sacred honor! Give him your money, if you choose, but do not let him marry you as the mere figure, representing the sum total of your golden inheritance! Are you a brilliant, gifted woman like Madame de Stael? She might venture, when past forty, to marry a man just half her age, for she had twice his wit, wisdom, and worldly experience, as well as twice his years. She might venture, and have a "tolerably happy marriage;" but even for her, whose charms were not of the perishable sort, it was a doubtful, dangerous experiment.

Dear friend, count those gray tokens which besprinkle every lock of your daily diminishing braids of hair! Note the "crows' feet" at the corners of your eyes! Where is the delicate bloom that once graced your cheek? Where is the buoyancy of your step? How you puff and pant when your way lies up hill, or you mount the photographer's long staircase! You are a worthy, fine-looking, middle-aged woman, but are you a fit bride for a youth, who will be in his prime when you are "sans everything?" Do you suppose that he really loves you? Man's love and old women keep little company together now-a-days—be sure of that!

We are sorry for you. It is hard for you to wake from this bewitching dream, but wake you must; and it is better that it should be now than after the wedding. Be sensible! Be courageous! Look straight into the eyes of your would-be husband. Tell him this fancied affection of his will fade away like the morning dew. Tell him just how old you are, and how old you will be when he is in manhood's zenith. Be to him the kind, experienced friend he needs, but pledge yourself to see him no more, if he urge the suit which common sense pronounces utterly absurd. Would you rob him of his noble ambition, his energy, his best aspirations? Then marry him at once, take him to Paris, and while he flutters idly mid the gay dissipated crowd, sit at home in your loneliness, and live on the memory of the glad time when you fancied you had his heart's true affection!

No! Stretch out your hand to save him now, not to clasp his in a false alliance. The day will come when he will thank you that you left him to work his way upward, unshackled by an unloved wife, and the shame of a mercenary marriage. Let him struggle on, and grow strong through his struggles. Encourage him to do to the uttermost the great deeds of which his boyhood whispered. So shall his pretended love change to a true regard, a reverence which shall place you in a niche high above all other women, even above her who shall one day sit by his hearth-stone. Perhaps you do not care to play the cold statue in the cold niche! Warming influences, cheering influences, can reach you even there. You have a talisman which can win sunshine for your lot. Attention and flattery you will have in abundance, but they are not the sunshine of which we speak. You crave something better, and it is near you, within your reach.

It is the fashion to depreciate wealth, and to

pretend to shake off the gold dust from our saintly garments. Let us rather honestly own its power, and wield that power well. Married women can rarely be either generous or charitable as individuals. Most wives go to their husbands for money to give, as well as to get, and so are but beggars themselves, or at least but almoners of another's bounty. (How some of them do hate to ask as much as a dollar from the men who must know what is done with every cent of it, and hem! haw! at each item of which their profound judgment disapproves.)

The rich widow is after all the independent woman. She can give when and how she pleases, and no man shall say her nay. She need not be a watering-place wonder, to be stared at and run after, and persecuted by fortune-hunters. She is not obliged to parade her velvets and laces to be known as the rich Mrs. So-and-so with an income without limit. She can have a higher ambition. There is a better path open to her, one that leads upward rather than into the vale of humiliation.

Make an estimate of your income, my friend of the money-bags. Decide how much you are willing to give away, not in useless baubles to people whose wants are all imaginary, but to the real sufferers who throng this pinching, work-a-day world. Your time will not hang heavily upon your hands. There is even danger that you may be kept too lazy, if you once enter upon the pleasant field of your labors. Ah! what charming pictures rise, as your future dimly flits before the fancy! What hand has banished the desolate, comfortless look from that humble home. Why! there is a fire on the hearth for the old grandmother, though it is only a chilly autumnal evening. That large lamp, with its clear, steady light, makes that pale seamstress work easily. She no longer toils beside the dim candle, and rubs her blinded, aching eyes. How comfortably clad are those happy children who are hastening to the door, to welcome a weary father returning from his work. Weary, yes, he looked so till he turned the corner which brought him in sight of the glimmer of his home. Now the cloud is gone, and his face is all smiles as he crosses his cheerful threshold. Poverty is fairly driven out, and only honest labor left in his lot. As he sits among his little ones, and thanks God for the plenty on his table, whose name mingles in his grateful prayer? It is the rich widow's! She it was who found him out in his misery, and gave him what he pined for, a chance to earn

his bread in the sweat of his brow. Her thoughtful kindness has sent many a comfort to his altered home. He loves her, his children love her, the wife and mother loves her, truly. There is sunshine for her in their joyous greeting when her face looks in at the door. There is lasting sunshine for her in the simple prayer, "God bless the good lady," which nightly goes up for her, from the lips of the children of the poor!

Would that we had time, O rich widow, to paint the many glad pictures which may form the bright panorama of your future life!

Go your way with your golden wand, and do the work of the fabled fairy; joy and gladness shall not only follow your footsteps, but nestle in your own heart.

### A WREATH FOR MATTIE E. S.

BY JENNIE.

I'm roving to-night in memory's bowers,  
And weaving a garland for thee  
Of the purest, and brightest, and loveliest flowers  
That ever held honey for bee.

The first that I pluck from its home in the air,  
I take as an emblem of thee;  
'Tis soft as rich velvet, and fragrant, and fair,  
And graces the *Magnolia* tree.  
It wooes the warm rays darting gleams from the sun,  
With bloom opened out to the view;  
But at last, when 'tis found he is not to be won,  
It mournfully turns from the dew,  
And folding its leaves when its God sinks to rest,  
Determines none other to spy,  
Since the light of its love has gone out in the west,  
It will sleep till he beams in the sky.  
The soft dews of evening in vain lightly fall,  
And weep at the toll of their doom;  
It worships but one, so turns from them all—  
Yet, pitying, gives sweetest perfume.

And now the green *Ivy*—most beautiful vine—  
I wreath with the *magnolia's* leaf;  
And all through the garland 'twill lovingly twine,  
A winding and friendly relief.  
'Tis *Friendship*, most dear in adversity's hour,  
That bears the same color forever,  
And blooms evergreen in storms, drought, and shower,  
A something which death cannot sever.  
I'll place with the *Ivy* this *Eglantine* face  
That blossoms so beautiful here,  
Whose flowers all teem with *poetical* grace,  
And friendship shall render them dear.  
It seems this sweet sprig of *Hawthorn's* white bloom,  
Has beseeching peeped forth for a place,  
So here with this sprig, to drive away gloom,  
I'll put thy fair feathery face.

Well now, let me see, what flower will suit best  
Next to twine in this beautiful wreath;  
Ah, yes! most appropriate!—for all are at rest—  
This small, precious stem of dear *Heath*.

*Solitude* oft-times is charming to me,  
When thoughts pure as flowers and sweet,  
Are thronging around me with whispers of thee,  
So treasured! but, ah me, so fleet!

But what is this blossom with which the night breeze  
Toying, permits it no rest?  
Most lovely to me—'tis the precious *Heartsease*—  
My wishes speak loud from its crest;  
Come, sweet little flower with soft velvet cheek,  
I'll make thee acquainted with *Heath*,  
Near whose gentle aspect, so mild and so meek,  
Thou must linger in *Friendship's* own wreath;  
And when from my dear friend perchance a stray  
glance,  
Wandering, lights upon thee,  
Oh say, while thy soft leaves to low zephyrs dance,  
In solitude sweet, "Think of me."

Here are two flowers I'll mingle together,  
And bending down o'er them speak low,  
In accents as gentle as wind kissing heather,  
The wishes with which I o'erflow.  
'Tis the sweet-scented *Jasmine*, yellow and sad,  
I place to the *Heartsease* so near:  
And then this pure flower, in blue garments clad,  
To bid thee be always sincere.  
'Tis a meek blossom this winning blue flower,  
Which turning its soft eyes to thee,  
Will throw thee of pleadings an azure shower,  
Lispings—*Forget thou not me*.

Then take as 'tis offered, this garland of mine;  
As cold fate has doomed us to part;  
I lay it—a tribute—on *Friendship's* pure shrine,  
So there let it weave round thy heart.

NOTE.—EMBLEMS OF THE FLOWERS: *Magnolia*, high-souled; *Ivy*, My *Friendship* is lasting; *Eglantine*, *Poetry*; *Hawthorn*, I am hopeful; *Heath*, *Solitude*; *Heartsease*, Think of me; *Yellow Jasmine*, We must separate; but *Forget-me-not*—*Forget me not*.

### WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

WHEN thou art near, o'er all my soul  
A sparkling stream of joy is poured;  
The fleeting moments as they roll,  
Are each with rarest pleasure stored,  
When thou art near.

When thou art near, no shade of sadness  
Can ever fall from sorrow's wing;  
The sweetest songs of joy and gladness  
My happy heart doth ever sing,  
When thou art near.

When thou art near, not e'en one thought  
In wayward flight desires to roam;  
It seems as though the world had brought  
Its choicest treasures to my home,  
When thou art near.

When thou art near I seem to know  
All of sweet bliss the world can hold;  
My life is wreathed with pleasure's glow,  
With truest happiness untold,  
When thou art near.

## OUR GAL.

BY MARY FORMAN.

I must write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, I must, while it is all new and fresh in my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks and the description of "our gal," as Harry calls her.

Our gal first made her appearance in the house two weeks ago last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with a most hearty welcome. Little did I realize—but to begin at the beginning. I was, I am a very young housekeeper, yet theoretically I do know something of the arts and sciences thereunto appertaining. I was married about two years ago; but we have always boarded until now, and when I started in my pretty house, with two good girls, and everything new, I fancied that clockwork would be a mere wandering vagrant compared to the regularity of my proceedings. "'Twas on a Sunday morning," as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church, when my chambermaid came up with a rueful countenance.

"If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I'm going."

"Going!" I exclaimed. "Where?"

"To leave, ma'am! Home! I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I'm going home to lay by."

"But you can lie down here, if you are sick."

"Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick, exactly, but I'm fixing for a turn."

"A turn?"

"Yes; I have neuralgia in spells, and I always feel 'em a comin'."

Words were vain. Go she would, and go she did. I went into the kitchen to explain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time. She was a perfect termagant, and to my utter amazement she wheeled around with the cry—

"Gone! Jane gone! Will you get another girl?"

"Certainly."

"To-day!"

"How can I get a girl on Sunday?"

"And to-morrow wash day! Well, I'm not going to stay to do *all* the work. You'll either get another girl early to-morrow or I'll leave!"

"You'll leave now, in the shortest space of time it takes to go from here to the door," cried Harry, from the sitting-room, where he could overhear us.

With many insolent speeches she departed, and inconvenient as it was I was glad to see her go.

Of course there was no church, and I began to get dinner. Harry, like a masculine angel as he is, took off his coat and came down to help me, with an assurance that he actually could not sit still and hear the cook use the tone she did, one instant longer. It was a merry day. Harry raked the fire till his glossy brown curls were powdered with gray, which premature sign of age was produced, he assured me, by "care, and not the weight of years." He peeled potatoes so beautifully that they were about as big as bullets, after he had taken off the skin an inch thick all round. Pies were the only article of cookery with which I was practically acquainted, so I made a meat pie, two apple-pies, and short-cakes for supper, which we ate with the dinner at six o'clock. It was late enough when we cleared up, but at last all was done but one thing. Harry was in the bath-room, refreshing himself, when I discovered that the coal was all gone. I hated to call him down, for he had worked hard all day, so I took the scuttle and went down in the cellar myself, laughing to think how he would scold when he knew it. I am a wee woman, and not very strong, but I filled the big scuttle, and tugging away with both hands, started up stairs. I was at the top, my labor nearly over, when somehow, I cannot tell how, I lost my balance. I reeled over, and the heavy thing came with me, down to the bottom of the stairs. I felt it crushing my foot. I heard Harry's call, and rush down stairs, and then I fainted. I know now, though I did not then, how he lifted me in his strong arms, and carried me up stairs, and the touch of the cold water which he poured over me is the next thing I remember. As soon as I was conscious, and able to speak, I let him go for a doctor, lamenting that mother and Lou were both out of town for the summer.

Well, well! it was a weary night; no time to scold, Harry said, so he petted, nursed, and tended me, till my heart ached with its fullness of love and gratitude. Morning found me, my fractured ankle in a box, lying helpless in bed, and Harry promised to send me a girl immediately. So after all this long prelude I come

to "our gal." Oh, I must tell you how Harry made me a slice of buttered toast for breakfast, by buttering the bread on both sides, and then toasting it.

It was about nine o'clock when my new girl came. Harry had given her a dead-latch key, so she entered and came up to my door. Her knock was the first peculiarity that startled me. One rap, loud as a pistol shot, and as abrupt.

"Come in!" I cried.

With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition. Stop a moment! I must describe her. She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick black hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was a uniform red. Her features were very large, and her mouth full of (her only beauty) white, even teeth. Still, the face was far from stupid. The mouth, though large, was flexible and expressive, and the big black eyes promised intelligence. But oh, how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them. She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, then she swept down in a low, and really not ungraceful courtesy.

"Madam," she said, in a deep voice, "your most obedient."

"You are"—I said, questioningly.

"Your humble servant."

This was not "getting on" a bit, so I said—

"Are you the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the Intelligence Office?"

"I am that woman," she said, with a flourish of her shawl; "and here," she added, "is my certificate of merit," and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a long step, a stop, another step, and stop, till she reached my bedside, she handed me the paper with a low bow, and then stepping back three steps she stood waiting for me to read it, with her hands clasped and drooping, and her head bent as if it were her death warrant.

It was a well written, properly worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bonnet, and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear black eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then—Harry would come as early as he could, and I could endure to wait.

"Tell me your name," I said, as she came in with the stride and stop.

"My name is Mary," she said, in a tone so

deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her slippers.

"Well, Mary, first put the room in order before the doctor comes."

Oh, if words could only picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed (I use the word in its full sense) with a duster, charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She stuck the comb into the brush as if she were saying, "Die, traitor!" and piled up the books as if they were fagots for a funeral flame. She gave the curtains a sweep with her hand as if she were putting back tapestry for a royal procession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit spurning a tyrant in his power.

But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her natural manner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once easy and handsome, and arranging my hair and dress with a perfect perception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I forgave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me, for the sake of its contents. Such delicious tea and toast, and such perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for any eccentricity of manner. I was thinking gratefully of my own comfort, and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in her own style, when the bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closet door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any eccentricity.

Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was—

"How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?"

In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about one dozen tragedies, my extraordinary servant replied—

"What man art thou?"

"Is the woman crazy?" cried the doctor.

"Lay not that flattering unctio to your soul!" cried Mary.

"H'm—yes—" said the doctor, musingly; then, in his own cheery brisk tone, he added: "You are the new servant, I suppose?"

"Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other."

"H'm. Well, now, in plain English, go tell her I am here."

"I go, and it is done!" was the reply, and with the slow stride and halt I heard her cross the entry. She was soon at my door. "Madam,

the doctor waits!" she said, standing with one arm out in a grand attitude.

"Let him come up," I said, choking with laughter.

She went down again.

"Sir, from my mistress I have lately come, to bid you welcome, and implore you to ascend. She waits within your chamber for your coming."

Is it to be wondered at that the doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in her merriment.

"Where did you find that treasure?" he asked.

"Harry sent her from the office."

"Stage-struck evidently, though where she picked up that fifth cut actress manner remains to be seen."

The professional part of his visit over, the doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when—whew! the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a swing of her arm—

"The butcher, madam!"

I saw the doctor's eyes twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum book with intense gravity.

"Well, Mary," I said, "he is not waiting?"

"The dinner waits!" she replied. "Shall I prepare the viands as my own judgment shall direct, or will your inclination dictate to me?"

"Cook them as you will," I said, "but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock."

"Between the strokes 'twill wait his appetite." And with another sweeping courtesy she left the room, the door, as usual, after her exit standing wide open.

She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs, and set the table out in my room. I was beginning to let my keen sense of the ludicrous triumph over pain and weariness, and I watched her, strangling the laugh till she was down stairs. To see her stab the potatoes, and behead the celery was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing poison with which she poured out the water, was perfect. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.

Not one mouthful would she bring to me, till she had made it dainty as could be: mashing my potatoes with the movements of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly transformed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment she brought it to me, all the affectation dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evi-

dently, with all her nonsense, she was kind-hearted.

It took but one day to find that we had secured a perfect treasure. Her cooking was exquisite enough for the palate of an epicure; she was neat to a nicety, and I soon found her punctual and trustworthy. Her attentions to myself were touching in their watchful kindness. Sometimes, when the pain was very severe, and I could only lie suffering and helpless, her large hands would smooth my hair softly, and her voice become almost musical in its low murmurings of "Poor child! Poor little one!" I think her large strong frame and consciousness of physical superiority to me in my tiny form and helpless state, roused all the motherly tenderness of her nature, and she lavished it upon me freely.

I often questioned her about her former places; discovered to my utter amazement that she never was in a theatre, never saw or read a play, and was entirely innocent of novel reading.

I had become used to her manner, and no longer feared she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave way utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night, and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty pitcher, and in the other my wrapper. Suddenly a drunken man in the street called out, with a yell that really was startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash, Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly forward, the pitcher held out, and the wrapper waved aloft, she cried out, in a voice of perfect terror—

"Gracious heavings! What hideous screams is those!"

Gravity was gone. I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wondering face, only increased the fun.

"Go down, Miss Mary, or you will kill me!" I gasped at last.

Apparently unconscious of the cause of my merriment, she went slowly from the room, waving, alternately, the pitcher and the wrapper.

To see her brandish a dust-brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider; and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies of a spot of dirt she rubs out of existence. The funniest part of all is her perfectly stolid unconsciousness of doing anything out of the way.

Harry found out the explanation. She has lived for ten years with a retired actress and actor who wish to bury the knowledge of their past life, and who never mention the stage. Retaining in private life the attitudes and tones of their old profession, they have made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so

often imitated, and poor Mary unconsciously has fallen into the habit of copying their peculiarities. When they left for Europe, she found her way to the Intelligence Office, where Harry secured her. Long, long may she remain "*Our Gal.*"

## THE OLD LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

HILDRED HAYNE sat alone in her quiet parlor. It was late in November, and a great wood fire blazed on the hearth, lighting up the remotest corner of the apartment with a ruddy glare. The warm light fell full over the lonely woman, reclining in the wide easy chair, and brought out with vivid distinctness every line and curve of her motionless figure.

Miss Hayne had, probably, seen thirty years of life, though the silver threads in her temples gave you the impression that she was older. She was slight and tall, with deep gray eyes; abundant brown hair put plainly back from her forehead, well cut, clearly defined features; and a mouth which had once been sweet and womanly; but now, its expression was cold and hard. The crimson lips shut tightly, and there was a steel-like determination about them, at variance with the tender light in the downcast eyes, and the thoughtful curve of the fair brow. Looking in her face, you know that all Miss Hayne's life had not passed as quietly as the days she was now living. The existence of her girlhood was a thing entirely dis severed from the present; looking back upon it, she could scarcely realize that she was the same gay girl who, six years ago, had made the Red Rock farm-house vocal with the music of her laughter.

For six weary years she had been a recluse. Her only companions at the farm were the sturdy hired man and his practical wife, who, under her supervision, managed the farm work. She had received no company—gone none abroad; she had buried the world and its interests; and a little removed from the turmoil of the city, she dwelt on in seclusion. Little children avoided her. Neighbors never ran in of an evening, for an hour's chat with her; the very dogs trotted past her gate without halting to utter a friendly bark. Yet, Mrs. Hayne was unkind to no living creature. She was only supremely indifferent. Positive ill temper would have made her more popular than this

strange, passionless apathy, through the ice of which nothing could penetrate.

At twenty two, Hildred Hayne was the acknowledged belle of her vicinity—the liveliest, gayest girl for miles and miles around. To her personal grace and beauty, she united charms of mind and heart, far above the common order. Sensitive, high spirited, confiding, and affectionate, she won the love of Paul Lancaster—the only son and heir of Judge Lancaster, at the hall; and with the consent of all concerned, they were betrothed.

Mr. Lancaster was handsome, well educated, engaging in his manners, and *self-willed*. Never in his life had a single wish of his been allowed to die ungratified. He knew nothing of disappointments, nothing of self sacrifice; he was noble and generous; but impulsive, almost reckless.

They had been engaged a year, when there came to Portland—the city of Mr. Lancaster's birth—a fair southern lady, a distant relative of Paul's mother. Isabel Courtland was beautiful and fascinating, and was much in the society of the Lancasters. There is no need of enlarging on the subject; it was but a repetition of the old, old story—the first love was valueless beside the second. Almost before he was conscious of his perfidy, Paul Lancaster avowed his passion for the fair stranger, and heard the words from her lips which made life for him an Eden.

Like a flash of lightning from a cloudless sky came the knowledge to Hildred, that her lover was *hers* no longer. She did not weep, or rave—she heard it with a white face, and nerves like steel; her own heart was so true and loyal that it was with difficulty she could understand such dishonor in the man she loved. She did not censure him for loving another better than herself, and remembering how he had kept her in ignorance of the change in his feelings, she was cold and unforgiving; and when she sent Paul free from her presence, it

was with the command never to show his face to her again so long as they both should live.

From that time Hildred was an altered being. She did not pine, or mope, but her youth seemed dead. She went about slowly and methodically; became hard and calculating in her disposition, and shut out all love from her heart. When her parents died, within a few months of each other, leaving her all alone in the world, but for her little sister, Mary, she refused to break up the old establishment at Red Rock farm, as her friends advised, but lived there still, taking all the responsibility of the large farm on her own slender shoulders.

Mary, beautiful, golden-haired Mary, was her solace—the only thing she seemed to love; to her, she was tender, devoted, and self sacrificing. The sole tie that bound Hildred Hayne to humanity! Even this was rent away. A malignant fever swept over the vicinity of Red Rock farm, and Mary was among the first smitten. Three dreadful days of dumb agony to Hildred passed, and, on the morning of the fourth, she held her dead sister in her arms! And when they buried the sweet girl, Hildred's human love was laid to rest in her grave. Thenceforth, for the dark-eyed, lonely woman at Red Rock, the world held not a solitary charm!

Once only since her banishment of him had she seen Paul Lancaster. The day her sister was buried, he had thrown a snow-drop into the grave; and, as he turned away, they two, Paul and Hildred, met face to face. There was a wild, imploring, passionately tender look in his eyes—a stony, immovable look in hers, and not a word was spoken. He understood her.

He went away into the world shortly afterward; the Hall passed out of the hands of his father, who removed to a distant State, and Hildred knew nothing more of the family. No one ever mentioned them to her; she made no inquiries; she said to herself that she did not care to know.

Life passed on monotonously enough. She hardly noted the change of seasons, except as agricultural interests compelled her to do so. She took little thought for the things of the morrow; she never looked forward; it was doubtful even if she realized the present. She might have interested herself in the poor, but she did not; she gave nothing to beggars; sat in no sanctuary, and lived a life hidden from the view of all.

That November night Hildred, for the first time in many years, was looking back over her past life. Somehow her heart felt softer—there

were tender memories at work; the spirit of mercy plead with iron-breasted justice; she almost felt that she could forgive Paul Lancaster all he had made her suffer. A rap at the door aroused her. She waited, expecting old Francis or his wife to answer the call; but evidently they did not hear, and, taking up the lamp, she went herself. The air was thick with snow; and on the door-step, his blue overcoat gray with the feathery flakes, stood a man in the Federal uniform. He lifted his hat, and spoke with courtesy.

"Is this the residence of Miss Hildred Hayne?"

"It is," she answered, coldly; "what is your business?"

The young soldier's bronzed cheek flushed at her haughty tone, but he replied with feeling: "Madam, I have in my charge a wounded officer who was given over to die by our regimental surgeon; and on his discharge from the hospital, he made one solemn request, probably his last one. He asked to be brought here, that his dying breath might be drawn in the place where the only happiness of his life had come to him. I, as his friend and subordinate, have complied with his request. Shall I bring him in?"

Miss Hayne's cool hand trembled slightly; a faint quiver of scarlet shot up to her forehead.

"What is the gentleman's name?" she asked.

"Colonel Paul Lancaster."

She made a movement as if to close the door, but the soldier put himself in the way.

"Madam, you may be refusing shelter to a dying man. Reflect before you decide. Col. Lancaster was once your friend; will you shut the door of your house upon him when he asks, with his expiring breath, the cover of its roof?"

Miss Hayne underwent a struggle, but it was only momentary. She threw open the door, and called old Francis.

"Carry him in there," she said, pointing to the warm parlor; "I will come to him directly."

She went up to her chamber, and locked herself in. What a fearful trial she passed through was known only to God and her own soul.

In a little while she came down, pale and quiet, and entered the room where they had taken her guest. The sofa was drawn up before the fire; and the pale, wan face that was lifted to meet her eyes, was hardly recognizable as that of the Paul Lancaster she had once known.

A slight tinge of color swept the ashen white

of his cheek; he held out his left hand—the other he had lost.

"Hildred," he said, feebly, "at last I have dared to return to you."

She took his hand; her face softened, there was a little tremor in her voice. "I am pleased to welcome you, Col. Lancaster."

"By the memory of the sweet past, O, Hildred, let me stay where I can sometimes look at you! I only asked God to let me live until I could come here to die! until, dying, I could plead for and obtain your forgiveness! You will not refuse me, Hildred?"

"I have buried all enmity," she said, slowly and solemnly; "we will forget what has been and be friends. Where shall I address a letter to your relatives?"

"I have none near enough to care for my misfortunes. My father is dead; my sister sleeps in a foreign grave. I have neither friends nor relatives."

She looked at him with dumb wonder. Perhaps he understood the doubt expressed in her face, for he said, as if in explanation:—

"No, Hildred; I have never married. The first love of my life was the one true love of my soul. My fancy for Isabel Courtland was a brief passion. It died a speedy death, and I buried it out of my sight. Hildred, I have never loved any woman save you!"

She laid her hand on his forehead softly; the hardness and gloom went out of her face; the lines of determination around her mouth were smoothed away; she was kind, and tender, and womanly.

"Sleep!" she said, gently; "henceforth nothing save death shall divide us!"

From that hour a wonderful change came over Hildred Hayne. Once more she was human; the world held interests for her; she left her solitary life of selfishness, and did good to those around her. The poor blessed her name; the little children flocked around to kiss her; the stray dogs took bread from her hands without fear.

Col. Lancaster owed his life to her unremitting care; and when, at last, he rose up, maimed and feeble, but chastened and purified by long suffering, Hildred became his wife.

The old, hard existence was forever cast aside; and to-day you can find no more womanly woman than Hildred Lancaster.

WE would gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

## THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

*Pearl the Eighth.—August.*

THE summer, lingering through the August days  
Languid and indolent, by signs betrays

Her lack of promise;

The flower that droops beneath its sultry rays  
The laws of Nature forced to feel, obeys,  
And passes from us.

Now at the even-tide the Katy-did,  
Within the branches of the willow hid,  
Repeats her story;

While the grasshoppers in the hedges say,  
In their quaint utterance, "either way,  
It yields no glory."

The cricket on the hearth-stone chirps; the air  
Is full of fireflies, flitting here and there,  
The meadows over;

(A Moorish legend runs: the spirits thus  
Of the departed come to visit us,  
Friend, child, or lover.)

The corn's brown tassels woo the wanton wind;  
The grain-stalks topple with their wealth in kind,  
As they were planted;

And swarthy reapers through oppressive hours  
Scythe-swinging, are rejoicing in the dowers  
By nature granted.

And here and there the gleaners follow fast  
Their footsteps, gathering a rich repast  
With glad demeanor;

Recalling the familiar story, found  
In sacred writ, upon historic ground,  
Of Ruth, the Gleaner.

And we, by sea-shore, or in some retreat  
Where quiet reigns, familiar faces meet;

Or, sad and weary,  
We watch the shadows lengthen from the west  
And say, "He all things ordereth for the best,  
Yet life is dreary."

For, as we muse upon the summers past,  
Come memories that will forever last,  
Of joy and gladness;

This summer, in its going, takes away  
A sorrow that outlives its longest day  
Of grief and sadness.

So, as we journey through the year of life,  
The pearls from out its casket drop, in strife  
'Twixt joy and sorrow;  
Shadow and sunlight thus in conflict stand  
Until we reach the confines of the land  
That hath no morrow.

EFFECTS OF WINE.—Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

## OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—LAY Z. BONES AND I.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

SAY, will you go with me? Not to the war. For you travel over the horrors of the fray with your morning coffee, digest skirmishes at dinner, have scouting parties at tea, and a nightmare when the bursting of shell drowns the fierce shout of foemen, and riderless horses trample to the red earth the dead and dying. Ah, yes! you have too much of this. Therefore, not to the war.

But let us take a trip over the bustling land and bounding waves. You shall come with me, and I will lend you my eyes. You shall not only see blue peaks and very commonplace valleys, but Lay Z. Bones and I would have you contemplate through our spectacles (and they are not green) the great rich hills which lay afar off in the hazy distance, and find them vernal-clad temples whose minarets touch heaven. We shall see the long shaded valleys, threaded by serpentine, coiling rivers which kiss the feet of the towering hills, as the lazy streams flow outward, singing toward the sea, and we think this the river of Life, rippling gently toward the Ocean of Immortality. "Stop!" I say to Lay Z. Bones. "This is not merely an old crumbling church beneath these elms. We do not perceive in its decay but the rascality of a mason, or incompetency of a country carpenter. Nay, it is clinging as full of sweet memories to us as it is of old ivy which hang in matted festoons from its cracked walls. Here is the old porch, too; naught is left but the quaint old pillars, carved at the base, where they have parted in decay from the portion under ground, and rest on the velvety moss. There is no light in the chancel now, save the glow of the sunset; now no anthems are heard from the rude choir, and even the good old man (for how good he was, you recollect, even if he knew not Latin, and did not lecture in the city) is not heard with his cracked voice and perhaps poor, rude logic. Yet to us, dear Lay Z. Bones, the old porch groans with its living weight of youth, and joy, and hope. The chancel gives a hollow echo to the quiet laugh and love-breathing whisper; the church is thronged, and over the heads of those in the high-backed pews, and past the crowding forms in aisles, up to the altar, we glance and see the pair who pledge their vows of love before Heaven and the Man of God; and like a dream the view

is changed. Still the old porch is crowded; still the little chancel is filled. But the whippers are hushed, and sobs are but sad symphonies. The old church is full, but a coffin stands before the altar, and the pastor's voice is broken. (Ah! he recollects that *other scene*.) His hair is gray, and the hair is gray of the weeping woman by the coffin, and the forms in the high-backed pews are crooked with age—youth is not here with Death. Let us go away, or we shall weep. Not towards the little stones in the graveyard, all green with age, and almost buried in the dark grass. No! not there! And this is why we pause by the old church, my dear Lay Z. Bones. It is not simply an abandoned building to us, but a sacred ruin. And the voices of the Past come back, tuneful with sad melodies, yet so good to be remembered now and then by us all. And again, this is why we will trip along and leave the old ivy-clad ruin with such tender and womanly regrets. Are you sorry you came with me first here, ere we leave this by-way for the path of the busy world?

Don't you like this bustling depot, eh? There is so much life and character here, and that huge monster, snorting and puffing like a colossal land porpoise, connects our thoughts with far-off towns; and such a good friend he is, too, for on the iron pathway he carries us past charming landscapes, and over broad, far-reaching rivers; and in a rapid panorama, which in our speed seems almost a gloriously-colored dissolving view, we see picturesque villages nestling in the heart of mammoth hills, whose sides are decked with wild flowers, whose feet are washed by quiet streams, and whose peaks are crowned with exquisite, iridescent sunset clouds, and then we dash through walls of granite, and over plains, and through black tunnels which recalls Dante's lines:—

"Gli occhi, diss'io, mi fieno ancor qui tolti"

"Mine eyes may yet have to endure the blindness in this place, etc."

And then we have beside a great book in which to study as we trip along our five hundred miles a day. Oh, the meanness in that pinched face before us! The conceit in the supercilious eyes on the platform! The vulgarity and coarseness in that red-faced, huge neck-tied animal in the aisle. That is a young wife,

Lay Z. Bones, I will wager. See how keenly she enjoys this exciting life of the traveller! How she points out the pretty spots to her husband, and oh! the wretch! he gives her back never a smile, and dives more deeply in the insipid newspaper. *Et tu, Brute!* why, you are nearly asleep, my friend, or are you peeping out under your eyelids at that pretty woman in mourning? What if she is a coquette, sir? I will have no flirtation here! Hang her beautiful eyes! Look out on the stars from the car-window, and notice the quiet which broods over the country beyond, and how the pallid moon floods the whole landscape with a limpid, garish light. Ah! we are approaching our seaport town, are we? and want our great-coats, and soon our baggage. See! see, my friend, the broad expanse of waters, and the ripples of dancing diamonds, and smell the fresh, bracing sea air! Ah! ah! how delicious! How appetizing! And the great ship which floats upon the waters, nodding to us gayly as we go down to the pier. Every spar says—"How d'ye do!" "How d'ye do!" And the wind through the cordage is giving us a serenade. Let us on board! On board! And now we realize the *corsair's* exultation, for

"Who can tell save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danc'd in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play  
That thrills the wanderer of the trackless way!"

Through long days of changing, health-giving pleasure: through long nights of strange though sweet experiences; perhaps through storms, and certainly 'mid broodings on the stars, and rapt contemplation of the waste of waters and the vault of heaven, its reigning Day King or its Queen of Night, rising and setting on the great passion-panting sea, as we watch the wild changes like a hungry soul; yes, through all this (and even Lay Z. Bones shares our experience) we reach a distant country. Now for messieurs of the customs, and messieurs for the passports, and messieurs the spies, whom you think are but simple *citoyens*, curious, but so well-bred.

Of course we land in *la belle France* first, for we intend raking staid old England as we come back, pretty sure that the island will not be moved away ere we do so. You may be certain, Lay Z. Bones, that this is Paris. Revolutionary, artistic, fashionable Paris! Embodied Anachronism! Living, Louis Napoleonic Paris! What marvellous houses, what strangely narrow streets, and now what wonderfully wide squares! Let us take a cabriolet, *et allez donc*; we whirl along *Les Boulevardes*; we shall

visit *le Maison Dorée* in the brilliant *cit  des Italiens*. Here is the piquant *marchande* with her high cap, rich brown hair, striped petticoat, and Lay Z. Bones says, "What handsome ankles above her wooden shoes!" But above all his nonsense we are saddened when we come to view THE LOUVRE. How the thoughts of the *mediæval* ages rise up as one paces the courts of the historic palace! Titian again assists the architect, Pierre Lescot designs for Francis 1st, and what a troupe of Italy's sculptors and painters come with Catherine De Medicis, and thought even flies to sweet Mary Stuart, who passed the only brief happiness here of her whole life; and we hum as we leave its sacred walls the very tune which marked the plaintive farewell of Mary when she left the shores of France. Shall I give it to you that you may set it to some mournful music and sing it when you are brooding in the twilight, but yet happy?

"Adieu! plaisant pays de France;  
O, ma patrie!  
La plus ch tie—  
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance.  
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!"

And we too will bid adieu to the palace, or memories cluster so thickly, that we should think a volume ere we could indite a page. Let us pass the galleries with their treasures of art, or as each master salutes us from his frame we must dot down our thoughts, Prince Lay Z. Bones and I.

Let us pass by *Le Jardin de l'Infante*; it has no particular interest to us, although she who named it was the Infanta, and dust for two hundred years; cheated by Prince, afterward King Louis xv, and dying in a Spanish convent, why should we weep when ages have lapsed, and the world's poets have never crowned her memory with a song? But we must hasten away or our eyes will moisten at remembrance of the wrongs of the poor girl, who loved like a woman although she was a princess.

Oh, let us visit a convent! Say St. Vincent de Paul, where we shall feel more sinful in the holy, quiet, and religious light; we have passed the ordeal of the portress and the Lady Superior, and, shall we confess it? our heart hitherto untouched, trembles with a new emotion before the vision of the beautiful sister Agatha. She is like an angel of goodness and light which comes to us in some memory of our pure childhood; she looks at us with her earnest eyes, and smiles till even Lay Z. Bones, who says he is *blaz *, blushes.

"These visitors are from a far off land," the superior says, "*bien loin, bien loin au delà des mers*—from America."

And the smile of the vision thanked us, beamed thanks from the tender eyes, and the tongue framed some simple words of thanks for our small tribute to the charities of the convent. I am silent when we leave St. Vincent, and the gaiety of my friend fails to rally me. I am thinking of the "*merci!*" of Sister Agatha, and I shall never forget that face. We pass through the *Quartier Latin* and see how the students rally in sets; and how distinctive a class they are, with their long hair, extraordinary garments, and revolutionary principles, which is constitutional with them; and I have but just pulled Lay Z. Bones away from a huge fellow with whom he was quarreling in very bad French, the point of dispute being "whether it is better for a gentleman who has holes in his boots to get them mended, or black the stocking of doubtful white beneath so the hole would be unperceived?" My friend took the American view of the question, which was considered personal by the embryo *gros-bonnet* (professor), and by my action the metaphysical question remained unsolved—perhaps to this day.

I shall not dilate now on the Morgue where the bodies of the unknown dead are placed, nor tell you of the touching scenes we witness here; for after all Lay Z. Bones has a tender heart, and I should record his sensibility if I did, which does credit to any manhood. For say I, a man may have a woman's heart and yet be able to strike a hard blow, and the tenderness of a woman's nature does not weaken the brain of an Irving or Humboldt.

Ah! if space would permit, we should weave you a pretty romance out of the flower market, and tell you how we were crowned with all flora's wealth for a few *sous*; explore with you the galleries of the Rue Rivoli; and tell you how when coming from an *allée* of the Bois de Boulogne we are assailed by the loud voices of women with baskets on their arms who cry:—"*Voulez-vous du plaisir, messieurs?*"

And how after having bought the "*plaisir*" (wafer of sweets), find that it crumbles into dust ere we give it a chance to melt in our mouth; take you as a friendly *chaperone* through the wonderful *cafés*, to a riotous *bal masque* after *le grande opera*; discover to you the marvellous atmosphere of *BOHEME*, and bid you say it is rosy, if you are not stifled with tobacco smoke; bid you read French sentiment, wit, and philosophy, and present you with the latest editions

of Lamartine, Michelet, Rabelais, and Voltaire if you please, but as our *diligence* is waiting (and "Hoe's last fast" press is a blustering postillion), and Lay Z. Bones with American eagerness is anxious to post through the fair country to look at the low vine-clad cottages, which dot the plains beyond Paris; to ogle the handsome peasant girls with striped petticoats which they wear short—on purpose; to pluck the purple grapes which cluster by the road side at every inn, and hasten into Gascony, that he may be cheated by the natives, who, I tell my friend, can even swindle a Yankee. We dash on through a lovely country, past huge rocks and shadowy woods, their colors cheering my eyes as if my passionate love for sweet mother nature was a religion, which deepened all other delicious appetites and loves and feelings.

And so, after days of *dolce far niente*, we leave sweet France, and awaking one fine morning Lay Z. Bones and I find ourselves in Spain. On a cluster of hillocks, in the midst of an arid, and uneven plateau, Madrid lies, full of lazy beauty, and as we saunter through the Plaza de Toros we discover that we have come so many thousands of miles to see a bull fight! But we are faint with the heat and "*Malditos!*" the savage fight in the vast circus, and we push out past some handsome Andalusians to be stopped by a lusty beggar who looks like a grandee in disguise. He thrums his cracked guitar and sonorously speaks: "Hermanitos! por el amor de la santissima Virgen!" And as the rascal looks as if it would be pleasant to open a vein for us, we give him alms "for the love of the blessed Virgin." But we must not linger long in this sunny land, for, shall I tell you, we feel here as in a garlanded tomb. Alas, poor Spain! where is thy grandeur gone! Where is the glory of the Alhambra, and the chivalry of thy sons? Once the master, now the mockery of nations; we roam amongst her towered castles by the side of famed streams, but we only behold them in the light of the Past. History has made them sweet to us; we love their romance, but dare not pause with the reality. Pope sung of Rome, but Spenser thought of Spain when his sad muse wrote:—

"High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,  
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,  
Fine streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,  
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries—  
All these (oh! pity!) now are turn'd to dust,  
And overgrown with black Oblivion's rust."

We may stray with our vagaries, dear reader, into Portugal, or take you with us in our sentimental journey through the *steppes* of Russia;

but don't give a premonitory shiver, for we will not. We might climb the Alps, and lose ourselves in historic Greece, and, as we stand on the Jardin of Mont Blanc of the former, we could swell these pages with the grandeur of the mountain which dwarfs the Jura; or live a Homeric age again in the latter country—fabled, famous Greece. For who loves not the poet's creation of Achilles? Who does not strive to rival Ulysses? But though the lagoons of South America, with their adventures, and beasts, and rare mosses woo us, the Sheiks of Turkey interest us, and the Rajahs of India positively are seductive, still we float towards Italy surely and swiftly. There is a magnetism which draws us towards Rome; a spirit which calls us softly to Florence. And Lay Z. Bones and I pay our hotel bills, engage new *valéts*, who shall, on the score of economy, serve as guides also, and soon enter the Holy City. We were dwelling on Art, and Glory, and Religion, and sooner find the Vatican and the Catacombs than our hotel. We behold the works of Raphael, and are wrapt in admiration of Murillo's Madonna; but as we left the side of the Venus de Medici, a voice exclaims that he "don't like those stone gals," and again we hasten away; ignorance and vulgarity have broken the charm, and our grosser humanity seeks the *table d'hôte*, stifling our emotions with macaroni. (Lay Z. Bones, as I write, insists that I mean *lazzaroni*. Poor fellow! He soon will know the difference.)

What a charm, thus wandering in Italy! I know the vagrancy of feeling. Do you, and you? But what a wealth of thought thus reaped and garnered for life! Here, on the banks of the Arno, the unquiet spirit has in a manner folded its wings, and the richness of coloring which reclothes and rebeautifies the green banks is as tender as the beauties on the hills of Attica. Glorious skies reflected in calm and almost waveless water; Nature, through the whole of this Italian garden, has massed her wealth, brightest birds, and brilliant flowers; lovely vegas, rich, soft, and sunny; vine-clad hills; plains covered with scented groves; lakes lying bright and smiling in sunshine, lapped by wooded slopes; temples white and cloud-crowned on the hills looking outward toward placid seas; Art and Nature in a dreamy embrace. Is it strange that Heaven should smile, and the earth be glad?

But even while we thus drink in beauty and give utterance to our dreams, Lay Z. Bones is discussing an *omelette* in the shade, and laughing at me, and I think with a sad prescience. How many of you are doing so, too? I com-

prehend the materialism of the present, but can you comprehend the softening, illuminating, spiritualizing effect of such philosophical and sentimental journeys as we are taking? The indwelling forms of beauty which saves us from what has been rightly called "the curse of the age"—weariness of self; that restlessness of spirit with which so many chafe through the voids left by work, pleasure, or pursuit. Think of this; and to please you and the printer, we will come from still-breathed, classic Italy towards home, *via* that stanch Freeman's Estate, Merrie England. John Bull, Esquire, owner and proprietor.

"It is good to speak English once more," says Lay Z. Bones.

Say I: "It is good to feel the Anglo-Saxon hand, and see the marks of Anglo-Saxon power and progress, to feel the pulses bound with a new sense of freedom, to—"

"Have a good cut of roast beef at 'Morley's?'"\* quoth Lay Z. Bones.

And I am left at the foot of Charing-Cross in London, and may have a cold slice of the statue of Charles I., if I please, with sauce. The deuce takes moralizing! The deuce take all London, and especially the vulgar thief who stole my pocket-book as I was contemplating Northumberland House opposite.

But philology comes as naturally to travelers as extortions to innkeepers; and Lay Z. Bones and I jog along as merrily to Canterbury next day as if we had a million sterling each in the funds.

But another day, perhaps, we shall describe the old buildings here, and give you some degree of information about old Oxford which Tom Brown don't disclose. You shall go with us to quiet, stately Windsor; and after wandering to that Mecca, Stratford-von-Avon, take rail for Birmingham, and Nottingham, and Sheffield, and some other 'hams, and 'fields, and 'shires, where the busy looms throb through the great towns, and steam, and brain, and muscle create kings who sit on thrones of money-bags—monarchs who in return destroy their living subjects.

And, after all, we have but skimmed over the countries we have named, Lay Z. Bones and I; and it is so sweet to find in each tree, and house, church, or sleeping village some significance which escapes the careless observer, that we have asked your company in our sentimental journey. And would you believe,

\* Hotel in London where Americans "most do congregate."

Ephemeral Butterfly, Esq., that we find charms in every cloud which flecks the sky; in every patch of sunshine which rests on woody dells and throws strange shadows over the waters? It is so, indeed! And what a strange tuition we receive—those of us who own emotion as a master! Where all was before dull, leaden earth, a cultivated taste will soon transform into blooming causeways, hillsides reel with strange wild flowers, brooks sing tunes which such souls interpret as though hummed to their spirits by angel voices. Pictures are graven upon our hearts, the beauty of which is not effaced when the reality has passed. No, they remain complete, satisfactory, and are framed with most tender memories. Faces are revelations; we see in them traits of humor, quaint individualism, and grotesque originality—we have books before us where we can always read of love, devotion, and valor, as in the darker background we can see and study a tragic face like SALVATOR would paint.

Take our advice, and always be ready for Sentimental Journeys like our own.

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## GET KNOWLEDGE.

BY F. S. C.

Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE cultivation of the mind is a duty which every man owes to himself and society. All that he may know he is bound to know by the very conditions of his mental and moral being. All knowledge is useful. The more a man knows the greater his happiness and usefulness, provided he put it to the right use. Every idea he gains, every truth he gleans from nature, science, or religion, is so much wealth and treasure, compared to which dollars and cents are literally nothing. Hence his mind should always be active, always seeking after additional gains in knowledge. Truth, valuable truth, belongs to everything we see above, around, beneath us. We cannot move a step without something to think about—something that will enlarge the limits of our knowledge, and be of service to us in practical, every-day life. The great variety of objects in nature, their multifarious relations and dependencies, cannot be without the design of enriching our minds and hearts. It is, therefore, our duty to consider them and evolve from them truth and knowledge. We wrong ourselves, wrong our intellectual and moral natures, if we do not draw

from them all the wealth of thought they seek to impart. No intellect can possibly hold communion with nature without having some of nature's own grandeur stamped upon it. The contemplative mind, alive to the grand teachings and harmonies of the universe, cannot help finding with the Bard of Avon—

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Not only does nature spread out her vast volume for our instruction and mental enlargement; but the generations of the past have lived for us. The millions who have thought before us, albeit they are in their graves and have been for centuries, think for us now. Their gathered treasures, brought from innumerable sources and from all conditions and grades of mind, even the wealth of ages, we have in books. Surely we ought to get knowledge, and be the wiser and better for what others have thought and written in the past. Books, too, are cheap in our day, and knowledge condensed and thrown into small limits.

Then there is THE BOOK—the Bible—a book which is full of wisdom, full of information upon every subject in any way related to our intellectual or moral nature. God himself, the fountain of all truth, the source of all knowledge, there speaks! Christ, who came to be “the light of the world,” there speaks as never man spake! There, too, speak all the holy and wise men of God who have lived and died and ascended to rest. Truths are here which only God himself could reveal—truths that burn and flame with their own divinity!

Nature, history, and revelation all unfold their pages and lay their gathered treasures at our feet, reader; they have noble designs toward us; they would enlarge and enrich us with true knowledge and wisdom. If, as one has said—

—“He who binds

His soul to knowledge steals the key of heaven,”

ought it not to be the ambition of every rational intelligence to “intermeddle with all knowledge?” If so, “go thou and do likewise.”

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A BROKEN FORTUNE.—Ovid finely compares a broken fortune to a fallen column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum.

## In Memoriam.

DIED, at her residence in Philadelphia, May 3, 1863. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, youngest daughter of Mrs. Sarah Josepha and the late David Hale, Esq., of New Hampshire.

ALTHOUGH no day passes without removing from some circle those whose places can no more be filled—those whose passage into eternity has unsealed fountains that must never cease to flow, and dried up the sources of smiles and joys that in this life cannot be born again—death still comes into our midst, with a pang as fresh, as poignant, as if we only were allotted to bear the sting: as if we alone were called upon to lay at the footstool of the Comforter a burden such as He has never yet laid upon the children of men.

There is no household into which this experience has not entered, no hearth around which mourners have not gathered, sorrowing for those who have gone, ere their career of usefulness on earth, judged by our limited vision, has been accomplished.

In the case of women generally, this sorrow, this regret, is confined to a comparatively limited number—relatives, and the friends and companions of social life. But, when, as in the instance before us, the departed occupied a position which brought her into responsible relations with numbers who were placed within her influence, as pupils, or as associates in the important post which she filled as a teacher of youth, the circle of mourners becomes more extended. It is for this reason—because she was revered and loved in many a distant home—because her teachings and example have borne fruit which will multiply in generations yet to come—it is because the example of the faithful in well doing, the meek in heart, and the holy in life, should not be left without record, that we have drawn her name from the shade in which she herself loved to dwell, that it may serve as an example for others, as well as prove an acceptable tribute to her memory for the many who loved and honored her in life.

MISS HALE was born at Newport in New Hampshire. Deprived in infancy of the tender care of an affectionate father, she was left to the sole guardianship of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, whose training and influence in early life gave the bent to her character. She was educated for the important office of a teacher at the well-known seminary of Mrs. Willard, at Troy, New York, where she was distinguished for her talents and diligence.

She afterwards, at intervals, spent several years at the South, honorably filling the duties of her profession, and eventually declining a tempting and lucrative offer to remain as principal of a prominent seminary in Georgia; her affectionate nature rendering a further separation from family ties an evil which outweighed all considerations of interest. Finally, Miss Hale established, about seven years ago, a seminary for young ladies in Philadelphia, the success of which fully rewarded her modest desires. From this career of usefulness it has pleased God to remove her, and though friendship may not at first be able to suppress the lament of sorrow, or check the tear of regret, it will find its best consolation in echoing her own words of faith and resignation: "Thy will, and not mine, be done."

The solidity and range of Miss Hale's acquisitions were far beyond those generally possessed by women. Her reading was extensive and varied; her familiarity with general literature rendering her a valuable associate to the youthful, and a most responsive and interesting companion. Habituated through life to the society of persons of literary tastes and habits, she naturally occupied herself at intervals with her pen. Numerous graceful little articles were furnished by her for the magazines; and much of that heavy and laborious work, of which authors and publishers alone know the details, in her aptitude of assisting her mother, passed from time to time through her hands.

It was as an epistolary writer, however, that she excelled. The restraint which the consciousness of addressing an audience imposes, was here unfelt, and her impressions of the persons and events passing before her, were sketched off with a playful humor and power of analyzing character, that was charming to those whose privilege it was to read her letters.

The office of *teacher*, was, certainly, the one she loved best. Her heart was in her school; few instructors, probably, have better exemplified the poet's ideal, that "to teach" may be a "delightful task," than did our friend, whose instructions will bear the precious fruits of goodness in future years, when the loving and

sorrowing pupils, who wept her premature death, have become noble, useful, and honored women in our land.

Miss Hale's mental training fitted her peculiarly to influence and guide the young. Perfectly self controlled, her sway was as calm and gentle as it was firm, and the regard which she won was based upon the surest of all foundations—respect. She was warm in her affections, though somewhat reserved in their exhibition, trustful and steady in her friendships, consistent in her life, walking ever beneath the broad banner of TRUTH, without which there is no foundation for integrity of character.

On those higher and more solemn characteristics, her religious life and profession, we do not feel ourselves qualified to dwell. In this, as in all things, her consistency was exhibited. Earnestly impressed with the truths of Christianity, and making a public profession of her faith in Christ in her early youth, her faith was a part of her nature. Except in the line of her duty, she seldom spoke on this subject, but every action of her life showed that she was influenced by its teachings. And almost every

year of her school found some of her pupils ready for baptism or confirmation.

When disease insidiously sapped the springs of strength, she was prepared, with calmness and trusting faith, to await the issue. And when the hour opened which was to be her last on earth, she was still at her post, exercising her faculties, and performing her duties in that station of life which it had pleased God to call her. "She has been faithful over a few things;" to such is promised a rich reward. The good Teacher holds a position of honor as well as responsibility scarcely inferior to that of the good mother. An eminent writer has well said: "The Teacher's mission is from God; and whether this teaching be that of masters and mistresses in their schools; or that of the mother who clusters her little ones around her knee; or that of the nurse, from whom the infant catches the first meaning of the different tones of the human voice; it is a mission from God; it is ennobled by Him—and, if it be carried on for Him, it will, in eternity, take rank amid the great things which were done by God's people in time."

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## MIRIAM'S DUTY.

BY J. E. W.

THE business committee of the Arrowdale sewing society had assembled in the parlor of the directress to prepare work for the next gathering. The preliminaries having been arranged, the ladies were able to converse upon things in general, and the neighborhood in particular.

"Does Miriam Grant intend to take home her dissipated brother, Mrs. Morse?"

"Yes; Richard has fallen so low that no one will shelter him. Miriam considers it a duty to receive the degraded man."

"I am not sure that it is a duty to place one's self in contact with the vile. Provision is made by law for such persons; but Miriam seems desirous of becoming a martyr."

Mrs. Morse was about to reply that Jesus sat down with publicans and sinners; but, recollecting that her interlocutor had suffered her father to die in the almshouse, she merely said: "Miriam has been a model of self-denial since her childhood. After the deacon failed, she became the staff of the household; Rachel was spared because she was the beauty, and Mrs. Grant was too fine a lady for labor. For

a time everything was made subservient to Richard's advancement. He was spoiled from his birth; one cannot wonder at his evilcourse."

"Miriam might have been well married, if it had not been for her devotion to her parents," remarked a third lady.

"William Wright treated Miriam shamefully."

"Oh, that was only a childish affair—such rarely end in marriage. But what will she do for support, Mrs. Morse? Parents will scarcely like to place their children in a family containing such a member as Richard."

"Miriam is conscious of that. She will quit teaching; but her plans for the future are unformed."

The tall elms at the bottom of the court cast dark shadows over the large, square house which some sixty years before Deacon Grant had erected, much to the admiration and somewhat to the envy of the inmates of the adjoining homesteads. Now the weather-stained walls, dilapidated out-buildings, and rickety fence told the story of wealth diminished and family decayed.

On the old-fashioned window-seat of a western window in the spacious parlor, sat Miriam. The last rays of a glorious autumn sunset lighted up the sweet face, and tinged the wavy brown hair with golden tints. The soft hazel eyes are fixed on the glowing sky; the shapely hands fitted rapidly over the knitting-needles; but the clouds were not seen, nor the work heeded. Back, far back had the thoughts wandered. Again she is the petted child of the aristocratic family. Memory recalls the stern, but kind father; the gentle, but helpless mother; the beautiful, imperious, elder sister; the wayward, but warm-hearted, generous brother. Then came the dark days of misfortune; days when the strong man bowed himself, and the grasshopper became a burden; and the weak woman, sinking under her affliction, became as helpless as an infant. Next the sister's marriage, which amounted to alienation, and the brother's downward career. Other troubles were in store for the devoted girl—troubles which rankled none the less because they were silently locked within the heart. The weary years, the patient care and untiring vigils are ended; Miriam Grant is an orphan—worse than brotherless and sisterless. A maintenance must be secured—an honorable situation as a teacher is obtained; but the brother goes from bad to worse, till now he has become wholly dependent on his overtaken sister. Little wonder that in that quiet hour the lone woman questioned the Divine decrees. Why must she, year after year, uphold others, who would so gladly find rest and support?"

The answer came, an angel whisper breathed to the soul: "It is more blessed to give than to receive. Give, and it shall be given to you, good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over."

Quieted and strengthened, the lady arose to attend to her evening duties. Glad, young voices were heard in the adjoining room. The pupils whom Miss Grant had watched over the past few years had become greatly endeared. It was no small cross to send them from her, but she felt that it was right. Her school must be closed at the end of the month. The pupils had indulged in a good cry at the news, another tearful scene ensued when the parting hour arrived; but at that moment they were in the full tide of enjoyment. The door connecting the two apartments was thrown open, an eager voice exclaimed:—

"Miss Grant, here is Clara Brown; she has come home. You can't think how pretty she

looks; such a nice bonnet and dress! and she says she made them herself."

This orphan child Miriam had educated gratuitously. The past six months had been spent with an aunt, who conducted a fashionable store in Boston. These months had effected a wonderful change in Clara. The tall, awkward, bashful girl had developed into a pretty young lady, with easy, well-bred manners. Her dress, without being expensive or showy, was neat and tasteful. Miss Grant regarded her with satisfaction, and, as she assured her admiring school-mates that she did really and truly make her dress and bonnet herself, a new idea was suggested. Though she had quietly announced her decision to give up her school and receive her brother, the resolution cost her much anxiety. "God will provide;" but she knew that He works through the many contingencies of our daily lives. She knew that she must live by the labor of her hands; but till that moment the future had been completely veiled. Instantaneously it flashed upon her that the long unused shop at the end of the avenue could be fitted up for a dressmaking and millinery establishment. Such a store was needed in the village; she had good taste and ready fingers; with Clara's knowledge they could certainly succeed. While the giddy girls chatted on, the plan grew in Miriam's mind. The deacon had done his youngest daughter the justice to bequeath the remnant of his fortune to her. Application had recently been made for the purchase of a house lot from her garden; Miriam had hesitated, but now she determined to sell in order to obtain the means for her new enterprise.

Clara's concurrence having been obtained, the business was commenced by the sale of the land, and workmen were engaged for the repairs needed at the shop. At the end of the month the building was in order. A week was spent in Boston buying goods; next a modest sign announced to the people of Arrowdale that millinery and dressmaking would be done at Miss Grant's variety store. Many were the doubts expressed by Miriam's neighbors respecting the wisdom of her undertaking; but assured success soon silenced them. The more active life she was compelled to lead, the constant contact with manifold dispositions, the harmless gossip of customers, the chit-chat upon taste and fashion, the becomingness of this and the economy of that, all did the thoughtful Miriam good. It prevented too much retrospection, and hindered her brother's wayward conduct from wearing upon her spirits as it

otherwise would have done. For a few weeks after his return, the wretched man behaved very well; but his love for drink overcame his good resolutions. No liquor was sold in the village, and Miriam wisely refused him money. But a victim to intemperance will always find means to minister to his vitiated appetite: by doing odd jobs in his sober moments, Richard picked up a little change; and, though unwilling to bring even a pail of water for his sister, it was no hardship to walk half a dozen miles to procure his favorite beverage.

Miriam was obliged to submit to the evil which she could not overcome. To work with a strong, patient heart for his support; to keep a cheerful home and nice table for him always; to be a pleasant companion for him when sober—a silent, uncomplaining one when he was drunk; a kind nurse in the frequent illness he brought upon himself, and a daily intercessor for him at the Throne of Grace was all that the devoted sister could do, and God alone knew how faithfully her task was done.

It was the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving; Miss Grant's store was thronged; Clara and the two apprentices were wishing for as many hands as had the idol Vishnu. Bonnets in boxes and bonnets on stands crowded the counter; dresses were being tried on and packed; murmurs of dissatisfaction and exclamations of delight, mingled with calls for gloves, laces, ribbons, and all the *et cetera* or feminine wants. Suddenly the door closed, bonnets were thrown down, goods dropped; with one impulse they rushed to the windows.

"Yes, that is William Wright!"

"I should know Bill anywhere; but he's stouter than he used to be."

"Oh how handsome he is, and so rich!"

"Why, they say he is worth a million—dear me, Miss Grant, he's going in at your front gate."

Every eye was instantly turned to the pale, weary shop woman. Many recollected that before Mr. Wright went South there had been a youthful attachment between the two. With flushed cheeks and trembling limbs, Miriam summoned Clara behind the counter, and hastened to receive her visitor. Worn and weary, with a distressing nervous headache—the result of late hours and over-exertion—the lady was conscious of looking her very worst at the moment of all others when she would have desired to appear young and fresh. He will not recognize me, she thought, as she glanced at the calico morning gown of an exceedingly

ugly pattern—which had been taken for a debt, and used because unsalable—and smoothed her luxuriant hair, which in the morning's hurry had been twisted up in the most unbecoming fashion. To add to her mortification, she found Richard stretched on the sofa in a state of semi-intoxication. These adverse circumstances so acted upon Miriam's unstrung nerves that it required a strong will to retain sufficient composure to lift the latch, and salute the stranger.

If any show of sentiment had been anticipated, one glance proved the mistake. By-gones were evidently by-gones; the greeting was friendly, nothing more.

As the gentleman entered he thought—"This is my old flame, my boyish love. Zounds, how old and faded she looks! What a horrible gown!"

The parlor was cold, Miriam was obliged to conduct Mr. Wright to the sitting-room, which, owing to the hurry at the store, did not present its usual inviting aspect. Richard in his maudlin condition was especially disgusting. The cold glances which so critically scanned herself and her surroundings cut Miriam to the heart. Another time it would have aroused her pride, now depressed and fatigued, it only grieved. There were distance and restraint between the former lovers, no one was at ease but tipsy Richard.

Much to Miriam's relief, the call was brief; and she was at liberty to return to her post, but oh, what bitter, bitter feelings, were at her heart! What murmurs filled her thoughts, as she furnished the finery for the morrow's festival. Why was every one happy? why had she been selected for so much misery? why had all a hopeful future except herself? She was aware how wrong these thoughts were, but she was too tired and weak to resist them at the moment; with the simple prayer, "Lord help and forgive," she laid her throbbing head upon her pillow.

Thanksgiving always brings a festive season to a New England village. The return of the wealthy bachelor was the signal for an increase of gayety. Old friends and schoolmates desired to honor their former companion; ambitious mammas were anxious to obtain his favor, and gay belles were delighted to laugh and flirt with such a handsome, agreeable man. Gatherings from the social tea, to the more assuming evening party became frequent. Thus Miriam and Mr. Wright were constantly brought in contact. At first there was merely formal politeness between them: gradually the ice

thawed and an easy cordiality marked their intercourse. The gentleman began to drop into Miss Grant's shop of a morning, and he had passed a pleasant evening at a sociable given by Miriam in return for her neighbor's civilities. Meantime, under this cover of friendly courtesy, each was watching and measuring the other's character. Miriam, the love flims removed from her eyes, saw every defect of her former lover.

She began to understand what had been so mysterious—how in the pursuit of wealth and eminence she had been first neglected, then forsaken. She came to understand how his heart and intellect had been brought to bow themselves to the lower purposes of life; how wealth had become a despot instead of a servant, an idol instead of a use. She saw his undue self-esteem, fastidiousness, and pride; she saw also that in many respects he was high souled, moral, honorable, and, unless prejudiced, just. A business man, among business men one to be trusted and honored. A firm upholder of the church, a respectful observer of its outward forms, but alas! too much deadened by love of self and the world to be conscious of any lack of spiritual devotion.

The gentleman watched as closely. He gradually came to the conviction that Miriam Grant was a noble woman, one to honor any company and grace any home. He saw that her womanly beauty was of a higher order than her girlish loveliness; there was more expression, a higher tone of both face and mien. The obnoxious attire had given place to an unexceptionable toilet; no lady could dress in better taste; she might lean to extravagance, but that was a fault he could easily forgive. She was a shade too pious, but that was a failing in the right direction also—an unchristian woman was a monstrosity. He wished she was some half a dozen years younger, but then no one would think her over twenty-five. He would not be hasty, but he was not sure but manly reason would confirm the boyish passion, and Miriam become his wife. So the lady was carefully scanned, while he did the agreeable, played the gallant to old and young, married and single, winning smiles and golden opinions from all.

As was natural, others were watching and commenting. "Did you see Miss Grant's new silk?" asked one young lady of another, as they passed out of the store.

"Was that her dress? I suppose it is for Mrs. Ellis's party. How extravagant she is this winter."

"Mr. Wright's wife will be able to dress in the best, and Miriam evidently aims at that honor," interposed a third lady.

"It is hers by right," responded the first speaker; "but it strikes me she is rather cool towards her old lover."

"That's all art. She is human, though some set her up for a model of perfection."

"Miss Miriam still possesses attraction for Mr. Wright. Watch him; his eyes follow her constantly, though he may be engaged with a dozen other ladies."

"I fancy he would prefer a more youthful bride. Mrs. Ellis intends to secure him for Araminta Jane."

"Yes, that is why this party is given. The new piano arrived last evening."

"How Minta will screech. I pity our poor tympanums. But they will have their labor for their pains. William Wright will never choose a northern wife."

Mr. Ellis' large, new house was brilliant with light, and crowded with the elite of the village and vicinity. Araminta Jane and a few other boarding school misses had exhibited themselves, and their accomplishments as well upon the new piano, and people were showing undisguised symptoms of weariness.

Squire Morse, a real lover of music, begged Miss Grant to play. "Some of the old songs, Miriam," he whispered, as he led her to the instrument.

Why, instead of complying with his request, did the lady select one of the newest and most difficult pieces of the fashionable music scattered over the rack? As her friend had said, Miriam was human, and Mr. Wright had not the least idea of her musical proficiency. Few had, as the old mahogany instrument which had been her mother's, was seldom opened in company, and it was not often she sang in public, other than the psalm tunes at the prayer meeting. For Richard's pleasure she had practised of late, and something prompted her to display her skill. The piano was a fine one; the scene had effected just the degree of excitement to call forth her full power; the piece she chose was striking. People started and ceased talking; all eyes were turned to the player. The new silk was becoming; the fuchsias and myrtle sprays twined amid the glossy brown braids, gave grace to the finely formed head. The small hands, with that one ring, flew over the keys, and the delicate lace shaded while it disclosed her soft, finely moulded arms.

"Never in her girlish days did Miriam Grant

look so handsome, so queenlike," mentally ejaculated Mr. Wright, as he edged his way through the throng.

Well did Miriam know, though her eyes had not been lifted, who was beside her. Her heart beat quick, her hour had come, womanly triumph sparkled in her eyes—alas! womanly revenge was at her heart. Regret and penitence followed; but that moment was sweet.

A well-formed, muscular hand was stretched forth as the music was turned; a plain gold ring on the little finger flashed in the light. The lady raised her eyes, the gentleman smiled, and whispered: "Thank you for wearing mine; play some of the old tunes, Mirry."

With her grace, music, and conversational power, Miriam had carried the palm. For the first time in her life she had striven to shine, and she had succeeded. Miss Grant with her twenty-nine years was pronounced the belle of the evening. Mr. Wright had decided Miriam was worthy to be his wife.

"Miriam, I am engaged for a dinner-party to-morrow; it is given in my honor by the merchants of H——; but I shall return early. Can you spare me an hour in the evening? I have much to say to you."

The request was granted; and Mr. Wright, having escorted home a bevy of beauties, retired with satisfaction.

Miriam sat a long time by the smouldering fire; a sore conflict raged within—one of those soul battles, which are more terrible than any outward contest; but the fight was fought and the victory won. Strength was given her to walk by the spirit, and angels came and ministered unto her.

"I am later than I intended, Miriam; but I was detained longer than I expected at H——. There were so many compliments paid to your humble friend."

There was little humility in the air with which Mr. Wright seated himself. Miriam, pale and collected, a prayer in her heart, and a sad tenderness in her eyes, inquired respecting the dinner party.

"You will read the report in the papers; we will not talk of that now. Tell me of the past; I wish to learn the particulars of your parent's death."

Miriam recollected that the intelligence had been sent at the time (they had died in the same week), and that the letter was never answered. She did not revert to the neglect, but briefly and with emotion gave the required information. Enough was said to show her

auditor how much she had suffered—and suffered alone. Conscience whispered this ought not to have been.

"Miriam, I ought to have been more sympathizing; but I had position and fortune to gain; for years every instant has been claimed by business demands. My efforts, I am happy to say, have met with a just reward. My wife will hold an enviable situation—you promised to fill that place years ago. Will not the future make ample amends for the past?"

Miriam felt that it could not. Nothing could recompense her for what she had endured—it could only be atonement; but she saw that Mr. Wright was incapable of understanding her feelings, and that the moiety of heart he would give to any woman was wholly hers, and raising her eyes to his with tremulous lips, she murmured, "And Richard?"

"Let him go to the almshouse. It is the fittest place for him!"

"Never while I live!"

With a surprised look, the gentleman demanded "if she could expect him to receive into his family such an inmate as Richard?"

"No; and, therefore, I see clearly I can be only your friend."

"Miriam, this is too Quixotic; Richard will never be reformed."

"I neither hope nor expect it. That does not render my duty less clear and obligatory."

"This is sheer insanity. Have not I a claim as well as Richard?"

"No; once you had, but that is abrogated by your neglect—desertion."

"Miriam, you do not understand—"

"Neither do you comprehend. Once our paths lay together; you turned aside and chose your route; mine I was forced to tread. We have widely diverged—a great gulf yawns between; it is impossible for us to unite. I cannot, I ought not to be your wife; it would not be a true marriage."

The gentleman gazed wonderingly into those clear, resolute eyes. "Did I hear aright—this woman rejecting me?" he thought.

"Miriam, do I understand rightly, do you refuse to become my wife?"

"You must forgive me if I say yes."

Mr. Wright had never dreamed of opposition; but he never allowed obstacles to stand between him and his wishes. In a tenderer voice he said: "I will see what can be done for Richard."

"That cannot change my decision. If Richard was to die within the hour, I could not marry you, William. As I have said, no true union can exist between us."

The suitor would not listen. A brilliant picture of what might be hers was portrayed. The lady did not waver, but her tone was kinder as she replied:—

"I know you could give me the means of much culture and enjoyment. Sometimes the old love would exert itself, and I should be intensely happy; but womanly reason would assert its sway and render me restless and dissatisfied. I will not censure your thoughts and aims, but I cannot share them. Pardon me, William, I must be truthful. I cannot stand before the altar and vow before God to reverence you as a woman should reverence her husband. Your friend I shall always be, but nothing more."

Mr. Wright saw that opposition was useless; his doom was sealed. In the presence of this high-souled, keen-sighted, conscientious woman he was powerless.

"Miriam, will you never regret this? Will you not take time to consider?"

"I have considered; time can make no change. Please urge me no farther."

A silent hand pressure, and Mr. Wright found himself in the street.

"Refused, refused by Miriam Grant!" There was a strange ringing in his ears—a confusion of every faculty. Hundreds of younger and prettier women would accept him any day. Why should he care? Let the old-maid have her whims. He had done his duty—made the *amende honorable*.

With superfluous energy his trunk was packed, and his name booked for the early stage. Before sunrise the following morning, the disappointed suitor was on his way to the sunny South.

Henceforth Miriam went on evenly and prosperously in her occupation, without the slightest allusion that might satisfy curiosity in regard to her lover's sudden departure, doing every duty that presented itself, and bearing with her brother's increasing moral and physical weakness as best she might.

Mr. Wright also resumed his former life, but with the firm determination to marry. This, however, he found no easy matter; it was impossible to make a satisfactory choice. One lady was too tall; another too short; still another too stout, and a fourth too slender. One had black eyes when they should have been blue, and *vice versa*; one dressed too much; another not enough; one was too learned; another really ignorant; a third displayed false teeth; a fourth talked too loud. So months passed, and the wealthy bachelor grew stronger

and richer in the eyes of men, and poorer and weaker in the "Eye that seeth not as man seeth."

"O, Miss Miriam, Mr. Richard has come home so bad! Do come! he's throwing things all round the kitchen. I'm afeared he's got the deliriums."

Miriam cast aside the goods she was folding, and hastened to the house with her frightened handmaid. Her worst fears were realized. The time for which she had long been waiting had come. Richard was a raving maniac. A terrible scene ensued—too terrible to be depicted. The delirium continued eight days; then the wretched man sank into a helplessness as great as that of infancy. Reason had returned, and though the patient needed constant care, it was a season of comparative repose to the weary watchers at his bedside. Great kindness was displayed throughout the neighborhood at this time of trouble. There was no lack of manly service, and those female friends that had been the most forward to animadvert upon Miriam's conduct, became her most efficient aids. The sympathy increased when it was found that, though Richard might regain partial health, he would never have the full use of his limbs, and that henceforth he must be a cripple. No one could question the justice of his punishment; still one could not fail to commiserate the sufferer. The sweetest flowers, the gentlest tones, and most cheerful faces brightened his room. The untiring sister kept constant ward and watch, and the invalid improved rapidly.

Miriam's most ardent desire had become realized. In his enfeebled condition it would be easy to keep Richard from an undue use of stimulants; the prayers of years had been answered. The power she had sighed for was hers, but she could only bow tearfully and submissively before Him, who has declared that His ways are not our ways.

The fretfulness of the first stages of weakness settled into an apathy that bordered on sullenness, but as the weeks passed, and body and mind improved, thought and feeling became perceptibly quickened. The patient sister watched every mood, and in her cheerful manner encouraged confidence and inspired hope. At last Richard was able to move about on crutches, and Miriam resumed some care of the store. The fall season had come, and its hurry, combined with what she had previously undergone, began to tell seriously upon her constitution. One dull November afternoon, incapacity

cited by a headache from tending the store, she took home half a dozen bonnets which she had promised to trim that day. Richard had been apparently sleeping in his chair, but suddenly he reached out his hand and exclaimed, "Mirry, give me that bonnet, you are making an exceedingly ugly bow. I can better it. Move the stand here; give me the pins; I'll trim the whole batch while you take a snooze in my easy chair. Do as I bid, I tell you. I've been ordered around long enough; I'm going to take the command now."

Miriam smiled. "You wont make the hat fashionable, I'm afraid."

"Give me the fashion plates, then; don't you doubt I have as good taste as any lady can desire. Just free your mind and go to sleep."

Miriam felt that she was indeed incapable of work, so putting the materials before her brother, she turned the easy chair from the light and settled herself for a nap. As she did so she heard Richard muttering, "It is profitable for thee that one of thy members perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." When Miriam awoke she found Richard contemplating the row of bonnets he had trimmed.

"I'm going to set up an opposition line, Mirry," he said in answer to her expression of admiration. "The only way to prevent it is to take me into partnership, and hand over to me this sort of rig in future."

As Miriam found it pleased and interested her brother she allowed him to have his own way, and in a short time he became chief oracle in many matters pertaining to the artistic part of her business. She found him a valuable assistant in keeping her accounts, making out bills, and advising her in financial matters, in which his masculine nature and experience had made him more especially wary.

Squire Morse also solicited his assistance, and towards the close of the year he was employed by the thriving firm of Ellis & Co. to settle their accounts. For several weeks Mr. Ellis took him in his sleigh to the comb factory every morning. The fresh air and exercise, the bustle and novelty of the establishment were exceedingly beneficial to the invalid, while his mind and heart, liberated from the mists of sin, became literally born again. One evening in mid-winter he asked his sister if she could spare him the apartment she had formerly used as a school room. Miriam gladly replied in the affirmative, and inquired if he did not wish it refurnished. "Thanks, sister, I will

provide what I need. You know I am a moneyed man now."

Miriam smiled; glad that her brother was well and happy, she took little note of his proceedings till the setting of a stove, and the arrival of some unfamiliar tools attracted her attention; but as Richard seemed to wish for secrecy she made no remark. The room now became a sort of Blue Beard chamber to the household. Strange noises issued from it, an incessant sawing, tinkering, and hammering. There were frequent consultations with Mr. Hines the blacksmith, and constant visits to his shop. Miriam's curiosity had arrived at the highest pitch, when, one June morning, it was announced that Richard Grant had made a wonderful discovery in mechanics, one that would greatly improve the comb machines, and which could be applied to other machinery. A patent secured he would have a competence. A patent was obtained, but Richard did not sink into idleness. He was made a partner in the firm he had so efficiently aided. He invented other improvements in machinery, became a respected and noted man, a benefactor to the poor and sinful, and a meek follower of Christ. The old house was thoroughly repaired, and again resumed its rank among the aristocratic mansions of the neighborhood. The stables were rebuilt, a horse and carriage purchased, and everything done that could conduce to Miriam's comfort. Miriam would not yield to Richard's wish that she should relinquish business. She preferred independence, but she promised to take time for rest and recreation, and always held herself in readiness to ride or converse with her brother. The cheerful tranquillity so grateful to the over-taxed girl was soon interrupted. News came that Rachel was in great affliction. This sister had not scrupled to leave Miriam with the sole care of her parents at a time of great adversity. In the prosperity which her marriage secured, she entirely neglected her younger brother and sister; for years there had been no intercourse between them. Richard's rising fame first induced Mrs. Long to break this silence. A correspondence was accordingly commenced some two months prior to the arrival of a letter informing them of Mr. Long's failure in business and subsequent illness; it closed with a weak, childish appeal for assistance.

Richard was opposed to Miriam's going to her sister. "She had never solicited her company in health, why should she wish it in sickness? She had left her to combat the ills of life alone; it was just that now she should

bear her burden without too much aid and sympathy."

Richard was but a beginner in the regenerate life. Miriam had practised the Christian precept "to resist not evil," too many years to swerve from duty now. The next evening after the receipt of Rachel's letter she reached her sister's sumptuous abode—the abode at that moment of death, poverty, and despair. The funeral over it was found that the childless widow was penniless. She did not have the slightest idea of helping herself, but sank in tearful despair upon the charity of her hitherto despised brother and sister. Poverty and shattered health wrought a great change in the gay, fashionable woman which did not contribute to the happiness of those around her. The reply of Miriam's young domestic to a query from Mrs. Ellis depicted her character.

"Oh, Mrs. Long is dreadful aggravating. You can't do right no how. If we've applesauce she wishes it was cranberry, and if it's cranberry she wishes 'twas apple. Then she makes such a fuss about religion; it's well there aint many such pious folks, or the world would be worse than it is. She seems to think if she goes to so many meetings, and says so many prayers, she has a right to be just as lazy and ugly as the old Harry the rest of the time, and hector the rest of the family upon their sinfulness. If Miss Miriam wasn't a saint she couldn't put up with her as she does. Mr. Richard isn't so patient. He says she is his one great cross; that it is as much, as he can do to keep from swearing twenty times a day. But Mrs. Ellis, I expect we will get rid of her pretty soon. She is dreadful sweet upon the rich widower that has bought the Howe place. You'd laugh to see her; butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and she's so *lonesome*. I guess she'll get him. Such good-for-nothing women always do catch the men."

Hetty was right. In less than a year Mrs. Long became Mrs. Adams, and again took her place at the head of a handsome establishment. Her new connections and prospects entirely obliterated her troubles from her memory, but it was no part of her policy to disown her relatives. "My sister, Miss Grant, and my brother, the great inventor," were quoted abroad and at home, in season and out of season.

A noble steamer was ploughing the moonlit waves. Its crowd of passengers were eagerly anticipating a reunion with home and friends. Rapidly sped the ship; brighter grew languid eyes, more buoyant became weary hearts.

The old and young were there, the sick and the poor, the healthy and prosperous. Stewart Yankees returning with their pile of gold to settle near the old homestead; disappointed invalids despoiled of health and wealth; bereaved widows on their way to seek again the shelter of the parental roof; strict descendants of the Puritans, and Catholic sisters of Charity, ambitious politicians, busy merchants, fast young men, coquettish young ladies, anxious mammas, crying children, scolding nurses, men, women and children of every nation, color and degree.

Conspicuous among this mass of humanity was the distinguished merchant and rising member of Congress the Hon. William Wright. This evening the great man had been enjoying his cigar upon deck. The cool night wind swept his brow, and as midnight approached and the throng dispersed he leaned back, and with eyes fixed on the tropical stars, counted his gains, and looked confidently into a still more enviable future. Like the rich man in the parable, he said: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink, and be merry."

But hark! What is the cry that rises on the still night? He does not hear aright—it is a fanciful illusion. No, horror! no! the ear has not been deceived. "Fire! fire!" rings out clear and shrill. Fifty voices reiterate the cry:—

"The ship is on fire!"

Then comes shriek on shriek and wail on wail; the direst despair and the wildest confusion. Five hundred human beings, a burning ship beneath, a wild waste of waters around, a midnight sky above.

A momentary pause of terror and dismay; then strong, manly hearts, with the noble generosity that cares first for the weak and helpless, spring forward to launch a boat. This done, women and children are quickly and orderly passed over the side. Thank God! the last is on board! crowded and shivering, still they have a chance for life; it will be easier to die knowing this. From the first alarm Mr. Wright had been prominent for his calmness and forethought. With that kindness and heroism which had gained him so many friends when a boy, he had assisted to place the ladies in the boat; that done, he looked about to ascertain the best means of securing his own safety. The prospect was sufficiently dubious; but with marked coolness he commenced directing the construction of a raft. Under an inefficient captain, discipline had long since ceased;

but men instinctively obey one who has the power to command, and every direction of the firm, collected man was hastily obeyed. Intrepidity cannot resist the power that now holds mastery. Onward sweep the devouring flames. The work cannot be carried on; each man must trust to himself and his God. There are cries, groans, and shrieks; wild, imploring prayers and silent appeals for mercy. The boldest infidel in that awful hour acknowledged a higher Power to help and save.

Securing his life-preserver around him, Mr. Wright lowered himself from the ship's bow, and swam to a door that was floating at no great distance. Alone, with only a frail board between himself and eternity, the millionaire sank down fainting and hopeless. What then was all his wealth? What the thoughts, hopes, and projects of the past fifteen years? Worthless—worse than worthless! At that moment his soul was compelled to confess its poverty. Outwardly he possessed untold treasures; inwardly he was poor, naked, and miserable. Much goods had he for earth, but what for Heaven? "Lord, pity and forgive!" cried the penitent, as he laid him down to die. Suddenly a voice sounded in his ear.

"Willie, did you eat mamma's jelly?"

It was his mother's voice, and his first falsehood; the lie that had burthened his youthful conscience, but which had not been recalled for years, rose vividly to mind. Then came his mother's corse, the coffin and pall, the darkened room, and sable-clad mourners. To this closely succeeded the new home, the sadness and desolation of the lonely orphan. A fair vision arose: an angel, the boy then thought, came winding her soft arms around his neck, pressing her red lips to his, and lisping with a sweet voice: "Do not cry, Willie; Mirry will love you." Now came the old brown schoolhouse at the corner; again he saw the wide fire-place; the notched, unpainted desks; the mistress in summer with her thimble; the master in winter with the heavy oaken ferrule. Ever by his side, through good and evil report, stood the fair-haired, bright eyed little comforter, with her shield of love and gentleness. Childhood expanded into youth, the twain advanced to the white Academy on the hill. New feelings developed in both hearts; they were no longer children—still the maiden promised love.

Sorrow came; the young head was bowed; the bright eyes were dimmed. She must rely upon him. He would go out into the world and win wealth and fame. She must never doubt, only love and trust. The tender eyes

grew bright; the little head rested more confidently on his bosom. Years went by—years of hurry and struggle; the youth was rising in wealth and power. What was the simple village girl to him? This love was a childish whim to be cast aside with other boyish fancies. Surely such a contract was not binding. If he ceased notice, maintained silence, she would soon forget him. Then, as the panorama moved on, he saw a pale girl glide silently down the wide stairs, and slip stealthily out of the hall door as post-time came. Still no letter. The pale face grew rigid; resolution came into the sad eyes; the listless, aimless, expectant life was cast aside; the dependent, loving girl passed into the self-reliant, energetic woman. One last advance was made—a mere act of courtesy to inform him of his old friend's decease. What fiend prompted him not to answer that letter?

Groaning with sorrow and despair, the wretched man murmured: "Mirry, I comprehend you now. There is a great gulf between us; we cannot be united. I am as far below thee as hell from heaven—never in this world, never, oh, never in the world to come! Separated forever! an eternity without her; without anything better or purer than my own selfish, sinful, world-bound soul!"

Indescribable anguish filled the heart of the perishing man. There was a benumbing of every sense; he could neither see nor think.

A fearful blank ensued; then he became conscious that people were around him; next he knew that he was on a vessel's deck. Three days had passed, and the rescued man stepped once more on *terra firma*. Pale and weak, he made his way to his hotel. Many matters required instant attention, and with his usual celerity these were dispatched. The evening after his arrival found him on board a "sound steamer," and twenty-four hours later, he entered the environs of Arrowdale. The swift cars, since his last visit, had superseded the slower mail coach; and, as he stood in the spruce, new depot, he felt as a stranger in a strange place. No one recognized him, and, with a mazy, dream-like feeling, he walked up the principal street.

Everything seemed changed. Was that handsome establishment the Grant mansion? He had heard of Richard's reform; he must have repaired the buildings. Opening the iron gate that had replaced the rickety wooden one, he passed up the paved walk, ascended the stone steps, and stood under the handsome modern portico.

One of the linen window shades was drawn partly up; the lamp shone brightly on the clear plate-glass, disclosing the pleasant scene within. The autumn night was chill; a bright wood fire burned in the polished stove, before it in her low chair sat Miriam. The centre-table was drawn up, her writing-desk was by her side. A note had been received that afternoon from Mr. Clark, the minister; it must be answered. What should she say? He was a good, talented, handsome man; he was fond of her; Richard favored the match; why could she not love him? "Oh, Willie! Willie!" burst from her overburdened heart.

The door opened.

"Have you farther news from the steamer, Richard—have you the evening paper?"

No answer.

Miriam turned; the telegraph had informed her that Mr. Wright was among the saved. She knew that it was not his spirit, though very pale and haggard was the face that met her gaze. With that quick, electric glance which gives us a slight revelation of the intercourse it will be ours to enjoy when disenthralled from this earthly body, eye spoke to eye, soul recognized soul; and, as the fainting form was pressed in the trembling, clasping arms, Mr. Wright solemnly murmured: "Mirry, the deaf hears, the blind has received sight, the dead is alive again, the lost is found."

"So Miriam Grant is going to marry William Wright after all. I always said she would if she had a chance."

"She would never have consented if he had not changed so much. There is little resemblance between the William Wright of to-day and the William Wright who made such a sensation here a few winters ago."

True; how beautiful it was to see her go to communion on Sunday between her brother and lover. They will make but one family, I am told—will still reside in the old house. Miriam will accompany her husband to Washington this winter, and Clara will continue the store and keep house for Richard. I suspect we shall have another wedding in the spring. I suppose the Armitage girls will eventually have the store. No doubt they will succeed nicely. All of her apprentice girls have done well.

"Yes; people may say what they please about the ungratefulness of this world, and duty's not meeting its reward. I have come to the conclusion that it is best to do whatever we see to be clearly right, and leave the reward

to Him who giveth rain to the just and unjust. Miriam Grant has received that which is promised to the good and faithful servant. It is right that we should rejoice and sympathize with this entrance into her joy."

## HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

(See Plate.)

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"OUR Father—Hallowed be Thy Name!"  
O Holy Name, of Love Divine!  
What human heart can be Thy shrine,  
What lips to worship Thee may claim?

For in Thy sacred Word we learn,  
The spirit of a little child,  
Ere yet by earth and sin beguiled,  
Thy kingdom only can discern.

Misled by cares and pleasures vain,  
We give to earth our thoughts and powers:  
The light of childhood's happy hours  
Is dimmed by clouds of doubt and pain.

Yet courage take, O fainting heart!  
Nor yield thee to thy sad dismay;  
The Lord hath found thee words to pray;  
He bids thy doubts and fears depart.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done!"  
Thus when thou prayest, labor still  
To bow before the Father's Will—  
And thou shalt be indeed a son.

His life is prayer, who truly prays.  
Who asks must give. Who looks to Heaven  
Forgives, that he may be forgiven,  
And seeketh God in all his ways.

Who turns him from temptation's snare,  
And in the Saviour's pathway bright  
Walks by the Spirit's guiding light,  
Is of the Father heard in prayer.

If thus our hearts and lives we frame,  
Thus praying live, and living pray,  
Our constant language, day by day,  
Is "Father, Hallowed be Thy Name!"

## LINES TO ———.

LET me at thy footstool kneeling,  
Lay my head upon thy knee,  
Feeling that earth's best emotion  
Is the joy of loving thee!

Shut not up my life in darkness,  
It is night without thy smile;  
Let the sunshine of thy favor  
Light my pathway yet awhile.

Is there doubt or dull indifference?  
Is there coldness in thy heart?  
Is thine anger stirred against me?  
Doth it rend our lives apart?

Cease, O heart! be still thy throbbing!  
Cease this turmoil in my breast!  
Or if death, forgiving Father,  
Take, oh take me to thy rest!

## "HUSKS."

"And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS A. GUNBY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Concluded from page 65.)

### CHAPTER XVII.

"How gay Mrs. Hammond has grown lately!" said Mrs. Greyling, the fashionable critic of the — House drawing-room. "Do you see that she is actually waltzing to-night? She moves well, too! That pearl-colored moire antique is handsome, and must have cost every cent of nine dollars a yard. She is partial to heavy silks, it seems. It gives an air of sameness to her dress; otherwise she shows very tolerable taste."

"I have heard it said that she was a regular dowdy before she was married," observed Mrs. Parton, who was also on the "committee of censure"—a self-appointed organization, which found ample employment in this crowded nest of pleasure-seekers. "Her husband is perpetually making her presents, and she dresses to please him."

"Humph! I distrust these pattern couples! 'My husband doesn't approve of my doing this—won't hear of my acting so!' are phrases easily learned, and sound so fine that one soon falls into the habit of using them. What a flirt Mr. Benson is! That is the fifth young man she has danced with this evening. I pity her husband and baby!"

"He does not look inconsolable! I tell you what my notion is: He may love his wife—of course he does—but he admires her sister more. See how he watches her! Mrs. Tomes told me that she was standing near him the first time Mrs. Hammond waltzed, and that he seemed real worried. When the set was through, she came to look for a seat, and he got one for her. As she took it, he said something to her. Mrs. Tomes could not hear, but she laughed out in his face as saucy as could be, and said: 'Oh, I am learning when I am in Rome to do as Romans do! Doesn't my elder sister set me the example?'"

"He could say nothing then," said Mrs. Greyling. "Those girls played their cards well. The Hunts have very little, if anything, besides the father's salary, and the family was very obscure."

Mrs. Greyling's paternal progenitor was an opulent soap-boiler, who was not ashamed, during her childhood, to drive an unsavory cart from one kitchen door to another. But he counted his thousands now by the hundred, and his children ranked, as a consequence, among the "upper ten."

She continued her charitable remarks: "Somehow the old lady contrived to keep up the appearance of wealth, and married both daughters off before their second season. Mr. Benson is reputed to be rich; but for that matter these Southern planters are all said to be rolling in gold. Mr. Hammond is certainly making money. Mr. Greyling says he is a splendid business man."

"He sailed for Europe a week ago, you know?"

"Yes; and since then Madame has been the belle of the ball. The old story—'When the cat is away, the mice will play.'"

"Sarah," said Philip, an hour later, "will you walk on the balcony with me? You are heated, and the air is balmy as Georgian breezes. It will do you good."

"Are you going to scold me?" she asked, archly, before she would take his arm.

"No. I have no right to do it if I had the disposition."

There was no moon; but the sky was strewed thickly with stars, and the white foam of the surf caught and held tremulously the sparkles from the bright watchers above. Philip did not appear disposed to converse, and Sarah waited for him to begin. Meanwhile they strolled on and on, until the murmur of the ocean was louder than the music of the saloon band. The sea moaned to the stars, as it had done to the sunless July heavens on that day so memorable in the history of one of the pair—the day of shipwreck stories and a real shipwreck—none the less disastrous, that the treasures and their loss were hidden from all but the bereaved one.

To many it is appointed to lead two lives: to think and feel as well as act a double part;

to separate, as inexorably as human will can decree, past hopes and joys—past sorrows, and, if practicable, past memories from the thoughts and emotions of the to-day in which they exist. Thousands keep up the barrier until death ends the need of watchfulness and labor; the coffin-lid covers the faithful mask that has smiled so patiently and so long above an aching heart. Yet dammed up passion is a dangerous thing. If hearts were so constituted that they could be drained like pestilential marshes, the flood conducted off in harmless and straight channels, then, indeed, might hypocrisy rejoice, and sleek decorum sit down at ease. As it is, genteel propriety and refined reticence are perpetually endangered by the unforeseen swell of some intermittent spring, or the thawing of some ice-bound stream, that is liable to over-leap or tear away the dyke—engulfing in an instant the elaborate structures years of toil have cheaply purchased.

Such was the moment when, withdrawing her hand from Philip's arms, Sarah struck suddenly—fiercely—upon her breast, and cried: "Oh! why cannot I die and end this misery!"

"Sarah!"

"I say I can bear it no longer! Others do not suffer thus! If they do, they die, or lose their reason. I will *not* endure it, I tell you!"

"Sister!"

"Do not call me by that name, Philip Benson! You know better!"

She leaned forward on the balcony railing, her eyes fixed on the sea. Her deep, hurried breathing was like the pant of some worried animal, gathering strength, and, with it, courage for renewed conflict. To her last words the mysterious plaint of the sea lent meaning. Philip, too, remembered that barren shore, the tumbling breakers, the solitary sea-bird's labored flight landward. Was *this* his work? It was but a flicker of truth—dashed out the next second by a blow of indignant will.

"You may forbid me to address you by this title, Sarah; but you cannot hinder me from sympathizing in your sorrow, and trying to befriend you. If my companionship is unwelcome, allow me to conduct you to your room. I cannot leave you alone here, where there is continual passing."

"You are right. Regard for appearances is the one thing needful," she said, mockingly. "I must be a dull scholar, if I have not learned that. I am sane again now—fit to associate with other sane people. If you please, we will go to the ball room instead of up stairs. I am not a candidate for solitary confinement yet!"

"Mrs. Hammond, I heard a gentleman inquiring anxiously for you just now!" called out a lady, in passing. "He said that you promised to dance with him."

"I did. Thank you for reminding me. A little faster, my good brother!"

She hurried him into the saloon, where they were met immediately by her would-be partner. Philip, bewildered and uneasy, watched her motions through the evolutions of the dance. She talked rapidly and animatedly, keeping her cavalier in a broad smile, and confirming her lately won reputation of a wit. Her eyes shone; her color was high; she was "really handsome"—as the "censure committee" had occasion to remember at a later day, when it was spoken of in a very different tone from that employed by a member of this distinguished sisterhood in addressing Mrs. Hunt on this night.

"You are a fortunate mother, my dear madam, to have two such brilliant daughters. They eclipse the girls entirely."

"I have nothing to complain of in my children, ma'am. I done—I *did* my best by them, and they have repaid me a thousandfold."

"Now, I am ready!" said Sarah to her brother-in-law. "I release you, Mr. Burley!" waving her hand to her late attendant as a princess might to a courtier.

Vexed and disturbed by her unsettled manner and queer freaks, Philip gave her his arm, and conducted her through the throng.

"Lewis has had fair winds, and must now be nearing the end of his voyage," he remarked, as they sauntered along the piazza.

"Ah! he is on the sea to-night! How strange! I had not thought of that!"

"I see nothing wonderful in the idea, as he has not had time to cross the Atlantic since he left these shores," returned Philip, dryly. "The oddest thing I can think of at present is yourself, Sarah!"

"I am aware of that, Philip. Do not speak harshly to me! You may be sorry for it some day." They were at her door. Her softened manner moved him, and as she offered her hand, he took it with fraternal warmth.

"Forgive me, if I was rough! I have not understood you this evening."

"It is not likely that you ever will. Time was—but it is folly to allude to that now! Think of me as kindly as you can—will you? You have wounded me sometimes, but never knowingly. I cannot say that of many others with whom I have had dealings. Good-night."

The little parlor was still. Mrs. Hammond

never kept her maid up to assist in her disrobing, if she intended remaining out until a late hour. Nurse and child were quiet in the adjacent nursery. Closing the door of communication, Sarah stripped her hair and arms of their ornaments; took off her diamond pin, then her rings, and laid them away in her jewelry case; divested herself of her rich dress, and drew from her wardrobe a plain, dark wrapper, which she put on. Next she sat down at her writing-desk, selected a sheet of paper, and wrote a single line—when a thought struck her, and she stopped. A momentary irresolution ended in her tearing off a strip containing what she had penned, and holding it in the flame of the lamp until it was consumed. "Best not! best not!" she muttered. "Doubt may bring comfort to the one or two who will need it. Let them doubt! Save appearances if you can, my poor mother would say." A smile of unutterable scorn glimmered over her face. She pushed away the desk and walked to the window.

From the distant ball-room the throbbing waves of music still rolled past on the summer air, and blent with them was the solemn undertone of the surf. Did men call its mighty voice a monotone? To her it was eloquent of many and awful things—not frightful. What was there of terror in thoughts of rest, endless sleep, rocked for ages by the rising and falling tide, hushed into dreamless repose by the music of the billows? No more of a vain and wearisome life; no more baffled aspirations and crushed affections; no more disheartening attempts to find and reach the right—to follow in the steep, rugged path of duty, and shun the easy, alluring way to which heart and memory were ever pointing; no more of stern rebuke and sneering taunt; no more galled pride and outraged womanhood; no more lying gayety, smiles, and *repartee*, when the spirit was writhing in impotent agony, longing to shriek out its intensity of woe! Only sleep, rest, peace! "Sleep! rest! peace!" She gasped the words feverishly, as they seemed to come to her on the breeze. Might she not seek these now! *now!* Not yet! The grounds, the beach were still populous with groups of strollers. She would be seen—perhaps recognized—probably frustrated in her purpose. Leaning her head against the casement, she sat there an hour—not debating, still less wavering in her resolve, only waiting until flight would be safe—and thinking! thinking! thinking! until her brain whirled.

A thwarted, warped, disjointed existence

had hers been from its beginning. Denied food suitable for her mental and spiritual need, denied sympathy, air, and expression of suffering, under the slow torture of this starvation, every avenue to goodness and liberty hedged up, and for the future temptation, repudiation, loneliness, perhaps a sullied name—who could dispute her right to try release by one brief pang she alone would feel? Who would miss her? Not the world that flattered her wealth and wit, her laces, silks, and diamonds; not the mother and sister who worshipped the gilded Juggernaut "Society;" not he who was that night sleeping soundly on the same sea that would embosom her in her sweeter, deeper slumber. Shocked he might be at an event so unexpected and uncommon. His next sensation would be relief at his deliverance from a burden, at his freedom to come and go as he liked—no longer banished by her obstinacy and his own. He had loved her as most other men do their wives—a bond too weak to bear a heavy blow at their self-love. She had sinned beyond forgiveness in his eyes.

Of Philip she thought with a mingling of tenderness and resentment. His unthinking gallantry had been the root of her sorest trouble; but it *was* unthinking, not wilful wrong. Nor was she the only sufferer. His heart was well nigh as hungry as hers. Within the past week, she had seen this more clearly than ever before, and *he had felt it!* Lucy's narrow mind, her insipidity, her inordinate vanity, her selfish idolatry of pleasures that wearied him; her disrelish for intellectual and domestic enjoyments, displayed in its most objectionable form, in her indifference to his company, and her neglect of her child—these were working out their legitimate result in his alienation from her, and attraction towards the once slighted sister, whose large heart and mental gifts he now valued at their true worth. To repel him, as much as to drown her cares, Sarah had plunged into the vortex she had heretofore avoided. She had heard that there was temporary solace in this species of dissipation. The cup was, for her, sparkless and bitter from surface to dregs.

She was saving *him* with herself by this final step! He would realize his truth in the throes that would shake his soul when he found that she was gone; perhaps, even in that anguished hour, would bless her for having showed to him, while she drove him back from, the abyss they were together approaching. It was no idle vaunt she had made to

Lewis, that the principles inherited from her father would save her from overt sin. Thus, thus would she flee the temptation when the heart had left the will to battle unaided.

Her father! the gray old man who was toiling through this summer's heat, in his deserted home, as he had through so many summers gone! he who had never given her an impatient or angry word—whose pride and joy she still was! The stroke would be severe upon him. Yet he would not refuse comfort. There were still left to him his boys—fine, manly fellows; Jeannie and his baby-grandchild—his lost daughter's gift. Tears rushed into the hot, wild eyes with this last image, but she would not let them flow. "Is it not better that I should leave her now, when the parting will give her no pain, when one little week will blot out my memory entirely from her mind, than to wait until she can recollect and miss me?"

The music had ceased. The revellers had dropped away faster than they had collected, when once the movement was made to retire. The murmur of the deep was the only sound abroad; the stars were the only sentinels. Sarah arose, threw a shawl over her head, and cautiously unlocked the door. A strong rush of air blew it from her hold, and as she caught it, to draw it after her, she trod upon some object lying on the floor. Mechanically she stooped to pick it up. It was an infant's shoe, a dainty little gaiter, that peeped, during the day, from beneath Baby Belle's white skirt. To Sarah's touch it seemed that the lining still retained the warmth of the child's foot.

Never, oh never, was the patter of those baby feet to make glad music for the mother's ear! Others must guide and sustain her trial steps; others smooth her daily path; others direct the inexperience of the girl in the perilous passes where that mother had fallen and perished!

"Oh, may I not bless her before I leave her forever?" she cried to stern Resolution. And Conscience rejoined, with meaning severity: "Is it *you* who would breathe a blessing above her purity?"

"Suffer me, then, to take the farewell look I dared not grant myself before."

And while Resolution faltered at the impassioned appeal, she opened the nursery door and stole to the side of the crib. The night-lamp shed a feeble halo over the table whereon it stood. The rest of the room was in darkness. Mary's light bedstead was close to the crib. Was hers that hard, short breathing, that sent

a start and chill through the hearer? A touch to the lamp threw a blaze of light over nurse and child. A sharp cry rang through the chamber. "Mary! Mary! get up!"

The girl sprang to the floor before she comprehended the meaning of the alarm. Mrs. Hammond had sunk into a chair beside the crib, from which she had snatched her infant. Baby Belle's head was strained back; her hands clenched; her limbs stiffened in a deathlike spasm. The eyes were rolled out of sight under the lids; and the four little teeth—her "most precious pearls," the fond mother had called them—were hard-locked within the purple lips.

Terrified as she was, Mary had the presence of mind to run for assistance. Mrs. Hunt and a physician were soon on the spot, and every appliance of the healing art that promised relief to the sufferer was used, but with partial effect. Sarah saw nothing but the child; heard nothing but the doctor's calm orders.

"You do not try to help her!" she said, impatiently, as a convulsion, more fearful than any that had preceded it, seized the delicate frame.

"I could not do more, were it my own child, madam!"

He was an elderly man, whose charity for fashionable mothers was very scant, and, having seen Mrs. Hammond in the ball-room the evening before, he was not prepared for the solicitude she manifested.

"You had better let the nurse take her!" he said, more gently, as Sarah, with difficulty, held down the struggling hands that might do hurt to the head and face.

"No! I will have no one touch her but myself!"

The morning broke, the day heightened into noon, and the paroxysms only abated in violence as the babe's strength declined. Steadfast to her word, the mother had not once resigned her. She had herself immersed her in the warm baths, applied the poultices, and administered the medicines prescribed. Mrs. Hunt was compassionate and active; Mary sorrowful, and prompt with whatever service she could perform; Lucy frightened and idle.

Philip, who had often been in the outer room to make inquiries and offer aid, if any were required of him, was told, just before sunset, that he could go into the chamber. Mrs. Hunt invited him, and the information she added gave to his countenance a look of heartfelt sadness, as he followed her. Sarah sat in the middle of the room, so altered that he could scarcely credit the fact of her identity with the

being he had parted from the previous night. Her eyes were sunken, her features sharpened, and her complexion had the dead, grayish hue of an old woman's. In her arms lay the babe, and, as she crouched over it, her mien of defiant protection suggested to him the idea of an unnatural savage guarding her young. He could not say whether or not she was aware of his presence until he knelt by the dying child and called it by name.

"Baby Belle, do you know Uncle Philip?"

The dark eyes, soft still through the gathering film, moved slightly, and Sarah said—

"Speak to her again!"

"Will Baby Belle come to uncle?"

This time there was no sign of consciousness. The wee hands clasped in the mother's grew colder and colder, and the breath fluttered slowly through the parted lips. The end was near, and Philip's pining accent expressed his sense of this.

"Give her to me, dear Sarah! It is not right for you to keep her longer."

"She is *gone*!"

The glare that came to her eye with the three words revealed a desperation that would have done battle with the King of Terrors, had he appeared in visible shape to claim his victim.

More faintly, slowly, trembled the life over the sweet mouth, and the hands, like waxen shapes, lay pulseless in the mother's clasp; while through the silent room flowed the dirge of the sea. Shaken by the freshening breeze of evening, the shutters of the western window swung *car.* letting in a golden ray upon mother and child, and along that path of light the untarnished soul of Baby Belle was borne by its waiting angel—home!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AUNT SARAH sat in the wide porch at the back of her house, knitting in hand. It was a still, but not oppressive August afternoon. There was not a ruffle on the bright surface of the river, and the long meadow grass was as smoothly spread out in the yellow sunshine. From the poultry-yard on the left arose a pleasant murmur, and now and then a stray hen tiptoed around the end of the house, singing idly as she rambled. Charley lay on the green ground—his old reading-room—with a book before him, and to him Aunt Sarah's motherly eyes turned most frequently. Those kindly orbs were dimmer than they were two summers ago, and the gentle face was a

thought more pensive. A glance into the sitting-room window, from where she sat, would have showed one Uncle Nathan's empty wicker chair in the chimney-corner, and above it were suspended his cane and broad-brimmed hat, just as he had put them off when he took his departure for a country where neither shelter nor staff is needed. Aunt Sarah's cap had a widow's border now; and in her faithful heart there was a sadder void than the death of her children had created—loving parent though she was—and yet more plentiful springs of sympathy for others bereaved and suffering.

Her rocking-chair was set near the entrance of the hall that bisected the dwelling; and the front and back doors being open, she had a fair view of the public road, whenever she chose to look up the lane. The Shrewsbury stage met the boat at four o'clock, or soon after, and hearing a rumbling along the highway, which she knew presaged its transit through this end of the village, the old lady leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the trunks upon the roof, this being all she could distinguish with certainty above the fence.

"Why, it is stopping here!" she ejaculated, getting up to obtain a better look. "Who upon earth can it be?"

The coach rolled on, and the passenger for the farm-house came through the gate and down the lane. She was dressed in black, wore a crape veil, and carried a small hand-trunk. With hospitable instinct, Aunt Sarah advanced to the front porch to meet her, still entirely in the dark as to who it could be.

"She has a different look from any of the neighbors; and there's nobody in York would be likely to come to see me, except Betsy's people, and it can't be either of her girls!"

At this stage of her cogitations, the visitant reached the step on which the hostess stood, and put away the long veil from a face so worn and seamed with grief, so hollow-eyed and old, that the good aunt screamed outright in her distressed astonishment—

"Sarah, dear child! can this be you?"

"What I am now, Aunt Sarah. May I come in and stay with you a little while?"

"Stay with me, poor darling! As long as you like, and welcome! Come right in; you don't look fit to stand!"

She was not; for, now that the necessity for exertion was removed, she was faint and trembling. Aunt Sarah helped her up stairs to the room she had occupied at her former visit, undressed her, and put her to bed. Sarah submitted like a child, too much exhausted to resist

being made an invalid of, or to offer any explanation of her singular apparition. She had not slept an hour at a time for many nights; yet, when she had drank a cup of tea, and tried to eat a bit of the toast her aunt prepared and brought up to her, she fell into a profound slumber, which lasted until long after sunrise on the following morning. Unclosing her eyes then, they rested upon the dear face, shaded by the widow's cap, that watched at her bedside. A shadowy phantom of a smile flitted over her features at the recognition.

"It was not a dream, then?" she said, languidly. "But I have dreamed of you often, of late—every night in which I have had any sleep. Aunt Sarah, I must tell you why I came to you!"

"Not now, dear," Aunt Sarah hastened to say, seeing the wild stare and the cloud return to her countenance. "Wait until you are stronger. I will bring up your breakfast, and when you have eaten it, you may try to dress, if you like. There will be time enough for your story, by and by. Charley is in a great fidget to see you."

Sarah submitted to the delay; but it was plain that she was not satisfied with it, and that her mind would be easier when once the tale was told. Aunt Sarah hindered her no longer a time than sufficed for her to take the much needed refreshment, to bathe and dress, and to see and exchange a few sentences with Charley, who supported her down to the sitting-room. There, resting among the pillows of the lounge, Aunt Sarah beside her with the ubiquitous knitting-work in hand, lest too close observation should confuse her niece, the stricken one unfolded the whole of her sad history.

No more affecting proof could have been given of her prostrated mind and will than this unreserved recital. The secret she had sold conscience and liberty to preserve she communicated now without a blush. Here—where she had formed the intimacy that had shadowed so darkly her after days—she detailed every step of the wrong course to which this weakness was the key; went over all—the stormy parting with her husband; her conviction of the mutual peril she and Philip were tempting in their daily communion; her resolve of self-destruction—as circumstantially as if she were relating the biography of another.

Aunt Sarah, horrified and pitiful by turns, struggled, with indifferent success, to maintain equal composure, and against growing doubts of the narrator's sanity. It was a striking and

instructive contrast: the world-weary woman returning for consolation and advice to the simple-minded matron, to whom the artificial existence she now heard depicted—its gilded vices and giddy round of vanities; its trials and temptations—were a wonderful, a monstrous tale, as foreign to her sphere of principles and feelings as if they had transpired in another world. But when Sarah came to speak of her child, her manner changed, her voice was hoarse and uneven, and over the careworn visage there went such alternations of fierceness and heart-breaking sorrow that the listening mother, upon whose soul the shadow of her own children's graves still lay long and dark, could hear no more in silence.

"My poor girl!" she cried, falling on her knees, and throwing her arms around the reclining figure. "Dear child! Our Father in Heaven pity and comfort you! There is no help in man for such trouble as yours!"

Sarah had not shed a tear in the course of her story. She said afterwards that she had not wept since they took her dead baby from her clasp; but at this burst of unfeigned sympathy, this gush of pure love and compassion, the burning rock was cleft, and a blessed flood streamed from it. For some minutes they wept together without restraint, and when the more quiet grief of the elder mourner was repressed, the other still clung, sobbing, to her bosom.

Aunt Sarah held and soothed her as she would have done a sorrowful child; stroking away the hair from her forehead, drying and kissing the tear-stained cheeks, with many an epithet of fond reassurance.

"Let me finish! There is very little more!" resumed Sarah, keeping her aunt's hand fast in both of hers. "We went back to the city, and the next day we laid her in Greenwood. We stayed at father's—I would not return to the house that used to be mine. Father was very kind, and mother meant to be; but she tormented me with suggestions and consultations about my black clothes. Lucy was pining to get back to Newport. She said it was hot and dull in New York. Philip wanted to comfort me, but I shunned him, and I think he was hurt by my conduct; but it was best, was it not, Aunt Sarah?"

"Certainly, dear!"

"I had often imagined myself lonely before; but I never dreamed of such a horror of desolation as filled my soul during the two days that I remained there, after all was over. Twenty times each night I would start from a feverish doze, thinking that I heard my baby

cry or moan, as she did in the intervals of those awful convulsions; and then would come in upon me—as if I had never felt it until then—the truth that I could never see her again, and that my wicked, *wicked* intention of deserting her had brought this judgment upon me. I could not stay there, Aunt Sarah! I heard other voices besides my child's in the air, and saw strange, grinning faces in the darkness. But the worst was to see that, to every one but me, the world was the same that it had ever been. Father looked grave when I was in his sight; but the children could laugh and talk as if nothing had happened, and I have seen mother and Lucy chatting merrily in the room with the dressmaker over my new dresses, while they were criticizing the crape trimmings. And I had buried my last earthly hope in my baby's grave! Then I remembered you, and how you had talked to me of your lost children, and how you had assured me of a home in your heart and house whenever I chose to claim it, and I believed in you, Aunt Sarah! There are not many whom I do trust; but I was sure you never said what you did not mean. I would not tell them that I was coming, for I feared they would prevent me. I slipped out of the house when none of them were at home, and went to the nearest back-stand, where I got into a carriage and drove down to the boat."

"My dear, did you leave no letter to let them know where you had gone?"

"No, ma'am. I was afraid they would come or send for me, and I cannot go back."

"But your father—your mother! Did you not think how distressed they would be when they missed you? And your reputation? What will be said when it is known that you have left your father's house, and no one knows where you are? You are very weak and tired, dear; but you must sit up, right away, and write a note home. Tell them that I will take care of you as long as you like to stay with me; but don't lose a minute! You may be in time for the afternoon boat."

Sarah obeyed; and the careful old lady hurried Charley off to the boat, with directions to place the billet in the hands of the captain, who was a personal friend, and could be relied upon to post it directly he reached the city.

Mr. Hunt replied without delay. Sarah's absence had given rise to the most harrowing conjectures, made plausible by her extreme melancholy and fitful behavior since her infant's death. The police had been privately notified of her disappearance, and cautiously worded advertisements inserted in the papers. He

regretted to add that Mr. Marlow, who, as Mr. Hammond's nearest friend, was informed of the distressing occurrence, had thought proper to communicate the intelligence to Mr. H. before Sarah's note arrived, and the steamer bearing the letter had sailed. Mr. Hunt expressed himself as entirely willing that his daughter should remain in her present retreat until her health of mind and body was re-established, but did not conceal his disapprobation of the manner of her leaving home.

Aunt Sarah looked concerned as she read this epistle, which her niece had passed over to her.

"I am sorry for your husband, my dear. This affliction, coming so close upon the other, will be a dreadful blow. It is a pity they did not wait awhile, until they knew something of your whereabouts, before writing to him."

"I am more sorry that the news must be contradicted," was the reply. "As we are now situated, the certainty of my death would be a relief to him. This was my reflection that night—" She left the sentence unfinished.

"My dear!" Aunt Sarah removed her spectacles, and surveyed her niece with her kind, serious eyes. "Have you made up your mind to live separate from your husband for the rest of your life?"

"What else should I do, aunt? He will never come back unless I promise to love him, and that cannot be."

"That doesn't alter the fact of your duty, as I look at it. You ought to make him an offer to do right, at any rate. It would have been easier and pleasanter to live with him, if you had felt for him as a woman should for the man she marries; but you *are* married to him, and in the sight of the Lord you ought to cleave to him, and him only. That is a solemn covenant, dear—'for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse!' 'Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!' It doesn't excuse people, who take these vows upon them when the right spirit is wanting, that they never thought how awful the engagement was. Their obligations are just the same, whether they love or not."

"The responsibility does not rest with me. I performed my duty while we were together. The separation was his act, and he must abide the consequences. I have erred greatly, Aunt Sarah; but ever since the night of our rupture, my conscience has been easy with respect to Mr. Hammond. I confessed that I had misled him, and begged his pardon. Could I do more?"

"Put the case to yourself, child! Do not be angry if I speak out my mind, and use against you some things you have told me. When you saw that Philip was growing to like you better and better, and that you felt nearer to him every day, why did you determine to die sooner than to have things go on so?"

"Because it would have been a crime for us to love each other—infamous treachery to my sister, to his wife, for us to name the word between us."

"And how would Lucy have felt, if you had come to an understanding and spoken out the true feeling of your hearts?"

"Hers is a careless, indolent nature, but this insult would have aroused her. She would never have forgiven him or me, had she suspected a warmer sentiment on either side than that of friendship."

"But an honorable, affectionate man like your husband, who thought his wife the most precious thing in the world, was to forget his disappointment, overlook your lack of love and truth towards him, only because you allowed that he had found out your real feelings at last, and all the excuse you could give was that you could not help them! You were the one in fault all the way through, from the day you entered to marry him up to the minute when you would not say the word he begged from you to keep him at home. It is right that all the advance should come from you."

High-spirited as Sarah was, she was not angered by this plain-speaking. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend;" and she felt that she had but this one. Aunt Sarah studied her thoughtful countenance before she renewed the argument.

"I am an old-fashioned woman, dear—born and bred in the country, where, thank God! I have spent all my life. But I've been thinking about your story of the way people act and feel up there in York, and maybe in all other great, fine, money-making cities, and my notion is just this. I look back of their pushing and straining after riches, and show, and worldly vanities: every man for himself, and the one that climbs highest, forgetting as soon as he gets there that he was ever any lower, and ready to kick over anybody that tries to get alongside of him; and I see that they have lost sight of the second great commandment—'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Then I look back of this too, and I see where the greatest sin is, and—dear, bear with me! I see where you have gone furthest astray. Here's a passage I was reading this morning

that tells the whole story." She raised the Bible from the table, and laid it upon Sarah's lap, pointing as she did so to these words enclosed in brackets:—

"Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength, therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips. In the day thou shalt make thy plant to grow, and in the morning shalt thou make thy seed to flourish; but the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and desperate sorrow!"

Mrs. Hunt would have regarded as an insult any expressed doubt of her religious principles and practice. She had a desirable pew in the fashionable church which was nearest her residence, and, stormy Sabbaths excepted, it was generally full at morning service. When her children were presentable as to looks, very young babies being seldom pretty, they were offered in fine lawn and Valenciennes at the fount for the rite of baptism, and not a confirmation had passed since her daughters were grown, that she did not fancy how interesting they would look kneeling before the surpliced bishop, heads gracefully bowed, and the regards of the whole congregation fixed upon them. Sarah never could be brought to the performance of the commonest act of public worship, unless it was to rise with the rest, when a standing posture was prescribed by the prayer-book, and she shocked her mother by declaring that she only did this because she was tired of sitting! Lucy's serene grace of devoutness was beautiful, if not edifying to behold. Those who occupied adjacent pews involuntarily suppressed their responses as her mellow tones repeated, with melancholy sweetness—"Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" And as the melting cadences entranced their ears, the lovely penitent was speculating upon the probable cost of Miss Hanton's Parisian hat, or coveting Mrs. Beau Monde's sable cloak.

If Sarah had ever heard of regeneration, it was as a technical phrase of the church articles and christening service. Of its practical meaning, its inward application, its absolute necessity to the safety of the soul, she had as vague a conception as a Parsee or New Zealand cannibal would have formed. She had read the Bible in connection with rhetorical lectures, and admired it as a noble specimen of Oriental literature. What other associations could she have with it? A handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures, surmounted by a book of common prayer, lay on a stand in Mrs. Hunt's third and rear parlor, and was dusted when a like

attention was paid to the other ornaments of tables and *Étagères*. An Oxford edition, russet antique, formed one of the wedding-gifts of each of the sisters, and in due time was laid in pious pomp on its purple pillow in the library corner. It was hardly strange, then, that the quotation, so apposite to the case in point, should fail to impress her very strongly. Aunt Sarah had gone out, deeming solitary reflection the best means of enforcing the lesson she had tried to inculcate, and, after re-reading the two verses, without further appropriation of their meaning, Sarah turned leaf after leaf of the volume, catching here and there a sentence of the large print, so grateful to the failing sight of her who was its daily student.

“David said unto his servants—‘Is the child dead?’ And they said ‘He is dead!’”

The smitten chord in the mother’s heart sent out a ring of pain, and her listless hand paused upon the open page. It is a simple story—the royal parent’s unavailing wrestle with the Chastener, the dread end of his suspense, and the efficacy of the affliction, made manifest in the calm resignation, the sanctified trust of the mourner. But when received as Sarah read it, with the vision of a similar death-scene intermixing itself with its unadorned details, the fresh blood still welling from the wound made by the tearing away of a portion of one’s own life, every line is fraught with truth and pathos.

“Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me!”

“Go to her! Oh, if I could! My baby! my baby!”

To the low, sad cry succeeded a season of yearning and of tears. It was an echo of the wail of the heathen mother who, centuries ago, having seen her babes slain before her eyes, cried aloud, in unselfish agony, as the sword, reeking with their blood, was plunged into her own bosom—“O, my children! where are ye?”

Sleep on, in thy lowly bed upon the hillside, sweet Baby Belle! Like the pale buds that are fading with thee in thy narrow resting-place, thy mission on earth is accomplished. Joy, young freed spirit, if, stealing through the melodies of Heaven, there comes to thee the whisper of that mother’s call! Fair lamb! the love that folded thee in the Shepherd’s arms designed likewise, in recalling thee, to lure the wandering parent home!

CHAPTER XIX.

“MY DEAR LEWIS: Before you receive this letter, you will have had the explanation of my disappearance from New York. A merciful Providence directed me, in my partial derangement, to this peaceful retreat. Here I have found rest for body and soul—peace such as the world could never give the heart, even were it not bowed down by a sorrow like mine. Not that I forget past errors; nor that the review does not humble me in the dust. I confess, with shame and bitterness of spirit, my wasted years, my unsanctified affections, my evil passions. But for the assurance of the Father’s pardon, the Saviour’s loving pity, the black catalogue would strike me dead with horror and anguish. It is a fearful thing to be made to see one’s self as she is; to scan in terrified solicitude the record of a life, and find there nothing better than pride, misanthropy, falsehood, hatred of men—rebellion against God. It is a sweet experience to taste, however tremblingly, the consolations of the Friend who invites the weary and heavy-laden to draw near and learn of Him. In His strength—not in that feebleness I once called power—have I resolved to lead a new life. Of the causes which have contributed to produce this change, we will speak more at length when we meet.

“‘When we meet!’ Lewis, will you, can you forget your manifold wrongs and come back to me? I do not plead, now, ‘for the sake of our child.’ Her sinless soul henceforth can know no pain or woe. God saw that I was not worthy of her, and He took her. In the earlier weeks of my selfish mourning, I had no thought of *your* bereavement. Latterly, I have longed to comfort you, for I know that your heart is riven by this stroke. She was your joy, as she was my angel of peace. Her loss is our common sorrow. Shall it not draw us together? Yet, as I have said, our estrangement cannot now affect her. Thoughtless of evil, she passed away. Had she lived, the Omniscient only knows what grief and mortification might have darkened her pathway. Nor do I desire a reconciliation as a shield from the world’s sneer or ban. I hold its applause and its censure alike cheaply. In prosperity its favors were painted, tasteless fruit; in adversity it would have fed my starving heart with husks. But for *my* sake—by the thought of my late and sore repentance; by the remorse that must gnaw my spirit, when I remember your noble trust in me, your unswerving fidelity, your generous love and my base requital of it all;

by the sorrow that never leaves me by day or by night—forgive me, and return to the home we have both forsaken! I will serve you very faithfully, my husband! I have gained other and higher views of the marriage relation within a short time past. However presumptuously I may have assumed its responsibilities, however unworthily I performed its duties in former days, I would enter upon our re-engagement with a solemn sense of what I owe to you and to Him who united us. You must have despised me at our parting, and since. Perhaps you have come to think of me with dislike as well as contempt. I will bear this—grievous though the burden will be—as a part of my righteous punishment. I will never murmur—never, even in thought, accuse you of unjust harshness, if you will grant me the opportunity to make what amends I can for all you have lost and suffered through my fault.”

Sarah was still far from strong; and wearied as much by the intensity of her feelings as by the manual effort of writing, she laid the pen down, and leaned back in the cushioned chair. Her table stood in the parlor beneath the window overlooking the river. The room was prim and clean, as of yore, with its straight lines of chairs, its shining specks of mirrors; the grim black profiles above the mantel, and the green boughs in the fire-place. The outer scene was in its general features that which the girl had surveyed, with pleased surprise, the July evening of her arrival here two years ago.

Only two years! The sufferings and lessons of twenty had been crowded into that brief space. The meadows were growing sere, as if scorching winds had swept over them, and the stream reflected truthfully; yet one could have fancied, sadly, the changing foliage fringing its borders. But the sky, with its tender blue and fleecy clouds, ever shifting, yet ever retaining their likeness to one another—the river's smooth, steady flow, were the same; fit emblems both of them of counsels which are mercy and truth through all their workings; of love that abideth forever!

The train of thought was replete with refreshing to the spirit that was striving, in prayer and watchfulness, to adhere to the right, to accept, with meek submission, all that her cup yet held of pungent or nauseous lees. There was no affectation in the humble tone of her letter. She would not begin it until she had mastered the stubborn remnant of her native pride. It should be nothing to her that her husband had wilfully separated himself from her and refused her overtures of reconciliation.

If this was unkindness, it was all she could reproach him with in the course of time they had spent together. He had been a true friend, an honorable protector, and dimly still, but more justly than ever before, she perceived that into his love for her there had entered none of the merely prudential considerations, the cool calculations, wherewith she used to account for his choice of herself as a helpmeet. Where, in the world's heartless circles, could she point out another wife as much indulged, as much honored in public and in private as she once was by him? Mournfully, if not lovingly, she dwelt upon the countless evidences of his cordial fulfilment, in letter and in spirit, of his part of their mutual engagement, with something of the sinking of heart the alchemist may have felt when, after he had by a mechanical and habitual fling of his arm, tossed the eagerly-sought philosopher's stone into the sea as a worthless pebble, he discovered that the divining steel he held had been changed to gold by its touch.

To whom of us has not an experience similar to this come? It may be that the eyes which once besought affection with dumb and disregarded eloquence are closed and rayless for all future time; the lips that told, with modest frankness, how dear we were to hearts we cared not then to win, are now but silent dust. Or, perchance, grieved by indifference, repelled by unkindness, those hearts have sought and found in other loves solace for the pain we in our blindness inflicted. It matters little whether they be dead to all the world, or only to us. In either case, the longing and despair of our lonely lives are rendered the more unendurable from the flash of tardy truth that shows us, side by side, with our actual poverty of heart riches, the tranquil beauty of the pictured “might have been.”

Aunt Sarah had gone on a visit to a neighbor; the hired girl was in the distant wash-house; and Charley considered it his duty to linger within easy reach of his cousin, should she need him for any purpose. To guard her from all chance of intrusion, he stationed himself on the front porch steps, with his book on his knee. For an hour, he read on uninterruptedly; then, glancing up as he turned a leaf, he saw a gentleman coming down the gravel-walk. He looked thin and anxious, and his restless eye wandered from door to windows, as in expectation of seeing some one besides the boy. With a ready apprehension of his infirmity, only to be accounted for by some prior knowledge of the person he saluted, he

took from his pocket a card, which he presented before he shook hands with the silent host. Charley's intelligent face was one beam of pleasure as he read, and his warm grasp showed his sympathy in the happiness he fancied was in store for his cousin. Inviting the guest by a gesture to follow him, he went softly to the parlor-door, tapped lightly—too lightly, indeed, to attract the notice of the musing occupant of the room, then drew back the bolt, admitted the stranger, and delicately withdrew.

Sarah heard the door open and Charley's retreating footsteps, and, supposing that he had peeped in to see that she was comfortable and wanted for nothing, she did not look around. The intruder stood still one step within the room, as if unable to advance or speak. The languid attitude of the figure before him, so unlike the self-poise and quiet energy of her former deportment, her black dress, even the wasted hands dropped so wearily upon her lap, told of the storm that had passed over her, the utter revolution in her life and nature. A struggling sigh he could not repress broke from the gazer's breast, and Sarah turned hastily towards him. She did not swoon, as he feared she would. A thrill, like an electric shock, shook her from head to foot; a wild inquiry looked from her eyes; a question of the reality of the appearance, succeeding so closely to—did it grow out of her reverie? Lewis put this imagination to flight.

"Sarah!" he said, pressing in his the hands she extended mutely. "They told me you were lost, and I hurried home to find you. I could not wait for your permission to come to you, when I learned in New York that I had a living wife! The loss of the child was heavy enough; but this—" He could say no more.

"I am thankful! I am glad that you are here!" A faint, beautiful smile shone over her wan features. "And our baby, Lewis! We must remember that she is an angel now!"

## CHAPTER XX.

To no one except Aunt Sarah were the facts of the estrangement and reconciliation of her relatives ever revealed, and within her faithful bosom the secret was hidden as securely as in a tomb.

Great was the chagrin of gossips, male and female, when it was known that Mrs. Hammond's strange flight from her father's house, which had leaked out nobody knew how, and

been variously construed into an elopement, a freak of derangement, and a deliberate intention of suicide, according to the degrees of charity possessed by the theorists, was a very innocent and unromantic journey to the country home of her favorite aunt and godmother, a lady of ample fortune and benevolent heart, who would in all probability make her namesake her heiress. Under her care, and for the benefit of the seclusion so congenial to one in her affliction, and the salt air so necessary for the restoration of her impaired health, Mrs. Hammond had remained until her husband's return from abroad.

Mrs. Hunt had told Mrs. A., who had told Mrs. B., who repeated it to Mrs. C., how he had not stopped in New York an hour after he stepped ashore from the Adriatic. He drove to the bank, and ascertained from Mr. Hunt that his wife was with her aunt, and that a boat which would land him near Shrewsbury was to leave in fifteen minutes. So he drove down post-haste, and jumped on board of her after the plank had been drawn in and the wheels began to move. There never was a more devoted husband or a more attached pair, Mrs. Hunt affirmed.

"More than she could say for that flirting Mrs. Benson and her other half," agreed A. B. and C. unanimously.

"Her conduct at Newport was scandalous, and would have been outrageous if he had not watched her like a lynx!" said Mrs. Beau Monde, who had never been able to secure one half as many admirers as had Lucy, and hated her as honestly as if they were a couple of Biddies pulling caps for Patrick or Murphy.

"I don't see why he should have felt jealous, I am sure. He wasn't dying of love for her! That could be seen with half an eye. They say he loved Mrs. Hammond before he addressed her sister, and married this one out of spite," rejoined Mrs. Townes, who had made *beaux yeux* at the distinguished Southerner for three whole evenings, and won only the most indifferent glances in requital.

"Mrs. Hammond behaved very prudently!" pronounced Mrs. Greyling, "and dressed very well. I suppose Mr. Hammond brought her some elegant things from abroad. Pity she is in mourning, and must dress plainly at present! If I were in her place—as it was only a baby—I would not wear black more than six months, unless it was *very* becoming."

"She has become very religious, you know," said Mrs. Parton.

"Indeed! People are apt to, I think, when

there has been death in the family," concluded Mrs. Greyling, pensively. "I remember, when my poor sister died, I used to look forward to church and Sunday with real pleasure. I could not go anywhere on week-days, you know, although there were piles of tickets lying in my card-receiver, and we had just taken a box at the opera that very winter! I declare, I should have lost the run of the fashions entirely, and forgotten people's faces, if I had not gone to church. I dare say, too, that she finds some comfort in religion—poor woman! if what the preachers and good books tell us be true."

*Had Sarah found comfort?*

Look we, for reply, to the chastened lustre of the eye, where once burned restless fires, like the sunward gaze of the imprisoned eagle; to the holy serenity struggling through and finally dispelling the clouds of memory and regret that, at times, would roll in between her soul and the bright, sustaining hope upon which Faith would have its regards forever fixed; to her daily life, sanctified by prayer, beneficent in good works, and by its unostentatious loveliness winning others, first to admire, then to imitate; to the wifely submission and loving kindness of her bearing to her husband, her grateful estimate of the affection he lavished upon her, the deep, true tenderness growing up in her heart for this fond and noble companion; look we, lastly, to the snowy marble guarding that tiny mound in Greenwood, where the mother once believed that hope and joy were buried to know no awaking.

"BABY BELLE,"

INFANT DAUGHTER OF

LEWIS AND SARAH HAMMOND.

SHE WENT HOME

July 16, 18—, aged 8 months.

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband?"

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered,

"IT IS WELL!"

**CHEERFUL MUSIC.**—The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always of an animating, cheerful, and gay description. Haydn's answer was, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

## THE SOLDIER'S WAYSIDE DREAM.

BY S. F. FLINT.

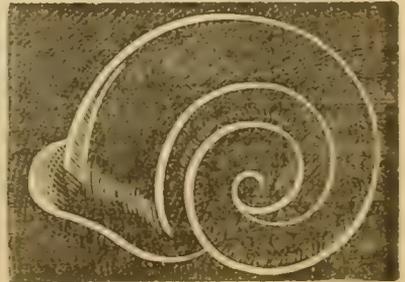
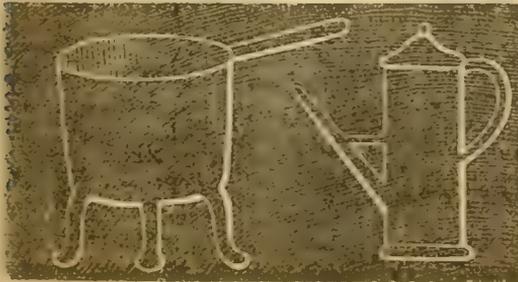
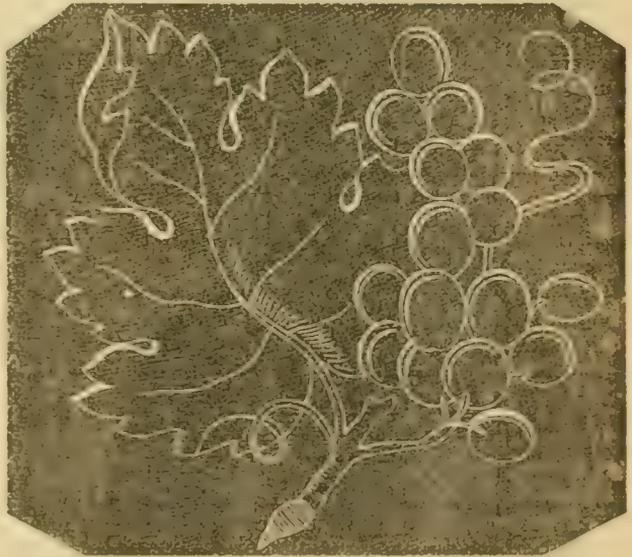
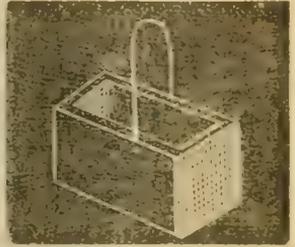
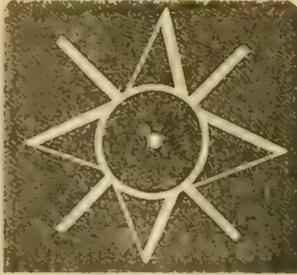
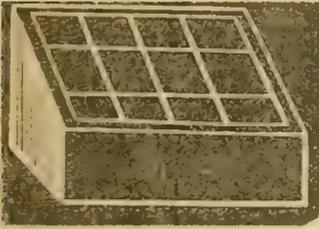
(Seventh Illinois Infantry.)

THE word was "Rest." The dusty road was rocky,  
worn, and steep;  
And many a sun-browned soldier's face sank on his  
breast to sleep.  
Afar, the Alabama hills swept round in billowy lines;  
The soft green of their bowery slopes was dotted dark  
with pines;  
And from their tops a gentle breeze, born in the cloud-  
less sky,  
Stole through the valley where a stream was slowly  
warbling by;  
And, as it passed, it brought a cloud of odors in its  
plumes,  
Of violets and columbines, and milk-white plum-tree  
blooms.  
The coolness and the perfume o'er my weary senses  
crept,  
And with my musket on my arm I bowed my head and  
slept.  
No more the Alabama hills; no more the waving pines,  
But still the scent of violets and red wild columbines;  
I drew my breath in ecstasy, my feet were shod with  
joy—  
I dreamed I trod the prairie sod in my beautiful Illinois.  
The lark sang welcome from the grass, the well-known  
path along,  
And the pulsations of my heart seemed echoes of his  
song;  
I thought the sunlight never shone so gloriously before;  
But sweeter were the smiles of love that met me at the  
door.  
O hold my hand while yet you may, love of my earlier  
years,  
And wet my face, my mother, with thy proud and happy  
tears!  
And bless me again, my father—bless me again, I pray!  
For I hear the bugle—I hear the drum—I have but an  
hour to stay.  
Alas! my dreaming words were true; I woke, and knew  
it all—  
I heard the clamor of the drum—I heard the captain's  
call;  
And over all another voice I oft had heard before:  
A sound that stirs the dullest heart—the cannon's muf-  
fled roar!  
No longer "Rest," but "Forward!" for, ere the day is  
done,  
It will tell of the fearful glory of a battle lost and won.  
And ere the breath of its blackened lips has time to lift  
away,  
My hand must be red and warm with blood, or white  
and cold as clay!  
O pray for me in thy gentle heart, love of my earlier  
years!  
And mother, only weep for me those proud and happy  
tears!  
And bless me again, my father, bless me while yet you  
may!  
My dream-words may be doubly true—I may have but  
an hour to stay!

A TRUE believer, when blessed with a smiling  
imagination, is the happiest of mankind.

## SLATE-PENCIL DRAWINGS.

These Slate-pencil drawings are from Fisher & Brother's very pretty Drawing-Books.  
Price 12½ cents a number.



## NOVELTIES FOR AUGUST.

CHEMISETTE, WAIST, SLEEVES, CAP, COIFFURE, ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.

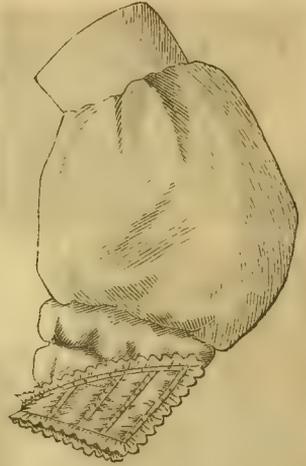


Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.

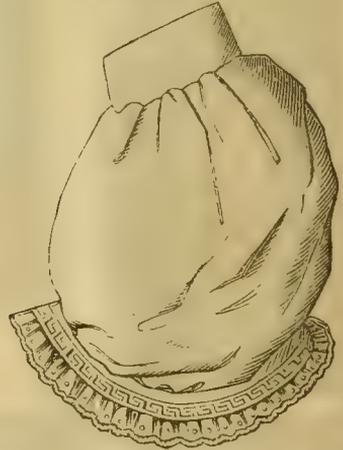


Fig. 1.—New style of chemisette, trimmed with deep lace.

Fig. 2.—Waist made of black lace; the upper part plain, and the lower part trimmed with puffs of the lace, with black velvet between. The sleeves are trimmed to match.

Fig. 3.—Fancy muslin undersleeve, trimmed with a ruffle.

Fig. 4.—New style of muslin undersleeve open to the elbow, and trimmed with a handsome ruffle.

Fig. 5.—Full suit for a little boy, suitable for any material.

Fig. 6.—An infant's cap, formed of embroidery, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and a very large cherry velvet rosette.

Fig. 6.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



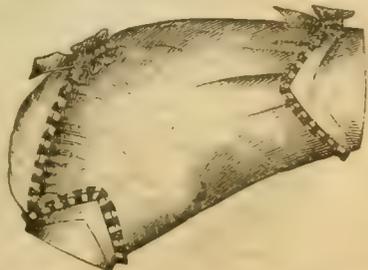
Fig. 7.—Coiffure composed of lavender velvet and black lace, and highly ornamented with roses and fancy grasses.

very pretty made in either blue or green cloth, the collar and cuffs being velvet, and when worn with the new buff or white vest, with a small neck-tie and puffed linen under-shirt,



with a small standing collar, is as stylish and perfect a costume as our lady equestrians can adopt.

The buttons may be either gold or velvet, to match the collar.



*The Leonora Sleeve.*—This sleeve is closed at the wrist, but cut open nearly up to the elbow,

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

*Burnside Habit.*—A new riding-habit, the jacket closely resembling a gentleman's cut-away coat; the skirt of the jacket is quite short; the sleeve, the plain tight-fitting coat style, with a turned-back cuff. This habit is

so as to show the white undersleeve. It is shaped like the small bishop, only longer. It is then cut up at the back about half way, gathered on each side, and a trimming of ruffles, or ribbon laid on, finished with a bow at the top of the opening. The sleeve is also gathered at the seam, inside the arm; it has a cap cut in two points, trimmed like the opening at the back of the sleeve, and finished with a bow, and a small turned-back cuff, cut and trimmed like the cap.

*Misses' Street Sack.*—This pattern is sack shape, with a seam in the back. The front has a seam or small gore taken out, beginning at



the arm-size, and runs about half the length of the sack. This seam fits it slightly, and gives a better outline than when the usual fulness is

left in; requiring two and a half yards for a child of thirteen years.

*The Clerical Tie.*—This is one of the numerous variations of the popular tie, called "Clerical." It is made without a bow, merely two wide ends with a catch across, in which the

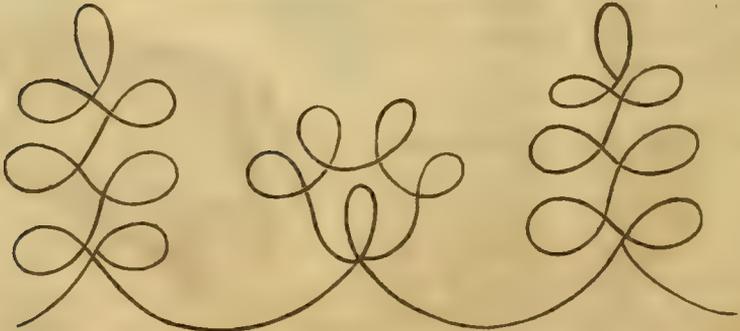


brooch is placed. It is composed of very fine muslin or bishop lawn edged, and trimmed with rows of Valenciennes lace; between each row of lace the muslin is delicately embroidered. The "Clerical" is also very pretty edged with lace, and having a handsome medallion in each end. Another kind, much worn, is made of fine muslin with large bows, the ends simply tucked, or tucked and insertion let in. Any of these styles are elegant and becoming, especially to a fair complexion. This tie is well suited to light silks and other fabrics.

EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



## LATEST STYLES OF APRONS.

Fig. 1.

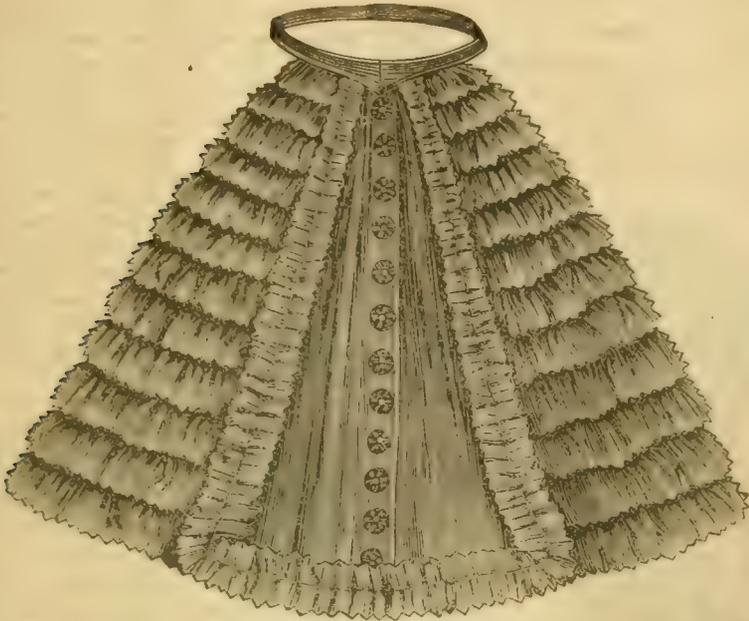


Fig. 1. *The Medori Apron.*—This apron has a small girle bound with black velvet, with a white edge. Two rows of black and white

velvet are laid round the apron and the sash is heavily fringed.

Fig. 2. *The Alexandra.*—This apron is made

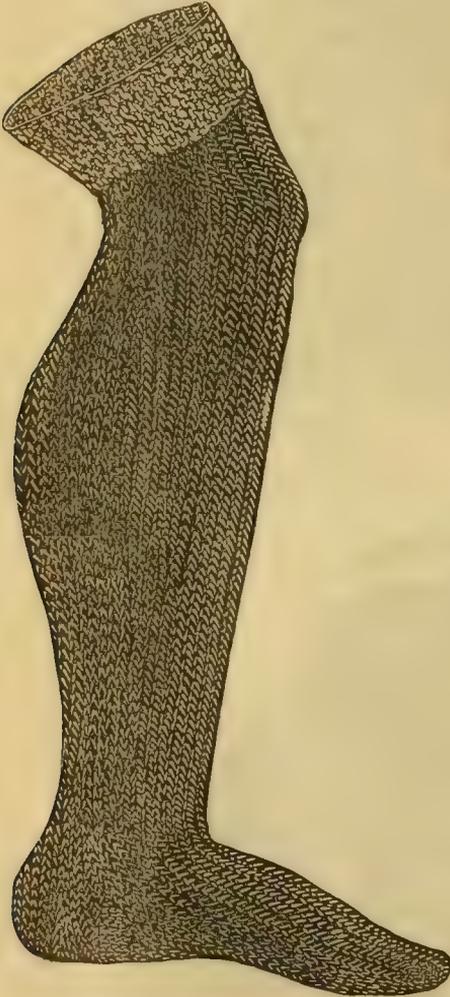
Fig. 2.



of black silk and trimmed with narrow pinked ruffles. A white braid is laid through the centre of the ruffle on the front of the apron, and the buttons are black, with white centres.

#### GENTLEMAN'S KNICKERBOCKER STOCKING—KNITTING.

*Materials.*—6 ounces of coarse Scotch yarn, gray or brown; 5 knitting needles, No. 16, Bell Gauge. This will make a very strong and thick stocking, but if wished finer, fingering yarn may be used instead.



THERE are but few articles which a lady has it in her power to work which prove really serviceable to a gentleman. For long pedestrian excursions, the Knickerbocker possesses great advantages over the ordinary long trousers; and as the time has now come for summer excursions,

we trust that the following simple directions will prove useful to those ladies who wish to provide the travellers with Knickerbocker stockings.

Commence on the top of the leg, cast on 31 stitches on each of four needles, in all 124 stitches. Keep the fifth needle to make it round.

*1st round.*—Knit 2 and purl 2 alternately; repeat all round. Work 41 rounds more the same.

*43d round.*—Purl the first stitch, knit the rest plain. Work 140 rounds plain, but purling the 1st stitch of every alternate round, which is to be continued to the end of the heel to form the seam; then to decrease the leg.

*184th round.*—Knit 1, knit 2 together, knit the rest plain to the last 2 stitches, then knit 1, slip 1, turn the slipped stitch over the knitted one, which will make the decrease stitches correspond with the other side of the seam.

Knit 4 rounds plain, still purling the seam stitch.

Repeat the last 5 rounds 18 times more, when it will be reduced to 86 stitches.

Knit 82 rounds plain as before.

Then to shape the heel, purl 1, knit 22, turn back so as to work on the last stitches; and for the

*1st row.*—Slip 1, purl 44, turn back.

*2d.*—Slip 1, knit 21, purl the seam, knit 22, turn back; these 45 stitches should all be on one needle, and the remaining 41 stitches are to be kept on two of the needles until required for the front. Repeat these 2 rows 29 times more.

*61st.*—Slip 1, purl the rest.

*62d.*—Slip 1, knit 19, knit 2 together, purl 1, slip 1, knit 1, turn over, knit 20.

Repeat the last 2 rows 3 times more, working one stitch less each time before decreasing; then slip 1, purl 18. Place the two needles together, so as to double the work, and with the 3d needle slip 1, then knit a stitch off each pin together, turn the slipped stitch over, knit a stitch off each pin together again, turn the 1st stitch over, and repeat until these stitches are cast off.

THE INSTEP.—Commence at the last stitch of the 41 left on the needle, and with the 3d needle raise 36 stitches from the selvage of the rows at the right side of the heel. Take another needle and raise 36 stitches from the left side of the selvage; and for the

*1st round.*—Knit the 41 stitches on the two needles, then on the stitches which were raised purl 1, knit 70, purl 1.

2d.—All plain.

3d.—Knit 41, purl 1, slip 1, knit 1, turn over, knit 66, knit 2 together, purl 1.

Repeat the last 2 rounds 13 times more, knitting 2 stitches less at the 66 stitches each time. Then work 63 rounds plain, purling the 2 seam stitches every alternate round.

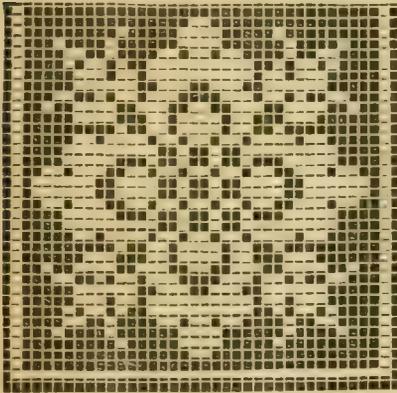
93d.—Knit 2 together, knit 37, slip 1, knit 1, turn over, purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 38, slip 1, knit 1, turn over, purl 1.

94th. All plain.

Repeat these 2 rounds 12 times more, knitting 2 stitches less between each of the decreases; then double the remaining stitches and cast them off the same as at the heel.

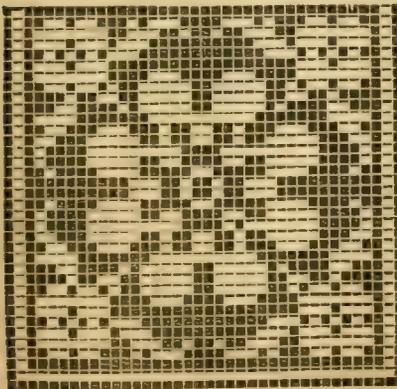
PATTERNS FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.

Fig. 1.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Serviettes suitable for fruit-baskets or small trays. Their effect will be

Fig. 2.



considerably improved if they are edged round with a broad net fringe.

A NEW MODE OF PAINTING IN OIL.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

PROCURE a stretcher the size of the engraving, allowing only so much of the margin to remain as will bring the frame to the edge of the picture when it is done. Procure also the finest and whitest canton flannel, and nail it to the stretcher with small tacks, closely and evenly, and as tight as possible, leaving the nap side up. Dissolve a few cents' worth white glue, when dissolved, put it into boiling water, and stir continually for a few moments. Have ready some clear starch, nicely prepared in cold water, and stir into the boiling glue. Take a flat bristle brush, and apply the preparation to the canton flannel evenly, moving the brush the way the nap lies, smoothly, until every part of the flannel is saturated. Lay the lithograph on a clean white cloth (after wetting it thoroughly in clean water), and lay another clean cloth upon it to absorb the superfluous moisture. Then let two persons take hold of the engraving, one person at each end, and lay it carefully and exactly, right side up, the wrong side next to the nap of the flannel. Take a soft clean cloth, and, commencing in the middle of the picture, rub lightly all over, until it is perfectly smooth, free from blisters and air-bubbles. Then with the brush, which must be fine and smooth, go over the picture with the same preparation, and set it away to dry.

After it is perfectly dry, give it one more coat, being cautious to have it perfectly dry at first. Allow not the least lump or roughness to exist in the glue. When the last coat is perfectly dry, commence to paint on the side prepared with the glue in the same manner as if it was a sketch drawn for oil painting by an artist, observing the lights and shades as they are found in the lithograph. Proceed in the same manner as in the oil painting, putting on as many coats as are desired (though two will generally be found sufficient), glazing, scumbling, and being especially careful and delicate in blending the tints. There will be no real necessity for so much labor; but each artist can follow his own plan. When the engraving is painted, let it dry perfectly before varnishing, which must be done with pure mastic varnish, laid on quite thin, or, if thick, diluted with spirits of turpentine.

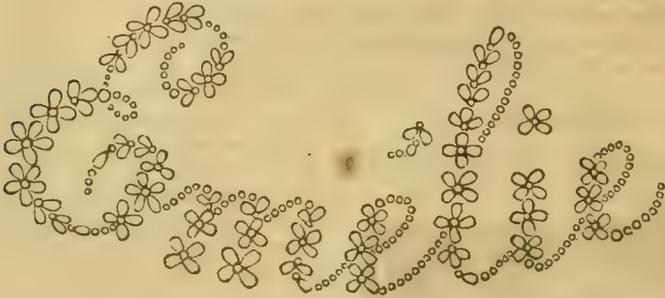
The advantage in this style of painting is the saving of time and labor in sketching, also in the number of coats required. Landscapes are formed very nice in this way, and defy the

closest observer to discover that they are engravings. If well mounted and properly prepared, they will last as long as any other paintings. Let the frame touch the edge of the engraving, covering the margin, and receiving the stretcher also, as in oil painting.

The preparation of glue must be applied when moderately warm; not a lump, however

small, must be allowed either on the flannel or on the engraving. The colors can be chosen according to taste. Use the best tube oil paint and best brushes, a palette and knife. Thin a little with poppy oil, if necessary. Very small white objects need not be painted at all—the varnishing will give the effect. Commence painting at the top, and go from left to right.

NAME FOR MARKING.



GENTLEMAN'S FLANNEL SHIRT.

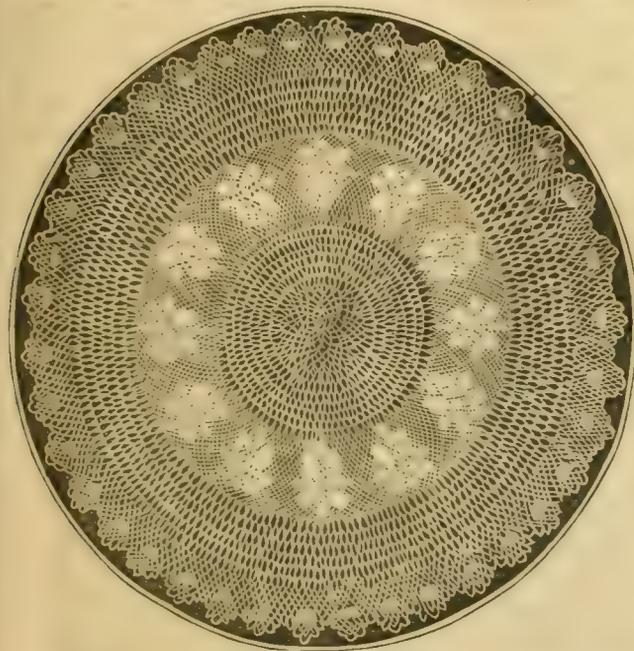


A new pattern, which will be found very convenient.

## A NETTED TIDY.

*Materials.*—Three meshes; No. 1, round mesh, a quarter of an inch to measure round; No. 2, a half an inch flat mesh; No. 3, three-quarters of an inch, also flat. It will be necessary to place a number on each of the meshes. No. 6 cotton. No. 8 cotton, or Magenta-colored Andalusian wool.

With round mesh. Net on a foundation (which must afterwards be cut off). 16 stitches,



unite, and net 4 rows of knots, or three diamonds.

No. 1 mesh. Net 2 stitches into every loop.

Round mesh. Net 3 rows, or 2 diamonds.

No. 1 flat mesh. Net 2 stitches into each loop.

Round mesh. Net 2 rows or 1 diamond.

No. 1 mesh. 1 row plain.

Same mesh. Net 2 stitches into each loop= 128 stitches.

Round mesh. 5 rows, or 4 diamonds.

No. 1 mesh. 1 row plain \*.

Same mesh. 1 row netting, 2d stitch 1st, and 1st stitch 2d.

Round mesh. 2 plain rows, or 1 diamond \*. Repeat from \* to \* again.

No. 1 mesh. Net three stitches into every loop.

Round mesh. 1 row, taking up 3 loops into every stitch. Now continue these 2 last rows till there are 5 patterns of the long stitches (the last part of the pattern must finish with the small round mesh).

No. 1 mesh. Net 2 stitches into every loop.

Round mesh. Net sufficient rows to make 13 diamonds, reckoning them *perpendicularly*, and *not across*.

No. 2 mesh. 1 row plain.

Same mesh. Net 4 stitches into every loop.

No. 1 mesh. 1 row taking up 4 loops of last row into every stitch.

Repeat these 2 last rows for six patterns of

L stitches more; after the last row when No. 1 mesh is netted, net with same mesh 2 more rows plain.

BORDER.—\* No. 3 mesh. Net 9 stitches into 1 loop (remove this mesh, and take up No. 1 mesh), then net 5 stitches, *i. e.*, 1 stitch into every loop, repeat from \*, thus using the 2 meshes alternately all round.

Round mesh. Begin on the L stitches, and net 1 stitch into every loop of the 9, then net 2 of the short stitches into 1, then 1 plain, then net the 2 remaining short stitches into 1, and *repeat*.

Same mesh. 2 next rows. Net 1 stitch into every loop all round.

No. 1 mesh. 1 row, netting 1 stitch into every alternate loop.

DARNING THE PATTERN.—The beauty and strength of the darning in all netted work depends so much upon the method of working, that a few words upon the subject will not be out of place. The darning should always run one way; the needle used should be a blunt top rug needle of large size; the end of cotton should never be longer than can be conveniently used. First, to fasten on, make a small loop in the cotton about four inches from the end, pass the needle through one thread of the diamond, then through the small loop, and draw it up tight (this short end of cotton must afterwards be darned in), darn the pattern till the long end is used to within an inch or two, then tie on another end with a weaver's knot very tight, and continue the work, slipping the needle and cotton where the pattern requires it between the basket-work resemblance of the darning, and when required to fasten off, run the cotton backwards and forwards, so that it is unseen, till it becomes impossible to unravel

with washing. To darn the present engraved pattern, run a piece of colored wool into every 20th diamond from top to bottom; in each of these divisions the pattern must be worked; then in the 10th diamond, close against the bottom rows of the border, commence to work the centre of the termination of the pattern, as in engraving, with Trafalgar cotton or Andalusian wool.



#### TUFT NETTING IN WOOL AND COTTON.

*Materials.*—Cotton, No. 4; a flat mesh five-eighths of an inch wide, two long netting needles, and some skeins of Magenta or red violet-colored Berlin or Andalusian wool; the latter is the prettiest, and does not felt or mat together like the Berlin wool.

This netting is entirely original, and is not

1st row.—Plain with cotton.

2d.—Net two stitches with cotton; having threaded the wool on one needle, lay the cotton needle down; not cut it off; take up the wool needle, and in the same stitch that has the last knot of cotton, pass the needle with the wool up through this stitch (leaving out a short end), then over the mesh and through the stitch again for eight times; now with the left thumb draw the cotton on one side from the wool; pass the wool-needle down between the tuft of wool and the loose cotton; pull the needle through downwards, and then pass it up through the loop, which forms a button-hole stitch or tie over the tuft; now net a stitch into the wool into the same loop where the tuft is, bringing the end of wool upwards so as to tie it in with the knot of the stitch, then cut off



to be found in any netting or other books treating of fancy-work. It works well, and is adapted for sofa pillows, work-table covers, and tidies.

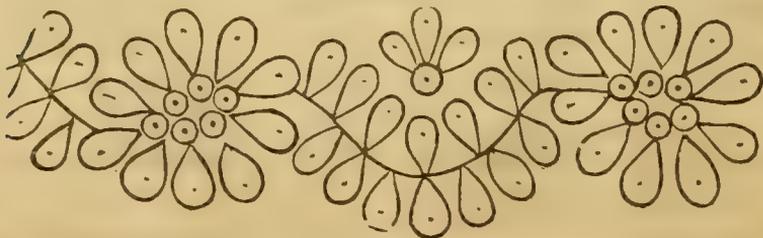
An even number of stitches, but edge stitches may be added.

both ends of wool, and lay the wool needle down; take up the needle with the cotton which has not been cut off, and net two loops; repeat with the tuft of wool into where the last cotton stitch was netted.

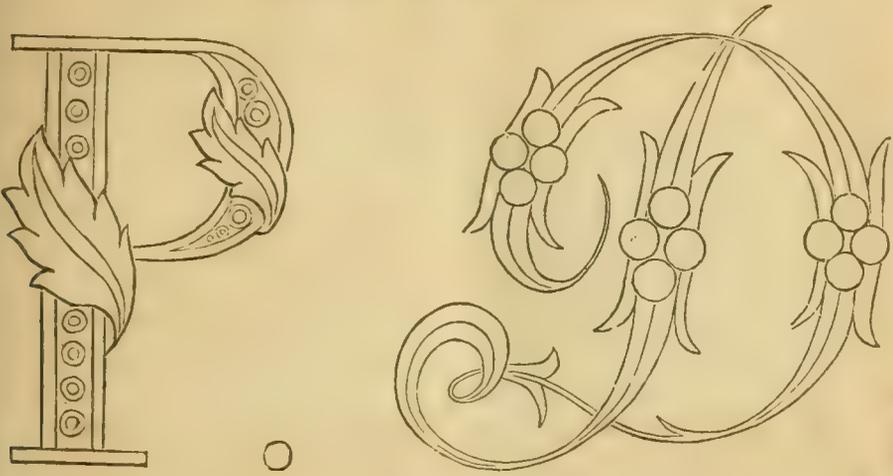
Next row.—Plain netting.



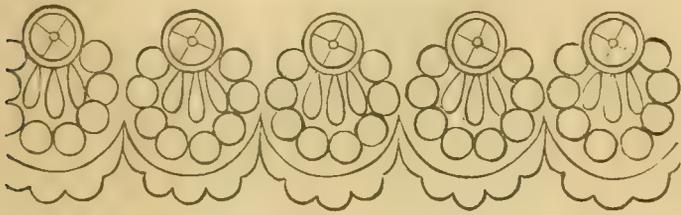
#### EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERED INITIALS FOR A PILLOW-CASE.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



## 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.

### AN ECONOMICAL WAY OF PRESERVING PEACHES WHOLE.

—To fifteen pounds of cling-stone peaches take seven and a half pounds of loaf-sugar; put two or three quarts of water in the kettle with one teaspoonful of pearl-ash to destroy the skins of the fruit. When the water is hot, throw in a few peaches, and let them remain a few minutes; take them out and wipe off the skins with a coarse towel, and then throw them into cold water. Take half the sugar with as little water as possible to dissolve it; then put in a layer of peaches, and let them boil from twenty to thirty minutes. Take them out on a flat dish to cool. After two or three layers have been boiled in this way, the syrup will increase; by degrees add the rest of the sugar. When all are done, boil the syrup until it becomes a little thick, then add while in the kettle half a pint of alcohol, which will cool and thicken it sufficiently to put on the peaches, which should be ready in your jars; do not cover them until the next day. They will not have the least taste of the alcohol, and are a very fine preserve.

**TO PRESERVE PEACHES.**—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving-kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and

so on until the fruit is all in. Stand it over hot ashes until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are clear; take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from syrup. Boil the syrup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with the boiling syrup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin, or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient to preserve them.

**PEACH JAM, OR MARMALADE.**—The fruit for this preserve must be quite ripe and 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 the scum and boil it briskly for five minutes; add 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.

**BRANDY PEACHES.**—Take four pounds of ripe peaches, two pounds powdered loaf-sugar. Put the fruit over the fire in cold water; *stimmer*, but not boil, till the skins will rub off easily. Stone them, if liked. Put the sugar and fruit in alternate layers in the jars till filled; then pour in white brandy, and cover the whole. Cork tightly.

**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 until they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

**TO PRESERVE PINEAPPLES.**—Slice the pineapples rather thinner to preserve than to eat, and take one pound of loaf-sugar to one pound of fruit; powder the sugar, and place in the kettle alternately a layer of pineapple and a layer of fruit. To each pound of fruit put three table-spoonfuls of water. Let it remain over a slow fire until the sugar is *all melted*; then boil it slowly until the fruit looks clear; take out the fruit piece by piece, and lay them on a dish, until the syrup is boiled nearly to a jelly. Put the fruit in jars, and pour on the syrup hot. After putting on brandy papers, cover the jars with paper and paste it on, which secures their keeping, and preserves the flavor of the pineapple.

**PINEAPPLE JAM.**—Pare and weigh the pineapples, and grate them down on a large grater. To one pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar; put it over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, stir till done. Boil it half an hour or more till clear; put it in jars, and cover it carefully.

**CANTELOPE RIND PRESERVED.**—Take one pound of rind not quite mellow, and cut the outside carefully off; lay it in a bowl and sprinkle over it one teaspoonful of alum; cover it with boiling water, and let it stand all night; then dry it in a cloth, scald it in ginger tea, but do not boil it; then dry it again in a cloth; to one pound of rind allow one pound of sugar and half a pint of water. Boil it an hour.

**TO PRESERVE PLUMS DRY.**—Gather the plums when full grown and just turning color; prick and put them into a sauce-pan of cold water, set them on the fire until the water is on the point of boiling; then take them out, drain, and boil them well in some clarified sugar, let them settle, and then boil again; if they shrink, and will not take the sugar, prick them as they lie in the pan, and then give them another boil, skim and set them by; the next day add some more sugar, boiled to the fruit and syrup; then put them together, place them in a stove till next day, then drain the plums from the syrup, sprinkle a little powdered sugar over and dry them in a stove.

**JAM OF GREENGAGES.**—Put ripe greengages 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.

**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 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 diarrhœa or ordinary disease of the bowels:—

*Receipt.*—To half a bushel of blackberries, well washed, 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 the 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.

**GRAPES 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.

#### TOMATOES.

**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 over night; 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, add 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.

#### DRINKS FOR HOT WEATHER.

**APPLEADE.**—Cut two large apples in slices, and pour a quart of boiling water on them; strain well, and sweeten. To be drunk when cold, or iced.

**INDIAN GINGER BEER.**—To ten quarts of boiling water add two ounces of pounded ginger, one ounce of cream of tartar, two limes, and two pounds of sugar. Stir until cold, then strain through flannel until quite clear, adding a pint of good beer, and four wineglassfuls of good toddy. Bottle, tie down the corks, shake each bottle well for some time, place them upright, and they will be fit to drink the next day. This ginger beer will not keep long.

**ORGEAT.**—Blanch and pound three-quarters of a pound of sweet almonds, and thirty bitter almonds, with one tablespoonful of water. Stir in by degrees two pints of water and three pints of milk, and strain the whole

through a cloth. Dissolve one-half a pound of loaf sugar in one pint of water; boil, skim well, and mix with the almond water, adding two tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water, and one teacupful of good brandy.

**REFRESHING SUMMER BEVERAGE.**—Take one-half an ounce cream of tartar, the juice and rind of a lemon, one half a pound of loaf sugar, and one-quarter an ounce of bruised ginger. Pour on these half a gallon of boiling water, stand till cold, and strain through a hair sieve.

**LEMONADE.**—Boil together and skim one pound of loaf-sugar, and one-half a pint of water. Melt in a teaspoonful of water, one-half an ounce of citric or tartaric acid. Let the syrup stand until it is cold, and then add the acid and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, and when it is wanted for use, four quarts of water, and a little more sugar, if desired.

**SHERBET.**—Boil two pounds of sugar in a quart of water. Pare six oranges and two lemons very thin. Mix together the boiling syrup, the peel of the fruit, the juice, and five more pints of water. Clear it with a little white of egg, let it be until cold, strain it, and bottle it.

**WATER-MELON SHERBET. A BENGAL RECIPE.**—Let the melon be cut in half, and the inside of the fruit be worked up and mashed with a spoon, till it assumes the consistency of a thick pulp. Introduce into this as much pounded white candy or sugar as may suit your taste, a wineglassful of fresh rose-water, and two wineglasses of sherry. Pour, when strained, the contents into a jug, and fill your tumblers as often as needed. This makes a very agreeable drink in summer.

#### CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

DEAR MR. GODEY: I have been a subscriber to your Book for four years, and I consider it *indispensable*. If I am wearied with my domestic duties, I have only to take up Godey, and it is soon forgotten as I turn its fascinating pages. I think its equal cannot be found. The engravings are perfectly exquisite, and it is a mystery to me how you can furnish and afford so much that is both valuable and interesting in each number at the price you ask for the work.

FROM AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Here are some receipts which I *know to be good*, and am most happy to furnish you with:—

**FRUIT CAKE.**—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two pounds seeded raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of citron, a quarter pound of almonds, half an ounce of mace, one teaspoon saleratus, one wineglass of brandy, one ditto of wine, ten eggs. Stir butter and sugar together to a cream, add the whites and yolks of the eggs beaten separately to a froth, stir in the flour, then the wine, then brandy and spice. Add the saleratus and fruit just before it is put in the oven; it takes over two hours to bake if baked in a milk-pan.

**MOUNTAIN CAKE.**—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, five eggs, one cup of milk, saleratus, one gill of liquor.

**FAIR CAKE.**—Five coffee cups flour, three of sugar, two of butter, one of milk, one of yeast, five eggs, gill and one-half of wine, one pound of raisins. Take milk, and yeast, and one half of the materials, and stir them up, and let them stand over night; add the remainder in the morning, and bake.

**COCOANUT CAKE.**—One coffee cup of butter, three of sugar, one of milk, four and a half of flour, four eggs—the whites beaten to a stiff froth—one teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar, one cocoa-nut grated. Excellent.

**FRENCH CAKE.**—Two cups sugar, three of flour, half a cup butter, three eggs, one cup milk, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda.

**JUMBLES.**—Three cups of sugar, two of butter, three eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sour cream, one teaspoon saleratus. Roll thin, sprinkle coffee sugar thickly on the top before placing them in the oven.

**TO MAKE YEAST.**—Five large potatoes, one quart of boiling water, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of yeast. Boil your potatoes, and sift them; add your sugar, when milk-warm, your yeast; half a cup is sufficient for two loaves.

**ORANGE COLOR.**—Two ounces of saleratus, one ounce of otter, six quarts of soft water. Dip your yarn in hot water, then in the dye. Boil one hour.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO WASH LAWN AND MUSLIN.**—Delicate lawn and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of the fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is better to adopt a method of cleaning the finest materials, and imparting to them the appearance of newness. Take two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it for half an hour in soft water. Let it cool, then strain it, and pour the strained liquor into the water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran water not only removes the dirt, and insures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the folds are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better; and will appear, when prepared in this way, as fresh as new.

**REMOVING GREASE SPOTS OUT OF SILK.**—Take a lump of magnesia, and rub it wet over the spot; let it dry, then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear; or, take a visiting card, separate it, and rub the spot with the soft internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss of the silk.

**HOW TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM LINEN.**—First of all take some soap (any common sort will do), and rub it well into the linen, then scrape some chalk very fine, and rub that in also; lay the linen on the grass, and as it dries wet it again; twice or thrice doing will remove the mildew stains.

All linen will turn yellow if kept long unused, locked up in a linen press, excluded from air and light; so the best way that I have found of restoring it to its color, is to expose it to the open air in nice dry weather. Exposure to the light and continual airings will be found the best way of preserving its whiteness. I know of none other.

**VARNISH FOR RUSTIC GARDEN SEATS.**—First wash the woodwork with soap and water, and when dry do it over, on a hot, sunny day, with common boiled linseed oil; leave that to dry for a day or two, and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish." If well done, it will last for years, and will prevent any annoyance from insects.

**TO PREVENT MITES IN CHEESE.**—A cheese painted over with melted suet, so as to form a thin coat over the outside, never has mites.

# Editors' Table.

## WOMAN:

### HER PLACE IN THE PLAN OF REDEMPTION.

"God sent forth his Son made of a woman."

In the wonderful mystery of Redemption, "two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the Godhead and Manhood, were joined together in one person, never to be divided; whereof is one Christ very God and very Man."<sup>6</sup> In this holy union of Divinity and Humanity, WOMAN was the medium between the two natures; and also from her substance the pure nature of the Man Christ Jesus, with His perfect Mind, and Heart, and Soul, as well as all His perfection of bodily organs, was derived.

Are not these sacred truths, which all *Christian men* believe and teach, proofs of the high moral destiny of woman and of the paramount moral influence she was, by her Creator, designed to wield over the race, not only in the Redemption, but also in Eden? Remember Eve was not made from "the dust of the ground," as Adam was, but from his flesh and bone; that is, from *living material*, which is surely more perfect than inert matter. True, their bodily elements, chemically tested, would have been found similar; like diamond from carbon, woman had been formed from out of man; still the process, which refined her purity and beauty, did not alter this elemental identity; hence they were one in the flesh. Yet why was this record of the first human pair given, if not to teach us that the wife was of finer mould, destined to the purest moral and spiritual offices, the heart and the soul of humanity, as the husband was the head and the hand?

After the Fall, when the Lord God revealed His purpose of Redemption, was it not based on the moral nature of woman and her Seed? "I will put enmity between thee and the woman;" when the Lord God made that declaration to the Tempter or Satan, was there not assurance given that the woman had still the disposition towards *good* which would be opposed to *evil* in this world? The conflict with sin was first to be waged with her and by her. How could this be, unless she was then endowed with the germ of divine grace which, unfolded by the breath of the Holy Spirit, would, in the fulness of time, be honored by "her Seed" the glorious Saviour, who "would put all His enemies under His feet?"

The life and character of Jesus Christ are conclusive proofs that His human origin was from the feminine nature. All His manifestations of feeling and affection, of thought and reasoning are womanly. Examine the doctrines He taught, the duties and virtues He enforced, the examples He set—where, in any of these, are the distinctive qualities and talents men vaunt as proofs of masculine greatness and glory? Physical strength, earthly honor, worldly wisdom, even the gifts of intellect and the acquirements of learning—Jesus the Son of God, put all these down far, far beneath *love, meekness, mercy, purity, patience, charity, humility*—qualities, graces, and characteristics always considered peculiarly

feminine; qualities and graces his blessed Mother had possessed and commended.

Moreover, during all His ministry women drew His marked manifestations of confidence and sympathy. Not only was His first miracle done at the suggestion of a woman, but the two most wonderful miracles—raising the dead to life, were both proofs of His deep sympathy with their heart sorrows. And He trusted to one of these lowly and despised women His most precious confidence, even the secret of His spiritual mission, which He had not revealed to his chosen disciples; men who were to found His church on earth and be Apostles of His religion for the world. Christ had instructed these men, had sent them forth to do miracles and to preach "The kingdom of heaven is at hand;" still they thought this reign was to be earthly and temporal: there is no record that they made a single convert to Christ as the Messiah. But when Jesus met the "woman of Samaria" and had revealed to her His spiritual mission, she went her way and immediately taught that He was "*the Christ*"—and "many believed on Him" from her testimony. A woman understood him, and was the first teacher of His doctrine of spiritual worship.

Take the whole example of Christ's life, does it not show that *perfect manhood* is manifested in the submission of the human will to the Divine Will? that thus results the power of comprehending truth and teaching wisdom, of doing good works, of becoming fit for the kingdom of Heaven? Did not Christ, by His example as well as precepts, place *love and duty* far above worldly understanding and physical power? And did not the women who heard His teachings show that, better than the men, they *felt* the truth and wisdom of His words, believed in His divine mission, loved him as a personal Saviour from sin and sorrow: in short, that *womanhood* had retained the Eden sympathy with *perfect manhood*, which the men of earth had lost?

Indeed, one of the most wonderful circumstances of Christ's earthly ministry is sympathy with the feminine nature, and the tenderness, devotion, and steadfastness with which He was loved, trusted, and worshipped by *all women*. Not in a single instance did Jesus find an enemy, or opposer in the sex. From His first miracle women were faithful in their discipleship, ministering to Him, welcoming Him to Jerusalem, bringing their most precious offerings, their "little children" to His arms—when men, His disciples, would have thrust them away. When Christ's hour of trial had come, the awful hour, when Satan and his seed (devils and wicked men) were to have their triumph and "bruise His heel"—when all men seemed to spurn or to shun Him; even then the Gentile woman, Pilate's wife, plead His cause; and as the rejected and condemned Saviour was led up to Calvary to be crucified, "many women" followed weeping and bewailing. He had been betrayed by one of His own chosen twelve; all the others fled from Him, excepting the youngest, the most loving, the woman-like John. He and three faithful women stood by the Cross; and the women followed to the sepulchre, "to see where He was laid;" and went home only to weep and work for Him, preparing "sweet

<sup>6</sup> See "Articles of Religion" of the Protestant Episcopal Church, etc.

spices" to do honor to their beloved dead, when the Passover was ended.

How these faithful women were honored! Angels met them at the sepulchre; the risen Saviour showed Himself first to these feminine disciples: and to these women He gave the first gospel mission, that of telling (or teaching) the Apostles the great doctrine they were to preach to all the world—that Christ had risen from the dead!

But why, if women were thus good and gifted, and faithful, in comparison with men, why was not the public ministry of the Gospel committed to them? That such was not the will of God is sufficient answer to all who truly believe His word; but the apparent reasons are clear and cogent, and will be treated of in our next paper. Now we will briefly indicate the Gospel parallel between the sexes.

Four pictures are sketched by the finger of Omnipotence; four times the Son of God, during His life on earth, judged between the man and the woman, brought into close comparison beneath the eye of our Omniscient Redeemer who could not err. Let us examine His record of their characters and deeds.

A table is spread in the hospitable home of Simon the Pharisee, and Jesus sits at the feast. The host, proud of his guest and satisfied with his own display of homage, is startled and shocked to see an outcast woman dare to creep into his respectable dwelling and throw herself at the feet of Jesus. She, who was once the flower of innocent beauty, is now a "sinner," cast out and trampled down like a worthless wayside weed; while Simon the Pharisee, having means to give feasts and being a man, is honored and followed, as man will be, and, whatever has been his own life, can look with contempt and disgust on the poor, weeping Magdalen. How he despises her as she, all unconscious of his scorn, is washing with her warm tears the feet of her beloved Saviour; and, as she wipes them with her clustering hair, what contrite kisses she presses on those blessed feet that have brought to her breaking heart and blasted hopes the tidings of salvation! The Pharisee cannot comprehend her heart, and he questions in his own mind whether Jesus is a true prophet, because He does not spurn her away.

"I have somewhat to say to thee, Simon," was the Saviour's reply to the self-satisfied man's thought; and the Pharisee then learned the lesson, which lies at the foundation of all true worship of the true God, *that the love of the worshipper's heart is the homage most acceptable to Divine mercy*; that this "perfect love," which "casteth out fear," and all selfishness also, is the gift which penitent woman brings to God in her humility; while man, in his pride of wealth and of reason, seeks to display his own right and power to judge of God's ways and to guide his own.

The story of that woman's love—"for she loved much"—has brought thousands to the feet of the Saviour: who was ever made better or happier by the Pharisee's feat?

The Temple is thronged. Priest and Levite, scribe, and lawyer, and Pharisee—the noble, the honorable are there; for are not all the ambitious and respectable people of Jerusalem bringing their gifts to the Treasury of the Lord? What large offerings! How every rich man, as he casts in his gold, feels his heart swell with pride and joy as he thinks of the great amount given, and that *his name* will be among the worthy and liberal donors!

Unnoticed, as in the bright sunshine the nightingale would be in an assemblage of eagles and rooks, of peacocks and parrots, a pale, meek-eyed woman, in her toil-worn raiment of the humblest life, is softly winning her way towards the table of costly offerings. She brings her gift, richer than all the gold of Ophir, a heart full of faith in "the widow's God;" and as the little brown bird, unseen in day-time, makes night glorious with his song of love, so, in the loneliness and darkness of her earthly lot, this woman's *faith* has sung its song of love, trust, and thankfulness to her Lord, till she can bring "all that she had" to His Treasury.

We have the Saviour's testimony that this poor widow gave "more than all the others." Her "two mites,

which make a farthing," offered in *faith* and receiving God's blessing, have made her example the seed of charities which have, from that day to this, sprung up in the hearts of lowly Christians, blossoming and bearing rich fruits for the true Church; thus aiding the spread of the blessed Gospel to the ends of the earth.

Again the Temple opens; not for gifts to God: the stern terrors of His violated Law are now to be invoked. A guilty woman is brought before the Saviour. He is told that "Moses in the Law commanded such to be stoned; but what sayest thou?"

Did not that miserable woman feel there was *hope* of mercy even for *her*, when she saw who was the Judge? Scribes, and Pharisees, and a crowd of honorable men are waiting Christ's decision. Will He venture to controvert the Law of Moses? Christ forgives sinners in general, but will he dare set aside judgment on the heinous sin which this woman has had proven against her? And that throng of honorable men, how their eyes flashed with joy as they anticipated a triumph over the self-styled Son of God!

His reply (which the crowd loudly demanded)—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her"—sent that multitude of men like branded felons from his presence;—*leaving the woman uncondemned!* And Christ, who knew her wrongs, temptations, sorrows, and repentance—for the poor, feeble, fallen woman called Him "Lord," and submitted herself to His guidance—did not condemn her, while condemning her sin. In this judging between the sexes, has not Christ given His own record that men are the greatest sinners?

Once more at the feet of Jesus. The believing Mary is there offering her sacrifice of love, faith, and adoration—all included in the fervent *piety* with which she anointed "His head" and "His feet!"

As the "precious ointment" fills the room with its sweet odor, do the chosen disciples, men who have followed Him, and known, as they think, His will, feel their minds in harmony with His, like the mind of this loving woman? Do they not, even the holiest among them, believe that "ointment" might have been "sold," and done more good in secular or charitable uses? One there certainly was the "thief," who "carried the bag," and coveted the worth of the ointment for his own benefit. Not one of those men comprehended the feelings and faith of Mary in her pious duty; nor did they understand that she, by that "costly incense," showed forth the inestimable value of the gift of life and salvation, which the death of Jesus Christ would confer on all believers, and that the redeemed should bring their best, their dearest treasures to His feet.

"She hath wrought a good work upon Men"—was the testimony of the blessed Saviour. What greater glory can be given to a human deed?

#### SENSATION NOVELS.

THE London Quarterly Review for April has a long and well-written article on this subject, cutting up, by title, twenty-four of the latest of these English works. The list shows that the best of these only have been republished in America; the worst and silliest trash is treasured for the circulating libraries of British novel-readers.

As a preventive of still a "lower deep" in this "sinking fund" of English literature, the Reviewer proposes to resuscitate the novels of Scott and other writers of his time, these works being now obsolete. He says:—

"By way of experiment, we should like to see a 'Lending Library' established, which should circulate no books but those which have received the stamp of time in testimony of their merits. No book should be admitted under twenty years old—a very liberal allowance for the life of a modern novel, and which is long enough to give rise to a new generation who could not have read the book on its first coming out. A real competition between old favorites and new would have a good effect, not in destroying, which is not to be wished, but in weeding the luxuriant produce of the present day. The appetite, even of a novel-reader, has its limits; and, if the best of the old books could be brought in, the worst of the new must drop out to make way for them."

We wish this plan could be tried in our large cities.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, to the Graduating Class of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, at the Eleventh Annual Commencement, March 14th, 1863. By Emmeline H. Cleveland, M. D.

Mrs. Cleveland is at the head of the Women's Hospital of Philadelphia, and respected by all who have the privilege of her acquaintance, as one of the "honorable women," who are working for the cause of humanity in the true faith of the Gospel. This lady was educated for a missionary physician to her own sex; the ill health of her husband, a Presbyterian clergyman, prevented them from going abroad; she then devoted herself to the College for women physicians in this city, and when the Women's Hospital was to be established, went to Paris, and passed a year in the celebrated Hospital *Maternité*. We can give only a short extract of her excellent and beautiful address; but we hope any lady interested in these subjects will apply for copies of the Report on the Hospital, and also for this Address, to Mrs. Cleveland, Women's Hospital, North College Avenue, Twenty-Second St., Philadelphia.

#### DUTIES OF THE PHYSICIAN.

"The physician should be alike impartial to the rich and the poor, lavishing his attentions upon the most sick and the most unfortunate, and never refusing his care, in an urgent case, to a fellow- mortal, however unworthy—be he a personal enemy, the enemy of one's country or of humanity, or to whatever extent degraded by debauchery and crime.

Perhaps, in a moral sense, this forgetfulness of social distinctions, and this self-abnegation is more especially required of women who would make themselves ministers of good to their kind. The duties of the physician are not limited to the relief of the physical sufferings of his patients, and when we remember the low estate of women in mental culture and attainments, the manifold hindrances which place themselves in her pathway toward excellence in any department, and the sorrow with which an erring daughter of Eve's continually repented of her fault, and plunged deeper in ruin, we cannot but regard it as one of the distinctive missions of the woman physician, in giving her portion to the defence of the public health, that she spare no effort for the instruction and elevation of women, especially that she endeavor to diffuse correct hygienic notions, and to inculcate those moral precepts from which one may not depart without danger to health and life."

PIANOS.—A parlor without a piano seems like a greeting without a smile. Music in the family always includes the idea of cheerfulness at home; and also a resource, when one is not cheerful, which will supply the place of pleasant conversation. Therefore, we like to aid our friends in their efforts to obtain good instruments, and in reply to several inquiries, we commend the pianos of Messrs. Boardman & Gray (Albany, N. Y.), as excellent. These instruments are celebrated for their fine tone and beautiful finish. Ladies who have small parlors will find the cottage style very convenient and ornamental; and, moreover, reasonable in price. The large pianos are magnificent. Our friends cannot fail of being suited to their taste and means. We cannot enter into particulars, but those who are interested may easily obtain all needed information from their circulars.

Address Siberia Ott, agent for Boardman & Gray, 726 Broadway, New York.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted:—"The Soldier's Dream"—"My first Venture"—"Dreamland"—"The Faded Flower"—"Friendship's Whisper."

These articles are declined; we are not able to accept some that we like for want of room—"She is not Dead,

but Sleepeth"—"Kate"—"The Aged Lunatic"—"Guardian Angels"—"Love"—"The Dying Indian Girl"—"My Favorite Flower"—"Tribute of Respect"—"The Beautiful Night"—"The Broken Engagement"—"The Two Nellies"—"A Pain Story of Real Life"—"My Dream and what it taught me" (no other article needed at present)—"My Theme"—"To E\*\*\*\*" and the other poem (we are obliged to decline)—"Freedom"—"Aggravating Circumstances"—"The Lost and Found"—"My Fortune"—"Song"—"Going to Saratoga"—"The East Wind"—and "Agnes Day."

"A Plain Story of Real Life."—"The Broken Engagement." A letter sent to the author at Milton, Ill.

## Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MUMPS.—This is a common affection of children and young persons. It is a contagious inflammation of one or both the glands beneath the ear, called the *parotid* glands.

*Symptoms.*—Slight feverishness, with stiffness of the jaws, and redness, soreness, and swelling of one or both of the above glands.

*Treatment.*—A mild laxative of Epsom salts if the bowels are costive; the warm bath or warm wet-sheet pack; warm sweating teas of sage, balm, etc.; or cold water, if there is much fever. As local applications to the throat, it is the custom to use all kinds of stimulating liniments, poultices, and plasters, under the idea that the disease may be driven off to some other part. But the danger from this source is much exaggerated, and there is no good reason to believe that cold applications have any tendency to cause translocation of the disease. We have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending cold wet cloths to the throat, where there is considerable fever and local inflammation. Should the inflammation be slight, a flannel bound around the throat will be all-sufficient. When the inflammation runs high, the wet cloths should be frequently changed, and exposed to the air, so that the cooling process of evaporation may go on freely. But when the inflammation is more moderate, a towel, three or four double, should be dipped in water, applied over the affected part, and then a dry binder should be placed over the towel. This acts as a warm poultice, and promotes perspiration of the skin to which it is applied, while it is far superior in comfort, cleanliness, and convenience to any kind of poultice or plaster. The diet of a patient with mumps should be light and unstimulating, and exposure to cold should be avoided for some time after the subsidence of the disease.

#### CONSTITUTIONS CREATED.

To build up a good constitution, we must take good care of what we have, and add to it, by pretty hard work and moderate thought, until the age of forty-five; then, there should be less work and more thought.

Bodily labor consolidates the constitution up to forty-five; then, mental labor preserves it, keeps it good to the verge of fourscore years, if the bodily activities are very moderate. As witness Humboldt, who was a great traveller in early life; but from fifty to ninety a great student. Many similar instances will occur to intelligent minds. The general idea is of great practical importance. Work hard until forty-five; think hard after,

and all the while, be "temperate in all things." This is to live long.—*Dr. Hall.*

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE INITIALS. *A Story of Modern Life.* We are glad to see a new edition of this most charming and excellent work by the Baroness Tautphœus. The public are already too familiar with the work to need any extended description of it. Therefore it will suffice us to say that as a picture of domestic life in Germany it is most entertaining, and, we believe, truthful.

THE CONSCRIPT. *A Tale of War.* By Alexander Dumas, author of "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Guards-men," etc. etc. Dumas has gone out of his usual track in the writing of this book. It is free from many of the faults of the majority of his works, and a book we can recommend without reservation. It is pastoral in its character, and its moral tone is good.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

AT ODDS. By the Baroness Tautphœus, author of "Quits," "The Initials," etc. This, we believe, is a new work by that charming writer, the Baroness Tautphœus. As a delineator of German life and German character she is not excelled. The scene is laid in Bavaria, and the time a half century since, when Napoleon was first Consul of France, and Bavaria and Tyrol were the theatres of various military operations. Interwoven with the story is an interesting account of the Tyrolean revolution.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," etc. This is a large volume of over six hundred pages, in which its author makes a minute, careful, and comprehensive examination of his subject. His introductory chapter argues the absolute effect of temperature and geography upon the physical and intellectual development of man. He then turns to Greece as presenting the earliest evidence of intellectual progress; and, beginning with what can be deduced from tradition and mythology, traces civilization up to the highest degree represented by that nation. The intellectual progress of both Greece and Europe he divides into five periods, namely: The Age of Credulity; the Age of Inquiry; the Age of Faith; the Age of Reason; and the Age of Decrepitude; premising, however, that Europe at the present time is in the fourth degree of progress. He reviews history and religion from his own stand-point; and though opinions may differ in regard to many of his conclusions, all who give him their attention will be convinced of the learning and ability which have aided him in the production of this work.

ST. OLAVE'S. *A Novel.* In this story the aristocratic

proclivities of a little cathedral city are made the especial theme; and the exclusiveness and self-righteousness of Mrs. Archdeacon Scrymgeour, who might be called a representative woman of her class, are brought into strong contrast with the loving charity of Mrs. Amiel Grey. Miss Alice Grey, the heroine, is a very pleasing little lady, without any particularly striking traits.

THE FAIRY BOOK. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. The stories of "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Puss in Boots," etc.; will find interested readers and listeners among the little folks to the latest generation. Nor do we think we need say they will prove additionally attractive in the garb which Miss Mulock has provided for them. The book contains thirty-five of the best popular fairy stories.

XENOPHONTIS ANABASIS. Recent J. F. Mac-michael, A. B. This book belongs to Harper's superior series of Greek and Latin Texts.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Nos. 3 and 4 have been received. Price only 25 cents per number. There must be an immense sale to pay the expense of getting up this work. It is splendidly illustrated.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

TWO PICTURES; or, *What we Think of Ourselves, and what the World Thinks of Us.* By M. J. McIntosh, author of "Two Lives; or, to Seem and to Be;" "Charms and Counter Charms," etc. An excellently written story, the aim of which is to show the vast influence for good which the Southern planter may exert over his dependents. Hugh Moray, the hero of the book, is a noble man, and his schemes for the amelioration of the condition of his slaves truly commendable.

EVIDENCE AS TO MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE. By Thomas H. Huxley, F. R. S., F. L. S., Professor of Natural History in the Jermyn Street School of Mines. Mr. Huxley brings forward a long mooted question as to whether man as an animal is identified with the same Order to which belong Apes. This by a course of reasoning, sustained by much physiological evidence, he decides in the affirmative. He says: "Our reverence for the nobility of manhood will not be lessened by the knowledge, that man is, in substance and in structure, one with the brutes; and that we must look to his intellectual and moral faculties to account for the vast difference which separates them."

LECTURES ON THE SYMBOLIC CHARACTER OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. By Rev. Abiel Silver, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church in New York. The subject of these lectures is one which Swedenborg loved particularly to dilate upon, as those familiar with his writings well know. This symbolic character, which, if it be correct, places upon the Scriptures the indelible stamp of truth, is certainly very beautiful in theory. These lectures, now gathered in book form, were designed as simple and plain lessons of instruction to those unacquainted with the Science of Correspondences.

MONEY. By Charles Moran. As next to war and politics, the subject of finances most occupies the public mind, this book will not come inopportunistly. It opens with a brief history of money from the earliest times, and in the course of its pages gives a description of the financial systems of England, France, and the United States.

**THE CRISIS.** This pamphlet will find many attentive readers among politicians. It goes over the grounds of our present national difficulties from their commencement, and is strongly State Rights in character.

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

**FRANK WARRINGTON.** By the author of "Rutledge," and "The Sutterlands." This unknown author is certain to make a sensation whenever she appears before the public. With the prestige of her former success, this, her last production, has a sure passport to popularity. To add to its interest it is a story of to-day; the first word of the book is "enlisted," and its masculine characters are soldiers.

**MARIAN GREY; or, The Heiress of Redstone Hall.** By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Lena Rivers," "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. This story is about a young wife who, on discovering that her husband had married her unwillingly, in compliance with his father's dying request, disappears from her home; and despite of all her husband's efforts to find her, remains absent for a number of years. However, when time has perfected both physical and mental graces, she returns unrecognized in the capacity of a governess, and in accordance with her strongest desires, the former indifferent husband becomes her lover, and "they live happily ever after."

**INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.** By D. D. Home. With an Introduction by Judge Edmonds. All have heard of Home, who during the past few years has kept up such an interest in Europe in the so-called spiritual manifestations. Foreign correspondents have, from time to time, furnished us with *on dits* concerning his whereabouts and doings. The book before us is a personal narrative, we must confess very modestly written of his life both in this country and abroad, and a description of the phenomena which have made his name so well-known. As his book has already found extensive sale in England, and as he himself has been received cordially among the highest social classes throughout Europe, and has even connected himself by marriage with a noble Russian family, we can safely say that readers will not be lacking here for so remarkable a work.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

**THE DEVOUT CHURCHMAN'S COMPANION; or, a Faithful Guide in Prayer, Meditation, and the Reception of the Holy Eucharist.** Edited by Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, A. M., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, author of "Young Churchman Catechized," "The True Catholic no Romanist," etc. This is a beautiful devotional book, which cannot fail to meet the approbation of every one in the Episcopal communion.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR, and other Papers.** By Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," etc. This is the last which the public will receive of Winthrop's writings. They are just as fresh, and characterized by the same raciness and abandon as his previous works. The "Other Papers" form the larger portion of the volume and comprise a humorous sketch, entitled "Love and Skates," "New York Seventh Regiment—Our March to Washington," "Washington as

a Camp," etc. etc. There is a beautiful steel engraving of Winthrop, copied from a crayon likeness, fronting the title-page.

**LILIAN.** We are half pleased, half displeased with this book. The plot is poetic in the extreme, and we sometimes feel tempted to regard it as an exquisite prose-poem. Again, the short sentences, and construction, half French, yet lacking the French *naivete*, weary one from their tameness. Yet this fault is more evident in the first pages of the book than in succeeding ones. The episode of the danseuse is touching; the description of Lilian's life in Italy beautiful and highly imaginative; while there is something almost sublime in the picture of the great grief that came upon her, and her resignation to the will of God.

**GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES, and other Papers.** By Thomas Fuller, D. D. This is a reprint of an excellent work by a most excellent man. The general division of its contents is: "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," "Good Thoughts in Worse Times," "Mixed Contemplations in Better Times," and "The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience." These are again divided into "Personal Meditations," "Scriptural Observations," "Historical Applications," etc. etc. The publishers have brought out this volume now, because there is much in it relevant to the present disturbed state of our country.

**THE GENTLEMAN.** By George H. Calvert. A pleasing and profitable book, in which the Gentleman is presented in all his phases, including the ancient gentleman of refined Greece and Rome, the rather barbarous specimen of early Irish history, with those who claim the name at the present day. Many individuals are cited as examples of true gentlemen, among whom are named Sir Philip Sidney, Charles Lamb, and Washington; while the first "gentleman in Europe" is declared to have been "the commonest metal, glaringly painted, gorgeously gilt;" and Napoleon I. is set down as a "sublime snob." The style of this book is easy and attractive, and no one can peruse it without a higher estimate of the true gentleman.

**THE STORY OF THE GUARD: A Chronicle of the War.** By Jessie Benton Fremont. The immense demand for this book, especially among the soldiers, has induced the publishers to issue what they term a "Knapsack edition," in a cheap form, to bring it more easily within the reach of all who may desire it.

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN DANGEROUS.** *A narrative in plain English,* attempted by George Augustus Sala. Mr. Sala has evidently made use of historic researches to place before the public a picture of society, its ideas, manners, and habits, at a period more than a century remote from the present. If the statements of the notable Captain Dangerous may be relied upon, the world has made considerable progress in civilization since then, the contemplation of which fact ought to silence those who are continually regretting the "good old times." This narrative, which does not aspire to having a plot, and reads as a simple autobiography, is most amusing.

**AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE, No. 2.** We have received No. 2 of this invaluable work from the publisher, GEORGE W. CHILDS, 62s and 63s Chestnut Street.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR AUGUST.—Our engraving this month is one that will call to the mind of all the beautiful prayer of our religion. Some time since, we published "Our Father who art in Heaven;" this is "Hallowed be thy name." Read the admirable illustration by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld.

Our Fashion-plate contains six beautiful colored and seasonable figures. We pride ourselves upon thus giving the fashions of the months correctly engraved and beautifully colored.

"A Sudden Shower"—just as school is dismissed; giving juvenile gallantry an opportunity of displaying itself.

We give in this number two more fashions from the renowned establishment of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York. Remember, no other magazine has these fashions. We also give two entirely new styles of dresses, in addition, just received by the last arrival from Paris. More, also, of the newest styles of head-dresses will be found in the August number; and an infinite variety of everything in the way of fashions and articles for the work-table, that will be pleasing to our lady subscribers.

OUR CARTES DE VISITE.—The orders coming in, daily, for these charming portraits and pictures are very large, and still increasing. We have already supplied our friends with many thousands, and in all cases, so far as we have learned, the satisfaction has been complete. No finer photographs are made. Our list now embraces over five hundred subjects. Catalogues sent free. We send 8 cartes for \$1, and 20 for \$2, post-paid.

MR. GODEY.—Allow me to express to you the high estimate in which I hold your Book.—Of eight periodicals, "War Times" have compelled me to drop all but that; that I *must* have, it is economy to have it. With its assistance, I am Dressmaker, Milliner, Drawing-master, and Compendium of general information for the family—upon any subject, I can refer to it, assured that I shall there find just what is wanted.

Not long since an employee of the Government applied to me for some information relative to the South, which present circumstances prevented him from readily obtaining. My Lady's Book afforded me the necessary details at once.

So often have I received valuable suggestions from others, that I am quite inclined to contribute an item or two which I have not noticed in it, and which may benefit some one. The "method of preserving fruit" I have tested for several years, with unvarying success. The others, when "weighed in the balance will not be found wanting."

With best wishes for your continued success, I am respectfully yours.  
Mrs. C. H. M. N.  
These receipts are published elsewhere.

THAT unfortunate gentleman, who hinted in our February number what qualifications he wanted in a wife, would hardly like to see the hundred answers we have received, and to which we cannot give place, with one or two exceptions. He would be overwhelmed with the indignation he has excited.

We publish the following with great pleasure. Miss Anna E. Dickenson is well known to our readers as the able lecturer and patriotic woman:—

MR. L. A. GODEY—I thought, perhaps, you might wish to have a copy of some lines written by Miss Anna E. Dickenson some years ago. We are intimate with the family, having known Anna when she was quite young, when she brought the poetry to our house. It was written on witnessing the funeral of Dr. Kane. I therefore send it to you. Respectfully yours, E. A.

### LINES,

WRITTEN ON WITNESSING DR. KANE'S FUNERAL.

'Tis a solemn scene; the mournful words  
Are slowly, sadly said,  
And sobs break forth, the tear-drops fall  
O'er the loved and early dead.

The organ rolls its music deep,  
And the anthem grand is sung;  
And falls like dew the earnest prayer  
On hearts with anguish wrung.

Now lift the form and bear it forth  
Through the surging, living wave,  
Through the city's din and ceaseless hum,  
To the calm and quiet grave.

Now lay your burden gently down,  
Throw the cold earth on his breast,  
Give a lingering, longing look behind  
Then leave him to his rest.

'Tis the last of earth! but his name shall be  
Embalmed in the nation's heart,  
And the works he wrought, and the fame he won,  
Shall be of himself a part.

And though years roll by in their ceaseless flight,  
And centuries wane and wane,  
As a sweet and loving household word  
Shall be kept the name of KANE.

MISS ANNA E. DICKENSON.

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

The same publishers are about publishing a capital story for the boys, by the author of "Father Bright-hopes." It is to be called "The Drummer Boy," and is a true historical account of "The Burnside Expedition." It will be illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, and issued in the Messrs. Tilton's well-known attractive style.

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, talmes, mantles, headdresses, shawls, bead-work, materials for wax and paper flowers, embroidery, collars, capes, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' ward-ropes or patterns for the same, stamped collars, orné balls, canvas for working, etc. etc.

LONGFELLOW beautifully says that "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

DEAR MR. GODEY.—We have been grievously disappointed that the communication from a bachelor, in the February number, should have received no attention from the fair readers of "The Book," and are, therefore, somewhat inclined to believe it is ordered that we should take the matter in hand ourselves, particularly as by so doing we shall be enabled to "kill two birds with one stone"—as it has long been our intention to write Mr. Godey, and express, or attempt to express something of the pleasure we experience in conning over the pages of his estimable magazine.

We do not think of Mr. Godey as a stranger, but always as a friend; and seldom take up the book without a grateful feeling arising toward him for his untiring efforts in behalf of us ladies. A good book is a great gift—and certainly the maker of such should rank one of mankind's "great benefactors" (ergo, Mr. Godey is——). When solitary and dispirited, it has been both companion and friend; but as a panacea for home sickness we can testify that the Lady's Book "bears the bell." But, we do protest against its usurping the place of "Heaven's last best gift to man" as—the arm-chair informs—a certain bachelor has so long allowed it. We admit, however, to feeling somewhat mollified that Joe Hopkins' recent transformation from a gay bachelor to a happy Benedict should have brought Joe's friend to a proper sense of his unhappy condition and—well, "to make a long story short," we confess we were charmed with the letter, and have not the slightest doubt that one who has so admirably portrayed the offices of a good wife and knows how to appreciate the Lady's Book into the bargain could be otherwise than a model husband. Not that we wish it to be understood that we could consider our individual *self* the one kind Heaven has fashioned in answer to his pathetic appeal, but if we could receive, now and then, from our friend a letter, such as we feel assured he could write, we should not be—ungrateful.

Hoping Mr. Godey will accept best wishes in regard to health and prosperity,

We remain,  
ALWAYS A FRIEND.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES, a piece of court gossip.—"Of course the charming young Dane is a Princess born, but still of a modest and comparatively humble house. I am told that, like Penelope, she is not unaccustomed to embroidery, and that she is rather proud, indeed, of her cleverness with her needle. There are many well authenticated stories of the simplicity of manners at our pure and well-ordered Court, but what would Mrs. Grundy say if she were assured on indubitable authority that a certain young Princess actually offered, in a playful mood, to show a proof of her taste and nimbleness of finger by newly trimming the bonnet of a Queen regnant? When, after much entreaty and a great deal of laughing, the desired permission has been given, the ladies in waiting, it seems, remark that the *chapeau* when it is brought back is much lighter and more cheerful looking than before. Their quick eyes soon discover that it has been divested of a great deal of crape. Perhaps a certain royal personage made the same discovery. Perhaps the young Princess stood timid and trembling, wondering whether the loving hint would be kindly taken. A little bird has whispered that after a momentary sigh she received a hearty and affectionate kiss, and that several pairs of loving eyes, by a not unnatural coincidence, brimmed and ran over at the same moment."

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#### OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

*The Musical Monthly.*—Our thanks are due to our friends everywhere for the hearty support thus far given to our new periodical. From every quarter we hear nothing but the most unqualified encomium lavished upon it, and we are in constant receipt of the most substantial kind of proof that our attempt to popularize first class piano music so as to bring it within reach of all has been entirely successful. But three numbers have been published and delivered, yet the Monthly has already received sufficient subscriptions to guarantee its faithful and regular publication no matter what contingency may arise. This for a new periodical, which was viewed as an experiment, as nothing similar in kind had ever before been published, is wonderful.

The fourth and fifth numbers, which are now ready, contain several beautiful compositions by Brinley Richards, Fritz Spindler, and other well known composers. The fourth number also contains a new ballad, Among the Roses, by the author of At the Gate, the song which was so popular in the first number. The brilliant and beautiful romance, Warblings at Eve, by Brinley Richards, is given in the fifth number at the special request of many subscribers. This piece in the music stores costs more than the price of the entire number, yet two other pieces are given, one of them a beautiful song, We Met and Talked of Other Days, by James M. Stewart. The terms of the Monthly are \$3 00 per annum, in advance; four copies \$10 00; single numbers 50 cents. The work is not for sale at any music store, and subscriptions must be inclosed to the publisher, J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

*New Sheet Music.*—The new and enterprising publishing firm of Sawyer & Thompson, Brooklyn, have issued several new and beautiful piano songs. When This Cruel war is Over, or Weeping Sad and Lonely; Who will Care for Mother, now? and my Emma Louise; are three songs either one of which will prove, how far a certain adaptability of words to music, and the whole to the popular taste, united with tact and enterprise on the part of the publisher, will certainly secure a signal success. The first song has already attained the enormous circulation of seventy-five thousand copies; the second is almost as popular; and the third is only less so because it is the most recently published. The words of all these songs are by Chas. Carrol Sawyer, who, in their construction, has exhibited a singularly intelligent appreciation of the public taste. Call Me not Back from the Echoless Shore, is another of Mr. Sawyer's popular songs, and the best reply yet published to the famous ballad, Rock Me to Sleep, Mother. The music of two of these songs is by Henry Tucker, author of Beautiful Star. Father, Breathe an Evening Blessing, and Hear our Prayer, are two beautiful sacred compositions, the first a solo and quartette, the other a trio, with piano or organ accompaniment. Price of each of the above 25 cents. The same publishers issue a fine arrangement of When this Cruel War is Over, with variations by Grobe. Price 50 cents.

We will purchase for our friends any of the above; and can also supply the following new songs and pieces. Magdalena, brilliant fantasia, by the author of The Maiden's Prayer, 40 cents. Marche Militaire, very fine, by Glover, 30. An Alpine Farewell, nocturne by Richey, 25. Lily Leaf Polka Schottische, 10. Warblings at Eve, fine edition with colored covers, 35. We Met and Talked of Other Days, beautiful song, by J. M. Stewart, 25. I cannot Mind my Wheel, Mother, by Linley, 25. Address the Musical Editor, at Philadelphia, J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

## THE HABILIMENTS OF GRIEF, FROM A COMMERCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

On the occasion of a recent visit to London, whilst I was debating with myself over the breakfast things as to how I should spend the day, I received by the post a letter deeply bordered with black, evidently a messenger of affliction. I tore the white weeping willow upon a black background which formed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. It proved to be an intimation from a relative of the sudden death of her brother-in-law, and a request that under the circumstance of the sudden bereavement of the widow, I should undertake certain sad commissions relative to the articles of mourning required by the family.

I at once set out upon my sad errand. I had no difficulty in finding the *maison de deuil* to which I had been referred. It met me in the sad habiliments of woe; no vulgar colors glared from the shop-windows, no gilding amazed with its festive brightness. The name of the firm scarce presumed to make itself seen in letters of the saddest gray upon a black ground. Here and there beads of white set off the general gloom of the house-front, like the craps pipings of a widow's cap. The very metal window-frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—zinc taking the place of what we feel under the circumstances would have been quite out of character—brass.

On my pushing the plate-glass door it gave way with a hushed and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, inquired the nature of my want, and, on my explaining myself, directed me to the Inconsolable Grief Department. The interior of the establishment answered exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I had to traverse was panelled in white-black borderings, like so many mourning-cards placed on end; and I was rapidly becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neat little figure rolling up some ribbon; who, on my inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, replied, almost in a tone of gayety, that that was the half-mourning counter, and that I must proceed further on until I had passed the repository for widows' silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination—a large room draped in black, with a hushed atmosphere about it as though somebody was lying invisibly there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with the inevitable white tie, and with an undertakerish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I produced my written directions. Scanning it critically, he said:—

"Permit me to inquire, sir, if *it* is a deceased partner?"

I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he continued, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of our establishment by matching, as it were, the exact shade of affliction. Our paramatta and crapes give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture of surpassing beauty and elegance, manufactured specially for this house, and which we call the *inconsolable*. Quite a novelty in the trade, I do assure you, sir."

With this he placed a pasteboard box before me full of mourning fabrics.

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh, no," he replied; "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's affliction, and was termed 'The Stunning Blow Shade.' It makes up

well, however, with our *sudden bereavement* silk—a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

"I fear," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "don't know of the perfection to which the art of mourning genteelly has been brought! But I will see that your commission is attended to to the letter." Giving another glance over my list, he observed: "Oh! I perceive a widow's cap is mentioned here. I must trouble you, sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding, as directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widows' caps. I perceived at a glance that they exhausted the whole gamut of grief, from its deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with the sad liveries of crapen folds, whilst those behind gradually faded off into light, ethereal tarlatan, and one or two of the outsiders were even breaking out into worldly feathers and flaunting weepers. Forgetting the proprieties of the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable.

"Oh! no, sir," she replied, with a slight shade of severity in the tone of her voice; "you may gradually work up to that in a year or two. But any of these"—pointing to the first row of widows' weeds—"are suitable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find, and, having completed my commission, inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves.

"Oh! for those things, sir," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking to Comedy, "you must turn to your right, and you will come to the Complimentary Mourning counter."

Turning to the right accordingly, I was surprised, and not a little shocked, to find myself amongst worldly colors. Tender lavender I had expected; but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. Thinking I had made a mistake, I was about to retire, when a young lady, in a cheerful tone of voice, inquired if I wanted anything in her department.

"I was looking for the Complimentary Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves; but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, sir," she observed. "This is it." She saw my eye glance at the cheerful-colored silks, and with the instinctive tact of a woman guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"Mauve, sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red!" I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that color.

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departure of a distant relative. But allow me to show you some gloves?" and, suiting the action to the word, she lifted the cover from a tasteful glovebox, and displayed a perfect picture of delicate half-tones, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in this shade of gray," she remarked, indenting slightly each outer knuckle with the soft elastic kid as she measured my hand.

"Can you find a lavender?"

"Oh yes! but the sorrow tint is very slight in that; however, it wears admirably."

Thus by degrees the grief of the establishment died out in tenderest lavender, and I took my departure, deeply impressed with the charming improvements which Parisian taste has effected in the plain old-fashioned style of English mourning.

L. B.

**THE FIRST NEWSPAPER**—The first published, says *Galignani*, bears the date of Nuremberg, 1457; the first English one was in 1622, and the first French in 1631. A very ancient printed sheet was offered for sale in the Labri collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, "Nouve Zeitung, aus Hispania und Italien" (News from Spain and Italy), and bears the date of February, 1534. The catalogue gave the following description of it: "An exceedingly rare journal, which appears to have been printed at Nuremberg. It contains the first announcement of the discovery of Peru, and has remained unknown to all the bibliographers that we have been able to consult. In this printed sheet it is said that the Governor of Panamyrá (Panama in the Indies, wrote to his majesty Charles V. that a vessel had arrived from Peru, with a letter from the Regent, Francisco Pizarro (Pizarro), announcing that he had taken possession of the country; that with about 200 Spaniards, infantry and cavalry, he had repaired to the possessions of a great seignior named Cassiko (who refused peace), and attacked him, that the Spaniards were the victors, and that he had seized upon 5000 castillions (gold pieces), and of 20000 silver marks, and lastly, that he had obtained 2,000,000 in gold from the said Cassiko."

**SOMETHING ABOUT MUSK AS A PERFUME**.—When "boarding round" was the fashion with school teachers, Farmer A., on coming to the house at tea-time, was introduced to the "school-ma'am." In a moment he perceived a strong odor of musk, which came from the school-ma'am's clothing. He, entirely ignorant of the cause, immediately charged it on Ponto, who had a strong propensity for hunting muskrats, and at once commanded him: "Ponto, you scamp, you have been killing muskrats; go out of doors, sir, and get sweetened off." But Ponto did not stir, and Farmer A. spoke again more sharply: "Get out, you'll scent the whole house!" The school-ma'am, by this time, was blushing red as crimson, while the girls and the boys could scarcely keep from bursting into laughter. One of them, unnoticed, at last made their father understand how the matter stood, and he, of course, dropped the subject. The evening passed away rather awkwardly with all, and the teacher failed to return the next day. On her account the affair was kept quiet until after she left the neighborhood, when many were the hearty laughs had over Farmer A.'s error and the school-ma'am's discomfiture. She omitted musk thereafter.

**MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co.**, Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, **ART RECREATIONS**. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

**A GENTLEMAN** lately returned from London, says, the year there is four months of winter, and eight months of villainous weather.

## THE UNFORTUNATE MUSIC SCHOLAR.

BY MRS. J. N. PAGE.

"The ground is all covered with ice and sleet, Caro," said her sister Bell; "do come back and get your rubbers before you undertake to cross the street!"

"But I am so late, Bell, and you know I was tardy the last time I took a music lesson, and such a scolding as I got, I never wish to hear again. I believe I'll trust my old friends Caro and Good Luck for a safe footing." So taking Bertini's large instruction book, and a bound volume of sheet music with her own name on the cover, she tripped gayly down the steps and on to the icy pavement. Men hastening to their various avocations were slipping and sliding, and grasping each other's hands to balance themselves. Seeing her old friend Gen'l P. coming down the street, and fearing he might fancy a joke at her expense, she quickened her steps. But haste is often a poor aid to gravity. One, two, three efforts of the provoked little beauty to keep her feet, but all in vain. Away went the centre of gravity over the base, and books and maiden were brought low.

While many a young cavalier was preparing to come to her assistance, the General kindly raised her to her feet, placed her books in her hands, and herself on the steps of her music teacher's door, saying playfully:—

"Well, Miss Music Scholar, what do you call that? A *flat* or a *sharp*?"

"It's a *flat*," said the tearful, pouting, rosy-cheeked maiden, "but don't say anything about it."

Her teacher kindly met her at the door, and soon, in harmony's soul-thrilling strains, she, for the time being, forgot the mishap of the morning.

Young ladies, when you would trust yourselves on the slippery pavements without rubbers, remember Caro.

**INFLUENCE OF FEMALES**.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sancey, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

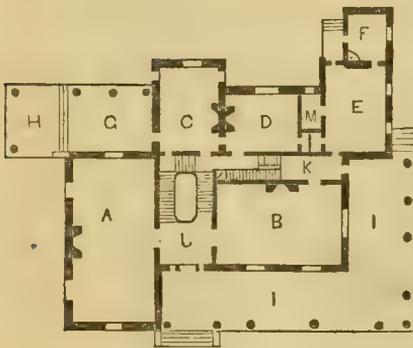
**A LADY** impatiently awaiting the arrival of her lover, moved the hands of the clock forward an hour to make the time for his appearance come sooner.

RURAL RESIDENCE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

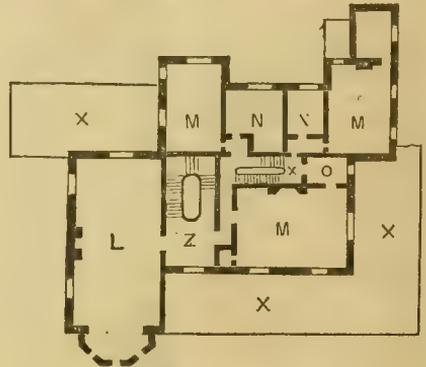


FIRST STORY.

*First Story.*—A parlor, B sitting-room, C dining-room, D breakfast-room, E kitchen, F wash-room, G porch, H carriage porch, I porch, J wash-room.

*Second Story.*—L principal chamber, M chamber, N bath and water closet, O bath, Z chamber, X roof.

MADAM—In late numbers of your Lady's Book, I see several notices "on the use of oatmeal instead of soap." A most excellent nurse, who brought up all my children, had constantly a small barrel of oatmeal in her nursery cupboard, and in cold frosty weather never used any soap, only oatmeal, to wash all the children under her care, and always used it for the baby from the first bath. I never saw one of them have chapped hands, and they had all most delicate fine skins. A little cupful of oatmeal was moistened with the white of a raw egg into a paste, a spoonful of tepid water added to it,



SECOND STORY.

and with this she always washed their hair, rubbing the paste into the roots with her fingers, and afterwards cleansing the head with clean tepid soft water—rain water is best; this will make the skin of the head free from scurf, and the hair soft and glossy. M. W.

NATHANIEL LEE, author of the Rival Queens, was one night travelling by moonlight. A light cloud passed over the moon; the poet cried: "Jupiter, arise and snuff the moon!" A denser cloud now made total darkness. "Stupid!" cried the poet, "you have snuffed it out."

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.

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## CHARADES IN TABLEUX.

## HAT-BAND.

## TABLEAU I.—HAT.

The scene a parlor. In the foreground (centre), facing the audience, is a very little girl dressed in white. Long yellow curls, and blue eyes are the prettiest for effect. She is trying on a man's hat, and holding it up from falling down on her shoulders, with both hands. Two other children to the left are laughing at her, while, to the right, just entering, are a lady and gentleman. The former is in a home dress, the latter in street costume, with overcoat and cane, but without any hat. The lady holds up her finger to silence the laughing children, while the gentleman stoops over the little thief, with his arms outstretched to prison her, and his lips ready for the kiss she has forfeited.

## TABLEAU II.—BAND.

The background has a balcony window in the centre. (A very effective one may be made by placing a fender on a large table, with two upright posts at each end, placed about two feet apart. Drape from these heavy crimson curtains, isoped up, and put a bar across for the window-frame.) At the window are two little girls wrapped in large shawls, as if just awakened by the music. In the foreground seven little boys represent the serenade band. One blows a penny trumpet, the second has a pair of bone clappers, the third a toy drum, the fourth a toy fife, the fifth a tambourine, the sixth a toy violin, and the seventh an immense trombone. They all carry sheets of music, are wrapped in long cloaks, and wear large slouch hats. The stage must be darkened, except the light given by seven candles, held one behind each performer by his servant, dressed as a negro-valet. These seven boys, with black faces and hands, dressed in absurd negro costume, must be grinning with delight at their masters' performance. One of the little girls at the window leans forward, holding a bouquet over the balcony front, while the other points with dismay to a tall figure of a woman, who is seen behind the window, holding up a bucket of water to deluge the juvenile serenaders.

## TABLEAU III.—HAT-BAND.

Here the same scene and performers as are in the first tableau appear again. The little girl seated on the floor has a long garland of flowers, which she is going to wreath round the hat. A second little girl is cutting off the hat-band with a pair of scissors, while a third holds the hat for the operation. The little one on the floor has her lap full of flowers, and holds one end of the garland up in front of the hat to try the effect; the one who holds the hat kneels, to her right, and between them stands, stooping, the one who has the scissors. Laughing, in the background, are the lady and gentleman mentioned before; she springing forward to save the hat, he holding her back.

## 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. T. T. D.—Sent infant's wardrobe by express May 16th.

Mrs. E. M. J.—Sent pattern 16th.

Mrs. L. W.—Sent hair ring 21st.

J. D. B.—Sent hair jewelry 21st.

L. F. F.—Sent pattern 23d.

Miss P. M.—Sent dress by express 26th.

Mrs. M. N.—Sent braiding pattern and embroidery paper 27th.

Mrs. E. K.—Sent braiding pattern 27th.

Mrs. G. C. S.—Sent braiding pattern 27th.

Lt. M. J.—Sent hair work by Adams's express 28th.

T. S. S.—Sent box, bonnets, &c. by Adams's express 29th.

J. F. K.—Sent box containing bonnet by Adams's express 29th.

Miss M. P. K.—Sent vest pattern by Kinsley's express 29th.

Mrs. S. C.—Sent pattern June 3d.

Mrs. C. S. C.—Sent pattern 3d.

Mrs. E. B.—Sent pattern 3d.

Miss M. T.—Sent pattern 3d.

Mrs. G. M. D.—Sent hair work by Adams's express 8th.

C. H. B.—Sent zephyr work materials by Kinsley's express 9th.

J. M. R.—Sent patterns 12th.

Miss S. E. O.—Sent collar pattern 12th.

S. S. S.—Sent braiding pattern 12th.

Mrs. H. F. W.—Sent patterns 12th.

Miss R. C.—Sent India-rubber gloves 12th.

E. H.—Sent mantilla pattern 12th.

G. W. W.—Sent cloak pattern 12th.

Mrs. J. S. S.—Sent hair fob chain 12th.

Will.—The lady is right. If she were poor, it would be otherwise.

M. M.—"A Party and what came of it," will appear in September number.

Mrs. M. G. E.—Single crochet (S C). Having a stitch on the hook insert it in another, and draw the thread through *that one*; then through both the stitches on the needle.

Double Crochet (D C). Having a stitch on the needle, put the thread round it *before* inserting it in the stitch of the work, or drawing the thread through which there will be three loops on the needle; now bring the thread through two, which leaves *one* and the new one; bring the thread through both of them.

Treble Crochet (T C) is worked precisely the same way, but with the thread *twice* round the hook, which, as two stitches only are taken off at a time, will finish the stitch by a treble movement.

Miss S. R.—"Receipt" is correct. Recipe when applied to medicine.

Miss G. R.—We cannot recommend any description of lotion or powder for improving your complexion, as we never heard of one which was really efficacious. Plentiful ablutions, regular exercise, and a good diet will be more likely to improve your skin than any cosmetic.

Dear Sir: I sincerely love a young gentleman, who is a very intimate friend of mine, but he has never spoken of love to me. Dear Sir, I should very much like to have a lock of his hair, and, as he is a very shy young man, it is not at all likely I shall get it without asking. Do you think there would be any impropriety in my asking for a piece? I remain yours very truly. E.

We think you had better ascertain whether he wears a wig before you ask the question.

G. R. T.—The gentleman's family should, most certainly, be the first to call upon the lady who has accepted him as her husband. As the gentleman is generally supposed to woo the lady, the first advances, even in the most trifling matter, should be made by him and those belonging to him. We are rather surprised at the question.

S. L.—We cannot publish "the prices of patterns and everything we furnish." It would fill one number of the Book. Send a stamp with your inquiry, and the Fashion editor will answer.

Miss B. H.—We can't help it. It is no business of ours. Apply to the publishers of the work.

Miss R. M. O.—To our thinking, the very best mode of cooking a good potato is to boil it in its jacket and roast it before the fire.

## Chemistry for the Young.

### LESSON XXIII.—(Continued.)

573. Take an open glass tube, slightly bent at the end, thus—in the spirit-lamp flame, and drop into the bend a fragment of argentiferous galena, sulphuret of lead and silver. Expose the fragment to the heat of a spirit-lamp flame, holding the long bend of the tube highest, and remark the odor of sulphurous acid evolved from the long bend of the tube. This operation will give an idea of the process of roasting—had recourse to for the purpose of driving off sulphur and arsenic. It will also impress upon the mind a ready means of ascertaining, in the dry way, the presence of sulphur in the mineral containing it. This process of smelling through a tube, by the way, is a very excellent means of recognizing an odor, and frequently had recourse to by chemists. Had our object been that of merely roasting away sulphur, in the form of sulphurous acid gas, the process might have been more conveniently performed by means of an iron spoon and an open fire-place. Remember that the process of roasting is that by which sulphur is universally dissipated from minerals on the large scale, and in the dry way. Perhaps the student may like to know how sulphur-containing minerals are dealt with in the moist way. Either the sulphuret may be acted on by dilute and warm nitric acid, when the metal or metals (except tin, antimony, and bismuth) (332-3) will be dissolved, leaving the sulphur, *as sulphur*, in which state it may be collected, dried, and weighed; or the mineral may be boiled with concentrated fuming nitric acid, until all the sulphur has been converted into sulphuric acid, at the expense of the nitric acid, from which it removes oxygen (302). Supposing the sulphuret acted upon to be *argentiferous galena*, the former method is preferable, because the sulphuric acid generated by the latter method, instead of remaining dissolved, in a condition to be precipitated by a barytic salt, as sulphate of baryta, and the amount of original sulphur calculated from the amount of resulting sulphuric acid; instead of this, the sulphuric acid, so soon as formed, would combine with oxide of lead, and be precipitated as sulphate of oxide of lead—a very insoluble salt. Nevertheless, this scheme of analysis also yields very accurate results, but it involves more calculations than the other.

574. *The Use of Fluxes.*—The term flux is derived

from *fluo*, I flow; and is employed by chemists to indicate any substance which, being heated with another substance, increases the fusibility of the latter. For instance, when we exposed to a red heat the mixture of powdered flint (silica) and carbonate of soda, the carbonate acted as a flux. Without it, the silica would not have fused, even by the greatest heat of a blacksmith's forge; with it, fusion was accomplished most readily. The whole theory of smelting turns on the proper selection of a flux, which, for adoption on the large scale, must be not only efficacious but cheap. In the laboratory, where operations are prosecuted on a small scale, and the expense of fluxes is no object, we have a large choice of substances from which the metallurgist is debarred. In furnace operations, the only use of a flux is to impart fluidity; but when employed in connection with the blowpipe, fluxes are made to convey much information. We have already seen that glass is colored of various tints by means of different metals; thus, by gold it is tinged ruby red; by arsenic, iron, green (bottle-glass); and tin, opaque white, etc. Suppose, then, we, in the course of our blowpipe experiments on an unknown mineral, should succeed, by fusing it with a flux, in producing a glass whose color is referable to that corresponding with some known metal, is it not clear we should derive important information? The chief fluxes employed by chemists are: (1) carbonate of soda, (2) borax, (3) microcosmic salt (a phosphate of soda and ammonia), (4) nitre.

## 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.*

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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.

**Fig. 1.**—White French muslin dress, trimmed with six rows of muslin quilting. The corsage is low, and over it is worn a Marie Antoinette fichu laid in plaits, and trimmed with flutings and worked ruffling. The fichu ties at the back, and has long embroidered ends, also trimmed with a quilting of muslin. The sleeves are puffed, and just wide enough to pass the hand through. The hair is *cripé*, and arranged in a waterfall at the back.

**Fig. 2.**—A pink grenadine dress, trimmed with box-plaited ruffles of pink silk. The little corsage is of the same material as the dress, and worn over a white muslin *guimpe*.

**Fig. 3.**—Purple grenadine skirt, with black velvet girdle and bretelles. The *guimpe* is of French muslin, tucked and trimmed with quiltings.

**Fig. 4.**—Ashes of roses silk, trimmed with rows of black lace, headed by bands of Magenta velvet. The corsage is made with a fancy bertha, and trimmed in the fan shape. The hair is *cripé*, and parted at the left side, and arranged very low on the neck with a black lace barbe.

**Fig. 5.**—Lilac silk dinner-dress. The skirt is edged with a fluted brouce, headed by a rose quilting. It is trimmed in *capilles*, formed of black velvet and white lace. This trimming is carried up to the waist, on the left side only. The corsage is trimmed with lace and velvet sewed on in the jacket form, and finishes at the back in long sash ends. The hat is of Leghorn, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with a scarlet and black feather.

**Fig. 6.**—Cuir-colored Paris grenadine, figured with black, and trimmed with five rows of box-plaited green silk. The corsage is low, and over it is worn a fancy fichu, with long sleeves, trimmed with green ribbon. Fine straw hat, trimmed with green ribbons and a fall of black lace.

## LATEST STYLE OF DRESSES.

From A. T. Stewart's Establishment, corner of Broadway and Tenth St., New York.

(See engravings, pages 118, 119.)

## FOULARD ROBE.

This novel robe is of foulard silk. It has the appearance of a skirt of mauve silk, with an over dress open in front, and rather short, showing the mauve in the front and on the edge of the skirt. The overdress is a white ground figured with black, and edged all round with a bordering resembling a rich black lace. The corsage is in the Pompadour style, trimmed with mauve ribbons.

## GRENADINE DRESS.

This dress, one of the most elegant designs of the season, has a white ground powdered with patches of the natural colors and light leaves. The bordering at the edge of the skirt is a deep sea-green, headed by bands of black resembling velvet. The corsage is in the Pompadour style, with rich muslin *guimpe* and sleeves.

## HEADRESSES, ETC.

(See engravings, page 125.)

**Fig. 1.**—Coiffure of black velvet and black lace, with a coronet of roses, on which is a small humming-bird.

**Fig. 2.**—Coiffure formed of black lace and black ribbon, flowers, and a cluster of cherries.

**Fig. 3.**—Headdress of scarlet velvet edged with black lace, having a coronet of flowers and loops of velvet mingled with lace.

**Fig. 4.**—Black velvet coiffure, with gold ornaments and scarlet flowers.

**Fig. 5.**—A thick roll of brown velvet, with heavy coronet of roses and light flowers.

**Fig. 6.**—A very stylish coiffure composed of Magenta velvet and gold ornaments, with a tuft of white flowers on the left side.

## CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

WHEN sultry August comes, and the Dog Star rages, nothing brings us to town but our duty to our readers. We come for a few days to visit the modistes, to see what their fruitful fancy has produced, or where, in some moment of inspiration, they have "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art." And we must say we never cease wondering at the fertility of their invention.

Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale  
Its infinite variety.

We allude more particularly this month to decorations. Instead of the usual braid binding, on the edge of the dress, a bourrelet, or thick roll stuffed with wadding, is now substituted. When a dress is too thin for the bourrelet, it is edged with a braid, which is manufactured ready fluted, and the effect is very pretty.

All kinds of braid trimmings are much worn, sewed on in endless variety of design. We noticed that on the travelling dresses at Mme. Demorest's, the braid was doubled and stitched on in different styles, and had the appearance of a silk piping.

Leather trimmings increase in favor, and, for a black dress, we know of no prettier ornament than the leather gimps and buttons so straw like in appearance. They are used on bonnets as well as on dresses and wraps.

Flounced or tucked organdies are bound with cambric of a contrasting color. This has much the effect of ribbon, and has the advantage of washing. The very expensive muslins are generally trimmed with ribbon, the same as a grenadine.

Skirts are faced with grass cloth, or enamelled leather, which is now to be had in light colors.

There is nothing particularly new, either in the shape of bonnets or dresses, with the exception of the corsage, made with four points in front, and three behind.

Jockey waists with square ends in front, Pompadour waists, and sleeves *à la Condé* (that is, quite small, and made with an elbow), are the most desirable styles for all kinds of goods.

Alpacas, camlets, India silks, and mohairs are now merely used as travelling dresses, or for the seaside. Gossamer fabrics are now almost exclusively seen. Among the prettiest are the corded cambrics and organdies of the finest texture, printed in the most beautiful designs. For instance, a plain colored, or self-colored ground, as it is termed, with a black lace tunic, or else the skirt half covered with ends of sashes, seemingly of black lace, extending from the waist. All these lace delusions are effective, beautiful, and in great variety of design.

The grenadines and *barèges*, we have previously described, and they are of every imaginable shade of *cutr*, which is suitable for both old and young, and contrasts so well with all bright colors.

The ornithological taste has extended to thin tissues. We see lovely white fabrics with peacocks in their rich plumage, and on a lovely *clair* ground, are black swallows darting hither and thither.

For morning, nothing is prettier than the printed percales and *piques*, and so excellent are the braiding imitations on them, that few persons now go to the expense and labor of braiding their dresses.

For thin, or silk dresses, the braiding *appliqué* is very fashionable. Vines and designs are cut out of velvet or silk, laid upon the dress, and finished with a braid. Another style is for the design to be in lace, and the material cut from underneath. This is quite novel. The *appliqué* is generally of a darker shade than the dress, or of a contrasting color.

*Pongees* are much worn for the entire suit, including bonnet and parasol. For the latter, as well as sun umbrellas, it is particularly fashionable.

In Paris the ladies are wearing wraps of the same color as the dress, though frequently of a darker shade and of a different material.

While on the subject of dresses, we must call attention to the admirable dress shields just brought out by Mme. Demorest. They are of a new material, perfectly impervious to moisture, and resemble a creamy white muslin. They are also very thin, and have not the disagreeable odor of India-rubber. Bibs and dress protectors are also made of this material for infants, which will be found exceedingly nice and convenient. We think this a great invention, and particularly call the attention of mothers to it.

A new material for wraps has lately appeared in Paris. It is called Yak, and is a white worsted lace, lined with a colored silk. We give two illustrations of these wraps in the present number.

Though the *collet*, or *talma*, seems to take the lead, we think it a very warm wrap, and decidedly prefer the little scarf mantles at Brodie's. They are to be had with pointed, round, or square ends. Another style fits the shoulders like a *berthe*, fastens in front, and falls in scarf ends. We saw at this establishment a mohair shawl, a very excellent imitation of guipure lace.

At the watering-places there seems to be a perfect furore for the scarlet cloaks, so gypsy-like in appearance.

Seated, a few afternoons since, in a shady corner of a broad piazza, we watched the crowd as it passed by. There came up the road an equipage all aflame, with one of these brilliant garments thrown over the shoulders of a lady, seated on the box. And who is the little body coming yonder? Surely that is little Red Riding-hood herself. We are not a wolf, and yet we devour her—with kisses.

*Barège*, and grenadine shawls, are of all styles, plaids, checks, stripes, and plain. Then there are the made shawls, trimmed with futings, or else a ribbon of a contrasting color, laid on plain and crossing at the corners, the shawl being folded to show two borders.

In fans, there is also a great variety. First, the elegant bridal fan, of point lace, with mother of pearl sticks richly carved. Then the lovely silks and moires, with real lace decorations. Less expensive silk fans are also to be had in endless variety. We see also the pretty little round straws, interlaced with ribbons and velvet. Also the useful companion the linen fan, to be had in white, black, brown, and gray—watered, spangled, plain, and feather shaped. The prettiest style is the folding round fan, though the ordinary shape is

much used. A great variety of leather belts have appeared, ornamented with velvet or morocco of different colors, and gilt or steel knobs. We do not like them for ladies, but think they would make a very pretty addition to a little boy's costume.

For the little folks we have nothing very new. What is worn by grown up people is made in miniature for the little ones.

Tulle and tarletane, being light, airy materials, are the most suitable for summer ball dresses for young ladies. The newest styles are trimmed with swan's down. Loops of down imbedded in puffs, have a very charming effect.

Some of the newest tarletanes are worked with silk, chenille, or velvet, in imitation of branches of coral, which are very effective and pretty.

The prettiest coiffure for this dress, is La Gitana, which particularly attracted our attention at Mme. Tilmann's, of 148 East Ninth Street, New York. It was the most fascinating combination of gleaming scarlet verbenas, enamelled leaves, grass, and scarlet ribbon bordered with black, falling in long graceful pendants. Imagine a rich brunette complexion and sparkling black eyes, beneath this fanciful coquetry.

Another model of grace and elegance was the postillion hat, of white chip, very peculiar in shape, and trimmed with bands of cherry velvet, and cherry and white feathers. This was the most stylish and expensive hat of the season.

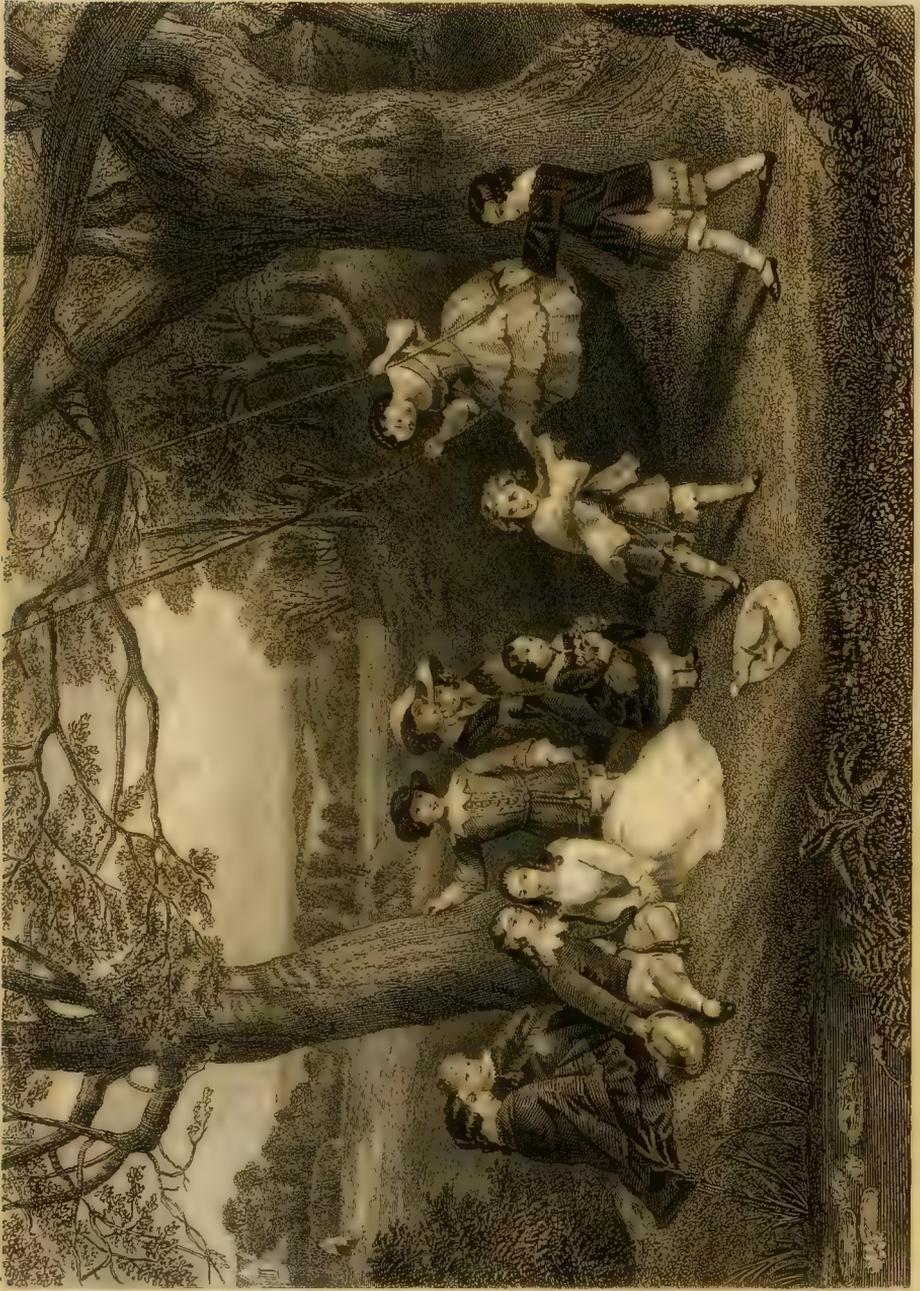
Mme. Tilmann's flower creations are perfect rivals of nature. Many of them are orchids mixed with grasses and variegated leaves. In all the flowers, nature is most closely followed, the stems being velvety, prickly, or thorny, to suit their respective flower. Many of our readers are probably not aware, that at this house flowers are arranged to suit the taste of the purchaser. Either for the inside or outside of a bonnet in wreaths or dress garnitures. Full bridal parures are furnished and the veil is so arranged on the wreath, that the assistance of a coiffeur is not required. Think of that, ye fair ones, who like to have the latest styles and live at a distance from our large cities.

From a number of dresses just finished at the establishment of Mme. Demorest, we selected the following as being particularly elegant and becoming: An organdie dress for a young lady. The skirt was made full with a very deep hem, above which was a cluster of tucks about an inch wide, then a tuck half the width of the hem, and another cluster of small tucks, the trimming continued and graduated half way up the skirt. The waist was composed of small tucks with a band of insertion between each cluster and filled into a band at the waist. The sleeves were made to correspond with the waist, and gathered into a loose band at the wrist where it finished with a ruffle of Valenciennes. The sash of clusters of tucks and insertion edged with Valenciennes was to be worn on the left side.

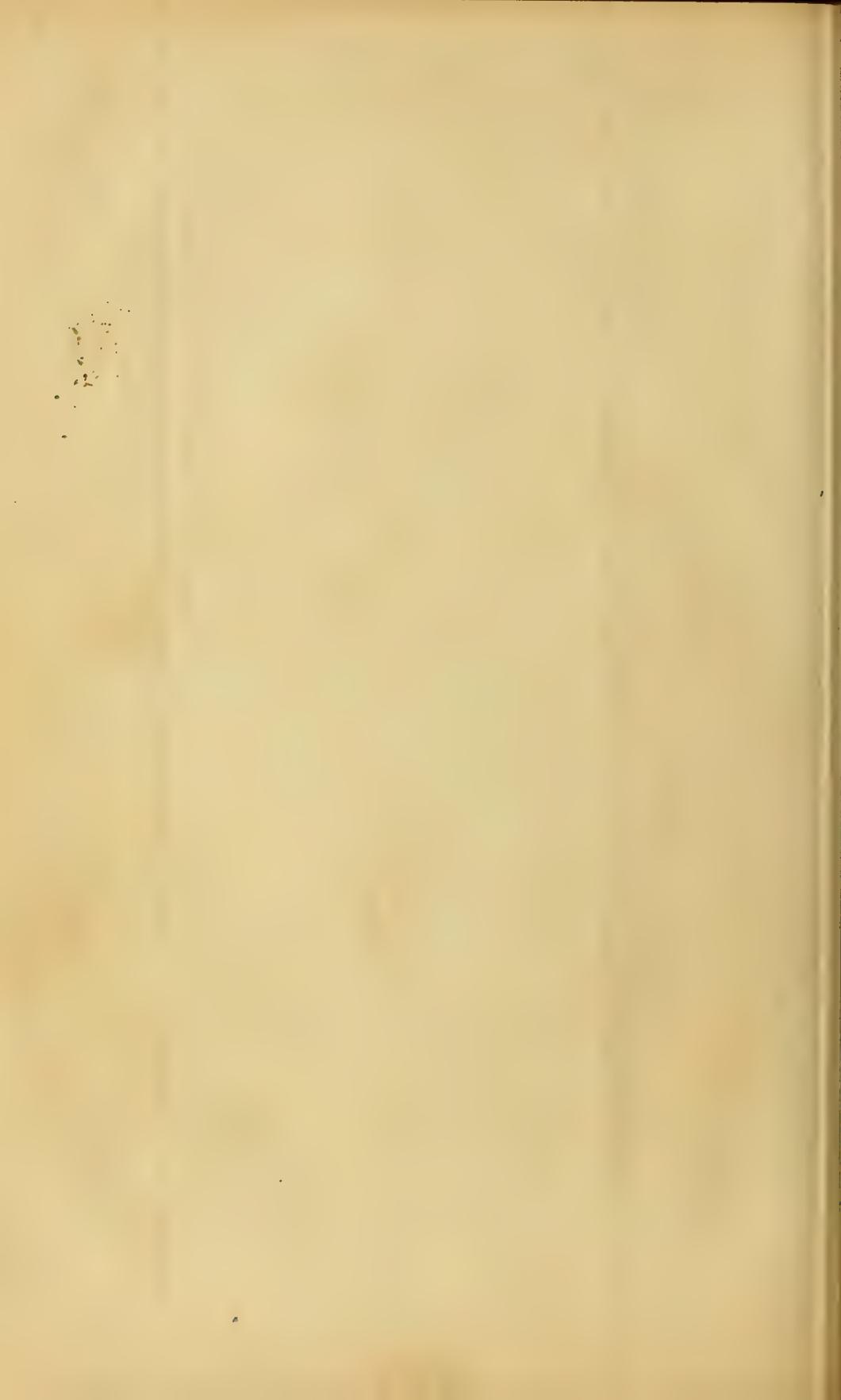
A very *distingué* dinner dress was of mauve silk with an overskirt of French muslin, open on the left side nearly to the waist, and trimmed all round with a quilling of mauve ribbon. The open space at the side was joined by interlaced mauve ribbons. The corsage was of white muslin puffed to the throat, and the sleeves a mass of puffings; over this was a Spanish waist of mauve silk. The *tout ensemble* was exquisite, and it was decidedly one of the most stylish dresses of the season.

FASHION.











RAISING A BEARD.

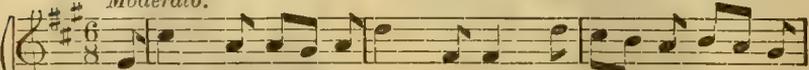
# FORGET THEE! NO!

BALLAD FOR THE GUITAR.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By JAMES McWILLIAMS.

*Moderato.*

VOICE. 

For - get thee! no! till time shall cease, This change - less heart of

GUITAR. 



mine, In joy, in pain, what - e'er thy lot, Is





ev - er, ev - er thine. For as the flow'r at twi - light hour, Weeps





in the eve - ning dew, So doth my heart, thine own a part, Weep



FORGET THEE! NO!

in each thought of you. 2. For - get thee! no! but

glance thine eye To you bright star a - bove; Doubt that bright star may

cease to shine, Then doubt my change - less love; For

as that star that shines a - far, From out its home of blue, Will

glis - ten bright in dark - est night, So burns my love for you



**LATEST STYLE OF RIDING-DRESS.**

*(Front view.)*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*



**LATEST STYLE OF RIDING-DRESS.**

*(Back view.)*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*

## DINNER-DRESS.



Pearl-colored silk. The skirt is trimmed with five very narrow ruffles of Magenta silk. The corsage is made with a very deep point in front, and trimmed in the fan style, with Magenta silk ruffles. A narrow ruffle is sewed on the waist of the corsage, and is finished up the back with two bows and long streamers. The bodice is rolled, but taken very little off the face, and is dressed in a bow at the back. The headdress is of Magenta velvet.

## DINNER-DRESS.



...shes of roses silk, with a deep flounce of black lace on the skirt. The flounce is headed by a band of the  
...dged with narrow black lace, and caught at intervals by black velvet bows, thus forming puffs. The  
...es and corsage are trimmed to match. The headdress is of scarlet and black velvet. The hair is arranged  
...low on the neck in a bow.

MORNING ROBE.



Shirt and jacket of gray *piqué*, braided with black.

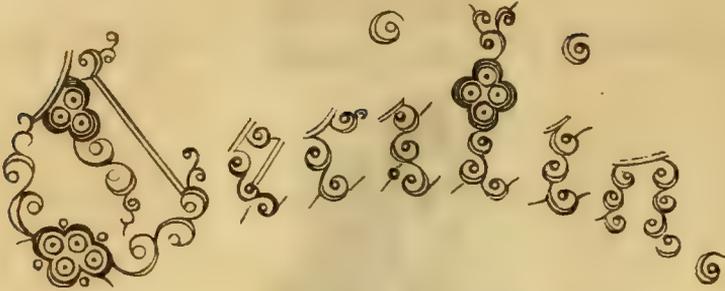
## THE CASTILIAN.

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



This beautiful garment for the present month is made in black silk, with a magnificent ornamental braiding in silk cord and black beads, and with lace frills upon the body and sleeves. For the coming season, they will be made in the same fashion of black velvets, and also some will preserve the main features, but have flowing sleeves instead of those in the illustration.

NAME FOR MARKING.



GORED MORNING ROBE.

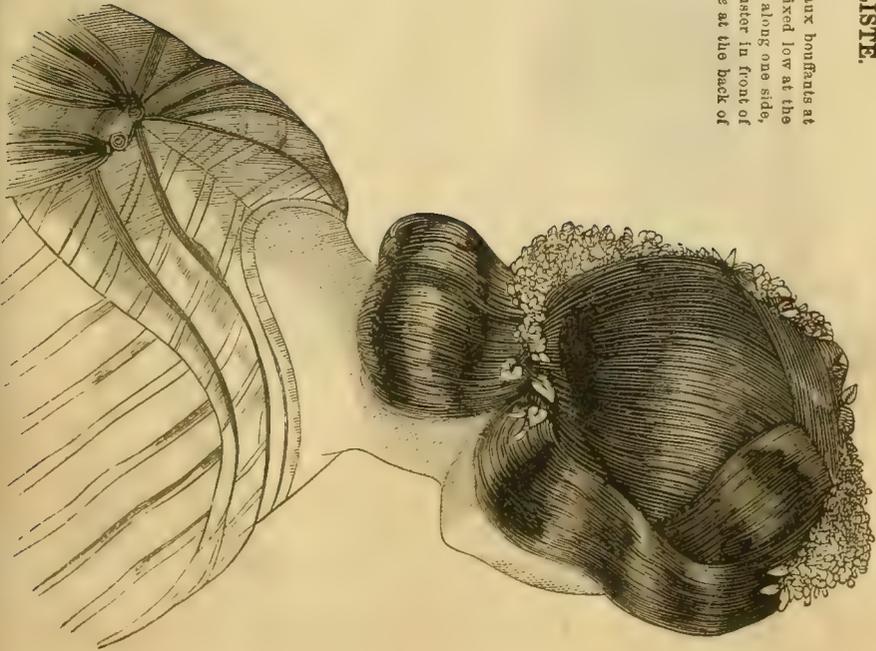


Made of white muslin, trimmed with graduated ruffling, which is carried up every half breadth for about three-quarters of a yard. The small pelerine and sleeves are trimmed to match. White muslin cap, trimmed with black velvet and amber ribbons.

## THE COIFFURE CALISTE.

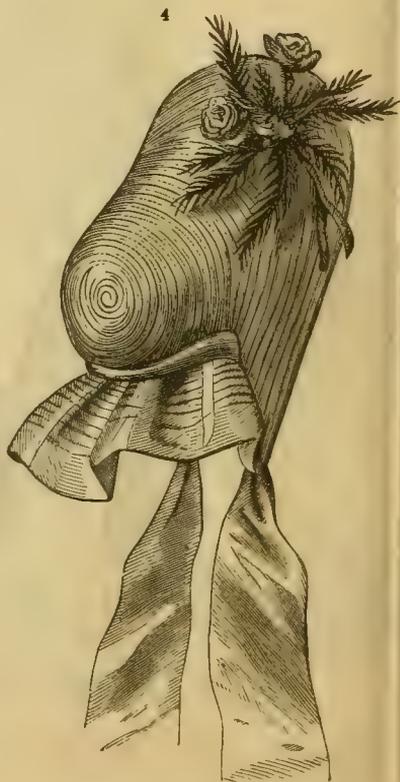
(*Front and Back view.*)

This headdress is composed of bandeaux bouffants at each side of the head, and a full bow fixed low at the back. A wreath of red verbonna passes along one side, the flowers being disposed in a full cluster in front of the forehead, and forming a *cache-peigne* at the back of the head.



LATEST STYLE OF BONNETS.

(See description, Fashion department.)



# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

### "THE WAR OF THE ROSES."

BY DAISY HOWARD.

"WHAT dress will you wear to Mrs. Hilton's to-night, Rose?"

"I do not know, dear Carro; indeed I have not given it a thought, and would much rather remain at home than mingle with the gay to-night."

"Not attend the most splendid party of the season! Why, Rose Traverse, are you crazy, child? Stay at home, indeed, and give your famous rival, Rose Arlington, a chance to captivate your handsome Ernest? Rose, she is perfectly lovely—not *your* noble beauty, darling—but a tiny, blue-eyed, golden-haired fairy, beautiful as rose-tinted evening clouds, or like one of those glorious crimson and gold sunsets we saw last year in the land of sunny skies—bright Italia. But pshaw! Rose, I cannot be poetical. I have mentioned the two most beautiful things my eyes ever rested upon, and now am at the 'end of my string,' always excepting the beautiful slumbrous light in your own glorious dark eyes, darling. What ails your eyes to-night, Rose Traverse? Their look is wierd and unearthly."

"I feel saddened, Carro. Emma Hade's foolish talk about Ernest's devotion to Miss Arlington last night has grieved me."

"Never heed her words, Rosie dear; she is a mischief-maker, and would make trouble between you and Ernest Clare. The little vixen! I could twist her neck off."

"Fy, fy, Carro! that is rough and unusual language from your sweet lips. But tell me—did you not think Ernest too devoted, as Emma said, to this Southern belle, when his hand and heart are pledged to another?"

"Well, he certainly *was* attentive to Miss Arlington; but she was quite as attentive to

him—she did not give him a chance to leave her. I passed them during the evening, and Ernest made a movement as though about to join me, when *la belle* yellow hair chained him again, to answer some question regarding the gayeties of his 'beautiful city.' I foresee very plainly, Rosie, that I shall honor that deceitful little Arlington with my most cordial hatred."

"Not so fast, Carro. I think, for so very small a lady as you are, you are talking pretty large about this young stranger."

"You are right, Rosie. To use one of George's elegant expressions, I believe I have been talking rather 'high falutin;' but, Rose, you cannot imagine the wiles of that girl—remember you have only met her once. When Captain Acton came to claim her hand for a promised dance, she actually filled Ernest's arms so that he would be obliged to await her return—bouquets, fans, handkerchiefs, opera-cloaks, and even her gloves. I had half a mind to send one of the servants with Miss Mason's compliments, and ask if he did not need some one to help him bear his burden."

"Oh, Carro Mason, you are incorrigible. You make me laugh, even while swallowing down a sob. I do not grieve because Ernest finds pleasure in the society of another—as you know I am not of a jealous nature—neither do I grieve because I have not moral courage to give up the love of Ernest Clare; but for the reason that it has shaken my faith in human nature. If Ernest, with his noble soul and high, brave spirit, can be so easily won to forget the love of years, who can we trust?"

"Bide a wee, sweet cousin, bide a wee. He loves not Rose Arlington; he loves but the bright crimson rose of his boyhood's idolatry—

sweet Rose Traverse; he is but captivated by her wondrous beauty."

"I care not, Carro; I will not have a share in the heart which once was all my own. I will release him from the vows made in the old Cathedral in Rome if they press too heavily upon his spirit; one word from his own lips, and he is free as air."

The cousins were in a sumptuous chamber in the house of Rose Traverse. Rich crimson damask curtains shaded the window, throwing a warm ruddy glow over the two fair faces. A carpet of crimson and white, with flowers so rich in coloring, one could fancy Flora herself had flung her treasures over it with no sparing hand, rich clusters of crimson roses and convolvulus, mingled with the trailing myrtle, whose bright green contrasted beautifully with the glowing flowers, almost winning one to stoop and gather them. Carro stood before the grate, with her forehead bent upon the marble mantel, beating an impatient tattoo upon the floor with her restless little feet. Rose sat before a rose-wood writing-desk, thickly strewn with manuscript. Her magnificent black hair was pushed back from the white temples, and the crimson lips were tightly compressed; the sweet face wearing a look of weariness and pain. The rich glow on her cheek almost shamed the bright rose-colored dressing-gown which fell from the glistening shoulders. Her white hand almost flew over the paper till arrested by Carro.

"Rose, put away your writing, and let us to our toilet. Ernest will be here, and you know he dislikes to wait."

"I shall not go out to-night, but will assist you in one moment, Carro."

"Rose Traverse, I don't love you one bit; you are too provoking!" And Carro flung herself into a chair, saying: "I will not go unless you do—that I am determined on. You want to give the Arlington a chance to win from you the noblest heart the sun shines upon!" and glittering tears rolled over Carro's bright face.

Rose left her seat, and in one moment her arms were around the loving girl. "Carro, I do not wish to grieve you, and would rather go with you than see these wasted tears. I do not feel like going into a crowd to-night, and was very anxious to finish this manuscript, and have it in the hands of the compositor at an early hour to-morrow; besides, I have promised to write a sketch for the —— Magazine, and you know I never fail to meet an engagement. Ernest, too, he only comes because he deems it his duty, not from choice."

"Now, Rose, you wrong him. It is only in her presence that he feels the spell of this Southern beauty. Please, Rosie, come to-night, just to make me happy. I will copy all day to-morrow for you, if you do."

Rose could not withstand the pleading eyes, and sadly she gathered up the scattered papers and replaced them in the desk.

"I will go with you, Carro, if only for the sake of making my little cousin happy."

"How you seem to love those tiresome papers, Rose! One could fancy you had to write for a living."

"No, darling, I do not have to toil for my daily bread, but I have to write to satisfy the cravings of my restless heart, which is ever clamoring, write—write. I could no more keep from writing, than you can keep from singing all day long, my happy Carro. I love to hear your rich voice, clear and sweet as the bulbul's song."

Carro flew round like a bird—first dressing the tiny feet in white satin slippers, that surely must have been handed down to her from Cinderella, so small and beautiful they were.

Rose stood before the mirror, and as she gazed upon her own rare loveliness, she murmured in a tone too low for Carro's busy ears—"They tell me of my soul's lofty gifts, and yet they could not win my love—that would not change." She removed the golden comb, and the glittering mass of shining hair fell rippling almost to her feet. She smoothed it with her soft hand till it shone like the mirror in which she gazed, then the white fingers wandered through it and rapidly it grew into broad massive braids, which she bound about her brow in the shape of a coronet, and gathering the whole into a heavy knot behind—the task was done. She robed her beautiful form in a dress of amber satin. She clasped a diamond necklace upon her snowy throat, the bright, glittering gems answering the light in her purplish black eyes. Taking from the wardrobe a white silk opera-cloak, she tied it carelessly around her neck; saying: "Now, Carro, I am ready. I will go into the drawing-room and play over that new song till you come down."

"Oh, Rose, how quickly you do dress. I am not near ready yet. Please send Amy to me. I want her to dress my hair."

Rose crossed to the servant's hall, and sending Amy to the tiny sprite who could not robe her dainty limbs under an hour's time, she passed into the drawing-room. The room lay in shadow, lighted only from the hall. Rose sat down to the piano. Her song was mourn-

fully sad, then the rich voice surged through the lofty rooms, appealingly, almost wailingly. Poor Rose, her heart caught the trick of the song's sadness, and her head sank upon the instrument, and bright tears fell upon the rich dress. Ere she was aware, a voice thrillingly low was whispering, "Rose, darling," and passing his arm around her, the proud head was laid upon the breast of Ernest Clare, and the sweet tear-stained face pressed against his own. Rose sought to free herself from his embrace, though her heart thrilled at the sound of the loved voice, as does a harp-string when too rudely touched.

He led her into the hall under the brilliant gas-light, and gazed sadly upon the drooping head and snowy brow, and murmured, "Rose, you are peerlessly beautiful to-night."

At this moment Carro came tripping down the stairs. "I am happy to see you, Sir Knight of the eagle eye. Do I not look passing well, Lord Ernest? I mean to walk straight into the heart of Captain Acton to-night, so the Arlington had best look to herself, or her harp will yet be 'hung upon the willows.' But here is the carriage, let us to the banquet."

There was a baneful light in Rose Arlington's eyes, as the cousins entered the room leaning upon the arm of the handsome, regal-looking man she was trying to win from his allegiance. The glorious beauty of Rose Traverse was acknowledged by all. A subdued murmur of admiration followed her wherever she moved. The heart of Ernest Clare was at rest; he felt that the eyes of Rose Arlington had lost their spell. The "war of the roses" was like to end, our bright, crimson rose coming out victor, though we must confess the "war" was (as Carro said) all on the "Arlington's" side. Will the war be at an end? Time will show. It is said that a "pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffice to subdue a man, to enslave him; they dazzle and bewilder him, so that the past becomes forgotten."

Ernest Clare was happier to-night than he had been for many weeks; he determined to show Miss Arlington no attention; in very truth her eyes seemed to have lost their *spell*, overshadowed by the radiant beauty of our own bright Rose. But ah, who can compute the power that lies in curls of a golden hue, and eyes of melting softness? The hand of Rose Traverse was claimed for a dance by a white-haired hero of many battles, General G—, one who admired her above all women, though his love for her was that of a father for his child. Ernest stood watching the graceful

movements and noble face of his boyhood's love, his manhood's idolatry, when a beautiful hand was laid upon his arm, and dewy eyes looked sadly into his own.

"Have you forgotten my presence, Ernest? You have not sought me once to-night. Come, let us promenade, I have something to tell you;" and the arm of the syren was linked within his own.

Once more busy tongues were whispering of his devotion to Miss Arlington, and sundry black, blue, and gray eyes were directed to the face of Rose Traverse. But the pride of Rose suffered her to make no change in her demeanor. Her smile was sweet and calm as it ever was, and her step unflinching.

Again Rose and Carro are seated by the fire in the former's pleasant chamber. By mutual consent the name of Ernest Clare was not mentioned.

"You look weary and tired, Carro, and it is one o'clock; I think you had better retire."

"And you, Rose?"

"I shall write to-night; the spell is upon me, and I could not sleep."

"Oh, Rose dear—but I shall not waste words, my head aches dreadfully, so I will to bed, perchance I may dream of my brave *captain*;" and laughing merrily she said "good-night." A few moments and the pretty head was laid upon the pillow, a few more, and the white lids closed wearily over the eyes so like in hue to the blue bells and violets of her own dear home.

And Rose? Without disrobing she unlocked the writing desk, and drew forth the unfinished manuscript; rapidly the pen travelled over the paper, and at last it was complete.

"And now for the promised sketch; what shall it be?" she soliloquized. "I must write it, though it be but half a column, for I have given my promise. Ah me, how shall the aching head and weary heart improvise matter to please the multitude? I fear me it will be but a dreary plaint."

'Tis ever thus with earth's children. Like Rose, they must labor on, though the pain at their heart grows more unbearable; the anguished face must wear a smile, the lip must be ever gay, lest the cold world should see, and the "lookers on in Venice" comment. How little reckes the world, as it reads and either praises or condemns the writer—how little, we ask, do they who read know how oft from an aching and deeply anguished heart, those words have sprung, the bitterness of

whose lot no tongue can tell, over whose well-nigh broken heart-strings sweep mighty sorrows, whose path is encompassed by sorrow-clouds for evermore, that path which perchance their tender feet must tread alone? Alone—is there not a volume in the word? Can the heart not suffice to itself alone and unaided, can it not work out this mighty problem of life? Cannot woman, like man, pour out the glorious beauty of her soul, and in *fame* find happiness? No, no, forever no! Ah, 'tis sympathy and love a woman's heart craves. She longs for love and tender care; she longs to be protected and watched over, else she droops, and the brightness passes from her life forever, and ends in eternal night.

All things must have an end. Rose wrote the last word of the coveted sketch, sealed and directed it. Then she wrote a note to Ernest Clare, releasing him from his vows, and giving back his plighted troth. It was hard to give up the love of years, but she could not share a divided heart. Throwing up the window she knelt beneath it, inhaling greedily the pure air, unmindful that the chill winter wind blew upon her uncovered neck. The face wore a weary look, and in the deep eyes there slumbered a wondrous woe. She had vowed to forget Ernest—could she? Wherefore, after the vow was made, did the heart clamor for the loved presence—the gentle tones whose music lingered everywhere?

“The night is glorious, but my heart is breaking. Ah, Ernest, Ernest—why should thine eyes come between me and the midnight heavens?—must I kneel forever beneath this starry sky a mourner like to-night? Tell me, ye glittering stars, and thou, bright, cold moon, will happiness ever dwell in my heart again? All! all is changed. And yet the starry sky forms as bright a dome as that which canopied my head in childhood. But ah, where are the joyous hopes, the happy light-heartedness that then filled my heart? Ah, the Gordian knot is wound too tightly about thee, poor heart; my trembling fingers are powerless to unloose it. Ah, my wild invocation avails me naught; the stars are silent and the moon sails majestically onward, and all is lost, ‘except a little life.’”

After a storm, whether of the elements or the human heart, there comes a calm. So it was with our mourner; the moonlight fell upon the bowed head and the rich dress, and the diamonds flashed back a mocking light beneath her rays. Rose, listening to the wind anthem, felt a calm descend upon her soul; upon the

wings of the wind came floating the sweet promises of *Him* whom, in her sorrow, she had forgotten. “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Ah, how refreshingly fall such promises upon the storm-tossed soul! Pour out thy soul in prayer, sweet maiden; far, far away, beyond yon starry dome—up, up beyond the glorious clouds, where the Deity sits enthroned, there, hard by the throne of Grace at the feet of God's gentle Son, pour out thy woe! Woe, did I say! *Could* the spirit of mortals feel woe, while standing even in thought in the “New Jerusalem!” Ah, well may the stricken heart prostrate itself before the Saviour, assured of sympathy, feeling that through him the sweet stranger “peace” will flutter down into that heart. He, the “man of sorrows,” who, in this our beautiful world, was reviled and persecuted by men; *Gethsemena's Lord*, whose weary feet paced Jerusalem, and whose own glorious head was bowed that we might live, whose brow was encircled by a wreath of thorns, that we might keep the flowers of Eden's garden to gem our pathway. Remembering all this, canst thou not be patient? Weep on and pray. O'er the grave of Lazarus “Jesus wept,” and o'er the sins of the people He anguished. Remembering all this, let thy proud head be bowed in adoration and in prayer, and thy passionate heart be stilled, and murmur again never more.

The last months of winter passed wearily away. To Rose it seemed interminable. All was at an end between Ernest Clare and herself; henceforth their path led down a different current. Rose was content to have it so; though the rich crimson of her cheek was fading, and her bounding step grew weary and slow, yet she moved through her home cheerfully as of old. In those happy days, when she knew herself beloved, these were blissful hours spent in dreaming; now she must keep herself busily employed, lest the sorrow at her heart should rise up and clamor to be heard. Ah! the human heart is a stern tyrant, and the question that has been asked and answered wailingly by many a heart was hers—“How can I live without thee?” At such hours she flew to the only refuge that has power to still the soul's tumult—that of prayer; and oh! how soon her heart grew calm, and her faith strengthened. “As rivers of waters in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,” came the thought that, though the love of earth had failed her, she had a Friend whose love was priceless, and who knew no change.

Twice had letters come from Ernest Clare

filled with sorrow, renewing the vows so lately broken, pleading for the love he had so cruelly slighted; but Rose was firm; she could not risk this great sorrow a second time, lest her happiness should be shipwrecked forevermore.

"Rose! Rose! come out upon the colonnade, do—George is waiting to tell you something. Oh, there is something so nice going to happen to-morrow!"

Rose passed her arm around Carro, and the two went out to where the brother and (shall we perch?) the lover stood waiting. It was a lonely evening, and though the sweet sunset glow had faded, the earth and sky were beautiful; surely the evening breeze must have lately been kissing the flowers so fragrant and heavily-laden with sweets; it came lightening the load pressing the heart of Rose, and fluttering the curls on Carro's sunny brow.

"Well, my brother, what is this great treat Carro says you have in store for us? I am all curiosity."

"Why, sister, we are going to have a riding party to the 'Cliffs' to-morrow. We start as soon as the sun is up, and stay till evening, take our dinner in the woods, and our tea at the famous sign of 'The Golden Star.' Won't good old Mother Belton be in her element? You will ride with Carro and I. You will go for my sake, sister?" And George Traverse drew his sister's head upon his breast, and fondly kissed the white brow.

"Yes, George, I will accompany you."

"Ah, Rosie, that is well; now I am content. Come hither, little one—don't be jealous. I have room enough in my other arm to encircle your tiny waist."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Impudence; I am not anxious to have your arm about my waist."

"Then you shall, whether or not," and suiting the action to the word, he flew after the laughing Carro, and soon captured her, pressing a lover's kiss upon the dewy lips.

Ah, these happy lovers' days are surely the sweetest season in life! When the last thought at night and the first in the morning is the blissful one—we are beloved; when we sleep and dream of *somebody*: when we dress and wear the colors that *somebody* loves, and watch with eager eyes and a listening ear for the foot-step of *somebody* who is perhaps our all of earth—our more than all of Heaven. I fancy this is why there is so much of sorrow around our earth-path; that it is a punishment sent in rebuke of the wild love we bear the creature,

forgetful oft of Him who has said, "Thou shalt not make idols."

Rose stood watching the lovers. They were quiet enough now. Carro, with the arm she had a few moments ago so saucily refused, thrown around her. The fluttering heart was stilled now, listening to the low manly voice whose music thrilled her soul. With a deep sigh Rose entered the house, and the lovers stood in the gleaming till the stars came out.

I repeat it again. Ah, these happy lovers' days! and I fancy many and many a heart responds to the words.

"What kind of a day is it, Viney? Will it be pleasant for our ride?" Thus spoke Rose Arlington to her maid.

"Beautiful day, Miss Rose: splendiferous for your ride!"

"Hasten, then, Viney, and bring my breakfast whilst I curl my hair."

The proud beauty placed herself before the mirror, and thus soliloquized: "I must look my best to-day, for I do believe Ernest Clare is growing weary of me, and mamma writes that funds are low; so I must try and bring my wealthy lover to the point this day. I believe he loves that haughty Rose Traverse yet. Well, I shall make my last great effort to-day. If he hears I think of leaving for home, perhaps he may propose. I think the gentlemen in mamma's native country are very cold of heart, or I should have won Ernest ere now."

"Throw up the window, Rosie, and tell me of the sky. If it is a beautiful blue, and we can have our ride, I shall get up; if not, I shall stay in bed and have the pouts."

"It is a glorious morning, Carro. You had better mount, and prepare for your ride to the far-famed 'Cliffs.' I feel almost happy this morning, darling; the very wind seems to bear upon its wings something exhilarating and life-giving."

And well she might be happy, our sweet Rose. The morn was beautiful—one of those bright mornings in early June, the sweetest season in all the year, where summer's fairy sister, spring, hath so lately rested, leaving even yet her breath among the flowers.

Carro stood arranging her silken curls, as George loved to see them. When the riding-dress was donned, and the coquettish cap of dark blue velvet laid upon the sunny curls, the little maid looked wondrous winsome. So thought George Traverse, for as she descended the stairs he met her, and drawing the little

hand through his arm, he whispered: "You are radiant this morning, and you are mine—mine."

Though pearly tears trembled upon the long lashes as the caressing tones fell from his lips, the little gypsy would not be entirely subdued.

"Excuse me, George Traverse, I am my own, not yours yet; and if you don't quit ruffling my hair, I shall be mine forever." *Something* closed the wee mouth. I wonder what it was?

As Rose made her appearance at the door, a portion of the party swept by on their way to the "Cliffs," among whom were Rose Arlington and Ernest Clare. The former drew up before the door for the purpose of letting her rival see who was her companion. She made a bad move by thus doing; for this morning Rose Traverse was gloriously beautiful. Ernest Clare felt it, and his heart throbbed tempestuously. Queenly Rose Traverse, thou art now avenged; for, as in the first days of thy love, so now the heart of thy lover is thine—thy lightest footfall, or the tones of thy voice fill his soul with wild emotion.

Rose stood upon the marble steps waiting for her brother. Her riding-dress was black, and the graceful cap of black velvet was singularly becoming, with its long drooping plumes, waving above the white brow. Ernest gazed upon the noble face, and read there nothing; true, he could see the traces of a battle fought and won, but naught he wished to see. The proud beautiful lips quivered not; could it be that upon those lips *his* kiss of betrothal had been pressed? His very lips grew pale; his life seemed like a helmsless ship upon the angry sea—all was lost, and he would have perilled much to regain the love he had slighted. There was anguish in his heart and on his face, as he turned to Miss Arlington, and proposed riding onward. Could the proud beauty have read his heart, her face would have quickly lost its wreath of smiles. But the end is not yet.

Merry songs and ringing laughter resounded all day long through the old woods beneath the "Cliffs," and, if sadness dwelt in one or two young hearts, none heeded it; for the sweet lip of Rose wore the olden smile, and it is not given to mortals to read the heart. Mother Belton, the merry hostess of "The Golden Star," laid before them a repast that would have tempted an anchorite, much less a happy, hungry crew like her guests. All too soon evening came, and old Sol grew drowsy, and prepared for going to rest behind the blue hills. The gay cavalcade were soon mounted and moving towards the city, some few of the weary

equestrians as glad as their "bonnie steeds" to turn their faces homeward.

Several times during the day Ernest had shown some courtesy to Róse, which she accepted politely and calmly; so calm indeed was her manner, that it froze the words of entreaty trembling upon her lover's lips. He rode by the side of Miss Arlington sad and still—so still that the fair Arlington wondered, and pouted, and smiled by turns. How *could* he smile and jest when his heart was shrouded in gloom? He was near the idol of his heart, could hear her sweet, low voice, and yet he dare not seek her side. They were already in sight of her home, and soon even the solace of her sweet presence would be lost to him. At this moment one of the lingering couple came dashing by in a race; recklessly they rode, and in passing struck the horse of Ernest Clare, who reared and sprang to one side, throwing his unguarded rider upon a pile of sharp stones by the wayside. He lay perfectly still, with the crimson blood flowing from his temples. Fortunately they were near the house of Mrs. Traverse, where he was immediately carried. Rose Arlington screamed—a pretty little scream—and if she could have had a pair of lordly arms to support her, would have fainted; as it was, she said the sight of blood always made her ill, and rode onward alone. A physician was called, and an examination took place.

"Oh God, let him not die!" broke from the pallid lips of Rose Traverse. "Is he dead, Doctor? Tell me! oh, tell me the truth!"

"No, not dead, I hope, but bruised and dreadfully injured. I fear for the result, Miss Rose." Forgetful of the past, poor Rose bent over the prostrate form; she drew the dear and noble head close to her heart, and pressed her lips to the marred and bleeding brow. "Speak to me, Ernest, speak but one word—so handsome, so proud and brave, why dost thou not answer me?"

Her voice must have had power to reach the heart whose pulses beat so feebly, for the heavy eyes unclosed and wandered about the room; then, as memory returned, he comprehended all. A look of wild joy flashed over his face as he saw Rose, and, raising his unwounded arm, he laid his hand upon the bright head.

"God bless you, my darling! I do not feel my sufferings now."

His arm was broken, and many internal injuries were discovered. Rose held his hand whilst the arm was set, pale, but firm—wiping the dew of suffering from the loved brow. Long he lay in that shaded room, even till summer

had grown towards its noon. Need we say that past sorrows were forgotten, or that the broken rows were renewed?

'Tis a month since the fated riding party returned so sadly. Ernest Clare has grown strong again, under the watchful care of his friends. Very beautiful was our Rose this summer's evening in her pure white dress, with blue and white violets twined among her glossy curls. A heavy gold ring is upon her slender finger, which tells a tale of happiness to come.

"You leave us to-morrow, Ernest? I shall miss you sadly." And her voice grew tremulous with feeling.

"Yes, my darling; but soon I shall call you my own; then we will part no more forever."

Reader, the "War of the Roses" is ended. Our Rose is the victor, and Carro is happy. The Arlington has returned to her home in disgust.

It is whispered that when the leaves fall, a double wedding will come off in the old Traverse Mansion.

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#### HOW THE EYE IS SWEEPED AND WASHED.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterwards swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it.

It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and the lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass.

Along the edges of the eyelid there are a great number of little tubes, or glands, from which flows an oily substance, which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid.

There are also six little muscles attached to the eye, which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eyes, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who

formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object.

Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion—as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects—yet the Creator has shown His wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globules, and by placing their eyes more in front of their head, so that these little insects can see almost all around them without turning their heads.

A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly, says, that the two eyes of a common one are composed of 8,000 little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of an object. Having prepared the eye of the fly for the purpose, he placed it before his microscope, and then looked through both, in the manner of the telescope, at a steeple which was 299 feet high and 750 distant, and he said he could plainly see through every little hemisphere, the whole steeple inverted or turned upside down.

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#### THE OLD BARN AT HOME.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Oh, the old barn at home,  
Underneath whose gray eaves  
Flocks of gay swallows built,  
And where lay golden sheaves,  
Where I played when a boy  
Through the bright livelong day,  
Comes in dreams to me now  
Though I'm far, far away.

On its floor gathered round,  
At the noon's sultry glow,  
Ruddy cheeks, hardy hands,  
All that health could bestow—  
While the song and the dance,  
And the old fiddle's tone,  
Drove away every care  
Till the noontide had flown.

In the proud city's whirl,  
Where the mad crowd runs on,  
Where the races for place  
And for power are won,  
Oft my thoughts wander back  
To the old barn at home,  
With its wide open doors  
And its straw-mantled dome.

And a tear oft will fall  
That I cannot restrain,  
As I long to look on  
Its rough timbers again—  
On the bins heaped with grain,  
On the smooth cleanly floor,  
That are lost but in dreams  
To my gaze evermore!

## JOHN BROAD.

How calm the night was! The gray mists were lying over the river asleep. I could hear the roar of the waters faintly, as they came rushing down over the great rocks, and then gurgled and pelted on through the rocky river-bed beneath my window, the ripples white and gleaming in the starlight. It was late. I heard the whir of the old clock in the kitchen strike the hour of midnight. Kitty lay sleeping in the little white curtained bed beside me, her fair young face looking so white and pure like the foaming waters of the river.

I got up and took down the heavy braids of black hair that had been twined like a serpent's coils about my head. My glossy black hair was my pride, for in reality I had no beauty to speak of. A pair of dull, blue, lustreless eyes; a complexion such as the tawny daughters of the forest might be ashamed of; and my great broad hands and ungainly form. "Who could ever love me?" I asked myself. And yet away down in my heart, buried from the prying eyes of every one, I knew that there was one dearer to me than all the earth beside. And as if in answer to my thoughts, I heard a step upon the gravel walk, and peeping behind the curtain, I saw the tall form of Mr. Dalton coming up through the lilacs, that shivered as he passed and let fall their flowers at his feet unheeded. Then I heard his firm step upon the stairs, and the closing of his room door, and again all was still. Then I sat down by the window again, twining my long hair around my arms, and looking out to the great dim, dingy mill, where the watchman's light could be seen flitting from one room to another as he went his lonely round among the black and dismal wheels and beams of the machinery.

I was a weaver in the old mill, where, from the gray, misty light of the morning, till the great black curtain of night came down and shut us in, I had worked since I was a little, wee girl.

Mother was poor, and father died long, oh, long ago! so long that I could just remember when they had borne him away in that black-shrouded coffin; and then mother took me in her arms and kissed me and said: "Poor little Nettie has no father now!" I had made good wages, and we had managed to keep the old brown house where I was born. Mother wanted to make a lady of Kitty, and we had both worked the harder that we might send

her to a boarding-school, and so "get the polish on," mother said.

And the spring before, when the flowers were budding around the old house, and the morning-glories had begun to crawl up and throw out their little arms and clutch the porch with their tiny fingers, and the warm breath of the South began to whisper through the great wide branches of the old gaunt elm that stood in front of the house, Mr. Dalton came among us.

He had come out from the city to get a breath of the fragrant air that played lazily through our valleys in the summer time, and galloped like mad over the wild hills, and threw the snow into great heaps, and froze our fingers, and painted our noses in winter. And mother took him to board, because he had fallen in love with the old weather-stormed house that had such an air of quiet good-nature about it. And we had given him the south chamber; and every day after the flowers began to open and show their little red faces, Kitty had plucked him a bouquet and placed it upon the broken stand in his room in the little vase that Uncle Robert had given her upon her last birthday.

We all grew to like him, he was always so agreeable. And he used to help Kitty with her lessons; and then in the evening, when the noisy old mill lay quiet in the soft moonlight, that would gild it till it seemed like some fairy castle, we would sit in the doorway, and he would sing to us in his clear, deep voice that would charm me into forgetfulness of self, till mother would come and tell us children that it was late, and we would get up and go to our rooms with the strange melody ringing in our ears.

I said we all liked him; but there was one, the fair sleeper, whose little heart was looking up to his and asking a return of the great, powerful love that it was pouring out. Her heart was such a one as never loves but once. Hearts are not all alike any more than heads. And with these thoughts I crept into bed beside Kitty, and lay and watched the great, laughing moon come up and peep in upon us, and play with her golden tresses that fell in ruffles of beautiful confusion down over the snowy pillow.

The old mill-bell was ringing when I awoke next morning, and I could hear the short, quick

steps of the men and women hurrying on to their labors. Then I got up and kissed the rosy lips of the sleeper as they murmured in dreams, and went out and joined in the throng that was hastening to the mill. John Broad was standing in the door-way, with a great sunny smile running over his rough-hewn face, and a whole world of kindness beaming in his eyes.

"Good-morning, Nettie," said he, as I passed into the mill, and up the damp, creaky stairs to my work.

I answered him with a smile, for I knew that for years he had waited at the old mill-door in the morning till I came, and then would go to his work and be happy all day.

We had been children together, and many were the cold winter days he had taken me to school on his sled, and wrapped his cloak around me to keep out the frosty darts that were shooting around us in the still morning air. And John loved me then, and it had grown with him, although he had never told it to me.

Could I love him? I did not then, for I did not know how to appreciate him; but I learned after.

But John didn't wear the same happy smile that he was wont to do before Mr. Dalton came, and I've seen him pass our house of a Sunday evening and look up to the windows so mournfully. And sometimes he'd come round to the kitchen, and sit with mother till the sun would roll down out of sight behind the woods, and then he'd go on home over the little foot-bridge below the mill, stopping to look down where the little fish were darting about in the sun's good-night beams, and stealing at the same time a glance back towards the old house.

When I went home at noon, Kitty and Mr. Dalton were just coming into the yard from a ride off into the country.

"Oh, we've had such a splendid ride, Nettie!" she cried, as Mr. Dalton helped her out of the carriage. "We've been to N——; and oh, Nettie! see the pretty ring that Mr. Dalton bought for me," she continued, coming forward and putting her little arms around me and leading me into the house. "Is it not pretty?"

"Very," I replied. "An engagement ring, perhaps," and I looked up at Mr. Dalton who had followed us into the house. His face flushed slightly, but he said nothing.

"Oh, no, it's only a keepsake. Mr. Dalton is going home to-morrow, you know."

"Are you?" I inquired, turning to him as he

sat looking out of the window like one in a dream.

"Yes; but I'm coming back again in the autumn," he replied, looking at Kitty and smiling.

I felt something strike my heart like a dagger. How deep it seemed to cut! Was I in love with this man?

All the afternoon, in the clash of the busy looms, I worked and thought. I had dreams, but then, why should I recount them? Why should I, with my great, coarse face, so unlovable, stand in the way of Kitty's happiness? Mother had wished Kitty to be a lady, and she would, now, for Mr. Dalton was rich. And so the long afternoon wore away, and we went out from the close, dusty rooms that were stealing the bloom from so many cheeks, and grinding the features down so thin and sharp.

Well, the bright summer passed, and the long, sad autumn evenings came, and the cold winds moaned around the old house and made the great leafless elm sigh and swing his gaunt arms wildly to and fro like some giant in despair.

And John, who owned a little farm over the other side of the mountain, and had Aunt Sally, as we used to call her, for a housekeeper, for she was always so kind to us when we were children, and used to give us such great plump rosy-cheeked apples—John would drop in of an evening, and sit down beside mother in the chimney corner, and talk with her in his great rough voice, never daring to look at me, as I sat at the table knitting. Sometimes he'd bring in a little white snow-flake of a letter for Kitty, and she'd run up and kiss his broad, shaggy face, and then trip out of the room, singing so cheerily, and go up to her own little chamber, and pore over the contents of the letter till bedtime.

But by and by the letters came less frequently, and when they did come, they were "short and cold," Kitty said. And often I would find her lying awake in the middle of the night, her blue eyes wide open, looking away off back to those happy days of the summer time, and the great tears rolling down her white cold cheeks.

Thanksgiving came, and John brought up a bouncing big turkey from his farm that he had "raised hisself, all on corn and sich like," and made mother a present of it. But it was no Thanksgiving for us, for Kitty was lying sick in mother's room, and the doctor came every day, and shook his head, and went away without giving us any encouragement.

Kitty received no letters then. They had ceased, and with them went her merry laugh and bright smiles. And she looked so sweet and sad, just as I've thought the angels did in their purity.

John came to the house a great deal after Kitty was taken sick, for there was so much that he could do to help us, and he would have run his great, thick, clumsy boots and himself, in fact, all to shoe-strings for mother and me. And one night, as he stood at the door with mother, I heard him talking about Mr. Dalton. I couldn't hear all they said, but John was very bitter against him; and then mother told him that that wasn't the right spirit, and that we should forgive as we would be forgiven. But John couldn't think so, and he went off growling to himself.

I don't know why, but I began to like John better after that. I used to compare him to Mr. Dalton. To be sure, he hadn't Mr. Dalton's handsome face and gentlemanly manners. He was very coarse and uncouth, you would say; but with his good-natured face and great swelling heart, that was almost too big for his broad, deep chest, I thought him more of a gentleman, and more worthy of a true woman's love than many others who make more pretensions. Then the snow came and covered all the fields, and shone all so white and radiant over on the mountain. And Kitty would look out of the window at the merry sleighing parties that went carolling by, and sigh, while the tears would gather in her great blue eyes, that had become so wild and sunken.

"She won't be with us a great while longer," said John to me one night, looking towards the bedroom door; and then he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and continued: "Well, I always thought she was a mighty sight too good for this rough world," and he lit his pipe while a tear run down and glittered in his beard; and then he bid me "good-night," and went out through the snow over the mountain.

And Kitty grew worse and worse, and the little face came to be like the snow—so white and cold-looking. And mother went about the house just like a ghost, and in the night I could hear her praying.

What a dismal night it was! The wind shrieked and groaned in the great wide chimney, and clattered the windows, and then went shrieking off down among the pines in the swamp. And little gray clouds were scudding across the sky, and the little stars sat shivering out in the cold. Kitty lay there so calmly

watching them; her pale face looking ghastly in the flickering lamp-light. John sat there beside the bed, and mother was on the other side, with her face buried in her hands, and the great sobs heaving up from her heart. And by and by the moon came up over the pines, and looked in, and played with Kitty's hair as on that night so long ago, and he turned all the gold to silver. Then Kitty turned her blue eyes up to me, smiling, and seeming so happy, and when I put my head down on the bed, she whispered, "I am going, sister." And it seemed as if the Angel of Death came down and kissed the pale rosies from her lips. I laid my hand gently on her heart, but it had ceased to beat. And John came and put his arms around me, and drew me out of the room, leaving mother sobbing and kissing the cold lifeless lips.

That was a sad time for us. And, after the funeral was over and the friends had gone, John came and stayed with us, so that he might help me, for mother couldn't do anything then but sit in the chimney corner, with the great Bible lying open upon her lap, and cry. She had loved Kitty so much, that when she came to be taken away, she broke right down, and the great furrows in her face grew deeper and deeper every day.

I don't know how we ever got through that winter, and we couldn't but for John; for the hard times came on, and the mill stopped, and so I didn't have any work, and it had cost us, when Kitty was sick, all that we had saved before. But by and by the snows went away, all excepting some little patches that lay in behind the rocks and up on the mountain, till spring came and looked in upon them, and melted them with her soft eyes.

Mother grew somewhat better as the skies grew brighter; and she would sit and talk to John in the evenings, as she had used to do before the sad days came. And Sunday evenings we'd walk over to Kitty's grave, mother leaning on John's arm, and looking up to him with such a fond expression on her withered face as almost made me jealous, for I had cast out the old love then.

One warm bright morning, when the young grass was looking up at me with its dewy eyes, I had wandered down to the little brook back of the house, where the sunbeams were prying the white lilies open, and letting their fragrance gush forth and mingle with the breezes. The laborers were working away off in the fields, singing, while the ring of their hoes kept time to the melody.

I was leaning over the bank and looking

down into the clear waters that reflected back my great ugly face, the ripples distorting the features, and making me look worse than I did, when I saw another face smiling up out of the waters, and then I felt a strong arm around me, and I looked up at John, and he kissed me for the first time in his life. Then John asked me something in so low a voice that I didn't hardly hear it; but I guessed what it was, and laid my head down on his breast, and heard his great heart beating against my cheek. And then we walked up to the house together, John's arm around me. And mother looked up over her spectacles when we went in, and smiled; and we went and knelt down beside her, and she placed her hands upon our heads, and whispered: "God bless you, my children."

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## HEROINES.

BY AUGUSTA H. WORTHEN.

Nor such commonplace affairs as Joan of Arc or Grace Darling, but the heroines of novels and newspaper stories—it is of their wrongs that I propose to treat; for them I offer my plea. Now the spirit of reform seems to be very active in the world. Reformers everywhere are so numerous, that it seems as if every kind of abuse and wrong-doing were in a fair way to be raked open. Almost every community can boast of one or more of those energetic individuals, whose special mission it is to right other people's wrongs. Yet I have waited in vain to see some bold spirit stand forth in defence of that class of unfortunates, whose name is placed at the head of this article. I do not use the term *unfortunate* without consideration.

Of course if these persons are, in any degree, ambitious of distinction, it must be gratifying to be brought before the public, attractive and beautiful as they are invariably made to appear, and, in most cases, dressed in costly and becoming apparel, for which they neither toil nor spin. Still further to encourage woman's vanity, there is the author ever at hand, ready to point out their manifold perfections. But can this alone be considered sufficient compensation for all they are compelled to suffer? I do not believe it can.

In the first place, it must become tedious to be obliged constantly to maintain that high standard of excellence which is expected from one who is always before the public. And it is really no light thing to fall alive into the hands of a story-writer; you can never exactly

calculate the amount of misery he will bring upon your head; for he is both cruel and inconsistent. He singles out his victim, introduces her to the world, sets forth her merits, enlists every one's sympathies in her favor, and then proceeds to torment her in every possible way. For this purpose he employs the whole force of his ingenuity and malice. If she is rich, he squanders her estate—no reckless spendthrift could ever make money fly faster than he does. If she has a fond, doting father, ever ready to gratify her slightest wish, the author manages to obtain a private interview with him, and lo! The old gentleman's heart is turned to stone. Has she been left to the tender mercies of a guardian? Straightway, with the author's full knowledge and consent—nay, at his instigation even, he seeks to force upon her affections his graceless and unacceptable nephew. Now the author knows, even if the guardian does not, that her affections are no longer under her control, that she has already made choice of a lover every way suited to her taste; is it not the height of cruelty, then, for him to give his countenance to such a scheme?

He contrives to separate her from her lover, distracts her mind by whispering that he will probably transfer his affections to some fair one nearer at hand, and so the plot thickens. About this time various friends become distrustful, and give her the cold shoulder. One attached servant, however, remains faithful; without her aid our heroine would occasionally be brought to the level of a commonplace drudge.

You might suppose she had now suffered enough to render her perfect in all the Christian graces; but such was not the object of the discipline she has received. She never needed it, in fact, for she, unlike other mortals, was good enough to begin with. And yet the cruel author has not half done with her. Now, when she has so much need of physical strength to sustain her under her mental sufferings, he puts her on a short allowance of food. Not but that he makes a pretence of setting abundance before her, or sends her faithful servants to do it: good food, too, such as you or I could eat at any time, but the nicer it is, the less she eats of it. He won't let her eat; he only sets it before her to tantalize her.

If all that authors relate of their heroines be true, and I suppose it is, they never eat as much solid food as would keep a chicken alive. They take some tea, however; but they only swallow it: they never drink it as people do when they are dry. Their emotional organs

are so continually wrought upon, that nearly everything chokes them.

I remember a story published a few years ago in one of the Weeklies, wherein the heroine suffered all manner of trials for more than five years, and during all that time I could not ascertain that she ate anything but "toast done to a turn." Sometimes she refused even that; but I never wondered much that she did—toast is good; but being the sole article on her bill of fare, I suppose she got tired of it. According to custom, the author made a show of offering various niceties for her acceptance; but she always sent them away untouched; he never meant she should eat them, and she knew it, and acted accordingly. It is quite probable that her faithful servant fared well about that time.

Semi-starvation is hard enough; but the measure of her physical sufferings is not yet full. With malignant ingenuity her tormentor now contrives ways to deprive his victim of necessary sleep. If the tea she has been permitted to take (for this very purpose, I have not doubt) does not prove sufficient, her many woes are sent to hold a midnight dance around her couch.

In ordinary cases, the endurance of months, perhaps years, of such persecutions would be considered sufficient apology for the loss of personal beauty. But this young woman is denied even the poor privilege of looking as bad as she feels. So under all her trials, knowing what is expected of her, the unoffending creature contrives to "look lovelier than ever." It is wonderful that she can do it—it seems impossible, nevertheless she does it.

I suppose there are some prosaic persons who will tell me that I am making a plea for mere non-entities—that these young ladies never had, and never will have any actual existence; but it is my opinion they are solemn realities. Still I do not think I should have spoken, if I had not perceived their condition to be every year growing worse. In former times, no matter how many tears were shed during the perusal of a novel of three volumes, the last chapter made amends for all. The old-fashioned novels always "*came out well.*" Whatever trials the heroine had to bear, she had one thing at least to sustain her; she knew she might depend on a blissful marriage at last. This comforting assurance, no doubt, often kept the frail creature from fainting by the way.

But now the course of events is changed somewhat; the heroine never knows what to expect; she may marry, and she may not, and

this distressing uncertainty is, we may presume, as hard to bear as any of her other afflictions. From a careful observation of different cases, I have arrived at the conclusion that heroines, as a class, have degenerated physically. They do not, on an average, live so long as in former times. When you read a modern novel, it is best not to risk your peace of mind by becoming much attached to the heroine; the chances are about ten to one that she will never live to see the end of it. Does not this show a great want of calculation in the writer? Why manufacture such a delicate piece of china, and then shatter it. Why assume the responsibility of conducting so frail a vessel, when he knows it can never keep together long enough to reach its destined port? Does he suppose it can be any pleasure to us to look on, and see it go down?

Setting metaphor aside, does not justice demand that in the case of these interesting young ladies, some milder form of treatment should be adopted! Yes, *justice*, for are they not invariably free from all offence, actual or intentional? Do they not, under all circumstances, preserve their spotless innocence! "Not to put too fine a point upon it," do they deserve the treatment they receive?

But supposing they do, ought we, the readers, to be made to suffer by it? It has been observed that the Esquimaux, in the frozen wastes of British America, can not strike his dusky mate but the whole world feels the blow; probably by a process similar to that the same individual employs in the management of his dog-team. He strikes the one next the sledge, who instantly takes the hint and bites his nearest neighbor, who bites the next, and so on till each one gets his share of "coercion."

Now the pernicious influence of the constant exhibition of literary cruelty must be wide spread and deep. Its hardening effect upon the already hard-hearted author is very apparent; he is never so well pleased as when he sees he can make you weep. Upon the reader the effect is always more or less painful—this rehearsal of sorrows we have no power to relieve. Why should we any longer disquiet ourselves in vain? Why be so prodigal of tears, whose saltness can avail nothing whatever? Would it not be better to strike at once to the root of the matter, by appealing to the *author* of all the trouble? He may not be entirely beyond our influence.

The spirit of the present age is opposed to cruelty, in all its forms. Its voice is everywhere heard pleading for the defenceless. Let

us hope that even authors will hear it at last, that the gall and wormwood, upon which they mostly regale themselves, shall, at no distant day, be exchanged for the milk of human kindness. Will you tell me that we need sometimes to forget ourselves in the contemplation of other people's sorrows? Most certainly we do; but if the day of which I spoke should ever arrive, and we should find ourselves in danger of becoming torpid and unfeeling, for want of an object to call forth our sympathies, perhaps acquaintance with some destitute widow, or suffering child, or lonely old man, might supply the needed excitement. If we have a few surplus tears to shed, perhaps we might be moved thereto by the sight of misery in our own streets and lanes; and perhaps, who knows? perhaps your own kitchen servant may have some of the elements of the heroine in her rough composition.

### THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

THERE is much clamor in these days of progress respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said that "in contentions for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well-balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, as woman, be forfeited or sacrificed?

"I have given her as a helpmate," said the voice that cannot err, when it spoke unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter. No, a helpmate, such as was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action, for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, from his unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates, or rock its torrents? Need she be again tempted by pride or curiosity, or glowing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not, like the

comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she shares not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no "foot-prints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's book of life."

### TRANSPLANTED.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.

WHERE the violets are nodding,  
Smiling in the gentle breeze,  
Where the zephyrs sing sweet carols  
As they dance among the trees—  
Where the little songsters warble  
From the dewy morn till night,  
There we laid our darling Minnie  
Evermore from mortal sight.

She was fairer than the sunbeams  
That our daily path illumine,  
And her voice was like sweet music  
In our home where now is gloom:  
Angels saw our child, and, watching—  
Beck'ning to our darling prize,  
Bore her to their home in heaven—  
To the land beyond the skies.

### EVENING.

BY CATHARINE MITCHELL.

DAY declines;  
The last bright tinges of the setting sun,  
That robed in splendor the gray, rifted clouds,  
And gilded the surrounding scenery  
With crimson drapery fringed with burnished gold,  
Have gently faded from the western skies;  
The soft reflections from the greenwood side,  
Seen in the bosom of the clear blue waters—  
They, too, have vanished like a morning dream.

The winds are hush'd;  
The shades of evening gather, dark'ning fast,  
And o'er the highland floats a shadowy cloud,  
Soaring away above the distant hills;  
The feathered songster seeks her downy nest  
In the dark pine that crowns its rocky height;  
On yon tall tree that buds above the river,  
Whose boughs seem shattered by the wintry storms,  
Sits the lone night-owl, looking o'er the brake,  
Where the mute partridge and his timid mate  
Stand ready to conceal their little heads  
Under the sedgy grass.

Time moves apace;  
A dusky curtain droops around the scene,  
Wrapping the forest tops in deepening gloom;  
No moon breaks forth, no twinkling stars appear  
To guide the weary traveller on his way,  
And all is settled into murky night,  
But soothing hope awaits the dawning light  
To gladden nature with her cheerful beams.

# THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY ETTIE ELTON.

## CHAPTER I.

### DARK HOURS.

"I WANT a new carpet for this parlor," soliloquized Mrs. Peabody, as she surveyed the somewhat rusty ingrain, which had covered the same room for years; "and I want it to be Brussels or velvet; I'm tired of these cheap things. Yes, and a new set of curtains"—and at the same moment she put tidily back into their gilt loops the snowy muslins which graced her parlor windows. Then, turning to arrange the books upon the table, she continued: "And a book-case, too, and then a library—I'm heart-sick of waiting for wealth. The best I can do with books upon a table, they're forever askew and awry. I've had the promise of a wing on the north side expressly for a library; but when on earth he'll get around to build it Madame Prewster or some other prophetess will have to tell—I can't. Pity the old fables about genii weren't true, and a pity I hadn't an old lamp to rub. It seems as if some people have. Now there's the Dunhams; they hav'n't been in business any longer than Erastus, and they're living in grand style: furniture of satin brocatel, velvet carpets, gilt chandeliers—and the goodness only knows what they hav'n't got. Everything that heart can wish. And here I go, with bonnet out of fashion, trying to make it last two seasons; and when they are making up *glacés and antiques* by the wholesale, I am away in my back sitting-room, without even the help of a dressmaker, trying to conjure up something new out of old dresses that have been on the docket half a dozen years, turning them upside down, and down side up, and inside out, and outside in; then after all my economy, I have to hear the same old story. Whenever I ask for something I *really need*, Erastus will say: 'Oh yes, my dear, you need a great many things.' And then I know that at the close of business hours I shall have to be entertained with the information that our expenses for the last month have exceeded our income, and listen again for the ten thousandth time to the gentle hint, that 'if we ever lay up anything, it must be done while we are young.' If I did not know that all this is true, and that Erastus is the kindest and best man in the world, I'd flare up some time when I get so

provoked at the presentation of these distressing ideas; but I know that if I should bluster around, and cry a little, I could get an entire new set of furniture, besides china and silver; but cry, eh! I'll not do that; and as to blustering, I hav'n't the heart to do it—he's so kind."

It is impossible to say how long Mrs. Peabody would have soliloquized thus, had she not been interrupted by the approach of her two little girls, just returned from school; and, as the little Della threw down her sunbonnet upon the nearest chair, she declared that she was hungry, and went hopping away to the kitchen, her golden curls dancing over her snowy little neck and shoulders, like a bevy of fairies on a moonlit evening in June.

Jennie, who had arrived at the dignified age of eleven years, sat down, and gravely inquired when dinner would be ready.

"Pretty soon," responded the mother. "But what makes you look so troubled, my child? One would think you had as many cares as a matron of forty."

"Well, ma, I never shall get through my arithmetic in the world; as sure as I live, I hav'n't recited this week; and to-day when I asked Mr. Birch to assist me, he sent me to that sleepy-eyed Hodge girl, and she told me a great lingo about multiplying the numerator by the denominator, and if that didn't get the answer, to try dividing the denominator by the numerator; and I did try them every way, but not a single answer could I get."

"Well, child, bring home your book to-night, and I'll help you out of your troubles."

Just then the little Della came tripping in, with a piece of cake partly in her hand and partly in her mouth, with a childish expression of thoughtfulness upon her face.

"Well, darling, what are *your* troubles at school?" said her mother.

"Nothing. Where's Kitty?" was the significant response.

"Nothing!" repeated the literary Jennie. "No wonder, for she hasn't read since I can remember."

"Why, what does it all mean? Go to school and not read or recite for a week! Money paid for tuition, and nothing received in return but

the rent of hard seats! This is Western independence with a vengeance. Now, Jennie, do you tell Mr. Birch that I want you to recite every day. What in the world does he busy himself about?"

"Oh, he hears all the large scholars; and just before school is out every day, he tells us that he is sorry that he had to omit so many lessons to-day, and that next term he will have an assistant; but I'd like to know what we are going to do this term?"

"Well, Jennie, I'll go down this very afternoon, and see if I can't make some arrangement with your teacher; and go now, dear, and brush up a little for dinner."

The sound of "An' sure itsh dinner ish ready" now issued from a red face peeping in from the dining-room, causing the little feet to scamper in that direction, and soon all were seated at the table enjoying the repast as well as 'twere possible in the absence of the husband and father, who was gone to the great commercial city for a new supply of goods.

As the brightest month in the year has some cloud-darkened days, so there are days in the lives of all persons, even the most cheerful, when everything will seem to go entirely wrong; and the day in which our story commences was such a one to Mrs. Peabody. She was one of those happy dispositions whose lives are decidedly sunny. Naturally energetic, and rendered more so by the activities of Western life, she had learned to rise above the effeminate delicacy so common among the *élite* of American women; and while she mingled with them, a detestation of anything of its kind sprang up in her nature, and gave her a lofty independence of character which, mingled with a refined mind, and a love of the beautiful, cannot fail to command respect, even of the most fastidious.

But who, alas! are without their weak points? and on this day Mrs. Peabody seemed to predominate. She had been thinking for the last six months that, when her husband should make his next Eastern trip, their old furniture should give place to an entire new set, which should not only equal, but rival the "Dunham's." But alas! how were her hopes blighted when she was informed that their circumstances would not allow the exchange at present! She knew that her husband was judicious, and relied with implicit confidence upon all he said; and she well knew, too, the power of her influence over him; therefore, while her pride tempted her to persuade him to make the purchase at all hazards, her judgment bade her

forbear; and it was in the conflict between these opposing principles in her nature, that we find her in the unpleasant mood of this morning. And now, as if Dame Fate would heap care upon sorrow, the deficiencies in the literary enterprise of Flintville present themselves to her for contemplation.

When Mrs. Peabody was Miss Janett Blake, she was a school-teacher—not one of those who flash around, comet-like, causing people to wonder why they were ever created at all, but one who seemed to be such by intuition. She taught because she could not help it. It was but a pastime for her to deliver to others the gems of thought which were so abundant in the casket of her memory. And now, that she was the mother of two charming daughters, she was both grieved and vexed to think that their education was almost wholly neglected in a school which was pronounced "good" by the ruling geniuses of the aspiring little town in which she lived.

The dinner was over, the children had returned to school, and Mrs. Peabody had taken her accustomed seat by the window, and resumed her work upon the little merino skirt she was embroidering for Della. Autumn winds were sighing; the silvery light of an October sun fell soft and beautiful upon the forest trees, decked as they were in a "garment of a thousand dyes." The purple dahlia bowed its head to the kisses of the breeze, and the weeping willow at the front door waved its pendant branches over the death couch of nature. All conspired to throw a shadow over the usually sunny heart of Mrs. Peabody; and she laid aside her work as if a new thought had burst upon her mental vision, donned her bonnet and shawl, and in a few moments stood at the door of Mr. Birch's school-room.

She was invited in, where were about sixty pupils of both sexes, varying in capacities from the child of five years, to the man and woman of twenty, all under the supervision of one inefficient teacher in the person of Mr. Birch. He looked perplexed when he saw her, and seemed confused while she talked of her anxiety in relation to her children's progress. He told her that he hoped to find an assistant for the next term to take charge of the ladies' department, and then ample justice should be done to all.

The present term was nearly closed, and Mrs. Peabody, moved with sympathy for the careworn teacher, resolved to wait patiently the arrival of that time; after which she would teach her daughters at home. She retraced

her steps homeward, and was again seated at the north window of her sitting-room, plying her needle upon the beautiful merino.

What were all her reveries we do not venture to surmise; but we fancy she looked into the shadowy future, upon the picture of her little school, with mingled pleasure and pain. She well knew how it would rob her of her best hours, if she would do justice to their instruction, and she murmured, half aloud, that "the tax would be equally as great as the superintendence of twenty-five scholars. Why can't I," she mentally soliloquized, "take a situation in a school and done with it? Then I can be paid for my trouble. Ha, ha, yes; and then I can buy my own furniture." It was a passing thought, an ethereal castle, but such, alas, oft deceive their builders, and prove their subtlety when it is too late.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE AIR CASTLE BUILT.

THE shades of evening were falling upon the serene earth. Mrs. Peabody had drawn close to her side her darling children, and while the little Della nestled her head, covered with its rich golden curls, in her mamma's lap, and smoothed with one hand the Maltese kitten which stood purring at her side, Jennie read aloud in a clear, soft voice, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Although Mrs. Peabody had read it over and over many times in her early life, yet the spectres of "Old Michael" seemed to loom up before her in the deep twilight of the distance. The elfin page and the wounded knight were all visioned in her fancy, and she felt a sensation of horror creeping over her.

A loud ringing of the door-bell seemed a fortunate change of subject, and the group awaited its answer by Katy in almost breathless suspense. What fireside is there that does not feel a sensation of deep loneliness when the "gude man's awa'?"

Could she have lifted the curtain of the future, she might have seen that, although no present evil would betide them, the events of that hour would be to her a source of lasting annoyance. Is it true, indeed, that "Coming events cast their shadows before?"

"Au' it's a gintleman, shure, as wants to see you, ma'am," said Katy, after showing the stranger a seat in the parlor.

Mrs. Peabody was astonished to find that her visitor was Mr. Birch. And after conversing briefly upon the fine autumn evening, he in-

formed the lady that the object of his call was to inquire of her if she knew any one whom she could recommend to him for an assistant. Knowing that she was acquainted with many teachers, he felt that her recommendation would be a sufficient guarantee of their ability.

She hesitated. Her heart fluttered like a prisoned bird—her pride whispered of the old furniture, and quick, as if some fairy's wand had passed through the room, fancy painted marble tables, velvet carpets, and in the vision she was half bewildered. "I have been thinking of teaching, myself, this winter," she replied, half trembling at the confession of her distracted thoughts. "I do not know what Mr. Peabody would think of it; but this afternoon it has been running through my mind that I could, with the aid of faithful servants in the house, find time for six hours of teaching each day."

Mr. Birch looked both pleased and amazed at the unexpected announcement, and said: "Perhaps I can best secure your influence by engaging you as preceptress in my school. I would give you a partnership or a salary, as might best suit you. And if we could make the arrangement, I have no doubt but we would have at least a hundred scholars, and we would just run a partition through the hall, and give the girls one department and the boys the other, thus rendering it both pleasant and convenient."

A few words more and the terms were agreed upon—the bargain consummated; and Mr. Birch departed with the understanding that, unless Mr. Peabody should particularly object, the Flintville High School would commence its third term on the tenth day of October, under the supervision of Mr. D. M. Birch and Mrs. J. C. Peabody.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASTLE.

"WELL," said Mr. Birch to his wife, on that evening, "if you'll believe it, I have engaged Mrs. Peabody to assist me this winter."

"Mrs. Peabody! what Mrs. Peabody?" exclaimed Mrs. Birch, half suspecting the truth, yet doubting the possibility of such an event.

"Why, Mrs. Erastus Peabody, of course; who else do you suppose? And now with her aid and influence I shall net a larger profit than I had before thought possible. Every dog has his lucky day."

"But you must remember she is to have half."

"Oh no, wife: she preferred a salary to avoid the trouble of collecting small debts; but sometimes it's more trouble to collect large ones than small ones. She didn't think of that, though, ha! ha! She thinks she's made a great bargain."

"But you did not hire her for a small salary, did you, Daniel?"

"Oh no, indeed. I've promised to pay her an enormous price—never said a word against it. But you know," said he, in a low whisper, "the money has to go through my hands. She'll draw in the pupils, that's my object."

But a few days more passed when, one sunny afternoon, Mrs. Peabody greeted her husband just returned from the city. She could hardly wait, for very joy, to tell him of her lucrative plans for the approaching winter, and yet she feared a little that he might seriously disapprove the measure.

"Why, Jannette, are you crazy?" exclaimed Mr. Peabody, after listening to the news which his wife related to him. "How do you think matters will be going on at home, when you are away? And how do you think your health will allow you to take any additional cares? You are always busy as a bee, and always in a hurry; and then to think of doing more, I'm astonished!"

"Don't you know, Erastus, that I can always accomplish whatever I undertake?" said she, her aspirations a little subdued at her husband's view of the subject.

"Yes, at the peril of your health. And then you will have no time for company, and no time to go out; why you'll die all wrinkled and careworn before another year."

"Oh, I will dispense with all other labor; you know Kate is competent to do all the housework, and I can hire all my sewing done for one quarter the money I shall earn."

"Are you sure you can keep Kate?"

"I have engaged her for a year; and Mrs. Bolingbroke will do my sewing for the winter, whenever I want her; and as to going out, I shall have more time than I have now; for any evening, after four o'clock, I shall be at liberty, as I have determined to throw off all the care of work, and devote myself exclusively to teaching, and to recreation out of school hours."

"Ho, hum! we'll see!" sighed out the perplexed husband, willing to end the discussion.

"Well, we will see," continued the persevering Mrs. Peabody; "that is, unless you put a veto upon it; for, mind you, I was not rash enough to promise unconditionally, and I am

quite sure that when you find me supplied with a few hundred dollars of spending money, you will think quite favorably of the arrangement. Don't think that because the pale Mrs. Lowdon, and this, and that, and the other Mrs. Invalid, look as though in every sense 'woman is the weaker vessel'—I say, don't look at them and think that no one is able to do more than to sit by a ready-made fire, on a cold day, or fan themselves on a warm one, and dodge mosquitoes after sunset. It is a mistake. It is not so much a want of strength that incapacitates us as a want of energy."

"Very good; quite eloquent you have grown of late. I shouldn't wonder if some day you'd be off addressing these new-fashioned conventions, and advocating the rights of the down-trodden daughters of earth generally. Likely as not, some evening you'll come in from your office and find me darning the children's stockings. Wouldn't I be a model husband then? But without jesting, Jannette, I'll give you one gentle word of caution, and then you'll please to give me a little supper. I shall make no vetoes, but I want you to remember that old fable about the milkmaid, and don't reckon too largely upon green dresses."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### TRIALS AND PERPLEXITIES.

"All is not gold that glitters."

It was a bleak December evening. The wind sighed and moaned, and howled piteously, but the blazing fire had warmed the sitting-room, and the silvery light of the astral shed a halo of cheerfulness within, yet Mrs. Peabody's heart seemed sinking with fatigue after the duties of the day. The great hall was already crowded with pupils; no partition had been put up according to agreement, and Mr. Birch was presiding over an indefinite portion of the school, while Mrs. Peabody was obliged to do the same. This was very trying to her, whose chief elementary principle was order. But she had learned long before that "what can't be cured must be endured," so she strove on with heroic patience to endure in silence.

This evening we find her seated, pencil in hand, by her writing-table, which was laden with heaps of papers called "compositions," written by pupils of almost every degree of capacity, and given to her for correction. She had marked out, and dashed, and interlined, and punctuated, till it seemed to her that no one had ever seen half the vexations that she

had. Before her task was half completed, Mr. Peabody entered, and the clock had tolled the hour of nine. She withheld her accustomed smile, and went on scratching, and dotting, and dashing.

"Well, Jannette, what's the matter with you to-night. Upon my word, your face is as long as the Levitical law; and let me count, one, two, three scowls in that brow of yours. Come, put away those old papers and talk to me a little."

"Oh, don't trouble me now, Erastus, I want to finish this."

"Just then he drew away the paper playfully from under her pencil, making a long zigzag scratch from top to bottom of the whole document.

"You are forever hectoring me," she continued, a little peevishly. "I should think I had care enough, without being disturbed in this way."

"Well, my dear, I just want to ask you if this is the recreation you take out of school hours? I haven't seen you an evening this week without you were surrounded with papers enough to stock a lawyer's desk; and now here is something of another kind," and he drew from his pocket a letter addressed to Mrs. E. Peabody.

She recognized it from a lady friend, a cousin of her husband, and found that it contained the pleasing intelligence that she would be at their house the next week to spend the holidays.

Miss Florilla Danvers was a precise, quaint little maiden of about nineteen summers. In her father's house all went on with clock work regularity. Her mother was devoted to her domestic duties; indeed, so much so that scarce a nook in that great farmhouse but was looked after each day by her watchful eye. No wonder that Mrs. Peabody felt a sensation of dread creep over her at the idea of such company, when the keeping of her house was given up to Kate.

"What shall I do?" half soliloquized the troubled woman.

"Teach school; it's profitable business," added Mr. Peabody.

Just then a moaning from the little girls' sleeping apartment arrested the mother's ear, and she hastened to their bedside, to find the little Della groaning with the ear-ache.

"Take me up, mamma, I can't sleep," and she cried aloud.

The child was taken into the sitting-room, and countless restoratives applied without suc-

cess, till the wearied mother sank down in despair. Long after the midnight hour was past, she watched over the little sufferer, till at length the pain ceased, and all were quietly at rest. But scarce had they fallen soundly asleep when the morning dawned. There was no respite for the school-teacher then. So she arose with a nervous headache, drank her coffee in silence, and at nine o'clock was again in the literary hall, in rather an ill plight for the day's labor. Everything necessarily went wrong. Big boys laughed and threw peanuts, and little ones pinched each other. Young ladies wrote billet-doux, and little girls made pictures on their slates. Nobody had their lessons, and more than twice she half resolved never to go there again. But this was Friday; the next day was the teacher's holiday, she would have some rest. So, in view of the morrow, she went home to tea, feeling better than in the morning.

"I'll tell you, Erastus, how I've planned it to be prepared for that cousin of yours," said Mrs. Peabody at the tea-table. "I'll turn pastry cook, house-cleaner, and Jack-of-all-trades to-morrow, and I can cook enough to last a week, besides putting things to rights."

"What a blessing it is to be able to make good calculations, Jannette."

"You always ridicule my plans; but I believe there is some truth in what Uncle Billy used to say, 'It's half in kalkilatin' right.'"

"And the other half is in making your 'calculations' work," rejoined Mr. Peabody.

"Well, you'll see."

"An' sure, missus, ye'd be willin' for me jest to run down the strate for a minit, wouldn't ye?" said Kate, interrupting them, as she approached with bonnet and shawl on.

"Why, Katy, can't you wait till the work is done? then you can go."

"Och, an' it's not Kathleen O'Brien that's afther walkin' the strates in the dark, sure it isn't. An' ye wouldn't be afther havin' yer maid to do a thing that ar'n't dacent. An' now, Missus Peabody, I must be off before the sun is down, or I can't go at all, at all."

"Well, then you must hurry back, will you?"

"An' it's I that will hurry. I'll be back agin in half an hour. Indade I will, ma'am."

But Kathleen's half hour was a long one. She forgot the "indacency" of being out till after dark, and did not return till most nine in the evening. Mrs. Peabody had placed the tea-things in the kitchen, and left them for her maidship to dispose of when she came back.

Kate didn't like that, and she made all things fly when she was performing the finale to her day's work.

The next morning found our "Jack-of-all-trades" in the kitchen, surrounded with butter and eggs, sugar and flour, lard and minced meat, sliced apples, etc. etc. Just after the breakfast things were cleared away, Kate appeared again before her mistress, attired for the "sthrate."

"What now, Kate, where are you going, in the morning, too?"

"An' shure, ma'am, an' it's Missus Spincer that'll be afther givin' me two shillin' more of a week than yerself, an' I tould her I'd come there this very mornin'."

"Why, Kate, what do you mean? Didn't you promise to stay with me a year?"

"An' ar'n't Kathleen O'Brien a poor girl—an' musn't she git all she can for the labor of her hands?"

"But why did you not tell me you were going away in time for me to find some one else? I can get plenty of help for less money than I pay you, and besides you know that my work is not quite equal to Spencer's Hotel."

"Och, ma'am, an' I never thought o' lavin' ye till the last evenin' when I called up to Spincer's to see Bridget O'Flaherty, an' Missus Spincer axed me what she would do for me, an' I tould her that I would be afther comin' this mornin', an' it's not Kathleen O'Brien that would break a promise ony how."

Mrs. Peabody was too indignant to reply; and according to her motto, to do whatever she might undertake, she told Kate to go; and upon looking in her porte-monnaie for the money to pay her, she found a sum not equal to the debt. Chagrined and vexed because Mr. Birch did not pay her according to agreement, she left her kneading-board and wrote the following:—

MR. BIRCH: I am in want of money. You promised to pay me in advance. Please send me five dollars by Jennie, and much oblige

MRS. J. C. PEABODY.

Jennie soon returned with a note, saying that Mr. Birch had not that amount by him, and that he would call up in the evening and bring it to her, if he could collect it during the day.

"Another promise made but to be broken," said Mrs. Peabody to herself, and then told Kate to call up the next week and she would pay her. But when her "maid-of-all-work" was really gone, she felt that she was brought into a strait narrower than she ever saw before.

The little girls looked up into her troubled face with their sweet blue eyes and said: "We'll help you, ma." And when she beheld such generous sympathy, all the yearnings of a mother's heart sprang up to meet it, and she scarce could tell why that silent tear escaped her eye, or why she could not restrain the emotion which fired her whole soul.

And it was really surprising to see how they dusted, and picked up, and put to rights, that whole house, equal to the best of parlor servants. And when dinner-time came, didn't they lay out that table with its snowy cloth and pure white dishes in better order than even Kathleen O'Brien could have done?

Notwithstanding the interruptions of half a dozen fashionable calls, and unexpected company to dinner, when night came, there were more cakes and pies, and lighter and whiter bread in that pantry than had been there at once for weeks before. But was all this accomplished without any weariness—any aching of limbs or any perplexities? Oh no; very weary was Mrs. Peabody that night; and when she sat down in her large easy chair on that eve of the blessed Sabbath, and listened to the rehearsal of the little girls' Bible lesson for the next day, she felt some heart-throbbings when they repeated, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Ah, there is no such consolation offered to those who are weary in their pursuit after the gilded follies of earth; none to those who faint in their search after "filthy lucre," and she felt as if she could turn aside from all else, and give herself up to the work which her blessed Master would have her to do. In that holy employment there are no perplexities of unfaithful servants, and when we are weary He "will give us rest." And that evening, when they bowed around the altar of prayer, it was to realize more than ever that "He is an ever-present help in time of trouble."

Not only Mrs. Peabody, but her husband looked sad. The time for jesting was now past with him. He had too much sympathy for her weariness for light words, and he felt, too, creeping upon him one of those distressing sick headaches to which he was subject; but how could he bear to have his already exhausted wife kept awake all night for his complaints! No, he would not; he could bear it alone for once. But the dark sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and ashy paleness of the face, betrayed the approaching agony of the night. At midnight, the pains in his head were insuf-

ferable; but Mrs. Peabody knew just what would alleviate them. So she arose without a murmur, prepared a warm foot-bath and a soothing application for his forehead, administered an opiate, and when the clock upon the mantel struck out the hour of three they had just extinguished the night-lamp and prepared for a few hours' sleep. But his deep measured breathing fell upon her ear like a death knell; and while she nervously rested upon her sleepless pillow, dark visions of sick chambers, pallid countenances, half-closed eyes, and feverish brows, floated in a dreamy picture before her, e'en till the cock-crowing, when she sunk into a fitful slumber but for one short hour; then the bright sun looked down as silently beautiful upon the earth as if no suffering were here. It was the glorious Sabbath, and its sacred stillness brought a sweet feeling of repose to the wearied soul, which no elixir save that of Heaven can produce. The eye of faith stretched far beyond these mortal pains and tears, beyond the cares and perplexities of this life, to view that "haven of eternal rest," that Sabbath which hath no end.

"Mamma, who'll build the fire when Katy is gone," sung out a bird-like voice from an adjoining bedroom, which we cannot fail to recognize as little Della's.

A new trial now presented itself. The frost-paned windows told but too plainly of the chilling atmosphere. Her aching head and exhausted limbs shrunk from this unaccustomed task; but so glad was she to find her husband in a quiet sleep that she rose gently, lest she should awaken him, threw about her a warm wrapper, stepped into her velvet slippers, and glided out so noiselessly that one with open eyes and ears could scarce have heard a sound. Closing her own door, she stepped into the next bedroom and hushed the innocent prattle of the children, telling them that papa was very sick all night, and they must not disturb him.

"Does his *heg-ate* now?" anxiously inquired Della.

"I guess so, darling; but papa's asleep now, and you must be very still." And so they were very still, for it was Mrs. Peabody's fortune to have her children obedient.

In a few moments the bright fire was crackling in the grate; Billy, the canary, was singing a cheerful matin, and the little girls were performing their toilette by express permission that morning in the sitting-room. When all things had been duly put in order, the coffee and toast were prepared by Mrs. Peabody, the table laid out by Jennie in the most approved

style, while Della counted the trees and birds, and little girls at play with dolls, in the pictures which Jack Frost had painted on the windows. Jennie could see old castles with ruined battlements, broken turrets, and moss-covered pillars, where Della could only see little girls with canaries upon their fingers. She could see rushing rivers and mighty cataracts where Della saw play-houses. But each could see what she did see so plainly, that mamma was called upon to explain the reason why they did not see alike. A question which older heads would like to hear answered.

Mrs. Peabody peeped softly in, to see if her husband was awake, just in time to find him removing the bandage from his forehead, when he exclaimed, "What are you doing up this cold morning, my dear? why did you not wait till I had made the fire?"

"You don't suppose I would let you get up in the cold after such a night as you had last night, do you? But how is your head this morning?"

"It is much better; I am able to take care of you, now."

"I am happy to say that I do not need any care at present. Breakfast is ready—I will warm your slippers for you, and I hope you will feel better still when you have taken a cup of warm coffee."

Soon all were seated around the neatly spread table, and Della very gravely remarked to mamma that she wished she wouldn't "get any more Katys," for she said it was "so clean and still when Katy was gone."

When breakfast was over, mamma was persuaded to seek repose, and the little girls would put away the dishes. Knowing that they were competent to perform the task, Mrs. Peabody was quite willing to intrust it to them, and yield to the importunities of exhausted nature for rest. She soon fell into a sound slumber, from which even the echoing church bells did not awaken her, and it was high noon ere she was aware that it was time for morning service.

When she awoke, she found her husband watching her with great anxiety, for he had discovered that a high fever was laying its burning fingers upon her, and he much feared the consequences. But she assured him it was nothing serious, only a slight cold from which she would recover in a few days. Colds never made her sick. She only feared her hoarseness would prove inconvenient in teaching. She declared that she was much refreshed by her long sleep, and was sure that the morrow would find her quite well.

## CHAPTER V.

## A WESTERN MINISTER.

THE hour for dismissal at the Flintville High School has arrived, and if you would see freedom—even as much as Fanny Fern would wish to see among children and youth—you should look in there. A score or more are rushing, stumbling, and stamping down the long staircase from the third story of the Dunham Block to the street. What care they for the frowns or threats of the dentists, doctors, and lawyers on the second floor? They are “out of school” now. Yet the long hall is swarming with a mixed multitude of dismissed pupils, some kicking at benches, some trying to find their books, some grown up lads and lasses enjoying *tête-à-têtes* in secluded corners, and by far the larger number seeking to promote confusion generally. Mrs. Peabody is sitting at her desk upon the rostrum in one end of the room, with her aching head leaning upon her left hand, while with her right she writes the first line upon a page in each of the forty copybooks before her.

An aspiring youth with a red head, a freckled face, and a green coat, presented himself with his writing-book, and asked her if she would please set him a copy.

“Mr. Birch will do that,” she replied.

“But I don’t like his copies, and the girls are a-beatin’ the boys all holler a larnin’ to write, an’ I don’t like that. There ’s a whole lot of boys that sit down yonder ’at are a-goin’ to git you to set all their’n, and I tho’t I ’d be ahead on ’em.”

Too much fatigued for argument, she accepted the book, and dismissed the boy in a hoarse whisper, and at the same time requesting him to go home, and to persuade the other boys to go down stairs immediately.

“Come, Bill, let’s go home. And, boys, look a-*here*,” he added, in an imperative manner, “Miss Peabody’s got the headache, and wants us to go home. Stop your ’rassinin’, Clare, and let’s go down stairs now, for the schoolmarm wants us to.”

This last argument was sufficient to take off another score; but no appeal was sufficient to break the game of wrestling between Mr. Birch and Clare—a tall stripling from Smithton, who was determined to “throw the master,” and then he would be ready to go home. A group of half a dozen gentlemanly young men, who had been gravely consulting together, now came up to Mrs. Peabody’s desk, and asked permission to speak with her a few moments.

They then proceeded to inform her that they had been trying to interest Mr. Birch in the enterprise of a public exhibition at the close of the term, which would occur in about two weeks; upon which occasion the young men should declaim, the young ladies read essays, and intersperse the exercises with a few pert colloquies and vocal music.

Mr. Birch had consented to this three weeks before, but made no arrangements to prepare them for the occasion; and they wished to know if she would not allow them to join the young ladies in their hour for practice, which they had been informed would be on the evening of the morrow. All arguments to convince them of woman’s incompetency to teach all branches of oratory failed, and she consented to their request.

By this time, Clare had been thrown by the “master” half a dozen times, and having let loose his grasp, was shaking himself like a whipped cur, “concluding to give it up.” Just then a burly fellow, known as Hank, walked up and said he’d “like to try it.” A vulgar shout rose upon the air, defaming the sanctity of the schoolroom, and cries of “Go it, Hank!” “Give it to him, and show him who’s master!” broke in mingled confusion upon the air, contrasting strangely with the conversation at Mrs. Peabody’s desk at the other end of the room.

Too much disgusted for endurance with the scene before her, she placed the unfinished copybooks in her desk, turned the key hastily, threw on her hood and furs, and went home.

Being late home that night, her newly initiated servant had made her *debut* at preparing supper alone, and she found the family, also the Rev. Mr. Crabbe, sitting around a tea-table which looked very unlike the one *she* was accustomed to see in that dining-room. The rag ends of half a dozen sets of dishes of all sizes and colors had been spread upon a brown cloth, and Miss Sally Bangs was doing the honors of the tea. While the salutations were being exchanged, Sally screamed out in a shrill fortissimo voice—“D’ye want to sit here?”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Peabody, briefly.

“Wa’al, where shall I sit, then?” responded Sally.

“I guess you’ll find room in the kitchen.”

So Sally went to the kitchen, shutting the door with a bang, leaving Mrs. Peabody to arrange her own place at the table.

“You must enjoy excellent health, Sister Peabody, to be able to attend to your school,” remarked Elder Crabbe.

"My health is pretty good," was her reply.

"Well, sister, does thy soul prosper, even as thy body prospereth?" inquired the reverend Solomon.

She might have told him that if her faith was failing as fast as her bodily strength, she would soon be left to fall as far as Peter; but she forbore complaining, and gave an evasive answer.

Mr. Crabbe was an ascetic, unsympathizing man, who thought that what his constitution could endure, might be endured by every person. He had been reared in the rough climate of Northern New York, had, like David, spent his boyhood in watching his father's flocks upon the rocky hillside, and in his youth, like Cain, was a tiller of the soil.

If occupations have aught to do in moulding characters, it might be said that in this man the opposing dispositions of his two predecessors were strangely blended. A strong advocate of the Law of the Lord, yet he would almost slay the man who refused to partake of the gospel feast when bidden by him. When he took it upon himself to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, his brethren in the ministry wisely (?) took into consideration that as his talents were small, and as he was disposed to use them somewhere, it was best to send him West, as "he would do very well there."

"O ye blind guides!" little do ye understand the wants of the West! Rather, when a man would stand on Zion's hill to proclaim good tidings of salvation, having upon his feet the sandals of ignorance, bid him come down from the mount, for it is holy ground. None are called there, not even to the West, who are not "wise as serpents."

But Elder Crabbe had called this afternoon to ascertain the reason why Mr. and Mrs. Peabody were not in their proper places on the Sabbath previous. When informed that they were absent on account of sickness, he added, with an unfeeling jest, that "A great many are troubled with Sunday sicknesses now-a-days. Oh, this is an age when we ministers have to do pretty much all the weeping between the porch and the altar."

Just then the clear voice of Sally broke forth upon the kitchen air: "Oh, I wish that I could marry," was the burden of her song—and as the minister was a widower, he might have taken the sentiment as a direct appeal to himself, and translated it into an inquiry from Sally as to "What she should do to be saved" (from being an old maid, I mean), which perhaps he did, as it had the effect to divert his attention

from the subject upon which he was before conversing, and he began inquiring who "Miss Bangs" was, and why she had not been to meeting with them. So he must necessarily be informed that she had not been in their service but two days. And after some thrilling exhortations he took his leave.

"Why do you look so sad to-night?" said Mr. Peabody, when they were alone.

"Oh, I do not know as I am particularly sad, but I have been so much disgusted to-day with Mr. Birch, that I have almost concluded not to teach there another day."

"Why, what has occurred to-day, anything new?"

"It is new to me to witness such sights as I have seen to-day. It is new to me to be associated with a teacher who has not, and in fact deserves not, the respect of his pupils. If it were not for the reason that a large number have advanced their tuition, with the expectation of being under my instruction, I would never enter that school-room again."

"Well, how is it about these advance payments? Does Mr. Birch fulfil his promise in regard to payments?"

"No, indeed—that just puts me in mind—I sent to him last Saturday for money to pay Kate, and he promised to call up in the evening and pay me, but not a word did I hear from him until this morning, when he handed me the paltry sum of two dollars, which happened to be a little more than the amount of my indebtedness. He assured me that before the close of the term the whole matter should be made right—but what is his word—I'd—"

"Come, come, you're getting excited—poor Tray should not complain of his company."

"Job's friends were not more sure to remind him of his failings than—"

"Do you want me any longer?" squealed Sally, as she blustered unbidden into the sitting-room.

"Of course I do; why, what's the matter now?" exclaimed Mrs. Peabody, trembling at the prospect of being left servantless a second time.

"Wa'al, nothin', only if ye want me to work for ye, I reckon I'll set down to the fust table, coz I'm 'bout as good as any body, if I do work out, that's so."

"Why, Sally, you are not unreasonable enough to wish me to take the second table instead of yourself, when there is not room for all at the first, I hope?"

"Wa'al, not exactly that, but then I thought

I'd jest ax ye 'bout it, coz ye see I want an understandin', for if I aint good enough to eat with ye, I'll be makin' tracks for home, that's all."

"We will understand each other better after a little, Sally; so now you be contented to stay with me till my school is closed, and if you are as good a girl as you are now, I will keep you longer."

"All I care is jest I don't want to be run over, and I won't, that's so."

"Oh, no indeed, you never shall be while you live with me," was the conciliating reply, while at the same time Mrs. Peabody was writhing beneath the crushing weight of Sally's impertinence.

The kitchen door was again closed, and above the din of rattling dishes, splashing water, and simmering tea-kettles, rose the shrill voice of our musical maid in the exquisite melody of—

"All around the vinegar jug,  
The monkey chased the weasel."  
(Conclusion next month.)

## WIDOWS: PART VI.

### THE "WIDDER."

I never have changed my single lot,  
I thought it would be a sin;  
The inconsolable widder of Deacon Bedott  
Don't intend to git married agin.

*The Widow Bedott Papers.*

THERE is no surer way of finding out what is esteemed of value in any community than by noting what is counterfeited there, either in the realm of matter or mind. Who pretends to be a mean, time-serving, office-seeking hungerer for a share of the public spoils? Who claims to be a mean man at a bargain, a grinder of the faces of the poor, a devourer of the portion of the fatherless? We find no aspirants for any such fame as this. "When one man want to rise, how him love the peop!" exclaimed the astonished Frenchman. Monsieur's observation was just, though his English was not particularly happy. It is the pure patriot, the large-hearted, liberal, high-minded man who is spied and counterfeited. The jewel and the gold, virtue and elegance have their "shams;" but nobody cares to imitate the shabby, or to pretend to wickedness. Even the hypocrite gives in his testimony to the beauty of holiness, and is, in his way, a preacher of righteousness.

We might write all day on the various kinds of whitewash by which the scamps endeavor to impose upon their fellow men; but we must

confine ourselves to-day to female impostors of a peculiar class. We have to do with those who trifle with the tenderest sympathies of our nature, and are akin to the street-boy who tells a pitiful tale, that the stranger may be wiping his eyes while he picks his pocket.

Widowhood has its peculiar trials and sorrows, yet it has also its blessed privileges. The noble, the kindly, the loving of earth see in a true widow a sister—a helpless sister—to be sheltered and guarded, and gently led along her rugged pathway. The Widow is the special care of the Ever Merciful, Almighty Friend; she is the one human being to whom God is peculiarly pledged as Husband and Judge, Comforter and Guide. There is something desirable, then, even in the portion of the true widow. Hence it is that she has her counterfeits, as unlike the real mourner as is the gingerbread bird of the cake-shop to the robin at our window.

Widow is with us a sacred name; we do not care to designate by it anything that can win a smile, much less, curl the lip in scorn. It has been well remarked that "cant sayings are short cuts to express an idea, and slang words fill up the deficiencies of more elegant English." So *widder* has come to mean among us a something, a somebody, who either parades her sorrows for a purpose, or is no widow at all, but a thorough make-believe, an actor of an assumed part.

There are *widders* of all sorts, adapted to every stage of society, and unworthy of a place on any social platform.

There is the pretty, young *widder*, who wipes her eyes that innocent bachelors may look at her, and see how bright are those same eyes, and how the close quilling of her cap becomes her fair hair and tinted cheeks. Don't gratify her by a single glance! She neither deserves your sympathy nor your admiration.

There is that pertinacious *widder*, that haunter of offices, stores, studies, and all peculiar resorts of the lords of creation. She has a paper in her hand, stating that she has lost her husband somehow and somewhere, and so has a claim on the charitable. Don't be taken in by the sorrowful droop of her veil, or her lugubrious, dolorous aspect! She makes gain of her misfortunes, and a livelihood out of her grief! Knowing men shake their heads at her, and think her departed spouse had good riddance of her, and was fortunate in getting out of a world cumbered by her presence.

There is the French *widder*, a spinster really, who, being tired of the questionable honors of

single blessedness, mysteriously absents herself for a time, goes, nobody knows where, and comes back "Madam," in deep mourning for a husband who had existed only in her imagination, as the tenant of her favorite *chateau en Espagne*.

There is the tramping *widder*, with a big bundle on her back, a big baby in her arms, and a big lie in her mouth. The bundle contains as good clothing as you have in your bureau; the baby, she borrowed (borrowing trouble, truly); the lie is a part of her natural dialect; she does not know now when she tells it—it would puzzle her far more to speak the truth. Don't give her a penny! Don't give her a hearing! Don't give her foot-room on your door-step!

There is the *widder* who is so hard to be comforted that she has to have her minister, or some unsophisticated Elder Sniffles to pour oil on her grief, and wipe away her tears. Shameless hypocrite! She wants a new husband! That is the only kind of comfort to dry up the fount of her sorrows! If she sends for you, my excellent bachelor friend, don't go unless your heart be mailed and guarded. She will find out your tender side, and get you to make love to her before you know it. Lend her sound, searching books to read, preach at her from the pulpit, if you please, but don't risk a conversation with her. She is a very Delilah, and even a Samson might be worsted in an encounter with such an adversary.

There is the hard-faced *widder* who keeps the boarding-house or the apple-stall, no matter which. She will make "a poor mouth," as the saying is, and tell of her children to be fed, and fairly compel you to let her have the best of the bargain in consideration of her peculiar trials. Don't have any dealings with her, but if you do, treat her as if she were a man, and a close-fisted one. She can look out for her own interest; she does not need your sympathy or your consideration. Perhaps she was young, honest and tender-hearted, once, but that was a long time ago, in the dim and shadowy past. Bygones, for her, will be bygones, and her second childhood will bear no resemblance to her first. There is no sweet, loving, kindly, liberal old age in store for her. Little grandchildren will never snuggle up to her side, or run to her as a city of refuge, where they will be safe from blame, no matter what peccadilloes they have committed. She will have all the loneliness and ugliness of old age, with none of the merciful alleviations Providence has associated with the down-hill of life. She will

be a miserable, decaying ruin, beautified by no clustering mosses, and graced and sustained by no clinging vines! Alas for the *widders*, one and all, when they grow old!

We don't want to think about the *widders*. We don't want to write about them! It irks our very soul to know that they blot the fair face of earth! We cannot even bring ourselves to more than hint at the thinking, whispering, evil-tongued *widder*, who is sometimes tolerated even in select circles. We blush that she lives, and so let her pass.

We have done with the *widders*!

We would not for a moment cast a shadow of disrespect on the humble, unlettered woman, who styles herself a *widder*, and cares not whether Johnson or Webster would frown on her pronunciation. She but knows that the honest, hard hands of him who labored for her and her little ones, are folded over the broad bosom, that silent bosom, which lies so low, 'neath the green grass. She has shed her bitter tears, and moaned her moans of agony, and now she has rallied "to make good the room of him that's gone." She has talked cheerily to "the bairns," and "set the house to rights," and she is ready to face the world nobly, and welcome ceaseless toil without a murmur. She will deny herself food and raiment, rest and sleep, and yet smile on, while her children are rosy around her. Little to her will be privation and torture, if she can but "make ends meet," and "put a bit in the mouths of her boys and girls." She wants work, constant work; not for charity, not even for sympathy does she ask, but she does ask work of some kind, no matter how wearisome, no matter how scanty the pay! Let her not ask in vain! Find her out and keep her busy, ye daughters of luxury! Let her have the joy of honest independence! Give her a kindly friend to whom she may go for advice. Tell her you will care for her children if sickness should come—that they shall never want. Roll that great burden off from her mind. Yes, seek out the humble, toiling widow, and cheer her on in her path of loving self-denial. To aid her, comfort her, and eke out her scanty earnings. Ah! this is work on which is promised the blessing of Heaven!

Wo to the man, be he landlord or shop-keeper, who screws and pinches, and presses hard on these poor struggling women! The day will come when he shall render up his account! Miserable consolation, indeed, will be his petty, extorted gains, in that hour of crushing retribution!

## A PARTY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MARY MAYFIELD.

"MARY," said my mother, rousing me from the pleasant reverie into which I had fallen, as I sat in the twilight of a November day gazing dreamily into the blazing fire that crackled on the hearth. "Mary, it is time to dress; your sister has gone to her room long ago; but what are you going to wear, may I ask?" added she, in a curious tone.

"I don't know; my blue silk, I guess," I replied dreamily, hardly realizing what I said.

"Well, I must say you seem very indifferent on the subject," she rejoined in a somewhat ironical tone, "more indifferent than young ladies even of twenty-five usually are. However, it is all the same to me; only go and dress now, for I have no notion of being kept waiting." So saying, she left the room.

I rose wearily from my seat and went to my room. Such words were familiar to my ears, so they produced nothing but a dull aching pain at my heart, far different from the keen agony they would formerly have inflicted, for my disposition was very sensitive, and unkind words caused me sometimes real agony. I felt, however, no remorse, for I knew that I had honestly endeavored to do my duty to my step-mother. When my father had brought her home, five years before, it had been a bitter grief to me, but I felt that it was my duty to submit with patience and apparent cheerfulness to what contributed to make him happy, and I had, therefore, although with a bursting heart, welcomed to our home, with all the cheerfulness I could, my step-mother, and the beautiful, but haughty daughter who accompanied her. To this daughter she was devoted; everything that Lucy wished must be done; everything that Lucy desired must be procured. This indulgence naturally made a haughty and imperious temper more haughty and imperious still, and it was often with a sigh that I contemplated a face so perfect, yet with all its sweetness marred by pride and self-will. Between my sister and myself there was no sympathy; she was fond of society, gayety, and dress. I was fonder of quiet, of my books and work. Truly I was not calculated to shine in the brilliant assemblages of the young and the gay; the face which was reflected in the mirror before me was pale and quiet, only unwonted pleasure lit up my dark, hazel eyes,

and sent a flush to my usually pale cheek; my figure was slight and well proportioned, but not remarkable in any way. Just as I had finished dressing, and was turning away with a half sigh from the mirror, for I thought that there was no one now as there once was, when my own dear mother was alive, to take any interest in me, to care whether I looked well or ill, a knock came at the door, and on my saying "Come in," Jane, my old and faithful nurse, entered.

"Shure, Miss Mary dear, it's sorry I am that I could not come to you before, but the mistress and Miss Lucy kept me busy until now; but can I do nothing for you, Miss?"

"Nothing, thank you, Jane," I replied. "I knew that you would have come before if you could, for I believe you love me and want to please me."

"Indeed, and how could I help loving you, when I took you a little child, and have watched over you since, and will never leave you. Indeed, Miss, and it's only love to yourself that keeps me here, since your dear mother died. But shame on me for bringing tears to your eyes, and you going to a party. Let me get your shawl and hood, but first let me look at you;" and after she had regarded me silently for a few minutes, she said: "Indeed, Miss, an' you look real nice with your hair braided so handsome, and that blue dress is certainly becoming. I hope you will have a pleasant time, Miss Mary," added she respectfully and affectionately as she wrapped me in my shawl and hood, and lighted me down stairs.

I found my mother and sister in the parlor, adjusting their drapery before the glass. As I entered both looked up and scrutinized me attentively. "Well, Mary, considering all things, you'll do," was Lucy's remark as I approached her.

"Mary," said my mother, "I do hope you will make yourself agreeable to-night, and not cause people to remark on your worn and tired looks, for I do not fancy your father telling me again that I ought to have more regard for your health than to keep you up so very late because your sister is enjoying herself."

I was about to reply, when a servant announced the carriage. We drove off rapidly, and soon arrived at our destination. The

house was one blaze of light, and the crash of the band showed, as children say, that the party had begun. The dressing-room was full of ladies, and amongst them I soon recognized my friend, Ellen Claymore.

"Good-evening, Mary dear," said she. "I am so glad we have both come at the same time, for we can go down together. But oh, I have something to tell you," whispered she, "only think, I heard our hostess say yesterday that she expected the great Mr. Sunderland to-night."

"Who is Mr. Sunderland, may I ask?" inquired I.

"Why, don't you know the great beau, *the parti* of the season! rich as Cræsus, accomplished, fascinating! Why, all the girls are crazy about him, and I tell you, Mary, I am going to set my cap for him in earnest. But come, Miss Mary, the field is ready, let us go down. How lovely Lucy looks to-night; she'll have the best chance of all," laughed the merry girl as we descended.

After paying our respects to our hostess, I sank quietly down in a sofa, while Ellen's hand was claimed by a tall youth in an irreproachable toilet, and she was soon whirling in the giddy throng. I had been seated quietly enjoying myself looking on, for some time, when I suddenly observed a gentleman standing not far distant whose eyes had been steadily fixed on me, but who immediately withdrew them as they encountered mine. He was surrounded by a knot of young men and one or two elderly ladies, and they seemed attentively criticizing the belles of the evening. I had turned to speak to a friend, when I heard the voice of Mrs. Saxton, our hostess, addressing me with "Miss Mary, may I introduce to you my particular friend, Mr. Sunderland?" I bowed, and uttered the usual assent, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Saxton approached, accompanied by the gentleman I had observed before. "Miss Mayfield, let me introduce Mr. Sunderland," and she vanished in the throng, leaving the gentleman standing before me.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing this Lanciers with you, Miss Mayfield?" said the gentleman.

I bowed and accepted, well pleased, and as the music struck up, at this moment we took our places. "Quite a brilliant evening," said my partner; "everybody seems to be here; do you not find it very agreeable, Miss Mayfield?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "more agreeable than I usually find these assemblages."

"Then you are not partial to them, I infer?" said Mr. Sunderland.

"No, I very much prefer quiet; my tastes and my health are both at variance with these amusements; but, to please my father, I go out. He is not pleased if I mope at home, as he calls it."

"Well, I agree with you in not liking balls as a general thing," said my partner; "and I admire your taste far more than that of the frivolous belles of the season. Do you know, Miss Mayfield, I have heard a great deal about you from a warm friend of yours, and—may I confess it?—it was in the hope of being presented to you that I came here to-night."

"Indeed," I replied, not knowing well what to say, as the quick color mounted to my cheek. Ah, reader, I was so unaccustomed to compliments!

The dance concluded, my partner led me to my seat, and at this moment Lucy passed us, on the arm of one of her ardent admirers—a young captain.

"Who is that lovely girl?" eagerly inquired my partner.

"She is my half sister—Miss Lucy Seymour," I replied.

"Can you not introduce me?" he asked, quite eagerly; and, as Lucy came towards me at this moment, I performed the required ceremony. He engaged her for the next dance, and they soon took their places. How lovely Lucy looked that night! Her golden hair hung in soft curls about her face, the flowing cloud of white tulle of which her dress was composed, half enveloped her slight figure, while her eyes were lit up with excitement, and the flush of pleasure was on her cheek. And Mr. Sunderland—I confessed to myself that I had never seen a handsomer man—and, as they stood side by side, I could not help thinking what a charming pair they would make. But I must not linger any longer over this evening, for I have yet a tale to tell. Contrary to my expectations, Mr. Sunderland again requested me to dance, took me down to supper, and finally conducted me to the carriage, and before closing the door, requested permission to call upon us the following day. My mother cheerfully assented, and he bowed and withdrew.

On reaching home, I retired immediately; but fatigued as I was, it was long before my eyes closed, and when they did, the image of Mr. Sunderland still reigned in my dreams. The next day he called, but his visit was short, and Lucy kept him engaged in an almost

exclusive conversation. Day after day it was very much the same, yet at times I imagined his eyes rested on me, with an expression I dared not interpret, though I treasured it up in my heart. Soon my mother gave triumphant glances at Lucy when Mr. Sutherland made his appearance, and even my father began to rally her upon her conquest. And, must I confess it—all this made me very unhappy; day after day my manner became more cold, more distant to Mr. Sunderland, and heavier and heavier grew my heart.

"Dear Miss Mary," one day inquired my faithful Jane, "dear Miss Mary, what is the matter? You are as pale as a ghost; you are not yourself; you must be sick. Indeed, and forgive me, Miss, but you ought to see old Dr. Maxwell. You ought, indeed, and it's sad and worried I am this minute about you!"

Such exclamations greeted my ears almost daily as Jane helped me to dress, and even my father inquired anxiously if I were well, and where my appetite had flown.

"She must have change of air," he said one day to my mother, who coolly replied:—

"Really, Mr. Mayfield, you are entirely too anxious about Mary; there is nothing the matter, and she had better, at any rate, stay at home until after the wedding."

"But when is that to be?" asked my father. "Has he proposed yet? He has not asked my consent; they are not even engaged!"

"Oh, he may propose any day," replied she, somewhat confused, "and Lucy shall not delay long afterwards, if I have any influence. There is nothing so bad as long engagements for girls."

"Well, you know best," responded my father, as he left the room.

All this I had unintentionally overheard, as I sat in the next room sewing, for it had passed so quickly that I had not had time to come forward and announce my presence.

The next day, as I was sitting in the parlor vainly endeavoring to keep my thoughts fixed on the book I was reading—how well I remember it, "Carlyle's Frederick the Great"—a sharp ring came at the door, and before I could rise from my seat, the door opened, and a servant announced "Mr. Sunderland." I rose somewhat formally; he bowed and offered his hand. I could not refuse it, and my own, cold as ice and trembling, was held for one moment in that firm, soft clasp, and then slowly relinquished. He did not ask for Lucy, but I said:

"My sister, I regret to say, is out, and my mother also."

"Ah, indeed," he replied, as if utterly indifferent, and then, after a pause: "But, Miss Mary, I did not come to see either; I came to see you—to bid you farewell, perhaps for many years."

A pang shot through my heart at these words. "To bid me farewell!" I murmured, half inaudibly.

"Yes, farewell! yet, Mary"—and as I started—"forgive me, dear Mary, it is with you to decide. Say but that you will be mine, and I remain: if not, I go for years, perhaps forever!"

Astonishment, rapture, hope, fear, kept me speechless. I gazed at him in silence, utterly unable to utter a word.

"Speak, Mary! may I say *dearest* Mary!" he implored, as he took my hand. "It is cruel to keep me in suspense—tell me, dearest, may I hope?"

I raised my eyes to his. No answer was needed in words. I was clasped in a fervent, heart-felt embrace.

Some time after, my mother and Lucy returned.

"Has any one called while we were out?" inquired my mother of the servant.

"Yes, ma'am—Mr. Sunderland, and he is in the parlor yet, ma'am."

"Oh, very well. Lucy, dear," she whispered, "go in; I will come down in a few moments."

As Lucy entered, I had just withdrawn my hand from his, and, though blushing deeply, endeavored to appear composed. Mr. Sunderland, though somewhat embarrassed at first, soon recovered his usual ease of manner, and Lucy and he chatted gayly upon the standing topics of the day. At this moment the dinner-bell rang, and my father and mother entered the room together. As soon as the ordinary salutations were over, Mr. Sunderland took my hand, and leading me to my father, regardless of the astonished looks of my mother and Lucy, said, in a firm voice:—

"Mr. Mayfield, dare I ask a great favor of you? It is even this: to bestow upon me the priceless hand of your daughter. I know that I do not deserve her, but the effort of my life will be to make her happy."

My father's astonishment deprived him for a moment of the power of speech. "Why, I thought it was Lucy!" he exclaimed at length, looking at my mother. "But, Sunderland, my good fellow, I give my full consent and blessing; and I see by my Mary's face that she is well satisfied to have it so. God bless you both!" Thus saying, he kissed me tenderly,

placed my hand again in my lover's, and hurried from the room to conceal his emotion.

Need I say more? Need I describe my mother's rage, Lucy's disappointment and chagrin, Ellen's playful reproaches at my carrying off "the parti of the season," or far happier still, my marriage soon after to him, whom I

considered the noblest, the best of men? No more unhappiness now, no more pale cheeks and tearful eyes; and Jane, as she dresses me now, exclaims, joyfully:—

"No need of a doctor now, dear Miss Mary; as I have often heard my mistress, your dear mother say, 'Happiness is the best doctor!'"

## ACTING CHARADE.—WEDLOCK.

BY A. M. DOLBY.

### FIRST SYLLABLE.

ADOLPHUS RACKET, *a happy bridegroom.*  
 BELINDA RACKET, *his blushing bride.*  
 PENELOPE PONDER, } *Belinda's bridesmaids.*  
 CLARISSA MILDMAY, }

### Costumes.

ADOLPHUS should be attired in a black suit and white neck-tie; BELINDA as much like a bride as the properties of the establishment will admit; PENELOPE and CLARISSA in light silk dresses and white bonnets.

SCENE I.—ADOLPHUS RACKET *having won the heart and hand of* BELINDA MILDMAY, *the happy couple have just returned from church, and are discovered in an ante-room with the two bridesmaids, PENELOPE PONDER and CLARISSA MILDMAY. Bride and bridegroom ascend to the breakfast. PENELOPE and CLARISSA remain in conversation.*

*Penelope.* Dear Belinda! I trust she'll be happy. How lovely she looked at the altar! did she not?

*Clarissa.* Oh, charming! And how full the church was! By the way, did you see the Tomkineses in the rector's pew?

*Pen.* See them! Of course I did; for I looked on purpose to get a glimpse of Harry when Adolphus drew the ring from his pocket, and said so boldly, "With this ring I thee 'wed!'"

*Clar.* I thought Belinda would have broken down when she came to the "obey;" and I believe, after all, she only muttered the word.

*Pen.* Most likely! For my part I would never say it, whatever I might think! But, Clarissa, let us go, or they will have commenced the breakfast without us, and I promised Tom Sillaby to sit by him, to prompt him in a speech he has got up for the occasion, in which he intends to speak in the highest terms of bridesmaids in general, and me in particular.

*Clar.* Well, for my part, I think the kindest thing you can do will be to prompt him to leave 't alone; for I'm sure if that simpleton is to be

our representative, I shall wish that Belinda had not made me a bridesmaid.

*Pen. (Patronizingly.)* My dear child! these things are entirely a matter of opinion; and as I have a great regard for Tom Sillaby, I hope you will on this occasion honor him by your attention, and believe him sensible at least, when he proposes the health of the bridesmaids, and extols the merits and graces of our sex.

*Clar. (Scornfully.)* Bosh! [Exit both.]

### SECOND SYLLABLE.

BELINDA RACKET.  
 PENELOPE PONDER.

### Costumes.

BELINDA in morning-gown, PENELOPE in morning walking-dress.

SCENE II.—BELINDA *discovered sitting alone; sadly and thoughtfully contemplating something she holds in her hand.*

*Belinda.* Oh, how soon have all my visions of happiness disappeared! What could possess me to open his dressing-case? Certainly not curiosity, and most assuredly not with any idea of finding such a proof of his baseness as this! Oh, had I used the forbidden key, and discovered him a Blue-Beard, I could have borne it better! I wish dear Penelope Ponder would come, that I might confide this awful secret to her, and ask her advice. Would that I could burn this fascinating horror I hold in my hand; but no, it must be kept as a sad—sad—proof! (A knock at the door, when enters PENELOPE. BELINDA rushes to her friend, and they embrace. BELINDA in tears.)

*Penelope.* What, my dearest Belinda! and are you so soon unhappy? Pray tell me at once the cruel cause of all this?

*Bel. (Hysterically, while showing lock of hair.)* There, Penelope! foun—d in his dressing-case!

*Pen. (With affected dismay.)* What, a lock of

hair, and not yours! Oh, Belinda, this is indeed a serious cause of grief! Have you demanded an explanation?

*Bel.* No, I could not; for I discovered it after he had left this morning. Oh, what *shall* I do? Tell me, dear Penelope.

*Pen.* Well, my dear! I would advise the most mature reflection before you mention to him what you have found; observe him closely, and if he cares much for this (*sneeringly*) treasure, he will soon miss it, and the fact will be evident in his manner; but (*starting*) Belinda, what *horribly coarse* hair! Why none but a Hottentot could have grown such stubble as this.

*Bel.* Ah, that's what makes the matter worse! I've always heard him say how he admired wavy hair; and you know, Penelope, that mine never would (*mournfully*) even crinkle without a world of plaiting.

*Pen.* Poor, disappointed child! I am grieved that I must leave you now: but act as I have told you, and to-morrow morning I will call after breakfast, to hear how this terrible affair progresses. [*They embrace, and curtain falls.*]

#### THE WHOLE WORD.

ADOLPHUS RACKET.  
BELINDA RACKET.  
PENELOPE PONDER.  
CLARISSA MILDMAY.

#### Costumes.

ADOLPHUS in lounging-coat: BELINDA in morning-dress; PENELOPE and CLARISSA in morning walking-dress.

SCENE III.—BELINDA and ADOLPHUS sitting at breakfast. BELINDA *sullenly turning over the leaves of a book.* ADOLPHUS *looks up from the newspaper, and says—*

*Adolphus.* Well, Belinda, how much longer are you going to maintain this extraordinary manner? You are evidently put out about something, and I should uncommonly like to know what that something is; so will you oblige me by an explanation?

*Belinda.* No, Adolphus, I will not! it's sufficient for you to know that I shall never be happy again.

*Adol.* Well, that's cool, and more than "sufficient," seeing that I sought "*wedlock*" in the hope of securing your happiness as well as my own for life.

*Bel.* Don't tell untruths, Adolphus; you married me to make me the most miserable of wives, and you have succeeded.

*Adol.* Belinda, you are trying my patience fearfully, and I can tell you that it won't last much longer; and if you don't give me some opportunity of justifying myself, I shall be in a fearful passion directly. (*Paces up and down the room.*) No! (*Raising his voice*) Belinda Racket, *passion's* not the word: I shall *storm with rage.*

*Bel.* Ah, cruel man! just what I might have expected. (*A knock at the door.* Enter PENELOPE PONDER and CLARISSA MILDMAY. *Both embrace BELINDA with tears of sympathy.* BELINDA *whispers to PENELOPE—*) I'm so glad you have come, dear, for I do believe he was just going to kill me.

*Pen.* Have you shown him the proof of his wickedness?

*Bel.* No, I dared not!

*Pen.* Well, do so now, and we will help you to intimidate him. Oh (*with a shudder*) what a ruffian he looks!

*Bel.* Perfidious man! Does not that fill you with remorse? (*Throws him the lock of hair.*)

*Adol.* Where on earth did you get this from? Why, this is a piece of my poor pony's tail, cut off when he was shot, in remembrance of the many times he nearly broke my neck! Well, Belinda (*laughing heartily*), you *must* have been on the look-out for a trouble when you made one of this.

*Bel.* Oh how foolish I have been. Will you forgive me, Adolphus?

*Adol.* Well, yes; but upon one condition: that you promise to keep this relic of my poor old pony as a memento of the only cause of anxiety I ever gave, or mean to give you.

*Pen.* Well, now that you are restored to happiness, Belinda, I think I shall go home and reflect on the improbability of uninterrupted bliss, whether in married or single life. So come along, Clarissa, and we will meditate together.

*Clar.* Oh no, thank you. I'm not in a meditative mood! Nevertheless, I'll go with you, if it's only to put an end to this matrimonial scene.

[*Curtisies, and the curtain falls.*]

ARE you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

MR. AND MRS. PIDGEON'S VISIT TO THEIR CITY FRIENDS,  
AS RELATED BY MR. PIDGEON.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

I HAVE a snug little place in the country of about one hundred acres. It is easy of access by steamboats, which come within two miles of the place, and at the landing stages are always in readiness to convey passengers to a frequented hotel, the road to which passes in front of our house. Being thus easy of access, our house is filled with visitors from the first of June to the middle of September, and in fact it is more like a country boarding-house than a private residence, only we never get any pay from our boarders. One year we had as many as twenty visitors at one time, including children and nurses, and at no time in the summer do we have less than eight. At the beginning of May my wife commences her preparations: every room is made as white as water, soap, sand, and whitewash can make it; carpets are taken up and mattings put down; feather beds exchanged for mattresses, white curtains put up at windows and around bedsteads, and a general fixing up ensues. An order for groceries—one would think sufficient for an army—is sent to our grocer in the city, and the preserve closet undergoes a thorough examination. Our house consists of a parlor, dining-room, library, storeroom, and kitchen on the ground floor; four bedrooms on the second floor, and two neat attic rooms; and every room in the house has been crammed full. Let me give you an account of last summer's visitors, merely premising that it is a fair sample of the four preceding summers.

It was near the close of a warm day in the beginning of June, and the sun was slowly sinking to his rest (ahem! that opens fine, I think; now if I can only keep on this way), when the stage might have been seen (and was seen by me, to my sorrow) slowly wending its way to our peaceful domicile. It paused at the entrance to the grassy lawn that sloped gently downward to the road, the door was opened, the steps let down, and a lady, large and stately, descended, and advanced leisurely to our abode. Close following on her footsteps came a youthful throng, of various ages and of various size, from the fair babe lulled in the nurse's arms, to the brave boy just thirteen summers old. (Bless my soul! I'm a poet!) Nearer

she came, and looking on her face, I recognized fair Mrs. Spendergrass, and eagerly I ran to welcome her to our abode—the home of earthly bliss. I must give it up—I can't write poetry without telling lies to make up the lines. Truth to tell, Mrs. Spendergrass, with her tribe of children, was my special aversion. I don't believe a worse set of youngsters ever lived, and they made so much noise they nearly deafened one. However, I made the "best of a bad bargain," as the saying is; and forcing a ghastly smile, I escorted her and her army to the house, and went in quest of Rebecca. Now, Rebecca is one of the dearest little souls that ever lived, with not one particle of guile about her, and she is never happier than when she is entertaining a houseful of visitors, or *friends*, as she calls them; so, although Mrs. Spendergrass and her tribe had nearly plagued our lives out for two summers, yet she ran into the parlor and welcomed them all in a transport of joy, kissing every child twice, and giving a dozen extra ones to the twin babies. By the by, Mrs. S. only had one baby when she was here before; *this* time she has brought twins; I only hope that she won't bring triplets if she should chance to come again. Well, Rebecca flew about, had chickens killed and picked in almost as short a time as it takes me to write about it; and with her own dear hands she set out the table, and arranged the tempting fare upon it. Shall I describe one of our country suppers? Rebecca is a famous house-keeper, and rare suppers she can get, I tell you. We had snowy bread and light flaky biscuit, golden butter, broiled ham and chickens, with real cream gravy, ripe red strawberries, with real cream to eat with them, and preserved peaches and honey, to say nothing of tea and coffee—such as one seldom gets—and the dearest little wife in the world to sit at the head of the table. The dishes were filled up when we began supper, but there wasn't much in them when we were done, for the Spendergrasses have famous appetites. It took two rooms to hold them at night. Mrs. Spendergrass, the twins, and two other little ones occupying one room; the nurse and the two boys in the room adjoining, a trundle-bed hav-

ing been removed to Mrs. S.'s room, and a cot put up for the nurse in the next room by Mrs. S.'s special request.

At breakfast, the next morning, she informed us that she wished her children to drink nothing but new milk, and as much of that as they wanted, as she had heard that it was so healthy, and she herself wished green tea in the morning and at dinner, black tea for supper, cocoa for luncheon at ten o'clock; and as she was nursing and very weak, she would like some of our currant wine every afternoon at four o'clock. Soup, she *must* have every day for dinner; but for the rest, she was very easily suited, and hoped that we would make no change in our domestic arrangements on her account. Now it was an easy matter to let her have as much tea, and cocoa, and currant wine as she wanted; but it was not quite so easy to manage about the milk and soup. We had four cows, but two of them gave very little milk, and the other two barely sufficed to keep us in milk and butter; and as for the soup, we were too far from the city to get fresh meat often, and it would not keep long in such warm weather.

Rebecca promised all Mrs. S. asked; but after breakfast she came to me in a great deal of trouble to know what she should do, as the young Spendergrasses would drink a gallon or two of milk a day. I told her to give them the skim milk, and they would never know the difference; and as to soup, she could give Mrs. S. chicken soup twice a week, and maybe she could concoct some kind of vegetable soup by the aid of the cook-books, and I would get fresh meat as often as I could. With a lightened heart Rebecca left me to attend to her domestic affairs; and I locked myself up in the library, hoping to have a little quiet, but very few moments there was an outbreak in the Spendergrass tribe, and at last I heard a scream from our own little ones, and heard our little five years old Freddy in high dispute with the Spendergrasses, and heard him say: "I'll tell papa you beat my little sister Minnie!" I hastened to the rescue, for little blue-eyed Minnie was the pet of our household, and I heard her sobbing violently—the little darling sunbeam whose every whim we had gratified. What was my astonishment to behold Mrs. S. sitting complacently in the midst of the tumult, and taking no notice whatever of the conduct of her children. Little Minnie held out her arms when she saw me, and I took her up and soothed her; but I saw red streaks all over her dear little fat arms, and saw a switch

in the hand of one of the boys; so I could guess pretty well what ailed my little one.

Mrs. S. looked on smilingly. "I never take any notice of children's quarrels," she said, with an amiable little laugh; "the little things can manage better without our interference. My boys are perfectly delighted with the country," she continued, "they are very lively, spirited children, but there is not a bit of harm in them. My Andrew Jackson is quite a hero, but Henry Clay is more devoted to his studies. In fact we have feared he would injure his health by such close application, but I am happy to see his spirits have been most excellent since he has been here. My girls are wild little pussies, too; but I don't care how much they romp in the country, there is no one here to be annoyed by their noise. Have you any fruit ripe yet, Mr. Pidgeon? Ah! yes, there is that tree of June apples—will you be so kind as to send a servant to gather some for me? I am *so* fond of apples." Thus the lady rattled on without pausing for an answer till her final request.

Now we kept but two servants, and one of them was rather old, so I ventured to hint to Mrs. S. that perhaps her boys might like the sport of gathering and bringing her a basket of apples, as the tree was some distance from the house, and Molly and Kitty were busy. The boys set off in high glee, and taking little Minnie with me I returned to the library again, locking the door. The poor little thing soon fell asleep, so I laid her on a lounge, and covered her with my handkerchief to keep off the flies. The library adjoined a store-room that opened into the kitchen, so I could easily hear what was going on, and finding that Rebecca had work to do up in the chambers, I called to her that Minnie was asleep, and I would take care of her till she came down again. Minnie was in the habit of getting ravenously hungry and thirsty, when her mother found it most inconvenient to attend to her. Rebecca was very glad to hear that there was a chance for her to go on with her work, without interruption to baby. She had scarcely got upstairs when I heard the smooth voice of Mrs. S., in the kitchen. "Molly," said she, "I have three thin flounced dresses I want you to iron for me this afternoon. I have brought them rough dried, for I knew they would get tumbled so they would not be fit to be seen, so it was folly to iron them; also the children's white dresses I want ironed, and there are a good many little things I want washed for the babies, as soon as you can get time, for the nurse has no chance to

do these things. And see here, Molly, I want the sheets, pillow and bolster cases exchanged on our beds twice a week, and let me have six clean towels every day—four fine, and two coarse ones, and put a large pitcher in my room besides the one that is there. Be sure to have my cocoa ready at eleven precisely," and the lady took her flounces out of the kitchen, leaving Molly to grumble after her for the next hour.

"Who she thinks goin' to wait on her, I'd like to know," quoth Molly; "you, white trash, thinks she can make me fly round arter her, but she's mighty mistaken—'deed is she. Why can't she iron her own fal-lals? She's none too good, dear knows she aint. Need n't think she's goin' to make this nigger fly round arter her, I've got 'nuff to do now, 'thout waitin' on her and her rips of chilluns. Catch me a roastin' my eyes out ironin' of her fooleries. I won't tech them, 'deed won't I."

"Shet up your mouth," growled Kitty; "'tend to yer own work, that's all you got to do."

"I aint agoin' to tech her things at any rate," persisted Molly; "didn't I work myself off'n my feet last summer, and what did she give me for it?—an old caliker bed gownd that I wouldn't bemean myself to wear. Poor, mean trash!"

I may as well say here that in the end Mrs. S. conquered, and the clothes were washed and ironed by Molly every week during her stay. Little Minnie at last woke up, and cried for her mamma, so I carried her to Rebecca, but she cried out, "For mercy's sake, Henry, don't bring that child here, for I'm too busy to attend to her now," so we wended our way back to the library, stopping first in the kitchen where we got a bowl of bread and milk, and for the first time in my life, I essayed to feed a hungry child. I succeeded beyond my utmost expectation, only choking Minnie twice, and not spilling more than half down her bosom, so, highly elated with my success, I began to feel amiable once more, and made no complaint at being kept waiting for my dinner, twenty minutes past the usual time.

After dinner was over I resigned my charge to Rebecca and settled myself down comfortably for the afternoon.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Honeywell, and Mrs. Honeywell's two sisters came, and two days later Mrs. Register and her sick daughter. I engaged another servant, and every part of the house was crammed full, so we had to sleep on the parlor floor. Miss Register was

quite sick and very weak, so every day she had to have boneset tea made for her, a new laid egg beat up with port wine, and a boiled chicken for dinner. However, she showed some gratitude, which was more than any one else did.

At last the summer came to an end, the last carriage load left the house, and weary and dispirited poor Rebecca went to work to clear up the house after them. Mrs. Spendergrass and her children had a great knack at breaking china and glass, and you could generally guess pretty well as to their whereabouts by the crash that followed their footsteps. I never saw one of them take up anything choice without apprehending its downfall, and it was very rarely my apprehensions deceived me. But I cannot begin to relate the damage done by our visitors—how they inked and greased our carpets, and curtains, and broke everything of a breakable nature—the pencil of Hogarth could alone portray such a scene of confusion as our house presented, after the departure of our visitors. My carriage horses were lamed, and the carriage broken. I had a great variety of choice fruit trees, and a great abundance of fruit, and had calculated on making a considerable sum of money from the sale of it, but our visitors carried off all that they did not eat, except what was put up for next year's consumption in the shape of preserves and pickles. We had scarcely a fowl left on the place, none in fact, but those that were too old to be eaten. The servants were completely worn out with waiting on the numerous wants of our visitors, and poor Rebecca looked like she had had a severe spell of sickness. Our little Minnie, from having no one to give her proper attention, ate so much unripe fruit that it caused her a pretty severe attack of dysentery, which left her pale and languid, and very unlike the little, fat, rosy, dimpled darling she had been heretofore. On the last day of August I mounted one of the working horses, and took refuge at a neighbor's house for a couple of days, hoping the worst of the putting to rights would be over by that time, but I was woefully mistaken. For a week after that time I could not stir outside of the library door without stumbling into a pail of whitewash, or a tub of hot water, to say nothing of pitching headlong over mops, brooms, etc. I pass over the details of the house-cleaning, merely remarking that Minnie was twice fished out of a tub of soapsuds, and Freddy, trying to discover a passage through the front hall, stumbled over a broom, and took a seat in a pail of white-

wash, fortunately doing no damage beyond ruining a new pair of trowsers. At last order rose out of the chaos, carpets were tacked down, curtains put up, and once more I could go through the house without danger of breaking my neck.

Some time in September, I found that my business required my presence in the city, and as all our friends had given us pressing invitations to visit them, I concluded to take Rebecca and the children, and stay two or three weeks. Rebecca wrote to Mrs. Spendergrass, telling her she was coming to make her a visit, and would be there in two or three days. We went to the steamboat landing in our own carriage, because Rebecca had so many presents to take her city friends, I disliked filling up the stage with them. When we got to the landing Rebecca found an old friend of hers who resided there, and who insisted on our staying for the afternoon boat, instead of going in the morning as we had contemplated. She said the afternoon boat went for half-price. Now Rebecca is a great hand for saving a penny, so she at once set her mind on going in the afternoon boat, though it was much slower than the morning boat.

Well! we were now hospitably entertained, and at last safely embarked in an old rattle-trap of a boat, which, by the way, charged full price, having raised the fare that very day. We did not reach the city till dusk, and then a chilly, disagreeable rain had set in, but we took our seats in the hack with light hearts, feeling certain that in a few minutes we should be in the warm parlors of Mrs. Spendergrass, and partaking of a nice supper. I had an idea that the street in which the Spendergrass mansion was located was near the wharf, and so it afterwards proved to be, but the hackman, seeing we were from the country, had taken advantage of our ignorance of the city, to drive us through all the alleys and little streets he could find, till at last I poked out my head, and told him if he didn't take us to the place pretty soon I would get out and hunt it myself, so he pretended he had misunderstood me, whirled round two or three corners, and deposited us in front of a large, stately mansion where the Spendergrasses resided. To my dismay, the house was perfectly dark, and though I rang the bell till the knob came off in my hand, no one came to the door. At length an old woman who lived next door poked out her head, and told me there was no use in my "making that 'ere kind of a racket, for Mrs. Spendergrass had got a letter from

some place, and had gone off to New York to see her mother, and tuk the children along, and Mr. Spendergrass had got the house locked up, and never came home till arter midnight," and with this agreeable news, the head was popped in again, the window slammed down, and I went back to the carriage in dismay, and found Rebecca weeping, and Minnie fretting to be put to bed. Just as I had proposed going to the nearest hotel, I felt my arm touched, and looking around I saw a gentleman holding an umbrella over his head, but hatless. In courteous language he invited us to enter his house, stating that his wife had been a visitor of ours, and had recognized us from the window, and wished very much to see us. Rebecca saved me the trouble of replying by at once availing herself of the invitation, and our host soon ushered us into an elegantly furnished parlor, where we were met, and warmly welcomed by a pretty, bright eyed little woman, whom we both recognized at once as Mrs. Howard, a lady who had spent a few days at our house about two years previous, and a distant relative of the Spendergrasses. She apologized as well as she could for Mrs. S.'s conduct, but we both felt that the house had been shut up to get clear of us. We learned afterwards that Mrs. S. was a miser at home, and prodigal as she was in dress, her husband lived a dreadful life with her; for she hardly allowed her family enough to eat while she spent countless sums on her own person. This only confirmed my previous suspicions. Mr. and Mrs. Howard treated us with the greatest hospitality, and after partaking of a superb supper, Mrs. H. took Rebecca up to a bedroom, furnished with a crib, cradle, and every comfort needed. The children were unrobed, and laid in their comfortable beds, and Rebecca arranged her hair, washed her face and hands, and, rested and refreshed, prepared to return to the parlor. As they were leaving the room, Mrs. Howard paused awhile by Minnie's cradle. She stooped down and pressed a loving kiss on the round, rosy cheek of the little sleeper. "I have lost my little one," she said sadly, while a tear glistened in her dark eyes; "dear little lambs, we do not know how dear they are to us till we lose them."

It was a chilly, rainy evening, but none of the outward discomfort reached us, as we gathered around the pleasant fireside. It was an evening long to be remembered by all of us. Our kind entertainers insisted on our making our home with them during our stay in the city; but Rebecca was fearful our other friends

might feel hurt if we did not spend part of the time with them; so when we retired to our room that night, it was decided that I should go the next morning to call on our friends, and see who was most anxious to receive us, while Rebecca remained in her present quarters till afternoon. After a good night's sleep, and a first-rate breakfast, I started out on my expedition. The first place I went to was Mrs. Cameron's. I was admitted by a dirty looking girl, who ushered me into a small room on the landing, and just over the kitchen, as I discovered by the smell of cooking, and the sound of voices.

"Who is it, Biddy?" I heard Mrs. Cameron say.

"Here 's his name, mum, on this bit of paste-board," the girl replied.

"Mr. Pidgeon! oh, horrid! I do hope he hasn't come to stay here. I *do* hate to be plagued with company. Here, Biddy, just pin this collar for me, and bring me down my new cap—the one with the blue flowers."

I heard a door open and shut; but in a few moments I heard Mrs. Cameron open the door again, and say:—

"There 's nobody in the parlor, Biddy—where did you leave Mr. Pidgeon?"

"Sure I took him in the little room where the fire is; it was so cowl'd in the parlor."

"Mercy on the stupid girl!" I heard Mrs. C. exclaim, impatiently. "Go, Biddy, and show him into the parlor."

Mrs. Cameron received me with a face full of smiles, and made many inquiries after her dear Mrs. Pidgeon and the sweet children; but I presume it is hardly necessary to inform my reader that I refused all invitations to stay with her, notwithstanding that they grew very pressing, when she found that there was no danger of my staying.

I next went to Mrs. Lander's. She, too, received me with many smiles, asked where Rebecca was making her home, and invited us to come and *take tea* with her before we returned home. From there I went to Mrs. Bradley's. She regretted very much that some friends of Mr. B.'s were coming to make her a visit; otherwise, they would be so happy to have dear Rebecca make her home there; but the *next* time we came, we must be certain to make them a good long visit. I will not bore my reader with a full account of my visits to some three or four more of Rebecca's *friends*, none of whom showed any desire for our company, and I resolved to try only one more place, and if I had no better success there, I would engage board at a hotel. But Mrs. Register and her

daughter at once insisted on our coming to them to make our home. Miss Register in particular seemed delighted to have the opportunity of returning our hospitality. She had regained her health, and looked so pretty and rosy, I scarcely knew her at first.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard were very sorry to have us leave them, and exacted from us a promise to spend a week with them before we returned home. In parting with them we presented them with some choice grapes and oranges raised in our own greenhouse, and some very fine peaches. We also carried a peck of the peaches to Mrs. Register, a bushel of very fine sweet potatoes, and a ham of our own curing. We were hospitably welcomed, and ushered into a handsome suite of apartments on the second floor, consisting of parlor, dressing-room, and bedroom. But our meals! Let me describe our first dinner, which was a fair sample of what was to come. It was set out in great style, and made considerable show, and we had five courses. In the first place we had a thin, watery kind of soup, tasting of nothing but salt and potatoes. A beef bone, with very little meat on it, and two dishes of watery vegetables made up the first course. Then we had a small piece of roast beef, or beef *à la mode* Mrs. Register called it; but it was so tough I gave it up in despair. There was a dish of pork chops, nearly all bone, a tough fowl, and some side dishes of badly-cooked beets and carrots, and sweet potatoes boiled till the water could be wrung out. Irish potatoes we had in various forms, omelette, balls, and plain mashed potatoes. The bread was sour—the butter strong. For our third course we had a hard, tough mass of dough, with raisins boiled in it, that Mrs. Register called cold plum pudding. The sauce tasted strongly of cheap brandy. Then we had rice balls, and some pies from the baker's. After these were removed, we had custard and cake—sponge cake like leather. To conclude, we had some of our own fruit, some bad almonds and raisins, and a bottle of cheap wine. Mrs. Register helped us with the greatest affability, and was as much at her ease as if everything was of the best. For supper we had smoky tea and weak coffee, some black-looking preserves, tough cake, a little cheese, sour baker's bread, and bad butter. But bad as the fare was, there was not enough of it, and I was obliged to go to an eating-house every day to satisfy my hunger. I smuggled in oysters to Rebecca every night, and kept her well supplied with cakes and crackers for the children. With many smiles and blushes Miss

Register informed Rebecca that she was to be married very soon to a young lawyer, and they were to spend a year or two in France and Italy. Her mother was to accompany them. I learned afterwards that they had been engaged for some time, but the mother had resolutely opposed the match on account of the poverty of the lover. This was what had affected Miss Register's health; and, fearing that she would go into a decline, her mother was at length forced to consent. From what I had seen of their mode of living, I had come to the conclusion that the Registers were in rather indigent circumstances, and really pitied Mrs. Register for striving so hard to keep up appearances, when she had not the means of living as she desired. Something of this I said to Mrs. Howard, when, to my great surprise, she told me that Mrs. Register was worth over a hundred thousand dollars, and had not a poor relative living. Her daughter had a snug little fortune, too, independent of her mother. So it was only meanness made her live as she did, for she did not spend one-third of her income, so Mrs. Howard informed me. "Her daughter is exceedingly mortified by her mother's conduct," continued Mrs. H.; "but see cannot get her to act differently. Her servants tell some ludicrous tales about her household economy." I felt really glad that her pretty daughter was going to get a good husband, for she is a good, sensible girl, and the Howards speak very highly of her lover. We spent a week with the Howards, and enjoyed ourselves extremely. In company with them we visited the different places of amusement, and went to see everything that was worth seeing. We parted from them with regret, for we had formed a strong friendship for them during our stay. We exacted from them a promise to return our visit next summer. With regard to our visitors of preceding summers, I fancy we shall not be plagued by many of them. We received a long and flowery epistle from Mrs. Spendergrass on our return home, expressing *her great regret at being compelled to leave home*, and thus missing our agreeable company. She sincerely deplored that she had not received our letter *soon enough* to delay her visit, and hoped that we would soon visit the city again, as she was very desirous to see us all. She would try to make us a long visit next summer—she enjoyed herself so much with her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon. My sole answer was to send her an envelope containing the card of the proprietor of the nearest hotel, and a few lines saying that

it would not be convenient for us to keep open house for our *friends* any longer. I have never had any reply to it; but we don't look for the Spendergrasses this summer. Rebecca was a little worried about what I had done, but consented to let me take my own way. Taking all things into consideration, I don't think we shall have much cause to regret "Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon's Visit to their City Friends."

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### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

*Pearl the Ninth.—September.*

SERENE September, goddess of the grain,  
 With stately steps precedes the loaded wain;  
 The grapes that ripen in the grange repeat  
 The sounds that float across the fields of wheat;  
 The birds that linger, chat among the sheaves  
 About the shortened days and lengthened eves;  
 And so the birth-month of the autumn brings  
 Something of shadow on its golden wings;  
 Some sad reminders of meridians past,  
 Of days that vanish, months that do not last;  
 And of that sure declining plane of years  
 That slopes to a peninsula of fears,  
 While on the further shore the surges beat  
 And echoes from the "unknown sea" repeat.  
 First of the "embers" of the fading year,  
 And empress of earth's cornucopian cheer,  
 With sad forebodings we the coming greet,  
 And shape our plans life's altered views to meet.  
 At first a golden glory covers all  
 The face of nature; then, a sombre pall  
 All slowly drops, and cloud and wind again  
 Betray the coming of the "latter rain;"  
 While here and there the green leaves change to brown,  
 In sign of autumn's coronal and crown.

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### MARY.

(*Resurgam.*)

BY G. H. S. HULL.

LIKE some gentle streamlet murmur'ing  
 Softly o'er its pebbly bed,  
 Like the timid violet drooping  
 Mournfully its downy head—  
 As the cloudless sky of summer,  
 As the stillly hours of night,  
 Thus thy life-time—now thou'st left us,  
 Glorifying in eternal light.

Yet it were not well to mourn thee,  
 The surcharged heart its grief must bear:  
 So pure thy life, so calm and holy,  
 Angels love to have thee there.  
 Then weep not, though the dearly loved  
 Lies shrouded in the silent grave,  
 Through life in Jesus' steps she moved,  
 And worshipped him who died to save.

## GROWING POOR GRACEFULLY.

BY MELICENT IRWIN.

GROWING poor, is harder than the actual being so. "Poverty is not so terrible a thing when we once get *down to it*," said a witty and sensible old lady, speaking from the riches of her own experience. Admired for her beauty and her wit as a Washington belle in her younger days, after-years, though full of trials, loss of property among them, had not taken away the life sparkle. Her hearty welcome and lively sally were genial and enlivening ever. The ordeal had been safely passed; for poverty is not unlike certain cutaneous diseases. It is not dangerous unless it "strikes in." Sometimes the system is strengthened ever after. But this is the very point, to "get down to it!" Transitions are always more or less dangerous. Since long-kept as well as quick-made fortunes are ever in jeopardy, and there is never one so poor that he cannot be poorer, it is well to know how to make the descent with least awkwardness, to say nothing of insurance from dislocations. It will not do to ignore the step, affecting still to keep the level by "keeping up appearances." You remember the story of De Stael, whom the choice Parisian coterie awaited with flattering expectation, the empressment of whose entrance taxed even Parisian politeness to repress a smile. The effort of the many to "keep up" is no less ridiculous in effect than the forgetfulness of Madame in raising her dress before instead of behind, as she blandly made the awkward descent at the entrance *de la salon*. There is nothing undignified in coming down stairs, only do it naturally, and don't put any airs on about it. Poverty is a word we use here relatively of course, and according to specific signification. The lady who, obliged to curtail expenses, takes a less eligible suite of rooms, and writes home she is reduced to a miserable pittance for pin-money, naming a sum that some of our industrious well-to-do people would consider a snug fortune for life, really suffers. Needless, and wickedly we may say, but, remembering the power of education, no less really. Whether dwelling in white-washed or frescoed walls, that man is poor whose wants are beyond his income.

There is a great deal of sentimentalism in the talk about sneers at poverty. Poverty of pocket is much less often in reality subject of ridicule than poverty of soul. People will be apt to think of you pretty much as you think of yourself. If because you cannot entertain

as you once could, cannot dress, come, and go, you show solicitude lest you should be neglected; if you take friends to task, and ascribe to unworthy motives what may or may not have been meant for slights; if you endeavor to enlist their sympathies by recounting your own disadvantages, ten to one they will drop off. Naturally enough you will have driven them away. If, on the other hand, you meet them as of old; if you do not let a certain scantiness begotten of circumstances creep into your manner; if they find the same sunshine about you as of old, do you suppose they will mind a few inconveniences? Not they. Live on the surface. Do not let life narrow down. Do not let the necessary carefulness "strike in," my friend. There are some who, out of their largess of life, and a natural appreciation of the beauty of harmony, are led easily on. We know one, the daughter of one of our well-known artists. She had known wealth and luxury. When through misfortunes their house grew small (the frame had been that of one of their barns), the hospitality of its inmates gave its low rooms elastic properties; beds could be extemporized; welcomes were always waiting. Incidents of loss suggested by need of some accustomed article were told with irresistible humor, some unconsciously turned sentence perhaps giving a gleam of the pathos that lay beneath. The world was met frankly, with as little parade of loss as concealment. Once within the small, plain house, bare even of blinds, the harmony of arrangement, the charm of presence, made one forget they were not entertained in the former handsome home. And why not?

I have not a doubt in the world that though Mrs. Gustavus d'Orville has a conservatory and an elegant silver service, if your mind has congeniality with hers, if your welcome is cordial, if your muffins are nice, and your coffee is clear in its amber stream, your simple china and your fragrant hyacinths in their crystal vases will give none other than pleasant impressions for the lady to take away with her, and she will have been charmed with her entertainment. So if you do not envy your friend her superior elegancies when she returns the compliment, I see no reason why you may not have all the enjoyment of mutual regard and intercourse. There is a great deal of moonshine about different circles, social barriers, etc. And probably for many a long day to come there will be.

Surroundings influence spirit, we know, and we long to have grace, and fitness, and the

poetry of convenience about us. But the best gifts are every man's. We can all have God's pure air and sunshine free. That is a great deal. With a moderate share of labor we can all command most scrupulous neatness. If we cannot go abroad from place to place, which in this beautiful world is a deprivation, surely we can have plainer furniture, less variety in toilette, more simple food, and let the life of the busy, toiling, suffering, achieving world in upon us through books and papers. Put aside a pleasure of sense, and buy a picture, and forget the want in training a plant.

"Ah, yes!" somebody says; "but starting poor in life, knowing what you have, and where it is, being able to make calculations to advantage, and harmonize expenditures is less vexing to the soul, is different from 'growing poor'—the subject you started with. To have the incomings barely sufficient for supporting foundation of a system long maintained, whose superstructure there is no means to patch up; to be living in a tumble down house, perhaps without ability for repairs; to be obliged to give up the gardener, when the flower-beds of course will give themselves up to weeds; to be obliged to part with the carriage for maintenance for the horses—to have everything generally disjointed and of non-correspondence!" It is some shades worse, however. Break up the "establishment," and try life compact and unhampered on the small capital of the remnant. Discharge every claim and begin anew. And especially if you have a youthful family, do this for their mental health, and for the engraving of just ideas of expenditure and living. Or if, as is often the case, entangling claims prevent this course, move into the cheeriest, best preserved part of the house, that perhaps has been hitherto shut up, and make all there as beautiful as possible. Level the flower-beds save only a border somewhere in sight, that you can enjoy and care for yourself, and let the fresh green grass God provides spread its emerald mantle. Away with pretension of any kind! Well-kept grass is better than weed-choked flowers. To grow poor gracefully is to bring our wants within our income. Reach out and bring them in, as did Noah his dove, till the waters abate, and you shall ride safely, even over the mountain tops. There is one temptation. You can no more grow poor gracefully, by making of debts, than you can go down stairs gracefully on stilts. Part with everything rather than bear the weight and palsy of debt. And we do not mean large incumbrances alone, but small debts, and "so

convenient, you know," will be like a swarm of stinging insects buzzing about your ears. People will know you are on stilts all the time. Do not flatter yourself they will think that it is your natural height. You may hate to come down. It would have been better if you had never accepted such support. But how much freer you will be on your own footing! You will feel a divine right to what you do have, and a new sense of property in *terra firma*, the free air, and sunlight, and God's beauty lying all around you.

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#### GOSSIP ABOUT GLOVES.

From the very earliest times gloves were used to preserve the hands against thorns; and in 814 they were distinguished by pairs. In the ninth century they had become so universal that even the church thought them a necessary article of dress. Strutt thinks they were introduced in the tenth century; while in the thirteenth century ladies commenced wearing them. In the seventeenth century a pair of gloves cost 30s; in 1604, the gloves and garters given away at a wedding amounted to 1000*l*. Disraeli says, "that at the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods, April 6, 1759, the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny, were sold for 38*l*. 17s." At the battle of Agincourt, the young warriors wore ladies' gloves and garters on the helmet; but when fashion declined, it fell to coxcombs and servants. Gloves in the reign of Elizabeth were very dear, in consequence of being perfumed with a scent recently brought from Italy. Sir Thomas More, soon after he decreed in favor of a Mrs. Croaker against Lord Arundel, received from the lady a pair of gloves with forty angels (or "glove money") inside. "It would be against good manners," said the Chancellor, "to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; their 'lining' you will be pleased otherwise to bestow." Again, challenging by the glove continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account of a duel fought in Tothill-fields, in 1571. Among the objects of antiquity at a late exhibition might have been seen various gloves, the most conspicuous pair being those given to Bishop Juxon, by Charles I. on the scaffold at Whitehall, Jan. 30, 1649, and just before the ill-fated king delivered to the "good bishop" that memorable word "Remember!" the meaning of which all later historians have been unable to explain.

## RITA'S MASTER.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"I'm sorry you're going, master!"

The words ended in a gusty little sob, followed by another and another in quick succession. Then a rain of tears dropped from the pair of dusky eyes half hidden behind the tall desk in the old school-room.

The "master," a slight, handsome youth of twenty-two, with high intellectual forehead, and deep gray eyes, started quickly from the tall desk whence he had been laying out a pile of books to be brought back no more to Wheaton school-house, the scene of his past winter's labors, let fall the lid, and, coming round to the little midnight-eyed girl, who had crept up so noiselessly, drew her gently toward him. Seating himself in the chair upon the platform which had been his throne during his potentateship, he caressingly stroked the cloud of dark curls, and lifted the little tearful face underneath to his own.

"Why, Rita, I thought you had gone home with the other scholars!" he said gently.

"But I couldn't, master—I felt 'so bad and sorry!" she sobbed.

"And what makes you so sorry? because I am going, little Rita? Your school will commence again in a few months, and you will have another teacher as good, or better, than I, I dare say!" he said in a low, soothing voice.

"Oh, no, I shan't! I never *did* have any teacher so good as you, and I won't have another!" persisted the little ten-year-old girl. "Nobody is so good as you be, Mr. Lockwood!"

Bayard Lockwood smiled. Such utter faith in his "goodness," as little Rita Warner so passionately avowed, was not exactly in keeping with the customary unbelief of suspicious human nature.

"And *why* do you think I am so 'good,' Rita?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't *think*, I *know*!" replied the child, eagerly. "Didn't you make the great boys and girls ashamed to make fun of me when I wore my old frock and leather shoes? Didn't you give me a nice geography and Testament all to myself? Didn't you send mamma such great sweet oranges when she was sick? and then didn't you take *ever so much* pains to help me in my lessons, and praise me just as much as Grace Ordway, when I had a perfect recitation?"

"Well, and why *shouldn't* you have the same credit as Grace Ordway, or any other scholar, and *more*, too, if your lessons were as well, or better prepared?" asked Mr. Lockwood, quite amused.

"I know I *ought* to; but the other teachers never used to do so, because Grace has got a rich father, and I'm only a poor little girl!" This reply was given with a flash of Rita's black eyes that told how keenly she had felt the injustice of the fact she uttered.

"How do you know that was the reason, Rita?" asked the young man, surprised at her discernment.

"I can't tell *how*, but I do know it!" persisted the girl stoutly. "And I told mamma of it, but she said I mustn't mind, but must try to learn all I could, for learning was better than money or fine clothes."

"Your mother was quite right. And it made you feel better, didn't it?" asked the teacher.

"Well, a little bit," replied Rita, slowly; then she added inquiringly, "I hated the teachers just the same, though, but I tried to put 'em down under my books when I was studying; and when I saw how proud and grand the rich girls felt, I said, easy to myself: 'You've got the nicest frocks, and kid boots, but I always have the best *lessons*, and p'raps when I am grown up, I can teach school and buy mamma and I as handsome clothes;' and I mean to do it, Mr. Lockwood!" she said.

"And a brave teacher my little Rita will be, I'll venture to predict!" said the young man, stroking her head. "I shall hope to hear of her success when her school-days are over. I shall never *forget* you, Rita!"

This recalled those thoughts of parting, which their conversation had momentarily driven from the girl's mind. Her exquisitely chiselled scarlet lips quivered, a scared expression leaped into her dark eyes, "like brown birds flying to the light," and her delicate little hands clung beseechingly over Mr. Lockwood's arm. It seemed as if she would have held him by her tiny strength; then, of a sudden, she burst into tears.

"Don't feel so badly, my dear!" said Mr. Lockwood, touched by her distress. "I must go away now from Wheaton. I have got my

own studies to attend to, in the great school, called a college, I left, to come and teach this winter vacation at Wheaton, for I am forced to keep school to help myself along, as you are planning to do one day, Rita. I must leave you now; but I shall not forget any of my scholars nor you, of all others, Rita; and we shall meet again some time; and, meanwhile, you must continue the same studious girl as ever, and hold out in your purpose to get an education, remembering that 'learning is better than houses or lands!' I shall not forget you, little Rita."

"Oh, I'm afraid you will! and then I should want to die!" sobbed out the child passionately. "I won't let you go! there'll be nobody else left to love me!" And she wound her slender arms about his neck, and pressed her wet crimson cheeks to his.

Bayard Lockwood was struck by this utter devotion and *abandon* of the girl's nature. He suffered her vehemence to spend itself; then unclasped her arms, put her a little from him, and surveyed her thoughtfully.

Rita could not comprehend this, and thought she had offended him.

"Have I made you angry with me, master?" she asked, apprehensively.

He did not answer, for he was studying her as he never had before. For the first time, it flashed over him that that poor child was richer in her dower of beauty than any pampered scion of wealth or aristocracy in the old town of Wheaton. Her soft cheeks were crimson as the heart of the tender damask rose; her lips, sensitively working, were finely cut and scarlet; her low, broad white forehead was shadowed by a cloud of purple-black curls; her arching throat was graceful as a young swan's; her form was lithe and symmetrical; she was all grace and beauty, from the crown of her little head to the curve of her slender Spanish instep, not hidden by the thick leather shoes she wore.

"She will be beautiful and talented!" he said, mentally, "and with that strong, rich nature which is so royal a gift to woman, if it does not lead her to unhappiness. She will be submissive to those she loves, and proud and defiant to those she hates. Kindness will win her; coldness, or patronizing airs will harden or rouse, but never crush her. She will be unlike other women—superior to them in gifts, and, if good influences sway, in disposition; Heaven shield her from the contact of unkindness!" Involuntarily his arms had gathered her to his breast.

Rita looked up after she had nestled there a moment. "You aren't angry with me, sir?" she asked, timidly, but with a happy smile.

"No, my dear child. What made you think that?" replied Bayard Lockwood, gently and caressingly, smoothing back her curls.

"Because I was naughty, and spoke as I ought not to," she said, humbly. "I am sorry to let you go, my dear master, but I'm going to be willing now, and be always a good girl, and remember all you have ever said to me when you're away. And I've got something I want you to let me give you to remember me by: it's all my own—to do as I please with. I worked it for you." And she drew from between the leaves of her geography a pretty book-marker, with the words "Remember Me" neatly wrought in blue silk. "Now, you will keep that in your Bible to think of me by, dear master," she said, coaxingly, laying it between the leaves of the book she took up as she spoke.

"I thank you, Rita!" said the young man. "I shall not forget you. You are a good little girl, to think of me thus; and I know you will never cease to remember your teacher, nor strive to press onward in your studies. But it grows late, and your mother will be wondering what keeps her daughter. Now good-by; and God bless my dear little Rita!" and he drew her to him, and pressed a kiss on her pure young forehead.

The gray twilight of a March afternoon was settling over the old school-house when Bayard Lockwood turned the key for the last time, left the door-step, and bent his way to the substantial farm-house where he had boarded during that winter term at Wheaton.

"And now, ho for the welcome halls of old Dartmouth again—and next July for my graduating honors and the valedictory!" he said in triumph, as that evening he packed his trunk, wherein, among his books, he had carefully lain away his Bible, with Rita's gift between its leaves.

And poor little Rita! she, too, had lain aside her school-books, eaten but little supper, and gone to bed early, to weep herself asleep, with her crimson cheek wet against her pillow.

Ten years may be long in slipping on the thread of Time; but once told, they seem like the beads the nun has counted upon her rosary.

They had been ten short years—and one, a saddened one, for its memory was marked by a slender white headstone in the Wheaton church-yard to the orphaned Rita Warner.

At twenty, she was a child no longer; but a woman, gifted and beautiful; young, beautiful, and standing beneath the blue sky of that clime where art and beauty are ever vernal, though old Rome lies buried—Italy. And what had brought the little school-girl of that distant New England country village to the Old World?

The question has a very common answer. Rita's beauty was not so valuable a possession as her talents; they had served her need when she came face to face with the hard, cold world. Like many another, whose brain must coin their bread, Rita had accepted her fate. She was governess in a purse-proud, *parvenue* family; and they, to "finish off" their eldest daughter, had come abroad to make the grand tour; and Rita, with her two young charges, had accompanied them.

Florence Ambler was haughty, superficial, but, unfortunately, beautiful; unfortunately, because, in her case, it was the soulless beauty of the statue, or the exquisite porcelain shrine wherein burns no lambent flame. She was soulless, heartless, insipid. There was a brother—the eldest of the Ambler family—who had followed his relatives abroad, through France, Germany, and now to Italy, solely for the purpose of persecuting the beautiful governess with his devotion. It had never been conceived by Frederick Eustace Ambler that so humble a personage as his younger sisters' teacher would not feel honored by the offer of his heart and hand. It was Rita's greatest trial—to endure his constant attentions; and it was the terror of both Mrs. Ambler and Florence, lest Frederick should actually propose to "the governess." "What would the world and their set at home say? A teacher! She should never have accompanied them, had they foreseen this; but then, Fred might have decided to stop at home, too: they would dismiss her now, but her services were really so valuable—she understood French and German so well that she was really of use to them, and now, she was equally familiar with Italian."

And so they concealed their ire; and Florence took it as her especial cue to promote an acquaintance between her brother and a handsome young Boston belle who was also "doing the foreign;" and Mamma Ambler kept Miss Warner busy with extra studies for Misses Hattie and Grace, while she felicitated herself upon her management. But "*l'homme* proposes, and *l'Dieu* disposes." They might have spared themselves their manœuvring.

One day, the Juno-looking Roman matron

who rented suits of apartments to her lodgers came into the morning parlor of Mrs. Ambler. "The invalid Signora in the apartment above, Miladi, is taken sick—veri sick, with hemorrhage, I believe you call, of the throat. Her maid only, and leetel child, be with her; the Signor being gone to walk. It is veri sudden; will not Miladi, or the young Signora, come up?"

"Me, mamma? I'm sure the sight of blood would make me faint on the spot! I could not go for the world! You must, mamma!" exclaimed Florence Ambler, who sat trifling over a few sketches an artist acquaintance had brought in.

"But really I am so unused to illness! It must be that frail young lady I noticed a morning or two since—the new arrivals. Her husband was bringing her up stairs in his arms. He was very *distingué* looking. Really, you had better go up, Florence! They may be people of rank," urged Mrs. Ambler.

"The Signor is veri noble, and his poor lady veri beautiful; but the Roman winter will not find her here," said the matron shaking her head. "She is fading. A good many Inglesse come to die in Italie."

At the first words, the governess had risen from her books at a table in the farther corner of the parlor; and now came forward.

"Madam, if I can be of help, show me to the lady's rooms!" she said decidedly.

"Signora is veri compassionate!" answered the landlady, leading the way from the apartment.

"Teachers have nerves!" said Florence Ambler, settling herself again to the Views of Rome by Moonlight. "I dare say she will make herself useful."

It was a sad scene that presented itself, and enlisted her womanly sympathy, when Rita Warner entered the suit of apartments, one flight above, on the stone staircase. The rooms were handsome, and richly furnished; and the articles of travelling gear lying around, half unpacked, betokened wealth on the part of the new-comers; but a young and exquisitely beautiful woman, pale as marble, and with her rich morning robe stained with a crimson tide, lay back on the couch, supported by her maid, while a lovely boy of two summers looked on in childish alarm.

"Mamma is very sick, and papa isn't here, lady," lisped the boy, as Rita entered. In a rapid tone, the maid explained that her mistress had suddenly been attacked; that her master had only gone into the street to mail

letters home to America, and would return presently. "The ladies were kind to come—would they assist her in making her mistress comfortable?"

With rapid movement, Rita gently drew off the morning-robe, and replaced it by a fresh wrapper; bound up the long, silky hair which had escaped from its comb; then seated herself by the side of the couch.

The invalid lady, who had been watching her with her lustrous blue eyes, reached out her hand, and said, in a sweet whisper: "I thank you, gentle friend! Do not be alarmed—I am not. These attacks are not new to me: but I wish Bayard had been with me. But hark! he is coming!"

There was a step on the marble staircase; the door opened. "Bayard!" She knew him; but she had changed, and she was glad Bayard Lockwood did not recognize her.

"My wife! Alice!" and he came forward and bent over her with tender solicitude. "This was sudden."

"Yes, very sudden, Mr. Lockwood. You had but just left. This lady was so kind as to come in with the landlady," said the maid, in explanation.

Mr. Lockwood expressed his thanks by a courteous bend of his head; then again bent over his wife, who lay like a tired child, holding his hands fast within her own.

"Send for a physician!" he exclaimed, turning to the landlady, who immediately departed with his order.

"And, in the mean time, let me take away your boy till his mother is better," said Rita, in a calm voice.

"Thanks!" said the gentleman, without turning. "Walter, go with the lady."

"And leave *manma*?" asked the little fellow, sweetly.

"Only for a few minutes!" said Rita, gently, drawing him away from the apartment.

A year had passed; and Mrs. Ambler and her elegant daughter sat in a dressing-room of their sumptuous home in Boston. Frederick had lounged in, and now sat buried in the depths of a velvet chair, intent on studying through the open door the governess, who was with her young charges in the adjoining school-room, much to the annoyance of his mother and sister. The bell rang, and a servant brought up a card.

"Bayard Lockwood."

"Ah! that *distingué* gentleman we met in Rome last year! His poor wife! I sympathized

so with him. Go down, Florence! Your morning *negligé* is very becoming."

"But, if you please, ma'am, the gentleman asked for Miss Warner."

Mrs. Ambler thrust the card back into the servant's hand as though it were a red-hot coal. Florence darted a glance of rage and hate toward the school-room.

"I'm sure, mamma, I never fancied him; he must have low tastes, to keep up an acquaintance with a teacher."

"A deuced talented and handsome fellow—and dangerous for a rival! One of the first lawyers in the city, they say, sis!" said Frederick Eustace Ambler, nervously.

"A 'rival!' My son forgets of whom he is talking in the presence of his lady mother and sister," said Mrs. Ambler, icily.

Frederick Eustace only answered by a cool glance; then, with rueful and anxious countenance, vanished from the room.

"Deuce take my chances with the proud little iceberg, if that splendid fellow comes here!" he exclaimed, as he walked down stairs.

Meantime, Rita Warner's light feet had pressed the roses of the Persian carpet in the sumptuous drawing-room below; her white hands were snatched to be held in a strong clasp; and the crimson roses of her childhood were flaming anew upon her cheeks under a tide of burning words.

"Rita, hear me now," began Bayard Lockwood, rapidly. "A year has passed, and I may speak freely. What must you have thought of me all those years? I was almost stunned when I met you there in Italy; but that was too solemn an hour, beside Alice's death-bed, to speak of the past. But, Rita, I always loved you! Those were precious letters that passed between the young school-girl and the law student in the four years that followed my leaving Wheaton; and, so sure as One above knoweth all hearts, I loved you, and meant, when the struggle was won, to ask you to become my wife. But Fate came between us. Alice's father, the Judge with whom I studied, was my benefactor; and his only child—frail as a rose-leaf—loved me. He came to me with this: It lay in my power to make her happy, perhaps to prolong her life. I was bound to him by gratitude; I could not refuse him. I became Alice's husband; for three years I shielded her most tenderly; she grew weaker—I took her to Italy. You know the result. Neither the soft sea-breezes of the Mediterranean, nor the mild airs of the Roman Campagna could restore her. She died, as she had lived, mild,

beautiful, and believing herself beloved, in my arms. She was a frail, loving child; and I wept over her tomb. But, Rita, it is no wrong to say that she never filled the deep places of my heart; you know for whom they are now opened. Little Rita, you were once my scholar, be my teacher now, and learn me the lessons of perfect happiness. My boy is motherless—my home is desolate: come!”

He stood before her with outstretched arms.

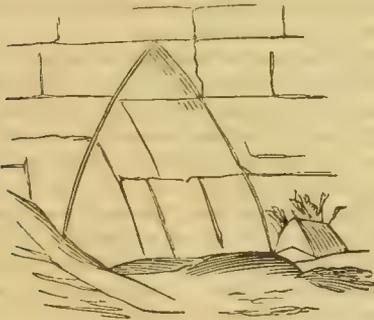
And Rita went and nestled in their clasp, murmuring, with crimson cheeks and dewy eyes, “My dear master!”

### PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

#### FOURTH LESSON.

HERE is another example, composed of straight and curved lines, but differently arranged. In drawing this, commence by making a *faint* horizontal line upon the paper; then place a dot

Fig. 15.

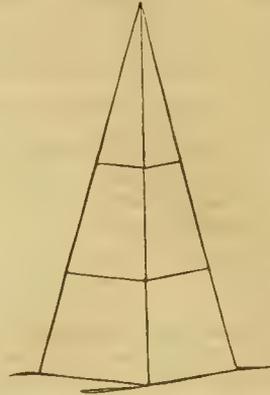


at a proper distance above, for the centre part of the arch; from this dot draw the right-hand curved line until it meets the horizontal one, then place another dot a little above the horizontal line, at nearly the same distance as the height of the arch from it, and draw two parallel curved lines close together, from the top of the first curved line to the dot you have just placed on the paper. You have now formed the outline of the arch. Draw a horizontal line from each side of the top of the arch, and at the respective distances draw other lines parallel to it; then draw perpendicular lines between the horizontal ones, and you will now have formed the masonry. Sketch in the lines of the two banks, commencing with the left one, and afterwards sketch in the stones on the right of the base of the arch. At rather more than half the length of the left-hand curved lines place a dot, and another at about two-thirds the distance from the base of the right-

hand curved line; connect these two dots by a curved line, and then sketch in the masonry of the archway, as in the example. All that now remains for you to do is to fill in the shading, which is done by marking short parallel strokes at equal distances from each other, as in the example before you.

The next object that you are required to copy is a pyramid, and you observe that the first

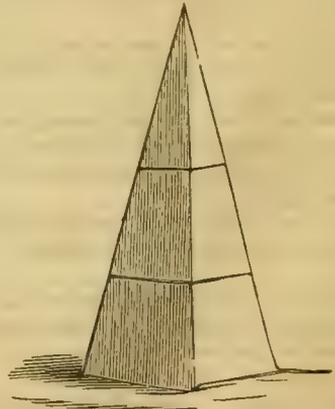
Fig. 16.



example is sketched only in outline, in order that you may clearly understand how it is done.

When you have drawn the outline correctly several times, you may commence the next

Fig. 17.

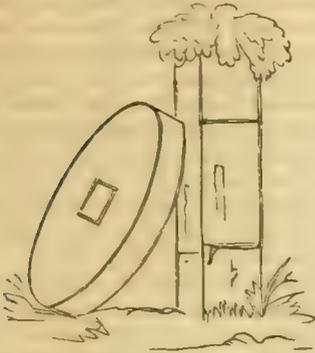


example (Fig. 17), which, you observe, is carefully shaded by drawing fine perpendicular parallel lines between the transverse lines, and all of them at equal distances. The shading at the base is drawn in a similar manner; the only difference being that the lines are horizontal, instead of perpendicular.

The next example is the outline of a pillar

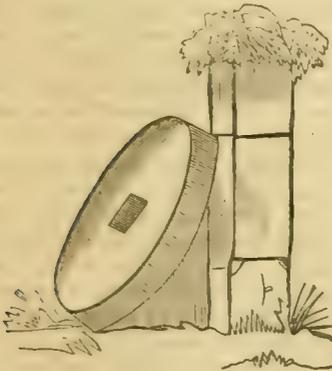
with a millstone resting against it (Fig. 18); and when you have sketched this, it must be

Fig. 18.



filled in the same as the other example (Fig. 19), which shows the same objects shaded,

Fig. 19.



according to the method we have already pointed out. The weeds and grass require a few extra touches with an HB pencil, and the outline should be strengthened in the dark parts.

Practise these examples frequently, particularly the weeds at the top of the pillar, and the shading.

When you are able to draw these examples as they are represented here, draw them backwards; in other words place the millstone on the right instead of the left of the pillar.

Draw examples 17 and 19, and shade them as if the light was on the left.

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THERE scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman, which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.

#### ELLEN JAYNES'S RESOLUTION; A STORY FOR WIVES.

"WHY don't you ever clean your boots before you come into the house?" said Ellen Jaynes to her husband. "I had just nicely arranged the room, and settled down to my sewing as you came in; now there it is all to do over again. Just look at the dirt—from one end of the room to the other, and, I suppose, it is the same thing in the hall. Dear! dear! I am so discouraged and tired out with brushing!"

"And so am I discouraged and tired out with such a continual fret—fretting every time I come into the house. Don't you ever get tired of scolding?" was the provoking response of the gentleman.

"I do get tired of speaking to you about things which make me such a deal of trouble; and yet you never seem to mind them at all."

"Speaking in the manner you do will not have that effect; of that you may be assured."

"You are just so provoking as that; you never seem to care how much I go through!" Here the tears began to flow.

"What a confounded scene about a few tracks on the carpet!" ejaculated the incorrigible Mr. Jaynes, with vigorous emphasis.

"It 's not that alone. You know very well, Charles, that I wouldn't mind it for once; but it is so continually. You never seem to care how hard you make my work. It is the same in everything; and, Charles, why won't you be a little more particular? Why need you make so much work, when I am trying so hard to keep things in good order?" The shower was fast becoming a flood: Mrs. Jaynes produced her handkerchief, and began afresh. "Oh, dear! the trial of living with such a careless person! It would have been so much better for me if I had never met you!"

But Charles had departed, shutting the door with a tremendous bang, leaving his better half to have her cry out by herself. And cry she did for a time, with all her might, fully convinced that she was the most miserable, unlucky, and unappreciated of all housekeepers; then she began to think what is the use of all this; nobody cares about my tears; I am only making myself sick for nothing. So she bathed her eyes, brushed her carpet, and resumed her sewing. But she was not in an amiable mood—not by any means repentant nor forgiving, certainly not cheerful—I am sorry to say, not even peaceful; but very much inclined to let her grievances be made manifest.

Accordingly they were hardly seated at the dinner-table before she commenced.

"Did you see Parker about that wardrobe this morning, as I requested?"

"No, hadn't the time!" was the encouraging response.

"Hadn't time! You never have time to attend to my wishes. You could have found time if you had chosen. If you cared a straw for your wife, you would attend to her wishes a little. Well, did you go to the stove store to see about having that stove cleaned? It is almost impossible to bake in it, as I have often told you."

"No; I did not."

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Jaynes, when will you attend to it?"

"I can't say; anything else wanted?"

"Yes. Did you call at Lovell's to see about matching that oilcloth?"

"No."

"Yet I asked you to be sure and recollect it the last thing this morning. Was there ever such a careless man before? I never saw anything like it."

Mr. Jaynes continued his dinner in apparent unconcern, and his wife relapsed into silence. Just as he was leaving the dining-room, she started a new theme.

"Charles, Mrs. Dutton has been in this morning. She says they are going to the White Mountains next week. Why cannot you take me off for a little journey! I should like the change; I think it would do me good."

"Take you a journey, after the complimentary things you have said to me this morning! I shall be very likely to do so. A pleasant trip I should have!"

"That will do for an excuse; you never do take me anywhere. There 's the Duttons have been away every summer; and Mrs. Dutton says her husband would not think of keeping her at home all summer. She was surprised when I told her that I had never been away from home a week at a time since I was married."

"Very likely"—in a tone of irony, and Mr. Jaynes left the room.

Now Ellen Jaynes was not disappointed in the least at the result of her application. In fact she did not expect her husband to grant her request, and it is doubtful whether she would have gone had he given his consent, for she well knew their means would not allow such expensive indulgences, and Ellen was a prudent, economical wife. But she wanted to show her husband what other men did for their wives, and what he did not do.

Ellen Jaynes was a woman of good principles and good feelings, though she had an irritable, nervous temperament. In the good old times, such were called "cross;" now, it is genteelly "nervous." Well, Ellen Jaynes was very nervous; she had also a great regard for trifles, and very little power to adapt herself to circumstances. She had, too, a vivid imagination, and having but limited opportunity for studying her husband's character before marriage, she had invested him with all possible excellence; thought she had found a man to reverence, lean upon, look up to in all things. Of course she was bitterly disappointed.

Charles Jaynes was a man of good natural abilities, and could render himself very entertaining and agreeable when he chose; but he had few of those domestic qualities which make up the model husband. He was not tidy in his habits, was often thoughtless and inconsiderate, and rather selfishly fond of his own ease. Such a character was the very antipodes of Ellen, who was possessed of much energy of character, and very industrious withal. As I have said, she was bitterly disappointed; and, though she loved Charles, lamented her mistake in marrying him, with many secret tears. She would, probably, have been quite as miserable with any other husband, unless she had governed her own temper; as it was she endeavored to perform the duties devolving upon her faithfully; yet she was often troubled by the delinquencies of her husband. They irritated her; she would find fault and complain, which did not improve matters. Such a course never does. So the years rolled on, and things grew worse and worse. The husband's love grew cold, and he became more and more inattentive, while the cares of the wife kept increasing, and in like ratio, her fretting and fault-finding. A deplorable state of things most assuredly; yet is it very uncommon?

After the conversation we have recorded, Ellen had so far freed her mind that there came a reaction, and we find her now in her own room, repentant and sorrowful.

"I am sorry I was quite so cross. I said some things I wish I could take back; but Charles does try me so. He is not what I expected; but that can't be helped now; he is my husband, and I might as well make the best of it. I am so miserable, so unhappy, and it grows worse and worse! What a life we are leading! It is all wrong—wrong. We are to live together till death; it were wiser to make the best of my lot. After all, things might be worse. Charles is temperate, and honest,

and virtuous; but who knows how long he will be, if we go on in this miserable fashion? I will begin to reform; God helping my efforts, I will subdue my unhappy temper. Fretting at Charles only makes him worse. I will try what patience and cheerful endurance will accomplish." And so Ellen Jaynes formed her first firm and good resolution, and what was better still, she began at once to fulfil it. Very many good resolutions are made—very few are kept; but this was kept.

At the tea-table Ellen made her appearance becomingly dressed (she was a comely woman), and with a cheerful face; but Mr. Jaynes's brow was clouded, and he was not to be drawn into conversation. It required quite an effort to look and speak pleasantly in the morning, for the husband still remained moody and silent; but she remembered her good resolution, and she kept it.

In the forenoon he came into the sitting-room of an errand, again with dirty boots; but this time Ellen did not seem to notice them. "I declare I am hungry," said he, carelessly, throwing himself into a chair in a lounging attitude, which was the special detestation of his wife.

"And wet, too, I perceive," said his wife, kindly; and, rising, she went quietly from the room and returned, bearing a plate with a tempting lunch in one hand, and a brush in the other. The former she placed in her husband's hand; with the latter she brushed the drops of rain from his neck and shoulders.

"Why, Ellen, what does this all mean?" And Mr. Charles Jaynes looked up at his wife in unaffected astonishment.

"I was afraid you would take cold," was the pleasant answer.

He took the plate in one hand, while the other drew the face of his wife down to his for a warmer kiss than she had received for five years. "This seems like the good old times, don't it, Ellen?"

"I wish they would come back again!" was her answer, as she returned the kiss.

After he had gone, our heroine brushed up her carpet cheerfully; somehow it did not seem much of a task, although there were certainly more spots than the day before, as it had been raining ever since. The door mat was not neglected again that day, and the wardrobe came home in the afternoon, likewise the desired oilcloth.

Ellen kept her resolution, though many times sorely tempted—for the habits of years are not so easily broken up, and Charles many times

muddied the carpet, turned the new wardrobe inside out in search of some articles which were never there, and forgot many errands, important though they were. But she was determined to be patient: many a murmuring word was denied utterance by firmly closed lips. Many times did she pray for strength and self-control; but she achieved the greatest of all victories—she conquered herself.

At the end of the month, Mr. Jaynes said to his wife: "Come, Ellen, pack your trunks, and we will pay your father and mother that long-talked-of visit. I have made arrangements in my business so that we can have a nice long vacation, and we will throw care to the winds, and have a famous time of it."

"Indeed, dear Charles, I should like to go; but, after all, we don't need to go from home in search of happiness, do we?"

"Like the Duttons, for instance," said her husband, with a mischievous smile.

"Ay, the Duttons," with an answering smile.

"Nevertheless, we will have our journey, though. You have been such a dear, darling wife lately that my own home seems a paradise!" And the husband's face was very near hers as he finished speaking—very near indeed.

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## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY ESTELLE BEATRICE.

In the purple sheen of the sunset's glow,  
When the rosy shadows now come, now go,  
And over the heavens in their beauty flow—

When the glowing west is all sown with fire,  
My heart it is filled with a wild desire,  
In reverence to bow and to tune my lyre;

Until with sweet accents, both flowing and free,  
I sing of the beauty my ravished eyes see  
On the quiet land and the rolling sea.

Broidered with silver and braided with gold,  
The burnished clouds lie heaped fold on fold,  
Till they melt away in the distance cold.

One little cloud, like an angel's sweet smile,  
Or like some mystic enchanted isle,  
Lies in an amber sea floating the while.

The dewdrops fall in soft, silent showers,  
Reviving the hearts of the drooping flowers,  
Like golden memories of happy hours.

Violet, amethyst, purple and gold,  
All blend their bright beauty, now faint, now bold,  
As wider and wider each cloud is unrolled.

Adown the hills the white mist is trailing,  
Through the blue sky the fair moon is sailing,  
Afair in the forest the night-bird is wailing—

I close my lattice with whispered prayer  
That He who hath made this world so fair  
May keep me always in His loving care.

# NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

BONNETS, COIFFURES, CAPS, CHEMISETTE, ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

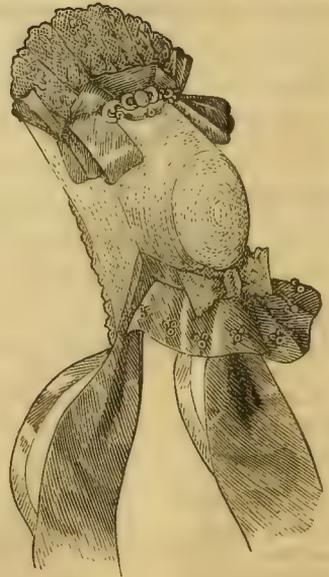


Fig. 1.—A white silk drawn bonnet, with sea-green velvet curtain, over which is a fall of blonde lace. The trimming consists of green

velvet, green feathers, and blonde lace. Carnation pinks of different shades form the inside trimming of the bonnet.

Fig. 2.—White chip bonnet, with a curtain of black velvet bound with scarlet, and headed with a box-plaiting of scarlet. The loops of velvet on the top of the bonnet are of a bright scarlet. The band fastening under the loop is of black velvet, and is carried down to form the strings. The inside trimming is of scarlet velvet and black lace.

Fig. 3.—White silk bonnet, with a full covering of crape. The trimming consists of violets, blonde lace, and violet ribbons.

Fig. 4.—White chip bonnet, trimmed with violet velvet and black lace, and a fancy straw ornament. The inside trimming is of pink roses and white blonde.

Fig. 5.

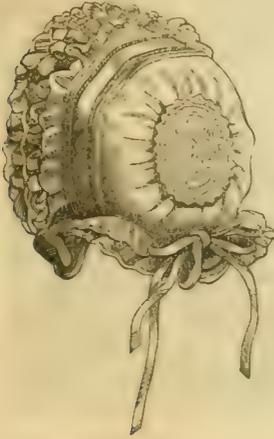


Fig. 5 is an infant's cap, made of embroidered muslin, and trimmed with white ribbons.

Fig. 6.

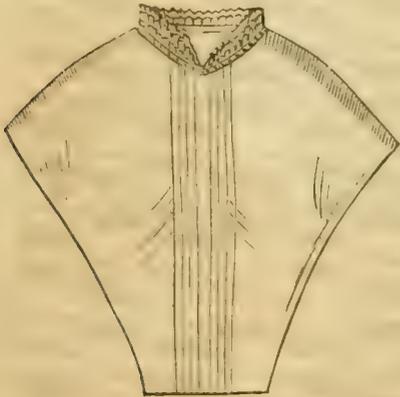


Fig. 6.—Chemisette with standing ruff—a favorite style for Zouave jackets. A small

cord and tassel is worn with them round the neck.

Fig. 7.—Coiffure, made of black illusion, cherry velvet ribbon, and cherry flowers. Suit-

Fig. 7.



able for a young married lady for dinner or evening dress.

Fig. 8.



Fig. 8.—The waterfall style of coiffure.

Fig. 9.—Child's white *piqué* sack, braided with black.

Fig. 10.—Garibaldi suit, made of Magenta merino, trimmed with black velvet.

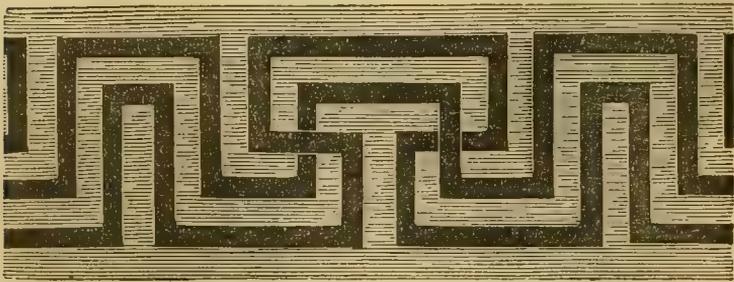
Fig. 9.



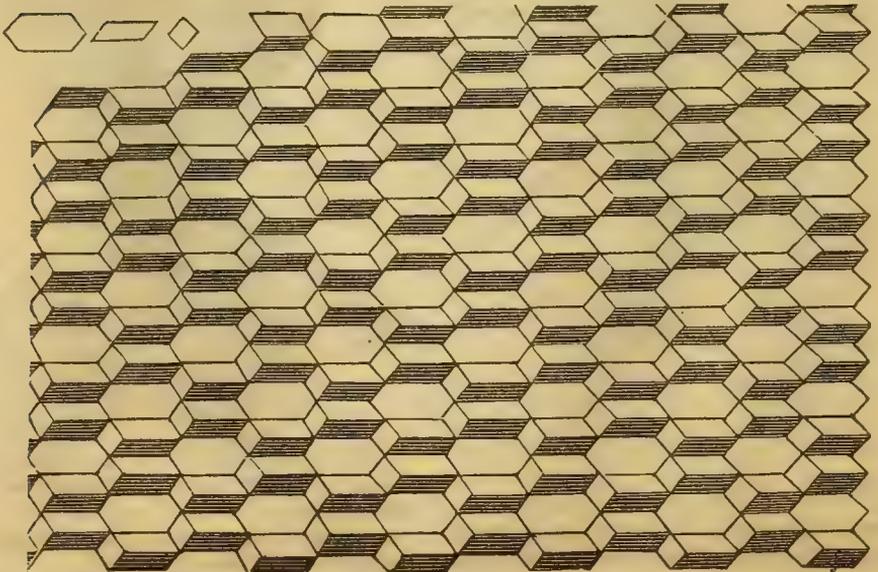
Fig. 10.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



PATCHWORK.



PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

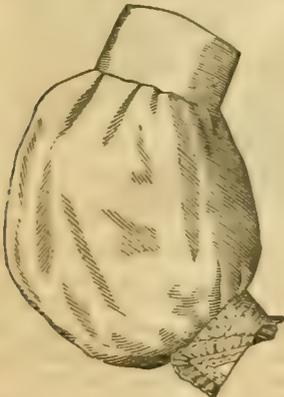
No. 473 Broadway, New York.

*The Central Park Jacket.*—A very graceful combination of the jacket and vest, the jacket part consisting of a short polka, which rounds up to the vest in front, deepens to a point behind, and is laid in flat plaits at the back, surmounted by square pocket lappets. The sleeve



is a variation from the plain coat sleeve, formed by the insertion of a full gore at the back. The trimmings consist of a narrow quilling, headed by a pretty border done in braid. The vest is fastened down the front with flat steel, jet, or gilt buttons, according to the material of which the habit is composed. Gray, *à la militaire*, is in favor this season, or dark United States blue.

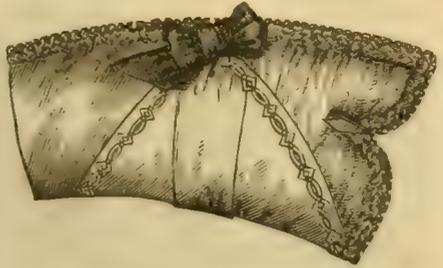
*Undersleeve.*—A plain sleeve gathered into a



cuff, which is cut pointed, and the points turned back, as in the Byron collar.

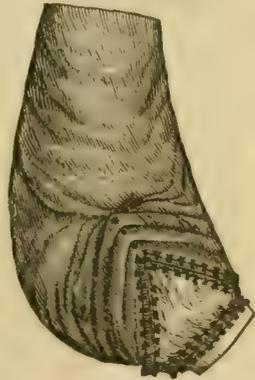
*Empress Sleeve.*—This sleeve has two seams, and the upper half is cut longer than the other, and gathered about half the length of the sleeve. The centre of the upper half is caught up slightly with a band. There is also a side

cap cut nearly a half square, the longest side set in with the seam inside the arm, and the



point reaches to the seam at the back of the arm, where it is fastened by a bow.

*Clotilde Sleeve.*—This is a plain flowing sleeve, and is caught up at each side in plaits, about half way from the seam to the outside or centre of the sleeve. The plaits are fastened by or-



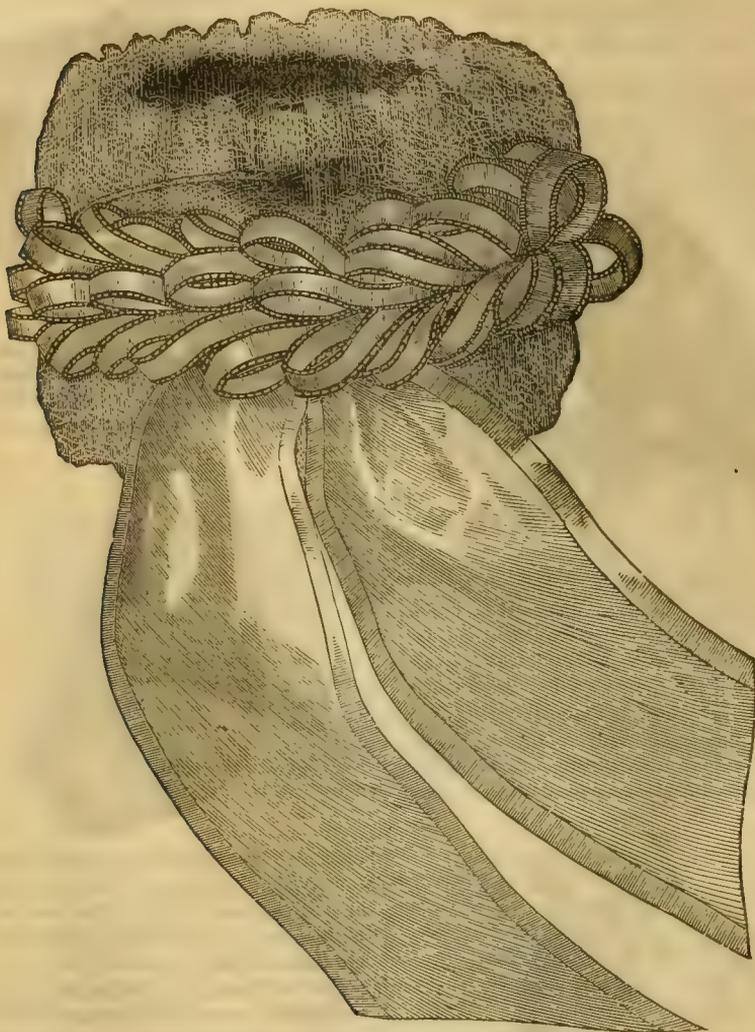
namental buttons, and the edge finished with a handsome jet gimp. The band is attached only at the seam, inside of the arm and at the back of the sleeve. This exhibits the puffed laced undersleeve to advantage.

*Child's Combination Jacket and Cape.*—This pretty little waist, a combination of cape and jacket, will be very much worn this season, in



silk, dimity, or any pretty light material, in place of the sack so long worn as an extra cover for the neck, when low dresses are worn, or when additional warmth is needed.

## GLOVE TRIMMING.



An ornamentation of this description may be used to trim gloves either for morning or evening wear, selecting the colors accordingly. It certainly is more appropriate for an evening toilet, but where the glove is somewhat short on the back of the hand, which is very frequently the case in dark gloves, a glove trimming like this would not be at all objectionable. It is composed, for white and light-colored gloves, of puffed tulle, mounted on a piece of elastic large enough to fit the wrist comfortably, and finished off in the centre with a thick wreath of very tiny ribbon bows, with two ends of wider ribbon to make a pretty finish to them.

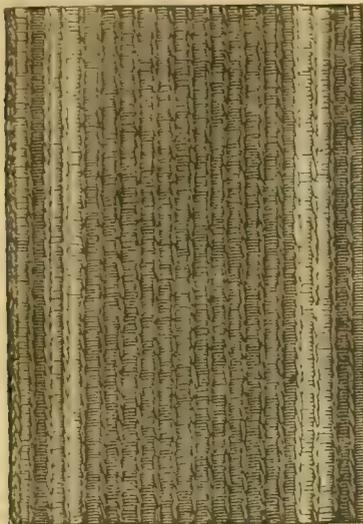
This wreath of bows should be made up on a piece of ribbon or stiff net *before* it is mounted on the wristlet, as it can be so much more easily arranged when off the elastic. For dark gloves the net should be black, and the ribbon should match the color of the kid.

## GENTLEMAN'S BRACES IN CROCHET SILK.

*Materials.*—Black, red, and two shades of gray crochet silk; some fine white cord.

THE pattern is worked in double crochet over fine cord. Each row is fastened off, and a

fresh one commenced at the other end. Four shades of silk are required to make these braces, but only one shade is worked at a time. The outer stripe is in red silk, the second in black, the third in dark gray, and the fourth in



light gray. The twelve centre rows are in scarlet, and the last four rows are the same as the first four, to form a border on each side. These braces, being sufficiently firm, as they are worked on cord, would not require lining.

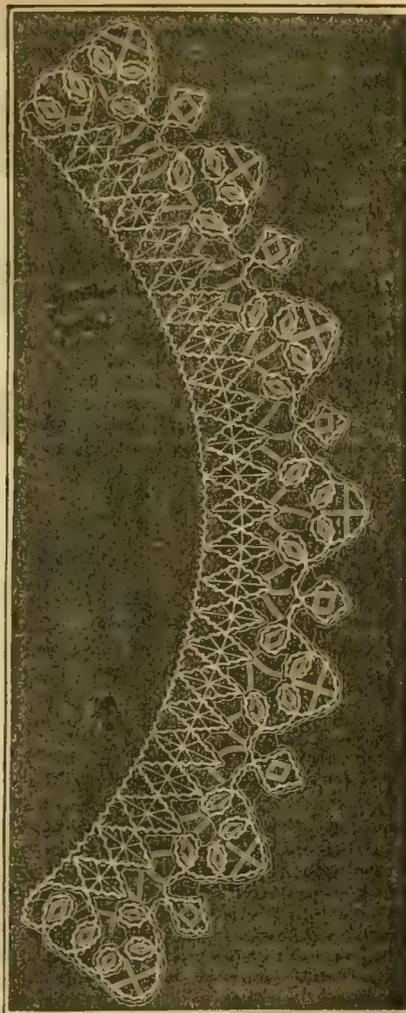
#### COLLAR IN WAVED-LACET BRAID.

*Materials.*—Waved lacet-braid; cotton, No. 24 and 34.

DRAW the pattern on paper and gum a piece of muslin at the back, then sew the braid firmly on the pattern; in the diamonds, work rosettes of point d'Angleterre; commence by working one stitch in the diamond where the braid crosses to secure it, cross to the opposite side, then back again to the other side, twisting the thread six or seven times round the first thread; then run the needle along the back of the braid, dividing the spaces into eight parts. When the last is worked, finish it in the centre, which will leave half a thread single; work one stitch in the centre to secure them, then work round by passing the needle round one thread and under the second, then round the second and under the third; repeat this till you have gone round six or eight times, then twist the thread three times round the single thread, and fasten off.

Fill all the spaces at the edge with thick

buttonhole stitch, then work round the outer edge of the diamonds with one rather loose buttonhole stitch and into it one tight; then work round the inner edge of the top in the same way, connecting the pattern wherever it



comes close. When this is done, work bars of thick buttonhole to connect the wide spaces.

For the edge, work one rather loose buttonhole stitch, and into it work four tight ones. Repeat this all round the collar.

For two or more rows work the loose stitches into the ones of the previous row, and the tight ones as before.

Cut the stitches at the back, and remove the collar carefully from paper. Half the collar will make a cuff.

LITTLE BOY'S BELTS.  
IN PLAITED WORSTED CORD.

Fig. 1.

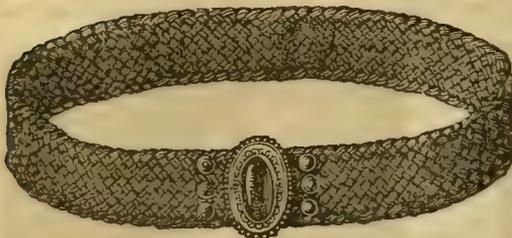
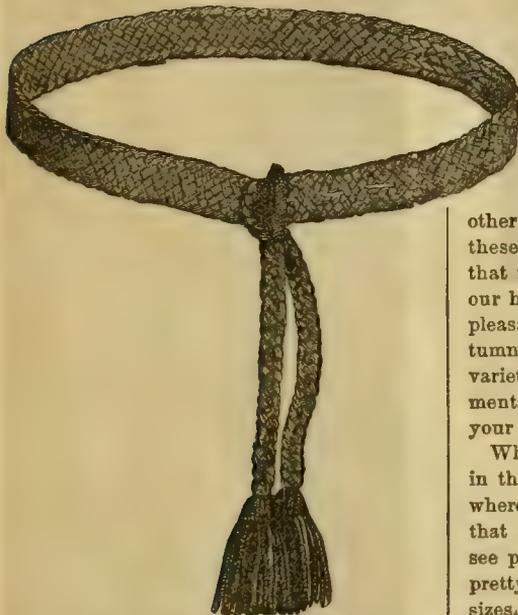


Fig. 2.



THE belt Fig. 1 consists of a plait of twelve, plaited in double cord. It is fastened in front with a buckle, to which the ends of the belt should be firmly sewn. We give an illustration of the belt complete, and also one showing the arrangement of the plait nearly full size. Each length of cord should be cut one yard long.

The belt Fig. 2 is arranged with two ends, ornamented with tassels, and has three buttonholes in the band to allow of its being let out or taken in, as may be required. It is fastened by means of an oval button, which can be put into either of the buttonholes. The plait is composed of eight pieces of double cord, each one and a half yard long, and when that portion of the belt is reached where it is necessary to make the buttonholes, the plait should be

divided, and two plaits of four made, then the plait of eight resumed. The method of making the buttonholes will be clearly seen by referring to the illustration, which shows the plait entire and divided.

These belts may be recommended for their solidity, the cheapness of their material, and the small amount of trouble occasioned in the working of them. Made in bright scarlet cord, and worn over Holland dresses or tunics, these belts would be both pretty and suitable.

## RUSTIC ORNAMENTS.

PICTURE-FRAME OF OAK LEAVES AND  
ACORNS.

EVERY autumn we have delightful summer-like days, when a ramble over the hills or in the woods affords much enjoyment to those who admire the beauties of nature, or can appreciate fresh air and healthy exercise. Another inducement for young ladies to go on these rural walks is that much can be found that may be manufactured into ornaments for our homes. Then make it the aim of these pleasant, health-giving rambles to gather autumn leaves, acorns, cones, and mosses of all varieties, and beautify your homes with ornaments which are none the less beautiful for being your own handiwork.

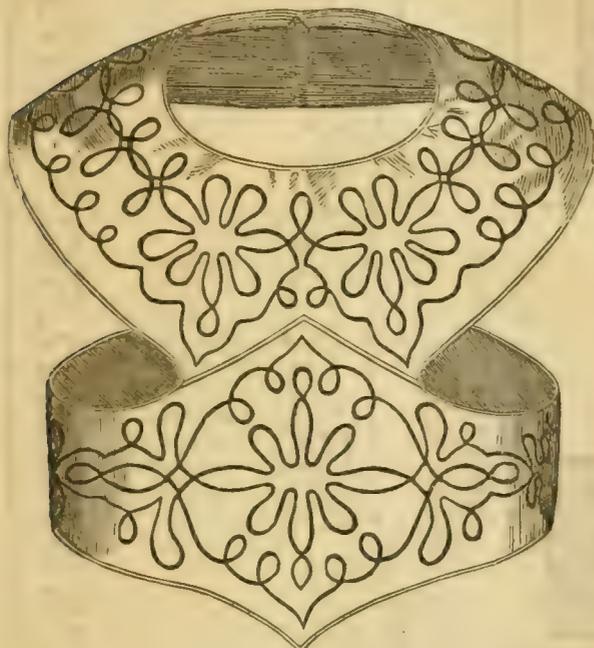
When the leaves are falling from the trees in the month of October, go into the woods where there are large oaks, and among others that are scattered around your feet, you will see perfectly fair and smooth oak leaves, of a pretty brown color, and of various forms and sizes. While you are looking about for some of the best of these, you will find a variety of acorns also. Press the leaves, and dry the acorns, and you have materials for a picture-frame. They should be fastened to the frame with glue. If you make an oval frame, arrange them in form of a wreath. If a square shape, have it smooth and stained before putting them on.

Commence by placing a small-sized leaf rather more than a third of the length of the side from the corner, and with the stem toward the corner; then two more on to and each side of that; lay a small acorn on the first leaf, the point toward the point of the leaf, and the stem under the two others; then two or three larger acorns, two or three more leaves, and so on. Put a group of the largest acorns at the corners, and fill in around them with small-sized leaves.

The leaves should not be fastened on flat, but bent and raised a little from the frame, and the whole arranged in a graceful manner. Varnish with furniture varnish.

This makes a handsome frame, and is a good imitation of leather-work, requiring but little time for its execution.

CHILD'S BRAIDED BIB AND BAND.



The band and bib are cut out of one piece of Marcella, and the band buttons at the side. The bib portion may be lined and quilted if liked; it then protects the fronts of the little frocks more effectually. The design may be reproduced either in white or scarlet braid, the former being the most suitable color for babies' wear.

KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

SNOW-DROP.

White silk half twist is the best material for this flower, but it can be done in white split Berlin wool.

Six petals are required for each snow-drop: three small ones in the interior of the flower, and three larger over these.

Cast on four stitches, knit and purl alternately six rows plain, knit and purl six more

22\*

rows, increasing one stitch at the beginning of the first and second, the fifth and sixth rows, then knit and purl alternately eight rows without increase, and then begin to decrease one at the beginning of each row, till only four stitches remain; cast them off.

The small petals are knitted as three in one. Cast on six stitches.

Purl one row, make one stitch, knit two, repeat through the row. All the back rows are purled. Make one stitch, knit three, repeat through the row; continue thus to increase at the beginning, and knit one stitch more each row between the increase, until you have seven stitches knitted between each, then purl one row, knit one plain row and purl another, after which, knit eight stitches, turn back and purl them, knit four stitches, purl them back. Break off your silk about a yard from the work, gather the four stitches together, and fasten them; thread a needle with the silk left, and take a stitch or two down the side of your work, till you bring the silk before the four remaining stitches, knit these, and purl them back; gather them together, and fasten as the last; bring the silk down to the next stitch, knit eight stitches, and proceed exactly as before with them, as also with the next. Sew

a wire along the edge of the top with split wool just as for the Fuchsia. Embroider some little heart-shaped marks as in the natural flower, place the three exterior petals over these, and cover the stem with green, making it much thicker near the flower.

The buds must be made of silk or wool, as the flower. The smallest require eight or ten stitches to be cast on. Knit and purl a small piece, sufficient to cover a little bud of cotton wool, which must be fixed on a bit of wire, and covered with the piece just knitted.

The largest buds will require a few stitches to be increased, in order to make it wider at the top. The leaves are very simple, the shape being much like blades of grass.

Cast on four stitches, and knit and purl alternate rows, till a sufficient length is done: gather the stitches at each extremity, and sew a fine wire neatly round.

PATTERNS FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.

Figs. 3 and 4. *Borders.*—These pat-



terns will be found particularly useful, as they are designed with angles. They



have the advantage of being adaptable to any grounds with which it may be desirable to combine them.

POINT LACE.

13.



14.



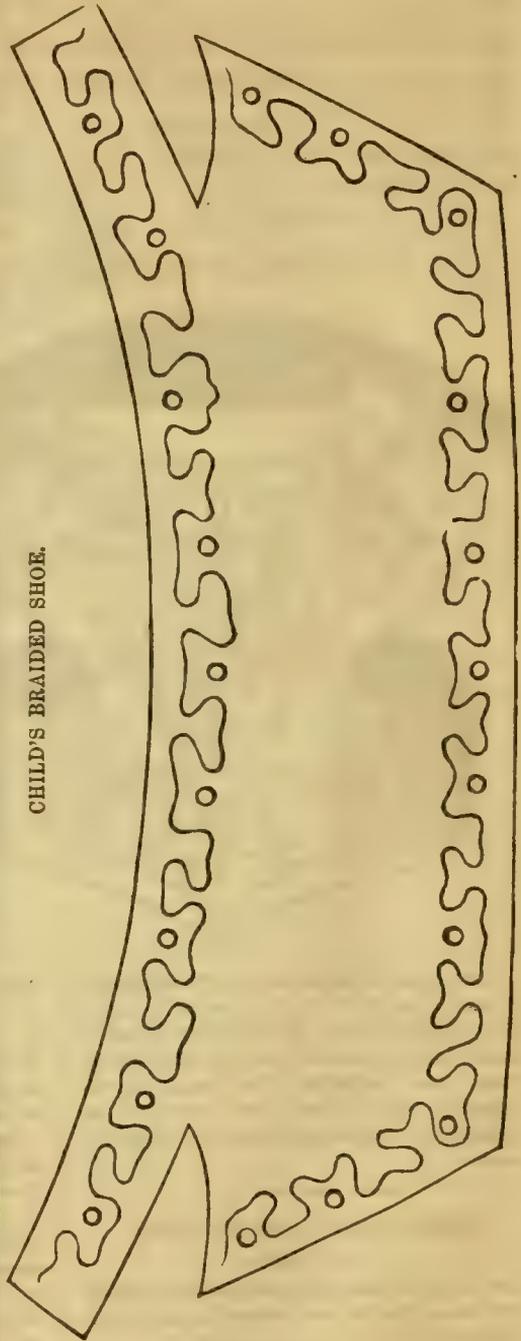
15.



13. Brussels Lace is a succession of rows of Brussels edge, worked alternately backwards and forwards.

14. Venetian Lace. Rows of Venetian edge, which should be worked all one way from left to right.

15. Sorrento Lace, same as Sorrento Edging, may be worked backwards and forwards.

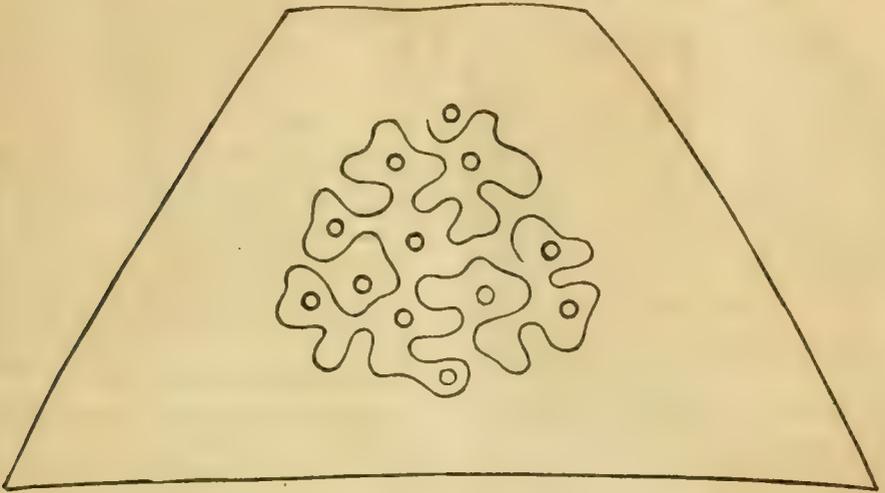


CHILD'S BRAIDED SHOE.

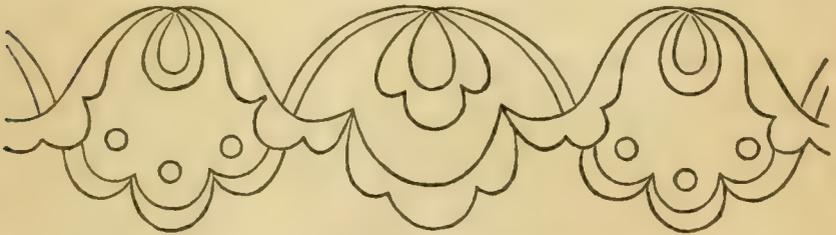
EMBROIDERY.



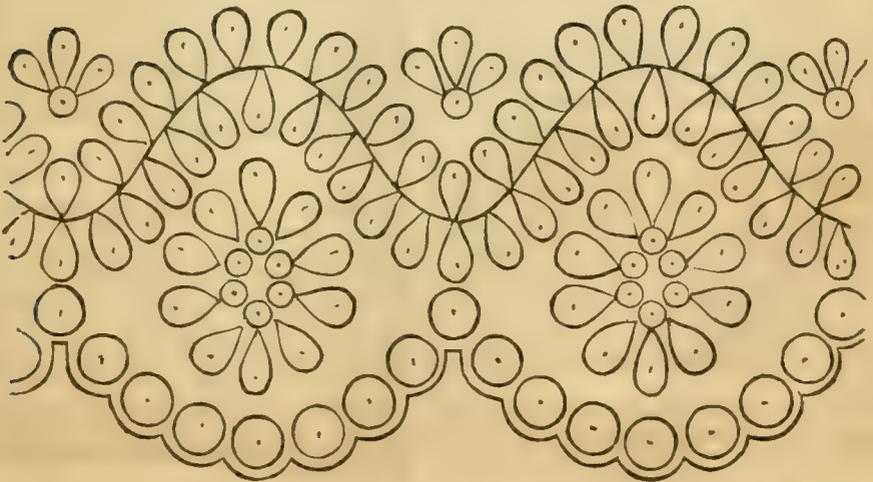
CHILD'S BRAIDED SHOE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



## Receipts, &c.

### MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**VEAL CUTLETS AND BACON.**—Purchase a few trimmings or cuttings of veal, or a small piece from the chump end of the loin, which you can cut up in thin slices, and after seasoning them with pepper and salt, and rolling them in flour, they are to be fried in the fat that remains from some slices of bacon which you shall have previously fried; and, after placing the fried veal and bacon in its dish, shake a tablespoonful of flour in the frying-pan; add a few drops of ketchup or vinegar, and a gill of water; stir all together on the fire to boil for five minutes, and pour this sauce over the cutlets. A dish of cutlets of any kind of meat may be prepared as above.

**BOILED SHOULDER OF MUTTON WITH ONIONS.**—Put the shoulder of mutton to boil in your two gallon pot, with a handful of salt and plenty of water, allow it to boil gently for about two hours, and when done, and placed on its dish, smother it over with the following sauce: Chop six or eight large onions, and boil them with a pint of water for twenty minutes, by which time the water must be reduced to half a pint; then add two ounces of butter, a pint of milk, four ounces of flour, pepper, and salt, and stir the sauce whilst boiling for ten minutes. A shoulder of mutton for boiling is all the better for its being salted for two or three days previous to its being cooked.

**STEWED STEAKS.**—Fry the steaks brown over a very brisk fire, without allowing them to be hardly half done, and place them in a saucepan with onions, carrots, turnips, and celery, all cut in pieces about the size of a pigeon's egg; season with thyme, pepper, and salt, and two ounces of flour; moisten with a quart of water, and stir the stew on the fire till it boils, and then set it by the side of the fire on the hob, to simmer very gently for an hour and a half. It will then be ready for dinner.

**BEEFSTEAKS, PLAIN.**—When you happen to have a clear fire, the steaks may be cooked on a gridiron over the fire; the steaks must be turned on the gridiron every two or three minutes. This precaution assists very much in rendering the meat more palatable and tender, as it is by this frequent turning over of the meat while broiling, that the juices are not allowed to run off in waste, but are reabsorbed by the meat. When the steaks are cooked, rub them over with a small bit of butter, season with pepper and salt. A little chopped shallot, sprinkled over steaks, imparts an extra relish.

**VEGETABLE PORRIDGE.**—Scrape and peel the following vegetables: Six carrots, six turnips, six onions, three heads of celery, and three parsnips; slice up all these very thinly, and put them into a two gallon pot, with four ounces of butter, a handful of parsley, and a good sprig of thyme, and fill up with water, or pot liquor—if you happen to have any; season with pepper and salt, and put the whole to boil very gently on the fire for two hours; at the end of this time the vegetables will be done to a pulp, and the whole must be rubbed through a colander with a wooden spoon, and afterwards put back into the pot and stirred over the fire, to make it hot for dinner.

**TO BOIL FISH.**—Put the fish on in sufficient water to cover it, add a small handful of salt, and, providing that the fish is not larger than mackerel, soles, or whiting, it will be cooked by the time that the water boils. Yet it

is always best to try whether it requires to boil a little longer, as underdone fish is unwholesome. Boiled fish requires some kind of sauce. Try the following, viz. :—

**Parsley Sauce.**—Chop a handful of parsley and mix it in a stew pan with two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, pepper and salt; moisten with half a pint of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir the parsley sauce on the fire till it boils, and then pour it over the fish, drained free from water, on its dish.

**SHARP SAUCE FOR BROILED MEATS.**—Chop fine an onion and a small quantity of mixed pickles; put these into a saucepan with half a gill of vinegar, a teaspoonful of mustard, a small bit of butter, a large tablespoonful of bread-crumbs, and pepper and salt to season; boil all together on the fire for at least six minutes; then add a gill of water, and allow the sauce to boil again for ten minutes longer. This sauce will give an appetizing flip to the coarsest meats or fish when broiled or fried, and also when you are intending to make any cold meat into a hash or stew. In the latter case, the quantity of water and crums must be doubled.

**TO STEW CELERY.**—Take off the outside, and remove the green ends from the celery; stew in milk and water until they are very tender. Put in a slice of lemon, a little beaten mace, and thicken with a good lump of butter and flour; boil it a little, and then add the yolks of two well-beaten eggs mixed with a teaspoonful of good cream. Shake the saucepan over the fire until the gravy thickens, but do not let it boil. Serve it hot.

**POTATOES.**—Many good cooks are bad managers of potatoes, and this esculent, which in most houses is served every day, and which is so popular in many families as to be often the only vegetable at table, requires much care in the cooking. The great fault in cooking potatoes, whether they are steamed or boiled, is allowing them, when they are cooked, to sodden in the moisture still hanging about the vessel in which they have been cooked, or in the steam which they give out. If they are boiled, as soon as they are cooked enough they should be taken out of the saucepan (an iron pot is best for the purpose), which should be emptied and *wiped out dry*; the potatoes being then returned to it will dry and become mealy. If they are steamed, take the steamer off the kettle as soon as the potatoes are cooked enough, and place it on a hot plate, in a side oven, or anywhere else where they will keep very hot, and where they will dry. The grand items with potatoes are, develop their mealiness by allowing the moisture to evaporate, serve them very hot, and serve but a few at a time, so that relays of hot dishes of them may be ready to go in with every fresh course with which they are at all likely to be required.

### SOUPS.

**LETTUCE SOUP.**—Cut up the white parts of two or four lettuces as needed, a quart of stock, free from fat, and boiling; into this throw the lettuces and a small onion, chopped very fine, and a teaspoonful of salt; let it boil twenty minutes; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour, first rubbed smoothly in cold water, and a little soup added to it, then strained before putting it to the soup, then throw in a small bit of butter not larger than a walnut; let the whole boil up once, and serve.

**RICE SOUP.**—Wash two tablespoonfuls of rice in *warm water*, take a quart of boiling stock, throw the rice into this, with a little salt and four allspice corns, and simmer half an hour.

**SOUP FOR INVALIDS.**—Two pounds of beef from the shin cut into very small pieces, and without a particle of fat, and the half of an old fowl, two large carrots, and four white portions of leeks, a bunch of winter savory, and a little salt; to these ingredients put two quarts of cold water, and let it simmer four hours; then strain it, and when cold take off the fat. Warm it for serving, by putting the soup in a cup with a cover, and standing it in a saucepan of boiling water sufficient to reach nearly the edge of the cup.

**ONION SOUP.**—Peel and wash a pint of very small silver onions; take a quart of milk and a pint of strong beef stock; let both boil, then throw in a teaspoonful of salt and the onions; the soup must not be allowed to stop boiling, and must be kept very fast boiling. In a quarter of an hour the onions will be done. Take two table-spoonfuls of arrowroot, mix smoothly with a little cold water, then add some of the boiling soup, stirring the arrowroot all the time, then throw the latter into the remainder of the soup, and serve with small squares or dice of toasted bread.

This soup is mild and exceedingly restorative.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—Cook eight or ten tomatoes in boiling water with a little salt; peel, mash, and strain them, add a little pepper, butter, and a little flour; mince a few shreds of shallot very fine, throw this with the tomatoes into a quart of boiling stock; let it boil ten minutes, and serve without straining.

#### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**SPONGE-CAKE.**—Take six eggs and divide the yolks from the whites, and beat each separately for three-quarters of an hour; grate the yellow rind of a lemon, and mix well with ten ounces of sifted loaf-sugar. Now add this to the yolks of the eggs, and mix well together; then add the whites, and mix; then dust in six ounces of flour which has been well dried before the fire. Now only just mix all together without beating, as, if beaten, it makes the cake heavy. Bake in a well-buttered tin and quick oven for an hour, but put it in the oven the instant it is made; and, when baked, turn it upside down, half in and half out of the tin (or it will be heavy), and let it stand an hour in a warm place.

**APPLE CAKE,** with custard sufficient to fill twelve custard-glasses, or a good sized dish.—Pare, slice, and core a sufficient number of apples which, when prepared, shall weigh three pounds; add to these a pint of cold water, and boil till to a pulp; then take three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, well crushed, all but eight lumps; on these lumps rub off the yellow rind of a lemon. Now these lumps may be broken; strain the juice of the lemon, add to the sugar, and throw all into the apple pulp, and boil all together on a tolerably quick fire for an hour, stirring it all the time. With the purest salad oil, oil a mould before a fire thoroughly; then turn the apple into a mould, and, when cold, turn it from thence into a glass dish.

**FOR THE CUSTARD,** which will fill a large dish, or fill twelve custard-glasses.—Four eggs, whites and yolks; an ounce and a half of loaf-sugar; a pint and a half of milk; a small stick of cinnamon, and a quarter of the very thin yellow rind of a lemon, and six drops of almond flavoring. Put in a saucepan a pint of the milk, the cinnamon, lemon-peel, and sugar; let it boil till of a good flavor. Break the eggs into a jug, add the remainder of the milk, and beat well to a froth; take the hot milk and pour to the eggs, beating the latter all the

time. In another jug drop the flavoring; now strain the milk and eggs back into the saucepan; let it slowly thicken over the fire, stirring the whole time; the instant it thickens sufficiently, lift it off the fire, for here the danger of curdling begins; and should such arise, it can be remedied by instantly pouring it through the fine tin strainer into the jug with the flavoring, and then instantly through the strainer again into another jug, thus pouring it from jug to jug till the custard is cold. This process must be observed in every case, only that if not curdled, it need not be poured through the strainer after the first time of pouring off after it is boiled. Now pour the custard around the apple cake—*not on it.*

**SMALL TEA CAKE.**—Seven ounces of flour, four and a half ounces of butter, three ounces of white sifted sugar, the peel of one lemon, the yolks of three eggs, worked well together, rolled into small rolls, and pressed on one side with a knife, and then baked.

**PLAIN POUND CAKE.**—Stir one pound of melted butter and one pound of sugar well together till it is quite light and white; then add ten eggs, one pound and a quarter of flour, a handful of currants, and the same of raisins, a little citron and orange-peel. Bake in a tin form lined with paper, and bake for two hours.

**AN APPLE ISLAND.**—Make some good apple-sauce, which has been flavored with lemon and clove; beat it up very fine with loaf-sugar enough to taste sweet; add two glasses of sherry; then beat the whites of four eggs separately till they are of a light froth; strain them into a large basin; beat them up again; now add two table-spoonfuls of cream, or a little milk, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a little water, and add to the milk and egg froth; beat it well up; take off the froth with a spoon, and lay it on an inverted sieve over a dish; when sufficient froth is made, beat the remainder up with the apples till the whole is very light and frothy; place the apples piled high in a glass dish; pour some cold custard round out on it; then take off the froth, and put on the top of the apples.

**MADEIRA CREAM.**—Take seven or more sponge-cakes, split them in halves, line a glass dish with the pieces; mix together two wineglassfuls of Madeira wine or sherry, and one wineglassful of brandy; with a teaspoon pour a little of this mixture over the layer of pieces; on this again put a layer of raspberry jelly, which can readily be made by putting a pot of raspberry jam in the oven; in a few minutes it will be warm, when the liquid, which is the jelly, can be strained from it, and poured over the pieces. Now put the other layer of pieces, soak this with wine as before, but omit the raspberry. Make a custard as directed for boiled custard; when cold, and just as the dish is going to table, pour the cold custard over, and sprinkle some ratafia on the top.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO CLEAN AND POLISH TABLES.**—Wash the dirt and stains from the mahogany with vinegar. Then use the following furniture oil: Let one ounce of alkaneet root and one ounce of rosepink be well pounded together, and mixed with one quart of cold-drawn linseed oil. Rub on the oil, wipe it off immediately with a fine linen cloth, and polish the table, or whatever it may be. When the tables are in good order, the oil need not be used often.

**TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN WATER.**—Mix a little carbonate of soda in the water, and it will keep the flowers a fortnight.

**TWO WAYS OF WASHING BLACK LACE.**—Carefully sponge the lace with gin, or, if preferred, with green tea, and wind it round and round a bottle to dry, as if touched with an iron it would become glossy and have a flattened appearance. Some persons fill the bottle with warm water, which causes the lace to dry more quickly. It must on no account be placed near the fire, as it would lose its color, and have a rusty appearance.

**Or:**—Scald some bran with boiling water, and dip the lace up and down in the bran and water when warm, and when clean, squeeze the water out, and shake the bran off. Lay it out, and pull out the edges, etc. Iron it between linen on a blanket, so that the iron does not glaze it. Or if lace is dipped in cold milk, and ironed in the same way, it will be found to clean it equally as well.

**TO RESTORE A CRUMPLED BLACK SILK DRESS.**—Sponge the silk with spirits of wine, diluted with a little water. Then iron it on the wrong side, keeping a piece of muslin between the surface of the silk and the hot iron. This will succeed perfectly with a black silk.

**COLOR FOR WICKER BASKETS, OR ANY SMALL ARTICLES OF THE KIND.**—Dissolve one stick of black sealing-wax and one stick of red in two ounces of spirits of wine. Lay it on with a small brush.

**STAINING WOOD.**—To stain wood to imitate dark mahogany, make a decoction with a quarter of a pound of madder, one ounce of logwood, and two quarts of water. Wash the wood over with the decoction several times, allowing it to dry thoroughly each time. Then slightly brush it over with water, in which pearlsh is dissolved, in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce to a quart. For the color of light mahogany, make the decoction in the same manner, but using, instead of the logwood, two ounces of fustic, or half an ounce of yellow berries, and brush on the liquid while boiling hot. The tint may be varied by varying the proportion of these ingredients. For wood which is already rather brown a good staining liquid may be made with dragon's blood and turmeric in spirits of wine.

**TO IMITATE GROUND GLASS.**—If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth, in the white of six eggs, well beaten, be applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

**APPLE WINE.**—Pure cider made from sound, dry apples, as it runs from the press. Put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider, and let it dissolve, then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out forty-eight hours, then put in the bung with a small vent until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees the better.

**CRYSTALLINE POMADE.**—Mix four ounces of oil of almonds, four ounces of best olive oil, one ounce of spermaceti, two ounces of castor oil. Melt these in a covered jar by the side of the fire; then stir in seventy drops of the following perfume, which should have been previously kept in a stopped phial. Then pour it into your cream jars, cover, and let it stand till cold. A cheaper perfume than the following, such as bergamot or almond flavor, which some people like, may well be used; but the subjoined is the best: Mix together, and shake well in a stopped phial, eight drops of oil of cloves,

twenty-five drops of English oil of lavender, one drachm each of essence of bergamot and essence of lemon, and ten drops each of the oil of cassia and otto of roses.

#### CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

In answer to a request, a correspondent has kindly sent us the following receipt for "Old-fashioned Wedding-Cake, raised with yeast."

Take two pounds of best wheat flour, and make dough as for bread or biscuit, with rich milk, and yeast sufficient to raise it. If it is made like biscuit, there will be a little shortening; if like bread, it will be without. It is of little consequence. Whilst the dough is rising, prepare a pound and a half of currants, nicely washed and dried, also a pound and a half of raisins, the seeds to be taken out. Two pounds of best sugar, pulverized and sifted, and one and a half of butter that is not too salt. The butter and sugar should be rubbed or worked together when the dough is very light; the butter and sugar should be mixed with the dough, and also the yolks of twelve eggs well beaten. This now should be worked together, with one or both hands, from three to six hours—the longer the better. This should now be set away to rise again, generally through the night; when it is again very light, you add spices to your taste. The old spices were cinnamon, nutmeg, and mace, freely; and cloves and allspice, sparingly. Sometimes rose-water, orange-water, or grated orange-peel, or fresh orange-peel chopped very fine, or a preparation of peach-stones, in any way. A few pits of meat of peach-stones, pounded and sifted, are an improvement, if very nicely put in, and in very small quantity; but, as too much is very objectionable, it had better be left out altogether, except in very skilful hands. These spices are now to be added, and one gill of best French brandy, or a glass of brandy, and a glass and a half of wine. This now goes through another process of working, as long as before—as long as you have time or strength. During this working process, you will add the whites of the twelve eggs, beaten as light as it is possible to make them. Work these a long time, and before you have done working, put in a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in vinegar; work it in rapidly whilst it is effervescing, and beat it all thoroughly together. Now, if it is very light, put the dough into pans, which should be hot and nicely buttered, and set them where they will rise again. Your fruit should in the mean time have been prepared: the citron, by cutting in small pieces; the raisins and currants should have been swelled in a small quantity of warm or hot milk, and dried on a sieve. When your oven is ready, and the cake ready to go into it, put the fruit on the top of each cake (it is better to mix the raisins and currants before), and if they do not sink, press them gently with a spoon just below the surface, and put them immediately into the oven. I will not add to the length of this by giving directions about baking, but I should be glad at this point to put it into the hands of my old servant, who will make a good thing of anything she bakes; for it is not too late now to spoil it by baking it badly; but I have learned by experience that, if a woman does not know how to bake, it is of little use to give her instructions. I will, therefore, close, after I have added that this is a richer cake than is often made in this way, and that one-half or three-quarters the quantity mentioned here, to the full amount of flour, viz., two pounds makes an excellent cake, and is far less injurious to digestion.

# Editors' Table.

## WOMAN:

### IN HER MARRIAGE RELATION.

For the woman is the glory of the man.—1 Cor. xi. 7.

THAT "the Fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery" is a true and graphic stating of the catastrophe.

What myriad forms of wickedness and wretchedness have, for nearly six thousand years of development, worked only to mar the beauty and perfectness and destroy the goodness and happiness of humanity! Have not the greater portion of those sins and woes, fertilizing earth with human blood, and darkening heaven with idol worship, thus making life in this world so miserable and so sorrowful, been the result of the fatal blight which disobedience to God's law brought on the marriage relation of the sexes?

Consider how great was the change! The husband and wife, judged separately and condemned by Divine mercy as well as justice, to different forms of suffering as punishment for individual sin, could no longer become in the sense of mutual love and trust in God, and consciousness of perfect love and confidence towards each other. This Eden unity was not possible when the wife was placed under the rule of her husband.

Had Eve been created inferior to Adam in mind, heart, and soul, where would have been her punishment? She would naturally and inevitably have fallen into this inferior condition. But if her nature was more refined than his, more spiritual—a nearer assimilation with the angelic, then to become subjected to the coarser, earthier, more sensuous nature of man, would be a sad and humiliating lot. Much did she need the gracious promise of God that *her Seed* should at last triumph over the tempter who had wrought her woe; and that, although she must bear oppression and endure sorrow, yet she should not fall into the utter depths of sin; there should be "enmity" between her nature and the Spirit of Evil.

Moreover, that the woman did at the creation hold the sovereignty of earth in equal trust with the man is as surely true as that, after the Fall, her husband was permitted to "rule over" her. God gave them joint dominion (see *Gen.* chap. i. 28); but Eve sought to be wise above her human condition. By this door sin had entered Eden. The effect of sin was to separate the creature from the Creator. The earthly triumphed over the heavenly; the sensual over the moral. Man, with the strong arm, and stern will, and fierce passions, would, of necessity, bear rule; and that woman, with the promise of redemption "hid in her heart," was subjected to him, could not separate her happiness from his, but must, in humility and self-sacrifice, work out the moral sense of her sex through the physical strength of his, was the only way of improvement and salvation for the race. Even the Lord God, reverently speaking, could not have ordered the destiny of the woman otherwise, without destroying or circumscribing man's freedom of will, which doctrine lies at the foundation of humanity, "made in the image of God."

Yet Jehovah, by His special and moral providences,\* could help the woman against her natural enemies—Satan and wicked men. This God has done from the day He made the promises of salvation sure to her in her glorious Seed. In the fulfilment of these promises the Bible is a record of God's tender care over woman, particularly in her marriage relation.

The Eden law of union—*one man with one woman*—was not only made sacred by Divine institution, but it was woven into the natural laws of humanity, so that the proportion of the sexes to each other should be equal through all time. Polygamy and its kindred iniquities was and is the sin which most completely mars the image of God in man's soul, inclining him to idolatry, and every "corrupt imagination" and evil work; because it destroys more surely than any other sin the moral power and influences of woman. Here the whole scope, and strength, and subtlety of Satan's temptations on the sensuous nature of men, have been put forth, and God's help to the woman only could have saved the race from utter corruption and total extinction.

We have seen how the Almighty helped the weakness of the first woman against her natural enemies—Satan and his seed—by giving to her keeping the immortal destiny of her husband and sons in the *hope of the Redeemer*.

Woman was again helped when the Flood swept away the ungodly from earth, and thus restored the sanctity of true marriage; no polygamist was permitted to pollute the Ark. Also the special providence that shortened man's life most wonderfully increased her moral influence in the family. Allow ten years as the period of childhood, when the mother's authority over her sons predominates; then compare the length of Noah's life with that of Moses, and it will be clear that woman's power was greatly augmented when man's life was shortened from 950 years to 120 years.

When the Hebrew race was chosen to perpetuate a nation whence the *mother of the MESSIAH* was to have her origin, what special manifestations of God's grace we see in the protection of women from the selfishness and the lusts of men! Thus Sarah was saved from the Egyptian king, and Rebekah was kept from Abimelech; Leah, the hated but still the lawful wife of Jacob, was the mother of Judah, from whom "Shiloh" came.

The special providence of God had also kept the idolatrous Egyptian nation clear from polygamy—the only instance on record of the descendants of Ham living under the true law of marriage. Was it not wonderful that the sojournings of Jacob's posterity four hundred years in the land of Ham should thus be safe from those evil examples and polluting sins which made the nations around Canaan and throughout all the East, then as now, seem fitted only for destruction?

\* We term it a *moral providence* where Divine interposition has evidently been exerted to advance the moral condition of an individual or a people, giving the succession to Jacob; saving and training Moses, and preserving the Jews under Abasuerus were each and all *moral providences*.

And when the Decalogue was thundered from Mount Sinai, how the hearts of the women must have swelled with thankfulness to God who compelled men to obey His moral law as strictly as they enjoined its rules on the women!

The special laws of Moses are full of tender touches that show our heavenly Father's love and care for his dependent daughters; some of these will be noted in our last paper. Yet we will add here that from Moses to Malachi the Old Testament laws and precepts sustained the Eden marriage relation as God's holy ordinance, and secured to the women of God's chosen race, compared with the women of all heathen and Gentile nations, inestimable privileges and blessings.

And when, at the close of four thousand years, the moral sense or instinct of woman was nearly darkened, God sent forth His "true light," constrained men to see, and thus saved the race. The blessed Saviour reaffirmed the marriage law of Eden in a manner which shows it had never been set aside, that it could not be abrogated without destruction to all social, moral, and religious improvement.

The Apostles taught the same precepts of fidelity and purity in the family relation, and St. Paul, in his Epistle from which we have quoted, illustrates the strength and beauty of Christian piety in the sexes by declaring that *man is the image and glory of God: but the woman is the glory of the man.*

Let us reverently examine the meaning of this wonderful and divine declaration.

An *image* is something visible; the glory of God, which men see, is in the things He has created and in the laws by which these are governed: consequently to *create or make* and to *govern* by right laws is to show forth or be the "glory of God."

Man is the maker or creator on earth: he has the constructive genius and the originating understanding which, combined with his physical strength and power of will, was to subdue the earth and make laws for its government. True, he cannot absolutely make or create a single particle of matter; but he can, by new combinations, create innumerable differences in the particles of matter, and make, apparently, new elements and new things. Man, therefore, represents on earth the Creator's glory.

But to create or make out of God's work new things is not man's greatest glory; to reach the highest elevation, he must worship God in spirit and in truth.

Woman cannot create or make like man. She has not his constructive genius, and there is an organic difference in the operations of their minds. That she reasons intuitively or by inspiration, while he must plod through a regular sequence of logical arguments is admitted by all writers on mental philosophy. There is another difference however, which has not been noted. Woman never applies her intuitive reasoning to mechanical pursuits. It is the world of human life, not of inanimate things that she would move. Hence she works on mind, and for immortality; worshipping God in spirit and in truth; and thus showing forth the beauty of moral goodness, she becomes the "glory of the man."

Hence it is sure that those who are seeking to elevate woman through industrial pursuits and competition with men in the arts will never succeed. The wife cannot work with materials of earth, build up cities, mould marble forms, or discover new mechanical inventions to aid physical improvement. She has a holier vocation. She works in the elements of human nature: her orders of architecture are formed in the soul—obedience, temperance, truth, love, piety, these she must build up in the characters of her children. Often, too, she is called to repair the ravages and beautify the waste places which sin, care, and the desolating storms of life have made in the mind and heart of the husband she reverences, loves, and obeys. This task she should perform faithfully, but with humility: remembering that it was for woman's sake Eden was forfeited, because Adam loved his wife better than his Creator; and that man's nature has to contend with a degree of depravity, into which the woman, through the grace of God, has never descended.

Yes, the wife should be humble. She is dependent on her husband for the position she holds in society; she must rely on him for protection and support. She should look up to him with reverence as "the Saviour of the body," and be obedient. Does any wife say that her husband is not worthy of this reverence? Then render it to the office with which God has invested him as head of the family; but use your privilege of motherhood to train your sons so that each one may be worthy of love, reverence, and obedience from his own wife. Thus through your sufferings the world may be made better. Every faithful performance of private duty adds to the stock of public virtues.

And man—should he not bear himself humbly, from the remembrance that to woman's loving care he is indebted for preservation during helpless infancy; that his mind took its impress from her daily teachings; from her example he derives faith in those affections and virtues which are the life of the soul; that "God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty," and given to woman the moral sceptre under which every man must pass before he can be prepared to enter heaven.

Humility is a Christian virtue equally needed by both sexes. Each sex having different endowments to which the other must give honor, all cause for boasting is removed from both: each should seek to promote the other's happiness and glory, then the true happiness and glory of both would be won.

#### OUR NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Then he said unto them, 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.

Thus commanded the inspired leader of the Jews, when they kept the "Feast of Weeks;" in a time of national darkness and sore troubles shall we not recognize that the goodness of God never faileth, and that to our Father in heaven we should always bring the Thanksgiving offering at the ingathering of the harvest?

Wise lawgivers and great patriots have acknowledged the salutary effect of appointed times for national reunions which combine religious sentiment with domestic and social enjoyment; thus feelings of benevolence are awakened, and gratitude to the Giver of all our blessings is seen to be the great duty of life. Owing to the different economy of different churches, among Protestant denominations, except the Christian Sabbath, all our religious commemorations are partial and local.

Can we not, then, following the appointment of Jehovah in the "Feast of Weeks," or *Harvest Festival*, establish our yearly THANKSGIVING as a permanent American National Festival, which shall be celebrated on the last Thursday in November in every State of our Union? Indeed it has been nearly accomplished. For the last twelve or fourteen years, the States have made approaches to this unity. In 1859 thirty States and three Territories held the Thanksgiving Festival on the same day—the last Thursday in November. It was also celebrated that year and the following on board several of the American fleets—ships in the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, and on the Brazil station; by the Americans in Berlin at our Prussian Embassy; in Paris and in Switzerland; and American missionaries have signified their readiness to unite in this Festival if it should be established on a particular day which can be known as the *American Thanksgiving*.

Then, in every quarter of the globe our nationality would be recognized in connection with our gratitude to the Divine giver of all our blessings. The pious and loving thought that every American was joining in heart with the beloved family at home and with the church to which he belonged, would thrill his soul with

the purest feelings of patriotism and the deepest emotions of thankfulness for his religious enjoyments.

Would it not be of great advantage, socially, nationally, religiously, to have the DAY of our American Thanksgiving positively settled? Putting aside the sectional feelings and local incidents that might be urged by any single State or isolated Territory that desired to choose its own time, would it not be more noble, more truly American, to become *nationally in unity* when we offer to God our tribute of joy and gratitude for the blessings of the year?

Taking this view of the case, would it not be better that the proclamation which appoints Thursday the 26th of November (1863) as the day of Thanksgiving for the people of the United States of America should, in the first instance, emanate from the President of the Republic—to be applied by the Governors of each and every State, in acquiescence with the chief executive adviser?

## STANZAS.

BY L. S. D. L.

Og! let me rest in a shaded nook,  
With the green boughs arching o'er me,  
And losing my sense in some witching book,  
Forget the sad life before me,  
And the hum of the drowsy droning bee  
Shall teach me to idle the hours;  
And the perfume that comes o'er the scented lea  
Shall be sweeter than jasmine bowers  
And the gentle sigh of the low west wind  
Shall plead like an earnest lover,  
Till the charm of the book is gone from my mind—  
As I carelessly fold its cover,  
And dream of a voice that is sweeter far  
Than the tone of that zephyr lowly—  
Ah! I worship "a bright particular star,"  
And the beaming is pure and holy.  
But alas! for love, and alas! for me,  
The disk of my life is clouded;  
And 'neath the boughs of the drooping tree,  
I know that my grief is shrouded.  
And I weep my tears like the falling rain,  
And I give all my fruitless sighing  
To the low west wind that taught me to plain—  
Will it tell Him I'm slowly dying?

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD"—Among the absolute necessities of life we must reckon the pen. There is no interest in our business, no article of service or of ornament in our hands that we might not dispense with more easily than with the pen. In this little helper we hold the power of consolation to the afflicted, and of conversation with the absent; it is the regulator of daily routine, the interpreter of domestic affections, and the souter of individual cares and heart-sorrows. It is the supporter of law, the counsellor of duty, the expounder of the world's doings in its record of daily news; essential to the heart of the lover and the hand of the warrior, to the officer of justice and the teacher of Divine Truth. The pen is an institution. Therefore a *good pen* is of inestimable importance to all who write.

After nearly two years' experience of their merits we can conscientiously commend the *gold pens* of Mr. A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, as the best and most perfect writing instrument we ever used.

"FAITH."—This new and beautiful engraving of Palmer's celebrated statue has been lately published in Boston, by the well-known firm of J. E. Tilton & Co. We do not know a more charming picture for the *family room* than this perfect work.

THE WIDOWS OF THE WAR.—We have seen it stated that *nineteen thousand widows* have (or had some months

ago) applied for pensions at the War Office in Washington. What sorrows and sufferings are here recorded! The greater portion of these women are made widows in their youth. God only can know the grief of these life-mourners.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.—We have before us the Catalogue of this remarkably flourishing institution, now numbering over *four hundred* students of both sexes. The success of this plan of education deserves particular notice, which we hope to give before this year closes.

ERRATA.—In the last number, p. 186, *second* column, *third* line from the close of the first article, for "Men" read "Me."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Lost and Won"—"Forsaken"—"Sabbath Morn"—"The Vesper"—and "Sibyl."

These articles are declined, for want of room in some instances, in others for want of finish. Many articles are marred by the haste or carelessness of the writers. As we can only accept a very limited number, those who favor us with their productions should make these perfect as possible: "Linden Hall" (when we need *prose* the writer will hear from us)—"I want to go Home" (we are sorry to decline this, but it is a memento for the *home circle*, not for the world)—"A Remembrance"—"Woman"—"My Own"—"A Hard Case"—"The Last and the Best"—"Critics and their Mistakes"—"In the Vapors" (the writer can do better—we are not *now* "in need")—"Example better than Precept"—"Sonnet"—"The Gathering Storm"—"A Plea"—and "War."

We have other MSS. on hand to be noticed next month. The author of "My Friend," etc., can have manuscript by sending to Mr. Godey, 323 Chestnut Street.

Miss K. E. Story respectfully declined.

## Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

It has been truly said of the Americans that they are a "fast people." They come into the world in a hurry, pass through in a hurry, and *die* in a hurry.

How shall the tide of death be checked? How shall the stamina and vital resistance of our population be increased? This, we repeat, is to be done by the diffusion of sound hygienic knowledge among the people. And women must be the principal agents in this great health reform. They must correct their own bad habits of living—the work must begin at home; the fountain must be purified before the streams of health can flow out for the healing of the nations. Then may woman go forth as a missionary and preacher of health. Then with the personal charms with which nature has so richly endowed her, and with these charms all glowing in the radiant beauty of blooming health, she will be able to present in herself an argument so conclusive of the benefits of obedience to physiological laws, that her precepts will be irresistible. Then, with the aid of the press, by daily social intercourse, by visiting the poor and the sick, and by united organized systematic effort, the physical and moral regeneration of the world may be accomplished. In this way only may we hope for

physical regeneration; and we might add that without this all hopes of a moral millennium are vain and delusive. For while God continues to operate by ordinary natural laws, we cannot with any show of reason expect a moral, without a physiological millennium. These must go hand in hand. A people besotted by sensual indulgences—a people who live in habitual violations of the laws of their being, can never attain to the highest point of Christian perfection. To believe otherwise destroys the unity of design which is the beauty, glory, and perfection of the works of the great Creator. If this doctrine is not true, then the conclusion is, that all are not “parts of one stupendous whole;” and that the grand machinery of the universe would work just as well if one great link were stricken out.

#### HOW TO MANAGE CHILDREN.

When a child is hurt, never hush it up; it is an inexcusable barbarity; it is fighting against nature; it is repressing her instincts; and for the same reason, if physical punishment is inflicted on a child, never repress its crying; it is a perfect brutality. Cases are on record where children have been thrown into convulsions in their efforts to silence; and very little less hurtful is it to hire them to silence. A thousandfold better is it to soothe by kindly words and acts, and divert the mind by telling stories, or by explaining pictures, or by providing with new toys. We have many a time, in our professional experience as to sick children, found more benefit to be derived from a beautiful or interesting toy, than from a dose of physic. The greatest humanity a mother can exhibit in respect to her sick child is to divert it, DIVERT IT, DIVERT IT, in all the pleasing ways possible, as we ourselves, who are larger children, feel sometimes really sick, when a cheerful-faced and much loved friend has come in, and before we knew it, we had forgotten that anything was the matter with us.

—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

FROM PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**THE CASTLE'S HEIR.** *A Novel in Real Life.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of “Verner's Pride,” “East Lynne,” “The Channings,” etc. Of the many works from this lady's pen, “The Castle's Heir” is one of the best. It is similar in character to “Verner's Pride,” which it equals in interest. The story opens with a catastrophe, and the results of this catastrophe are sufficiently important to engross the reader's attention through two volumes, when everything ends happily.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**THE BOOK OF DAYS.** A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar, including Anecdote, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature and Oddities of Human Life and Character. Part 14 received. Price 20 cents.

**CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA.** A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. The best Encyclopædia published. Part 63 received. Price 20 cents.

**AT ODDS.** By the Baroness Tautphœus, author of

“Quits,” “The Initials,” etc. The sale of this work has been immense. Everybody that has read the “Initials,” and who has not, should have a copy of “At Odds.”

**LOST AND SAVED.** By the Hon. Mrs. Norton, author of “Stuart of Dunleath,” etc. Mrs. Norton has written a brave and excellent book in extenuation of the errors of a certain class of unfortunates, and in condemnation of the treatment which they receive at the hands of society. It is in the shape of a novel, with well devised plot, and original and well-drawn characters. We trust its readers, while they are absorbed in the story, will not entirely overlook its moral.

FROM FREDERICK LEYPOLDT, Philadelphia:—

**“WHO BREAKS—PAYS.”** By the author of “Cousin Stella,” “Skirmishing,” etc. This is the first volume of a “Foreign Library” which Mr. Leypoldt proposes to issue, and if this be a fair sample of the works of which it will be composed, it promises to be a valuable addition to our literature. “Who Breaks—Pays”—the title quoted from an Italian proverb—is delightfully written. Though a love-story, the struggles for Italian independence in 1848 are incidentally introduced, the author being evidently a warm espouser of republicanism.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION IN 1838, 1839.** By Frances Anne Kemble. This book has not been recently written to please popular sentiment; but is a transcript of a journal, in the form of letters, addressed by the author, then Mrs. Butler, to a friend in the north, during her residence on her husband's plantation on the coast of Georgia. Mrs. Butler went to the South possessing all an Englishwoman's hatred of slavery, and her experiences as an eye-witness and as a veritable mistress of a plantation, only served to strengthen her feelings of repugnance to the whole system.

**MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE HON. THEO. FRELINGHUYSEN, LL. D.** By Talbot W. Chalmers, a minister of the Collegiate Church, New York. The life of this eminent politician and Christian gentleman will find many interested readers among members of all parties, as with it is interwoven much of the political history of his time. The title-page is faced by an excellent steel engraving of the subject of the memoir.

**A POINT OF HONOR.** *A Novel.* By the author of “The Morals of May-Fair,” “Creeds,” etc. An English story, the interest of which turns upon Gifford Mohun, a country squire of irreproachable descent, refusing to marry Jane Grand, to whom he is engaged, because there is found to be a stain upon her father's name; and, after years spent in the wildest dissipation, being entrapped by the wiles of the daughter of a deceased gambler.

**SCIENCE FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY.** Part I. *Natural History.* By Worthington Hooker, M. D. This book treats of the laws which control the operations of nature, in a style easy of comprehension and entertaining. Its pages are filled with numerous illustrations.

**THE ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC.** *Designed for Children.* By Elias Loomis, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College, and author of “A Course of Mathematics,” etc. This book is designed for the training of the very youthful student

In mental arithmetic. It is very thorough in its method, and we cannot doubt that the pupil who masters it will be prepared in a superior manner to undertake the study of arithmetic in its higher branches.

**WILSON'S PRIMER MARY SPELLER.** By Marcus Wilson. A simple and progressive course of lessons in spelling, with reading and dictation exercises, and the elements of oral and written compositions.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—

**IN THE TROPICS.** By a Settler in Santo Domingo. With an Introductory Notice by Richard B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger," "Undercurrents," &c. This is a rose-tinted picture of life in the West Indies. It details the experience of a New York clerk, who, being tired of city life, sought himself a home in the island of St. Domingo, and, with very little capital as a basis, in the space of a single year, paid for a farm of forty acres, built a small cottage, besides doing many other notable things, all from the products of his own industry aided by modern farming utensils. If we are to believe him, the climate of this portion of the tropics, at least, is the most healthy, vegetation the most generous and luxurious, landed proprietors the most gentlemanly and open-hearted, and the blacks the most faithful and obliging, of any in the world. The author says: "Under the warm sun of the tropics white workmen and machinery will yet open the grandest field of civilization ever realized."

**ROCKFORD; or, Sunshine and Storm.** By Mrs. Lillie Devereux Umsted, author of "Southwold." Mrs. Umsted has written an attractive story, but not one possessing high literary merit. There are certain specimens of what the worthy "Country Parson" would call "veal" in her style, and much that is intended to be sprightly is really tame. However, the red-haired young lady, with her quartette of lovers, makes a very passable heroine, and will find numerous sympathizers. By the way, let girls with Auburn locks take courage. Red heads seem likely to become the fashion, if authors can make them so; for during the last few weeks we have read of scarcely less than a dozen heroines—every one of them beauties—who possessed this peculiarity.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia.—

**A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.** By the author of "Amy Herbert." This anonymous author has acquired a reputation as an excellent writer of semi-religious novels for the young. The present work is of this character. The story opens with its heroine still in the school-room—an awkward, unlovable girl in appearance, yet at heart full of generous qualities. Girls will be especially pleased and edified with this story.

**THE NATURAL LAWS OF HUSBANDRY.** By Justus von Liebig. Edited by John Blyth, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in Queen's College, Cork. In this work Baron Liebig gives the public his mature views on agriculture, after sixteen years of experiments and reflection. The fundamental basis of this work is that the food of plants is of inorganic nature, and that every one of the elements of food must be present in a soil for the proper growth of a plant.

**THE HOLY WORD IN ITS OWN DEFENCE.** Addressed to Bishop Colenso, and all other earnest seekers after truth. By Rev. Abiel Silver, of New York, author of "Lectures on the Symbolic Character of the Sacred

Scriptures." The Rev. Mr. Silver attacks Bishop Colenso from the point of view occupied by members of the New Jerusalem Church. His aim is to prove that the scriptures bear evidence within themselves of their divine origin. The "science of correspondences," as promulgated by Swedenborg, is made a strong point in his argument.

**A CRITICAL HISTORY OF FREE THOUGHT IN REFERENCE TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.** By Adam Storey Farrar, M. A. Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. This book comprises eight lectures preached before the University of Oxford in 1862. Their author, before thought was ever given to the writing of these lectures, spent much time in a careful examination of free-thinking—using the term as applied to religion—in its various forms, that he might be the better prepared, in understanding the points from which it is attacked, to defend the Christian faith. He enters deeply and thoroughly into his subject, and leaves no error uncorrected, no sophism unexposed, and no difficulty unexplained.

**WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.** By Pierre Blot, late Editor of the "Almanack Gastronomique," of Paris, and other gastronomical works. This book contains over one thousand receipts, systematically and practically arranged. These receipts include the simplest and most inexpensive, as well as the most difficult dishes. It is, therefore, a book suited to the wants of every grade of establishment, and will, as it deserves, have extensive sale.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston:—

**TALES AND SKETCHES.** By Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," &c. Edited, with a preface, by Mrs. Miller. This is not only an excellent book but exceedingly interesting. The notices of the Scottish poets Burns and Ferguson are beautiful. The Tales which follow and complete the volume are life-like pictures of manners and characters. The stories of the supernatural are told with a simplicity far more exciting than anything which can be wrought out with ornate sentences and stilted expressions. This work will be a favorite home volume for family reading.

**THE STORY OF MY CAREER, as a Student at Freiberg and Jena, and as Professor at Halle, Breslau, and Berlin.** By Heinrich Steffens. Translated by William Leonhard Gage. This is a translation from the German, or rather it is the conversations of a prosy German work into piquant, pleasant English. One of the old classics, Addison, we believe, recommended reducing bulky quartos to their quintessence. This rule has been followed most successfully with the book before us. Leaving out the prosings that swell the work to ten large volumes in the original, the editor has given us a very interesting little work in which we are brought into the society of Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Schelling Müller, and many other German celebrities, among these we must not omit Blucher, under whom Steffens served in the campaigns of 1813 and '14. He tells the story of the battles of Marengo and Austerlitz, and records the flashing transit of Napoleon the 1st through the history of Germany at that period. It is a book to be very popular now in our country.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—

**WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG.** By Dio Lewis, M. D. A book like this is worth a dozen

treatises on medicine. Its prescriptions, which consist in temperance, pure air, and exercise, if faithfully followed, are, without doubt, such as will benefit consumptive invalids, as well as correct a tendency toward consumption and many other diseases. It is a trite proverb that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and if people wish to act upon it, we know of no better way than to procure this book and follow its advice.

**OUT-DOOR PAPERS.** By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. This is a book similar in tone, though different in character, from the one just mentioned by Dr. Lewis. It is a collection of essays which appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Though treating of various subjects, they nearly all bear upon the imperative necessity for air and exercise to develop men and women as they should be, both physically and mentally. The essay entitled "The Murder of the Innocents," is well worth the consideration of every parent and teacher in the land.

From LORING, Boston, through F. LETPOLDT, Philadelphia:—

**FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.** By the author of "Boys at Chequasset." The author says: "I began this story for young girls. It has grown, as they grow, to womanhood. It is a simple record of something of the thought and life that lies between fourteen and twenty." The thoughts, aspirations, and troubles of girlhood are described with surpassing truthfulness. A religious tone pervades the whole work, which does not prevent the style from being lively, with occasional touches of quaint humor.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

Our September number commences with a plate entitled "A Happy Party," which for elaborateness of engraving, perhaps, has never been surpassed. Independent of the engraving it is a truly beautiful scene. We wish the juveniles of our subscribers many such happy parties. The landscape in this picture is admirably engraved.

Our Fashion-plate—and we cling to this title, "Our Fashion-plate"—is a specimen of gorgeous coloring, never surpassed. If we could only find room for the many letters upon the subject of our fashion-plates, we should be pleased to publish them. Those from dress-makers we particularly appreciate, because they best know, or ought to, what is preferred and what is not, what is fashionable and what is not. We can find room for only one:—

"Living in a town not exactly a city, but almost, I find your Lady's Book a most unerring guide to the prevalent fashions. If I happen to suggest anything that is not in Godey, I am immediately set right. I have taken several other magazines, and I find from results that yours is the only true guide to the prevailing fashions."

"Shaving for a Beard." A humorous engraving, especially addressed to those who wish to indulge in shaving. No reference to the Board of Brokers.

New Styles for Sea-shore, Country, and other Bonnets. We ask especial attention to the great variety we offer in this number.

Brodie again contributes one of his specialties; and Brodie is celebrated the Union over for his cloak and mantilla fashions.

Headresses are also given in this number, entirely novel.

"Husks."—We concluded this admirable story in our last number; and competent critics, and our general readers say—and their opinion is worth a thousand of others—that nothing from the pen of any American author has ever equalled the last portion of "Husks." We think so, too, and without putting our opinion in opposition to others, we still think it is worth something; and we say that "Husks," as an American novel, has never been surpassed, indeed we may say equalled. Numerous have been the requests to copy it, such has been its popularity, but our answer has invariably been that the copyright is the author's, and she should benefit by it. "Husks" in book form would sell well, and we recommend the author to publish it in that form. Next month we will commence a new story by the author of "Husks," Marion Harland, which will run through two numbers, October and November, and in December number we will publish

### A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY MARION HARLAND.

**YOUNG LADIES SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.**—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, No. 1617 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. The nineteenth session of this school will commence September 14th, 1863.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

Our readers have lost a valuable contributor. Mrs. Lucy N. Godfrey, the author of "Aunt Sophie's Visits," died at her residence in Bethlehem, Vt., on the 21st of May last. All who know her unassuming character, and the rich treasures of her soul, will cherish her memory with fond affection. We think we have one or two articles from her pen still unpublished.

The *Portland Trumpet* wants to know why worn-out editors are not sent abroad by the patrons of their paper for the benefit of their health. Ministers frequently are.

We thank Mr. A. I. Mathews, of New York, manufacturer of Venetian Hair Dye and Arnica Hair Gloss, for the following, in answer to a correspondent:—

NEW YORK, June 20th, 1863.

EDITOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—SIR: I notice in the July number, "A subscriber wishes to inquire the best mode of making paste for scrap books, to keep them from being so stiff."

If he will use a paste made of glue and sugar, two parts of the former to one of the latter (by weight), dissolved in sufficient water to make it quite thin, he will have the desired article. It should be prepared in a water bath, like an ordinary glue pot, and used warm. White glue is preferable.

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

*The Musical Monthly.*—The sixth and seventh numbers of this new and popular periodical are now ready, containing a variety of delightful music, which, if purchased in the regular way, would cost nearly the price of a whole year's subscription to the Monthly. A new composition by Brinley Richards, Warblings at Dawn, quite as beautiful and effective as his famous Warblings at Eve, is given entire in the seventh number, in addition to the Gilt Edge Polka, and an exquisite new ballad; the price of the whole being but 25 cents to those who subscribe by the year. The sixth number contains an equal amount and variety of the very best piano music.

To those who at the outset doubted our ability to give so much music regularly at the price, we would say that so far from failing in our terms, we intend if possible still further to increase the amount. The Monthly is already established upon a firm basis. No one need hesitate to subscribe in the fear that the work will fail. Those who delay may lose the early numbers, as we shall not print more than are actually needed. That the work will be one of permanent value there can be no question, and the outward beauty of the publication must make it an ornament to any piano or centre-table in the land. Subscriptions are still received at \$3 00 per annum, and the back numbers will be sent if desired. Single numbers are 50 cents each, or any three numbers will be sent as samples for \$1 00. All communications, subscriptions, etc. must be sent addressed J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

*New Sheet Music.*—H. M. Higgins, Chicago, one of the most enterprising publishers in the West, has just issued, at 25 cents each, *Vesper Bells Polka*, a beautiful composition; *La Serena Polka*, by Anguera; *La Consuelo*, pretty Valse Espagnole, by the same; *Elsinore*, Grand waltz by Schirner; *Venona Waltz* by Lampard; *Volunteer Guard's Quickstep*, same popular composer; *Nightingale* and *Emma Mazourkas*, both by Herman Schirner, and both very pretty. Also, by the same, a brilliant and showy transcription of the *Alpine Horn*, intended for advanced performers; this is a fine, showy piece, price 35 cents.

The same publisher issues several fine songs and ballads by the favorite song writers, J. P. Webster, Towne of the Continental Vocalists, and others. *A Sunbeam and Shadow*, 25; *Wouldn't You Like to Know?* to poetry by Saxe, 25; *Scott and the Veteran*, 30; and *Brother and the Fallen Dragon*, 35, are all fine songs by the former. Mr. Towne's new compositions are *Old Friends Meet Together*, 25; *The Plains of Tennessee (On Picket Guard at Stone River)*, 25; and *Under the Ice*, a fine quartette, 30. *My Valley Home*, and *Twilight Musings*, are two beautiful melodies by Frank Howard, each 30. I've been dreaming of You, Jessie, is a touching ballad by W. S. Pitts, 25 cents. We can commend any of these songs and pieces to our musical friends.

We can, as usual, send any of the above pieces to any address; also the following new pieces: *Moss Basket Waltz*, a very graceful and pleasing Valse Souvenir, by Sara L. Cassidy, 25. *Musings at Twilight*, charming nocturne by Fritz Spindler, 30. *An Alpine Farewell*, nocturne by Riche, 25. *March Militaire* by Glover 30. And a beautiful new edition, in colored wrappers, of Brinley Richards' celebrated melody, *Warblings at Eve*, 35.

All orders must be addressed, to Philadelphia, to  
J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

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A WAG a few years since procured some eye-wash of a quack oculist in this city to be applied to a glass eye which he wore. The oculist, not being very sharp-sighted, discovered there was some defect in the eye, but thought it so trifling that he warranted a cure or no pay. The wag took the wash and departed. In a week or so after, he returned with the empty vial, and apparently in great distress.—“Oh, doctor! doctor!” said he, “your stuff has wholly destroyed my eye!” at the same time opening the lids of the empty socket with his finger, to the horror of the gasping and staring oculist.—“Is it possible? can it be possible?” exclaimed the eye-tinker. “I never knew my medicine to operate so before. Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing less than return you your money.” “But you must do more, sir. What is five dollars to be compared with the loss of an eye?” replied the wag. “If you will give me two hundred dollars, I will sign a pledge never to expose you, but if you do not I will prosecute you forthwith, and you are a ruined man.” The quack forked over a cheque for the amount and the fellow cut stick.

THESE lines are respectfully dedicated to an unknown friend, who has sent me Godey's Lady's Book for the past year. I certainly do appreciate the kindness, and when I peruse its pages, I cannot refrain from feeling a sense of gratitude to that unknown friend, whoever it may be.

Dear nameless friend, to me unknown,  
Thy kindness has to me been shown  
By sending, on its peaceful way,  
This monthly—best of all the day.

I love to turn its laden leaves,  
And view its precious golden sheaves,  
So full of grains of priceless lore,  
To enrich the mind with heavenly store.

Each picture, leaf and word is dear,  
Because I see in fancy there  
An image of the one who sends  
This monthly to a grateful friend.

Kind giver, may the months to come,  
Find still this token in the home,  
And she who reads will ever pray  
For numerous blessings on thy way. \*\*\*\*.

A REMARKABLE instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital *H tel Dieu*, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man of seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was inclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

ORIO.

WE had a large party at our house, and mamma made some cakes taken from Receipt Department, and I am delighted to tell you that I heard several ladies say that they were the best cakes they ever tasted. We have been obliged to furnish many of our friends with the receipt.  
W. V. M.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.—Several very brilliant and animated balls have taken place lately, and a few more are talked of for the close of the month. Several marriages are on the *tapis*, marking the close of the gay season. Upon the occasion of one of these, which is to take place in a few days, the Hôtel de Castellane was thrown open for an evening reception, of which the signing of the marriage-contract was to make the principal *fruits*. To give your readers some slight idea how differently most of the important acts of life are carried on in this country from what they are in our own, I am tempted to ask them to follow me for a while into the handsome saloons of this modern nobleman's residence, which some years ago acquired a well-deserved celebrity from the artistic taste which presided over and directed its *fetes*, still remembered in the higher circles of Parisian society.

The Hôtel Castellane contains on the ground floor a handsome suite of reception rooms, known under the names of the marble saloon, the statue gallery, the tapestry saloon, etc. etc., fitted up as the various names import. All these were thrown open to the numerous but chosen guests, who were on that evening to sign, or witness the signature of the marriage contract between Madlle. de Castellane, the young and charming daughter of the house, and the bearer of an illustrious name, well known in French annals. The *trousseau* of the bride, provided by the parents of the young lady, the *Corbeille de mariage*, presented by the bridegroom, and containing, as usual on such occasions, the most magnificent shawls, laces, and jewels, and the various wedding gifts offered by relatives and friends, were all laid out for inspection (and, doubtless, admiration) on tables in the various saloons above spoken of. The care with which the various articles had been classed, so as to accord best, or form a striking contrast with, the *locale* in which they were placed, showed no small skill of arrangement on the part of the designer. Thus, whilst the various articles of linen, displaying marvels of embroidery, fine stitching, and elaborate workmanship, were exhibited in a plain, large saloon, rather austere fitted up with Gothic furniture and carved woods, the diamonds, pearls, and other jewels heaped on the fair bride, sparkled in the tapestry chamber, amid profusions of laces for flounces, shawls, robes, bridal veils, and a thousand other articles of female wear, the brilliancy of the gems, and light, exquisite texture of the laces, relieving, and at the same time showing off, the rare and precious hangings of the room. Rich shawls, furs, and velvets, the contents of the *Corbeille*, were laid out in the Statue Gallery, as well as many articles of massive plate, presented to the young couple by wealthy relatives on either side. The richest silks, satins and brocades, in such abundance as to make one wonder *when* such things could be worn out, were thrown in heaps on the *divans*, *causeuses*, and tables of a beautifully fitted up modern drawing-room and coquetishly furnished boudoir adjoining. Amidst these costly adjuncts to a French marriage in high life, where the contracting parties are rich, the friends and acquaintances invited, wandered for a couple of hours, admiring, examining, and commenting on all this luxurious display, and no doubt pronouncing the bride a most enviable being, and the whole affair a most happy one.

Meanwhile in an adjoining room, a massively fitted up library, sat the *Notaire* (the same identical *Notaire*, we have all seen some time or other in any French *cau-*  
*deille* and comedy), with the marriage contract, the

object of the evening's reunion, before him, passing the pen from one gloved hand to another, sparkling with gems, the one important fact of the evening, though perhaps the least regarded, being the signature to be affixed to this document. As a matter of pride, the family on such occasions invite the highest and most distinguished persons among their circle of acquaintances to perform this act, and many of the best known names in France were collected together in the Hôtel Castellane on the evening in question for this purpose.

Great excitement and curiosity prevail in private circles here on the subject of three representations got up for charitable purposes by Mme. Tascher de la Pagerie, to be given at the hotel of the Countess de Meyendorff. These are to consist of a series of *tableaux vivants*, the subjects taken from some of the best-known works of great artists. Most of the leading beauties of the day, foreign as well as French, are to take part in these *tableaux*, which are being got up with the greatest care and minute attention to all the details of the originals. The first of these *soirées* takes place this evening, and it is said that nearly as many tickets of admission have been already refused as the saloons of the hotel are capable of admitting. The rush for the second *soirée* may therefore be expected to be tremendous.

The Prince Imperial, now seven years old, is a fine boy, bearing a marked resemblance to his mother about the lower part of his face, of which the upper portion, however, is broad, and cast more in the Napoleonic type. He was dressed in a black suit of knickerbockers of rather a sombre aspect, with a small straw hat edged with blue, and a knot of the same colored ribbon. The Empress, whose toilettes are universally allowed to be unrivalled for good taste and elegance, was draped in a bright blue silk dress, made exceedingly ample and sweeping out at the back into a half train; the only trimming consisted in five rows of white taffetas at the lower part of the skirt, which was also repeated on the *basquines* of the body, and edged the round cape, or *collet*, worn loosely over the shoulders, and which was of the same color and material as the robe. A blue bonnet made of crape, and unrelieved by flowers or feathers, completed her costume. But I should not say completed, for it was evident the most novel and important item, not only in the fair wearer's, but in her attendant ladies' eyes, was the natty, zephyr-like parasol, carried in the Empress Eugenie's hand, and which, composed entirely of white marabout feathers, looked as if every puff of wind would blow it away and dissolve it into air.

One day, in a trial for petty larceny before the Tribunal Correctionnel of Paris, a handsome young lady, smartly and stylishly dressed, was called upon to appear as a witness. The presiding Judge asked her for her name, and then put the usual question concerning her profession. "I faint," answered Madame, in her weakest though most silvery tone. The gallant votary of Themis told an officer of the court to bring her a chair, and allowed her sufficient time for recovering. Then, "Be not afraid, Madame," said he: "and please to tell me, before you are sworn, what is your profession." "I faint," again bashfully whispered the pretty witness, in a scarcely audible voice. This time the vice-president sent for a glass of water. The interesting dame sipped it slowly, then, bowing gracefully to the Judge, she looked at him, seemingly waiting for further questions. And again she was required to state her profession. Wondering and thoroughly amazed, she replied, "But,

Monsieur le President, I had all ready twice the honor to tell you that my profession is to faint." "To faint!" exclaimed the Bench, with one voice. "Can that ever be a profession?" Madame answered in the affirmative, and explained that she earned a livelihood, and not a respectable one either, by sitting every evening, in a most fashionable dress, in a prominent balcony-stall at the Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin, and appropriately fainting away, out of sheer emotion, at the tragical moment pointed out beforehand by the author of the play. She added that her services were highly valuable, and that the manager had never had to complain of the impressive manner in which she, for one, performed her part.

All the old residents at Saratoga, and not a few of the visitors, know Tom Cammel, a genuine son of Africa, who possesses in a large degree all the peculiarities of his race, including a strong vein of wit and a hearty love of the bottle. On one occasion Tom was hired by a gentleman residing in the environs to take off some dead branches from the trees on his lawn. Tom had been imbibing a little, and went to work accordingly; coolly seating himself on the outermost end of a large limb, and sawing away vigorously at the portion next the trunk. By and by down came limb, Tom, and all, tumbling in company. Some persons near by, on seeing the fall, ran to the aid of the sable functionary. Tom's first remark was—

"Is dar any lawyer 'mong dese gemmen! 'Cos if dar is, dis nigger wants to make his will."

That Tom not only survived, but recovered his bodily and mental powers may be inferred from the following, which took place a few months after his fall. It was on one of those excessively warm days of the past summer that Lawyer B. met Tom in the street. Now everybody has a word for Tom, and the latter is never backward in replying.

"Terribly hot weather this!" said the gentleman. "How do you stand it, Tom?"

"Oh, massa," said Tom, stepping one side, taking off his hat and making a low bow, "don't speak a word 'bout it. I 'se most as brack as a nigger myself, al-ready."

**T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Publishers of this city,** have issued a catalogue of the works they have published. We advise all who want good, and at the same time cheap reading to send for a catalogue.

**MATCH MANUFACTURE.**—So extensive a branch of industry is match manufacture, that in London alone one saw-mill is pretty nearly always at work in cutting up large timbers into splints, 5,000,000,000 of matches yearly being produced in the metropolis. The cases for the matches imported by one of the merchants weighed 400 tons annually. The greatest seat of match-making is, however, located in Austria. The principal makers were well represented in the late Exhibition; but the scale on which their works are carried on almost defies belief. M. Pollak at Vienna, and M. Furth in Bohemia, employ together about 6,000 persons, producing the amazing number of 44,500,000,000 matches annually. The low price at which they are produced is equally startling. M. Furth sells boxes, each containing eighty matches, at one penny per dozen. M. Harris, of Suhl, sells 1,400 splints for a farthing; and De Major, of Moravia, sells a case of fifty boxes, each containing 100 lucifers, for fourpence.

Looking over "Godey" for March, 1862, and in the "Arm-Chair," I saw a notice, asking some of your subscribers for a receipt for "skeleton flowers or leaves." Though I am not a subscriber, I am partial to your Book, and get it often, therefore I take the liberty of giving you a receipt which I think very good for skeletons.

The leaves or flowers are to be placed in a small quantity of water until they are completely decomposed. (Warm weather is to be preferred.) They are then to be taken out of the water and laid on a marble slab or flat surface. Clean water is then gently poured in a small stream over them, and thus the decayed particles are washed away, leaving behind only a series of woody fibres, or sap vessels, which constitute a beautiful network, particularly in small leaves. This operation being performed, they should be placed in the sun, and when dry, may be fixed with glue on a background of black velvet and placed in a glazed frame or glass case, as taste may direct; a beginner should commence the experiments with the largest leaves, as with them failure is less likely than with more delicate ones.

MRS. ELLIOTT.

A STATISTICIAN has been calculating the chances of widowers getting married as compared with those of bachelors. It appears that according to marriage registrations the chances are three times greater of widowers between the ages of twenty-five and thirty getting married than those of bachelors; five times greater between the ages of thirty and forty-five, and eleven times after the age of sixty. The chances, it would appear, of bachelors getting married, rapidly diminish after the age of thirty.

**MUSIC RECEIVED** from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts:—

A collection of songs, quartettes, by J. Dayton, Leader of Band First Conn. Artillery.

Morning Dreams, a collection of popular songs, with brilliant variations for the piano-forte, by Mrs. Parkhurst.

Foster's Melodies, among which are, "When this War is Ended," "There's Plenty of Fish in the Sea."

We find two sentences which may comfort some of the homely women.

"A woman," says one, "can only be beautiful in one style, she may be charming in a thousand."

"A woman," says the other, "may lose her beauty with her youth; her thousand superior charms she may retain to old age."

DEAR SIR: Please ask some of your correspondents for a receipt for cleaning lace veils, and oblige a

SUBSCRIBER.

**HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.**—Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

The same publishers are about publishing a capital story for the boys, by the author of "Father Bright-hopes." It is to be called "The Drummer Boy," and is a true historical account of "The Burnside Expedition." It will be illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, and issued in the Messrs. Tilton's well-known attractive style.

We believe that all ladies take an interest in dress, and to cater for that taste we give the following description that they may see how the ladies on the other side of the water adorn their persons. The occasion was her Majesty's Drawing-Room Reception.

*Duchess of Northumberland.*—Train of blue Ottoman, lined with white glace, and trimmed with point lace and blue velvet; stomacher of magnificent diamonds; dress of poult de soie, trimmed with velvet and point lace. Headdress, feathers, point lappets, and diamond tiara.

*Duchess of Buccleugh.*—Train of green gothic moire, lined with white glace, and trimmed with thulle and Brussels lace; skirt of green poult de soie, trimmed with thulle and Brussels lace. Headdress, feathers, lace lappets, and tiara of magnificent diamonds; necklace, etc., of diamonds.

*Duchess of Roxburghe.*—Train of green satin, lined with white glace, and trimmed with Brussels lace; dress of green and white thulle over glace, trimmed with Arum lilies. Headdress, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, emeralds, and diamonds.

*Mitchness of Huntly.*—Train of gray poult de soie, lined with white, and trimmed with Brussels lace; dress of gray thulle over glace, trimmed with Brussels lace and white Bengal roses. Headdress, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

*Countess Constante Grosvenor.*—Train of white satin, trimmed with a trellis-work of blue velvet and bunches of chestnut blossom; dress of white thulle over glace trimmed with blue velvet and blonde. Headdress, feathers, thulle veil, and diamond ornaments.

*Countess of Ashburnham.*—Train of black poult de soie, trimmed with thulle; dress of black silk, trimmed with thulle and white roses. Headdress, feathers, and thulle veil jet ornaments.

*Countess of Bradford.*—Train of green gothic moire, lined with white glace, and bordered with point lace and plaiting of green velvet; dress of green crape over glace, trimmed with point lace and velvet bows. Headdress, feathers, and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

*Countess of Zetland.*—Train of violet poult de soie, trimmed with point lace and violet velvet rosettes; dress of white crystallise, trimmed with point lace and violet velvet. Headdress, feathers and point lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

*Countess of Gainsborough.*—Train of black silk, trimmed with thulle and ribbon; dress of black thulle over silk, trimmed with bows of white terry velvet and black lace. Headdress, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, sapphires, and diamonds.

*Countess of Dalkeith.*—Train of white and silver moire, lined with blue glace, and trimmed with blue and silver; skirt of blue thulle over glace, trimmed with magnificent Brussels lace. Headdress, feathers, and silver veil; ornaments turquoises, and diamonds.

*Countess of Rother.*—Train of rich white poult de soie, lined with glace, and trimmed with Brussels lace and bands of satin; skirt of white satin, with flounces of Brussels lace, ornamented with bouquets of cerise rosebuds and jasmine. Headdress, feathers, and Brussels lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds, and pearls.

*Countess of Kinnaird.*—Train and corsage of richest maize poult de soie glace, lined with glace, and richly trimmed with black Brussels lace and ruches; petticoat of same glace, trimmed with Black Brussels lace, bouillons of thulle illusion, and ruches. Headdress, black lace lappets, feathers, and maize roses, with magnificent roses.

*Countess of Brandon.*—Costume de cour, composed of a magnificent brocade moire, lined with white glace, and trimmed with bouillons of thulle and lace; white poult de soie petticoat, with handsome lace flounces looped with frans. Headdress, splendid tiara of diamonds, plume, and lappets.

*Countess of Yarborough.*—Train of white crystallise silk, lined with poult de soie blanc, trimmed with rich Brussels lace and blue velvet leaves; corsage to correspond, ornamented with diamonds; jupe of white glace silk, covered with thulle and a tunic of Bruxelles de dentelle, trimmed with festoons of blue velvet leaves. Parure of diamonds, and ostrich plume.

*Countess of Liebfeld.*—Train and corsage of black gros d'Afrique, lined with black satin, trimmed with ruches of satin and silver braid; jupe of black satin, covered with volants of thulle, with trimmed tunic en tablier, ornamented with bouquets of epis d'argent and black grass. Tiara of diamonds, ostrich plume and silver veil.

*Countess Caudor.*—Train of rich black moire antique,

lined with black tafetas, trimmed with white glace, covered with black guipure lace; corsage drapée; jupe of black tafetas, covered with volants of black thulle de Lyons; tunic of guipure lace, ornamented with bouquets de satin, and bouquets of white lilac and black velvet leaves. Tiara and necklace of diamonds, ostrich plumes, and lace lappets.

*Countess of Tankerville.*—Train of superb black crystallise silk, lined with black satin, ornamented with bouffants de thulle attacher par des étoiles de jais; corsage studded with diamonds; jupe of black satin, covered with bouffants de thulle, with tunic relevée par des étoiles de jais. Parure of diamonds, ostrich plume, and thulle veil.

*Countess of Durham.*—Train and petticoat of primrose glace, ornamented with thulle bouillons and rich Brussels lace, festooned with blue convolvulus and brown grass. Headdress, plumes, lappets, and blue convolvulus; ornaments, diamonds.

*Countess of Ely.*—Train and bodice of green glace, lined with white glace, and trimmed with thulle; petticoat of green glace, with guipure lace tunic, ornamented with rice flowers. Headdress, feathers, lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

*Princess Countess Waldgrave.*—A train of the richest white velours royal, lined with pink tafetas, very elegantly trimmed with pink and Brussels lace, bouquet of moss roses and ivy, corsage *parfois* to correspond, with lace and diamonds; skirts of white and pink tafetas, covered with magnificent Brussels point lace, flounce, and bouquet of moss roses and ivy. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, lace lappets, and diamonds; parure of diamonds and pearls.

*Viscountess Palmerston.*—Train of violet crystallise, lined with white glace and trimmed with black lace and Brussels, dress of violet crape over glace, trimmed with black and white lace. Headdress, feathers, and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

*Viscountess Camberwell.*—Dress of white moire, trimmed with borders of gold moire; tunic of gold moire, covered with white thulle, looped all round with white and gold cord and tassels; train of white moire trimmed with bouillons of thulle and gold Indian embroidery, fastened on the shoulders with diamonds. Headdress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts.

"How much are they?"

"Why," said the gallant but imprudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss."

"Agreed," said the young lady, pocketing the mitts, and her eyes speaking daggers; "and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it in the best manner you can!" So saying, she hastily tripped out at the door.

CHESTNUT STREET FEMALE SEMINARY, English and French Boarding and Day School.—The twenty-seventh annual session will open Wednesday, September 9th. Particulars from circulars. Address Miss Bouney, or Miss Dillaye, 1615 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

A LADY that would please herself in marrying, was warned that her intended, although a good sort of man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to make a good husband."



Remark now with what extreme facility the whole coheres into a glass; but the glass is transparent and colorless. Do not fail to observe during this operation the evolution of bubbles from the fused mixture. The bubbles are of carbonic acid, liberated from the carbonate of soda by means of the silica, or silicic acid, which takes its place. Also, do not fail to observe the yellow tinge imparted to the blowpipe flame, in consequence of the presence of soda-salts (borax and carbonate of soda). Our glass is colorless; and remember that only calcigenous metals, as a rule, are able to color glass. At present, we have none of these in our bead.

577. Fuse the bead in its platinum loop, and, when fused, dip it into a few particles of iron rust; then melt all together in the hottest or reducing portion of the blowpipe flame. Remark that no longer have we a colorless but a colored glass; and the color very much resembles that of which the so called *black bottles* are made. Try now the effect of the external or oxidizing flame, and observe how the former blackish-green tinge verges toward yellow and red, owing to the formation of red or peroxide (rust). Repeat the latter portion of the experiment, with the addition of a very minute bit of nitre to the bead, and remark the increase of redness or peroxidation. Iron is the only metal which behaves in this way; and by these characteristics may it always be known.

578. Strike the loop with a hammer, break the glass, and make in the empty loop a bead of melted borax. The bead is colorless. Dip it when hot into just one small particle of copper (got by filing or scraping a penny, for example). Heat the mixture in the oxidizing or outside cone, and observe the blue tinge. Now heat it in the inner flame, and observe how the blue tends towards red. The change, however, may be more readily effected by adding to the cupreous bead the minutest portion of tin-foil. This appearance is characteristic of copper.

579. Repeat the experiment with some compound of manganese, say black oxide, which is the most common ore of the metal. In the outer flame, a violet tinge results; in the inner flame, the bead becomes colorless, especially if tin, as in the last experiment, be added.

580. Gold, although it yield such an exquisite ruby color to glass, cannot be got, at least practically, to yield the same color in blowpipe operations. The chief blowpipe information derivable for this metal consists in obtaining it on charcoal in a metallic state; a similar remark applies to silver.

581. Take a little red lead (oxide of lead); mix it with borax and powdered charcoal, and a little tallow oil, or spermaceti from the candle; apply the reducing flame, and observe the metallic lead.

582. We shall conclude these few remarks on analysis by the dry or igneous way, by sketching out the process by which an ore of gold, silver, iron, copper, and silica—the usual constituents of gold quartz—may be worked. Premising, however, that hitherto the process of amalgamation has been more generally followed in the obtaining of gold than the process of smelting.

583. Into a Wedgewood mortar—or still better, one of agate, if you have one—put a few grains of silica, *i. e.*, powdered flint, add about three square inches of gold leaf, a spangle of copper and of iron, and about one square inch of silver leaf; rub all well together. Now we may suppose this mixture to be auriferous quartz in powder, and the problem given of removing the silver and gold. How are we to do it? Firstly, the process

of amalgamation will answer, and possibly it may be the best. Suppose, however, we have no mercury, nor can obtain any. Suppose the moist plan, for some reason, ineligible—how are we to get out the silver and gold? In the first place, it is evident, we must reduce the compound by fusion to a liquid state: we must use a flux. What shall it be? Why, supposing expense to be no object, we have already proved that carbonate of soda, or still better, a mixture of this with borax, is an admirable flux for silica. Another consideration now arises—the precious metals being in exceedingly small quantity, will, when fused, be difficult to collect; hence, they must be diluted. Lead is an excellent diluent for gold and silver; combining with these metals, when all are fused in contact, no less readily than quicksilver in the cold. Shall we use metallic lead for this purpose? We might, but red lead (oxide of lead) evidently admits of more ready incorporation, and the lead which it yields is pure; we will use red lead, therefore. But to our flux we must now add charcoal to assist in the removal of oxygen from red lead. Therefore, our mixture will be composed of gold, silver, iron, copper, silica, and lead, and charcoal; to which we will add oil or tallow, sufficient to make the whole coherent, and proceed as directed before. The resulting metallic globule, which will be more or less perfect according as you are more or less expert, will contain the whole of the metals, in combination with lead. From the mixture, all, except gold and silver, are separable by cupellation, and gold and silver must be separated by the moist processes already enumerated.

584. In concluding these remarks, we will add that the quantities, and the nature of the fluxes used, are a matter of judgment. As to quantity, the "rule of thumb," as it is vulgarly called, is alone brought into requisition. To use the blowpipe well requires great tact and experience; but the portability, the almost universal applicability, the power of this elegant little instrument, fully recompense the chemist for the time he must expend in order to become an adept at its use.

## Fashions.

### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Address 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.*

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 Calvertwell'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.

##### BALL PLATE.

*Fig. 1.*—White *crêpe* dress, over white silk, with six wadded puffings on the edge of the skirt, separated by thick ruchings of pink silk. Down each breadth of the skirt is a graduated piece of white silk trimmed with pink silk ruchings, sewed on in waves, with sprays of roses caught between the waves. The corsage is plain, with a long point both back and front, and trimmed with roses and pink ruchings. The hair is rolled and heavily braided. The coiffure is of tufts of roses caught on to branches of the wood twined to form the wreath.

*Fig. 2.*—Pearl-colored silk dress, trimmed with one deep flounce laid in very heavy box plaits, with three rows of black trimming lace passing over them. The corsage is straight round the waist, and finished by a black lace sash fastened at the back by loops and long ends. The corsage is in folds, in the *Savigny* style, and trimmed with black lace. The coiffure is composed of tufts of ivy, with berries.

*Fig. 3.*—Plain white *glacé* silk dress, with corsage pointed both back and front. The bretelles cross at the back, and are finished with long streamers, the same as in front. They are of pink silk, richly embroidered and trimmed with a narrow fluted pink ribbon. The edge of the skirt is cut in shallow waves, and finished with a quilting of pink silk. Linked rings ornament the skirt at the distance of every half yard. The coiffure is of pink velvet and ostrich feathers.

*Fig. 4.*—White silk dress, with five narrow flounces pinked on the edge. The cloak is of crimson velvet, elegantly embroidered and trimmed with black. The coiffure is of cherries, with their foliage.

*Fig. 5.*—Light amber-colored satin dress, finished at the edge of the skirt by a narrow black lace flounce, and having cordons of black lace leaves down each breadth. The coiffure and mantle are in one, being the Spanish *capuchon*. It is trimmed with a black and white lace ruching in the coronet style, and tufts of carnations at the side. The ends can fall in the mantilla style, as represented in our plate, or they can be carried to the back and fall as a black lace sash.

#### LATEST STYLE OF RIDING-DRESSES.

(See engravings, pages 208, 209.)

WE present our readers with two views of a novel and stylish riding habit. It is made of black cloth, trimmed with a fluted worsted braid and large gilt buttons. The sleeves are close, and made with a gauntlet cuff. The habit is made with revers, and very short in the waist, in order to show the white cashmere vest trimmed with a fluting of the same. A black velvet belt encircles the waist, and is fastened in front by a large gilt buckle. The cravat is of scarlet velvet, worn over

a standing linen collar. The hat is of black felt, trimmed with a black feather and a scarlet bow. The hair is caught up in an invisible net, the exact shade of the hair.

#### LATEST STYLE OF BONNETS.

(See engravings, page 216.)

*Fig. 1.*—Fancy cuir-colored hat, made of cactus braid. It is trimmed with black velvet and field flowers, and has a very deep fall of black lace over the brim.

*Fig. 2.*—Fancy hat of white chip, bound with black velvet and trimmed with velvet, plaid ribbon, and a black feather. This hat also has a deep fall of black lace.

*Fig. 3.*—A lavender silk drawn bonnet, with black lace fall over the curtain. The bonnet is of the Marie Stuart shape, and has a fall of black lace drooping over the front. The trimming, both inside and out, consists of black velvet and Magenta roses.

*Fig. 4.*—Cuir-colored diamond chip bonnet, with a silk cape of the exact shade. The outside trimming is of cuir-colored flowers, of a darker shade than the bonnet. Inside are pink roses, black velvet, and blonde lace.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

OUR readers must not expect to find in our present Chat any very great novelties, as we are in the dead season of invention. Too late for summer and too early for fall fashions. It is impossible for us to predict with much accuracy what fashions will be adopted or rejected, as the public, and especially the feminine public, is so very capricious.

In our last number we spoke of the Yak lace, as a novelty lately introduced in Paris. The oddity of the name excited our curiosity. As we have been enlightened as to its origin, we share our knowledge with our readers, supposing that they feel as curious on the subject as ourselves.

The lace is made from the heavy fringes of hair taken from the sides of the Yak, or Grunting Ox of Thibet; so called from the peculiar noise it makes, which is said to be like the grunt of a pig. The white bushy tail of the Yak is in great request, we are told, for various purposes, and forms quite an extensive article of commerce. Dyed red it is formed into those curious tufts which decorate the caps of the Chinese, and is used in India as a fly flapper, under the name of *Chourie*.

We have seen mantles made of this lace in the principal shops of New York and Philadelphia. Though a woollen lace, it resembles Chantilly, and is most beautifully fine. We think these mantles, though quite expensive, promise to be a favorite wrap.

White cashmere shawls and talmas, richly trimmed with guipure lace, and ornamented with leaves, palms, and medallions of lace, are among the richest styles to be found at our French modistes.

Many black silk wraps are ornamented with large metal buttons, but we prefer those trimmed with black buttons and chenille fringe.

Scarlet and blue cloaks continue the rage, and will be fashionable throughout the fall. Some of the prettiest we have seen were from the establishment of Brodie, of Canal Street. The very elegant ones are of a fine scarlet cloth, with hoods lined with a quilted white silk or satin. For children, however, we think fannel quite as pretty and much less expensive.

Another pretty fall wrap is a checked black and white circle, with scarlet lined hood and trimmings of scarlet.

Uniformity of color is one of the principal characteristics of a fashionable toilet at the present day. In Paris, ladies adopt one color for bonnet, mantle, dress, gloves, hoods, and parasol. Frequently, also, the petticoat is of the same color.

As the dress for the street is generally looped up, it is necessary that the jupon should be prettily ornamented. Buff, mauve, gray, and violet are some of the favorite colors, and jean and reps favorite materials, both it is said washing well. With us the black and white striped petticoats, with a brilliant bordering, are very fashionable for travelling and ordinary wear.

Our correspondent tells us that, in Paris, white petticoats are only worn with thin dresses. In this country it is different, for no matter how elegant the material or decorations of a colored skirt, it is not considered suitable for a nice dress. The newest white skirts are braided with a black worsted braid. There is a deep hem round the edge, and above it the braiding design is carried up in pyramidal designs. Another style is to have a narrow ruffle on the edge of the skirt, trimmed and sewed on with a black braid. The ruffle should be fluted, and the effect is very pretty.

Very little fulness is worn round the hips. Crinoline is worn small, and both dress skirts and petticoats should be slightly gored.

A new skirt, christened the "Princess of Wales," is made plain in front like an apron; a founce, which commences at the sides, is full on round the back, and a second founce, quite on the edge, forms a train, and holds out the dress. This is said to be an excellent contrivance and already adopted by the Empress.

A new style for silk dresses is to have the front breadth of a different color. For instance, a white silk crossed with black threads, has a front breadth of sea-green silk, sloped in the tablier style, and edged with flutings of woollen lace and ribbons. Instead of the corsage buttoning up in the usual style, the latest mode is to button it from the right side to the left shoulder. This is novel and pretty.

Princess cloth may be noticed among the new fabrics of the fall season, which will undoubtedly be regarded with favor. The original color is silver gray, a favorite shade with the Princess Alexandra. It is, however, made in all the new and fashionable colors.

A very beautiful dress of this material was made recently by Mme. Demorest, of 473 Broadway, whose distinguished taste we have occasion so often to mention. The color of the material was the very lightest gray. The skirt was made *en traine*, and trimmed with bands of velvet set on in a wavy border, several inches from the bottom, and extending up in a sort of pyramidal fashion upon each breadth. The velvet bands were one half inch wide, and edged with a narrow guipure lace. A trimming to match extended up the high body, which was deeply pointed in front. At the back was a small basque, formed of three pointed straps of velvet, the centre one being longer than the others; these were held together by buttons, and had a very pretty effect. The sleeves were *à la Condé*, and trimmed to suit the corsage.

Another rich robe of silver *motré*, dotted with black, was cut in small scallops all round the bottom of the skirt, and trimmed with a fluting of velvet. A sash, embroidered with jet beads, was tied at the side. The corsage was scalloped down the front, and left suffi-

ciently open to allow the white muslin, or lace chemise, to be visible underneath. Down the front of the skirt, and on the corsage, were graduated fans of the material, tied with a black velvet ribbon in bows and ends.

A novelty brought out by Mme. Demorest is the bonnet protector; a covering made of a new waterproof material. It is very convenient for travelling, as a protector against either dust or rain.

Suits for travelling are still made of elastic or Spanish linen, a new material this season and very serviceable.

Alpaca will be worn throughout the fall, as it is a pretty serviceable material, and susceptible of much ornamentation.

As some of our readers doubtless are economically inclined, we will describe two dresses which have lately come under our notice. One was a violet silk, rather short in the skirt, and being slightly spotted in the front breadth. The skirt was cut off three inches from the edge, and muslin inserted to make it the proper length. Over this was a band of black silk, with the edges cut in turrets, and finished with a black velvet with a white edge. A tablier of black silk half a yard wide at the bottom, gradually sloped up to the waist, and enlarged again to the shoulders. This was also cut in turrets, and edged with the velvet. The sleeves were of the coat form, and trimmed with epaulettes and cuffs.

Another dress was of black silk, with three founces on a very narrow skirt. Pointed pieces of black alpaca were inserted between each breadth. The wide founces were cut into narrow ones, which were fluted, and arranged in pyramids upon the pieces of alpaca. One narrow founce edged the skirt all round, and each founce was headed by a band of cuir-colored braid. Thus two quite stylish dresses were made out of comparatively worthless ones.

Swiss bodies are still worn, but the greatest novelty is the Hussar sash, which describes a point in front, and a sort of basque at the back. It is made of two colors, and the seams are studded with small round silver, steel, or gilt buttons.

Hair cloth is now woven of different widths and colors, intended especially for the facing of dresses.

A new style of net has been introduced. It is made of hair the exact shade of the wearer's. It is netted over a fine mesh, which makes it almost invisible and very durable.

Elaborate coiffures still continue fashionable; the principal styles being short frizzed curls, *crêpe bandeaux*, and rolls. Many have adopted the Princess Alexandra style of hair dressing. The hair is carried off the temple *à l'Impératrice*, with two long ringlets behind the ear, which fall on the neck. This is a simple and pretty style. Another arrangement is to erect three *rouleaux* of hair, one above the other, at each side of the head; to place bows or flowers in the centre, between the *rouleaux*, and then to arrange bows of hair and ringlets to fall low at the back. Black lace barbes, trimmed with birds or flowers, are very much worn, and when well arranged, form a charming coiffure.

Plaid or Tartan ribbons are coming in fashion, and will be much employed both for the trimming of dresses and bonnets this fall.

The change in fashions is nearly always very gradual, and this month it is not very decided. In another month we shall have fairly entered on the autumn, and we shall be able to announce more positively in what mould of fashion the *grande monde* will be cast.

FASHION.







GODDEY'S FASHIONS.





THE LESSON ON THE FLAGEOLET.

# Autumn Schottische.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By GEORGE E. FAWCETT.



PIANO.

First system of piano music, 2/4 time, key of D major. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*.

Second system of piano music, 2/4 time, key of D major. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*.

Third system of piano music, 2/4 time, key of D major. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f* and *p*.

Fourth system of piano music, 2/4 time, key of D major. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*.

AUTUMN SCHOTTISCHE.

First system of musical notation for 'Autumn Schottische'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation. The notation continues from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and piano (*p*) dynamic. The melodic and harmonic lines are clearly defined.

Third system of musical notation. The piano (*p*) dynamic is indicated at the start of the system. The right hand has some slurs and accents, and the left hand continues with its accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The piano (*p*) dynamic is indicated. This system includes a fermata over a measure in the right hand and a crescendo hairpin in the right hand.

Fifth system of musical notation. The dynamic changes to forte (*f*). The right hand has a more active melodic line with slurs and accents, and the left hand continues with chords.

Sixth system of musical notation. The dynamic changes back to piano (*p*). The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo) written twice.

## OCTOBER WALKING SUIT.



Dress of dark cuir-colored silk, with a fan trimming of black silk on the edge of the skirt. The wrap is of black gros grains silk, made to fit the figure, and with coat sleeve. It is richly braided with narrow black velvet. The bonnet is of cuir-colored silk, trimmed with black velvet and feathers; the inside trimming is pink roses.

OCTOBER WRAP.



Dress of violet poplin, trimmed with black velvet and crochet trimming. The wrap is of black cloth, caught up in the Spanish style on the left shoulder, with a very elegant crochet ornament. The bonnet is of violet velvet, trimmed with mauve and violet ribbons, and flowers.

## THE CORDOVAN.

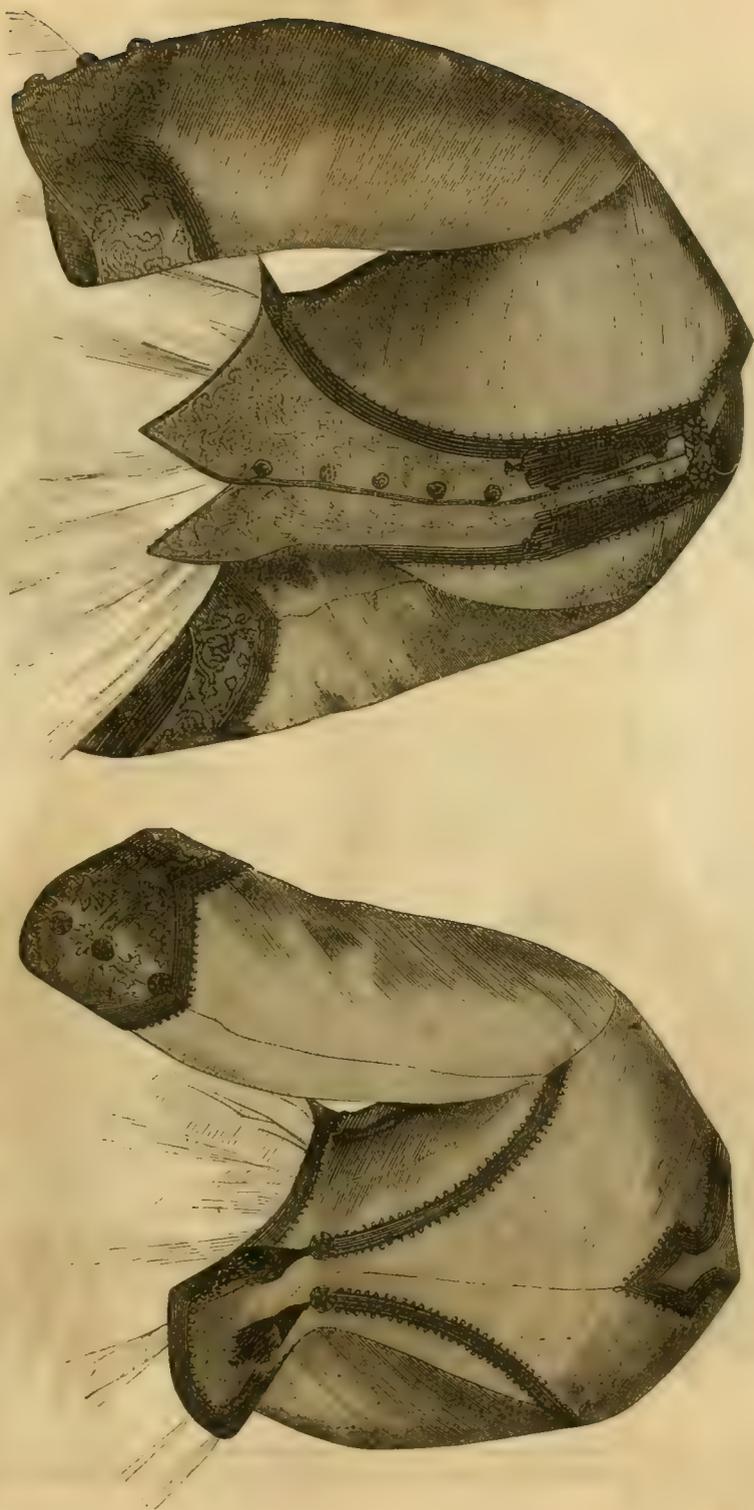
[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



We know no more beautiful style, especially for a lady of fine figure, than that depicted above, made, as the subject from which our picture is taken, in velvet of the finest description, and elaborately braided. The same mode is made in cloths, in which it appears to great advantage, and, of course, with much less cost. Fitting so accurately, it displays the *tournure* most beautifully.

## LONGMEAU JACKET.

(Front and Back view.)

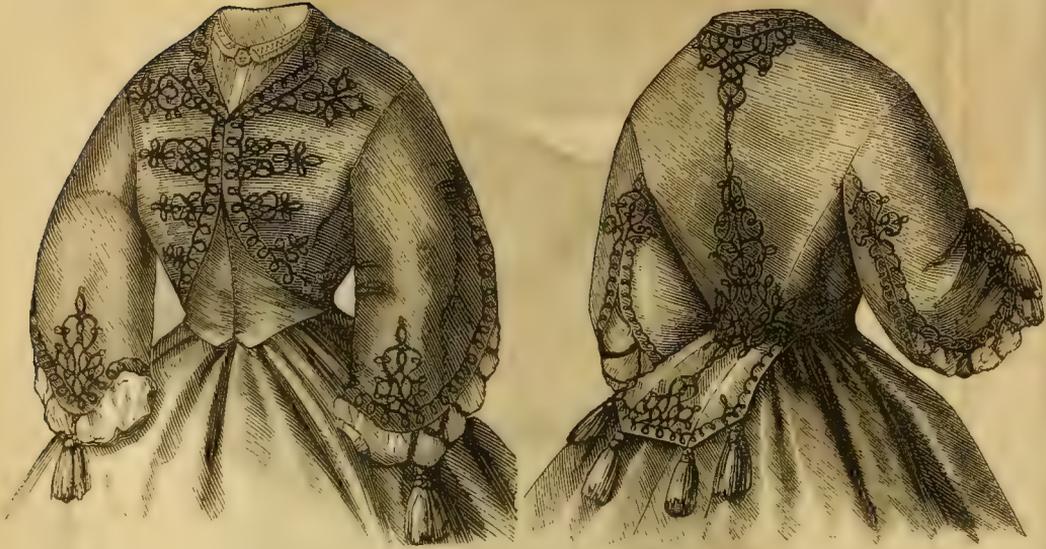


The jacket is made of gros grains black silk, bound and trimmed with cuir-colored braid. The vest is of cuir-color silk, braided with black. The cuts are also of cuir-color, braided with black. The tassels may be either of black or cuir-color, as taste may dictate.

## NEW STYLES FOR CORSAGES.

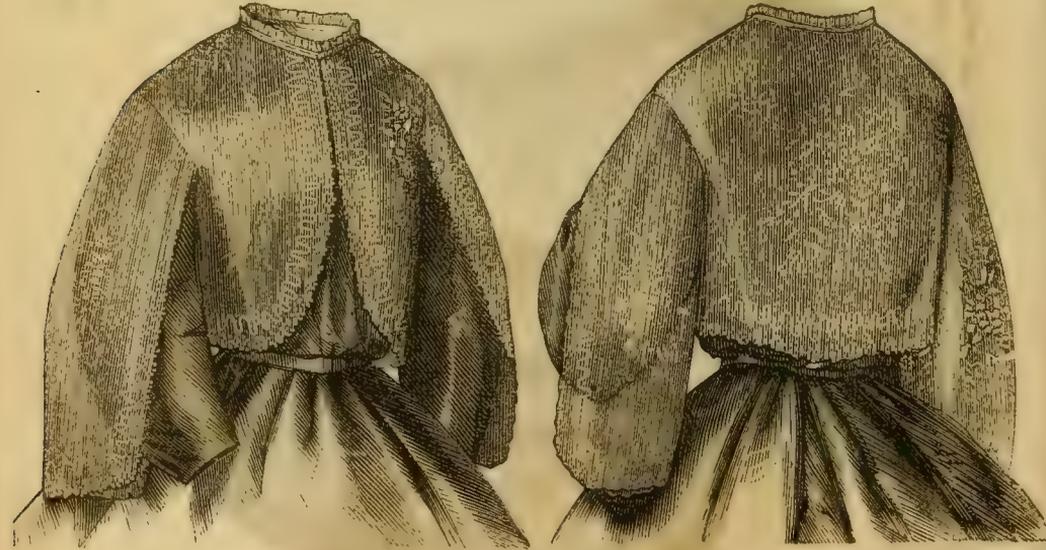
(Front and Back views.)

### MOUSQUETAIRE BODY.

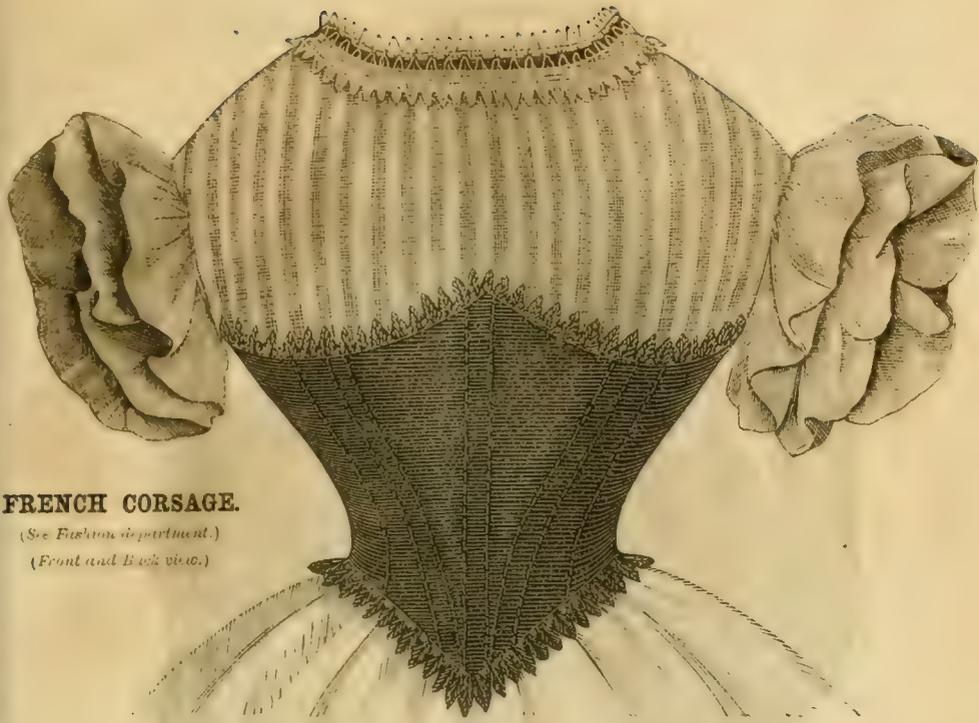


This jacket may be of the same material as the skirt, or else of a rich black silk. It can be braided with cord, velvet, or braid. The Zouave sleeves are slashed to the elbow, and kept in place by a lacing of cords. The vest should be of silk, and of a color to contrast well with the jacket.

### THE DAGMAR JACKET.



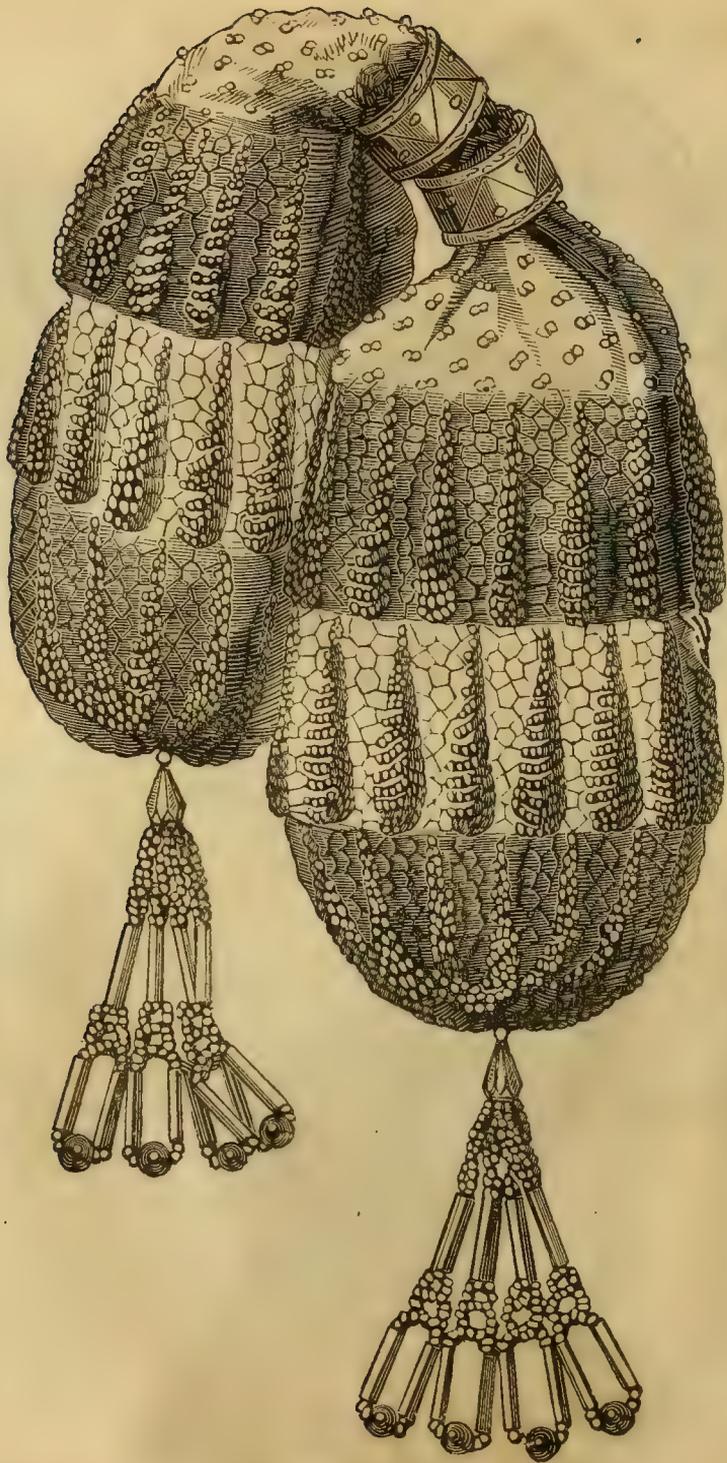
This jacket is made either of lace or muslin, and worn over a Garibaldi waist of some bright colored silk. Our engraving represents a jacket woven in shape, but the same style can be very easily made up, and will be quite as pretty.



**FRENCH CORSAGE.**

*(See Fashion department.)*  
*(Front and Back view.)*





**LADY'S PURSE.**

*(See description, Work department.)*

FANCY WATCH-CASE.



This case is made of scarlet cloth, with applications of black velvet. It is richly braided and chain-stitched with gold-colored silk, and ornamented with jet and gold beads.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



FANCY APRON, WITH POINTED GIRDLE.



Made of oair-colored silk, richly trimmed with different widths of fluted black velvet and black woollen lace.

# GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1863.

## LEAH MOORE'S TRIAL.

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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.]

In writing the history of the married life of my very dear and lamented friend, Leah Moore, I am moved, I trust, by no revengeful spirit towards the authors of her unhappiness; still less am I actuated by any delusory hope that word or lesson of mine, be it conveyed directly or under the guise of fiction, may succeed in exciting contrition in the bosom of the principal agent in the evil work it is my task to portray. I would do simple justice to one of the noblest hearts that ever loved and suffered wrong through that love—justice denied her by society and her own household, and which I alone, of all living who knew her, can fully set forth. Nor, I may say here, would I ever have lifted my pen to the mournful undertaking had not Rumor, cruel and regardless of the sanctity of the grave itself, been busy with the name and story of her who has passed beyond reach of its attacks. Yet the tale has its moral, and may not be spoken altogether in vain to some thoughtlessly-sinning lover of admiration; some not quite wanton trifler with another's happiness.

It was not thought strange that Leah and I were intimate associates—bosom friends at school, although I was in my seventeenth, when she reached her fourteenth year. Nobody called her a child, even then. She was tall for her age, with a womanly air, equally removed from formality and forwardness; a diligent student, an exemplary pupil in deportment, and, as I can best testify, a deep-hearted friend. The eldest of four children, her mother's confirmed ill health had early cast upon the devoted daughter duties and responsibilities that would

have been deemed onerous by many of twice her years, and to this circumstance she probably owed her early maturity of mind and manner. She was considered and described by most people as prompt in judgment and self-reliant in an unusual degree. The few who studied her more thoroughly, and arrived at a just conception of her character—and the number of these was indeed small—discovered, to their surprise, that she possessed neither of these qualities, detected a diffidence with regard to her own opinions, a trembling sensitiveness to the sentiments and tastes of those she esteemed and loved, seemingly at variance with her apparently ready decisions and resolute action. She was strong-minded, without being conceited or wedded to her conclusions; independent, without a tincture of arrogance. It is not the most tender hearts—those whose structure is most exquisite and delicate—that are, in popular parlance, "worn upon the sleeve." The tulip and rose, dahlia and hollyhock flaunt, expand, and glow upon the outer border of the parterre, and invite the look and touch of passers-by. The violet and anemone seek seclusion and shade. To her father, Leah was a companion and co-adviser; to her sister and brothers, a judicious guardian and tender nurse, whose steady, active kindness won for her both respect and affection; but the invalid mother alone fathomed and appreciated the wealth and passionate earnestness of her innermost nature.

A year after I left school for my own home and friends, I received a letter from Leah, imparting the not-unexpected intelligence of this parent's death. The epistle was brief, and in

some sort calm. There were no hackneyed phrases of resignation—it would have been unlike her to employ such; no declamatory bursts of grief or professions of inconsolable anguish—only one sentence, over which the hand had faltered—one which, coming from most women, would have meant little more than met the eye—that yet gave me a glimpse into the sorrowful depths of the veiled heart. “I cannot trust myself to attempt to tell even you, Maria, of my unutterable loneliness. Pray for me, that my strength fail not.”

Strength! That was her first, her abiding thought! strength, to be expended for others' good!

I paid her a visit the ensuing winter, and found her serene, busy, outwardly cheerful; the nominal, as she had been so long the virtual, mistress and controller of her father's establishment. In private, and to me, she was the stricken bird, pining ceaselessly for the warmth and shelter of the parent wing. Then passed six years, in which neither of us looked upon the other's face. To her they brought many and various cares; the employments incident upon her position as a housewife and a daughter; the claims of society; the occasional anxieties of sickness among the different members of her family—of all these her letters to me treated; none of them great or startling events, yet all combined sufficing to keep her from the fulfilment of a long-cherished, oft-attempted scheme of visiting me. To myself, the same cycles were crowded with fate; bore in their bosom orphanage, and another bereavement, whose shadow lay deeper and darker than the deaths of father and mother—selfish griefs, with which this narrative has nothing to do.

At last, after an infinite deal of hope deferred and frustrated endeavor, Leah came to me. She was a tall, finely-proportioned woman of two-and-twenty, with noble, thoughtful features; a countenance that kindled into rare and sudden brightness in animated speech, and took, in converse with such as she liked and loved, a winning gentleness, indescribably fascinating, that suited well the softened, sweeter modulations of her voice. She speedily made herself popular in our quiet inland town, and in the dwelling, now inhabited only by my widower brother and myself, the remnant of a numerous and happy household, she was a perpetual solace and delight.

“You have grown younger, instead of older, with the passage of time, Leah—more joyous, rather than graver,” I remarked one night, as

we sat over our chamber fire, after our return from a small evening party, given expressly in her honor. “I wished I dared repeat to your ears some of the many compliments to your ‘engaging affability,’ your ‘ready wit,’ and general brilliancy, which were confided to me by rapturous admirers at Mrs. Townes’.”

“Do you intimate that the chrysalis of school days has become a butterfly?” she asked, coloring, yet with a brighter smile.

“Or that the bird of Paradise has unfolded her wings?” returned I, in a like strain. “One would say that you had found the Fountain of Life and Perpetual Youth, and drunk copiously therefrom.”

“I have!”

Her look was too earnest now for smiles, yet her face grew more radiant; her eyes overflowed with gladness. I gazed at her in dumb amazement, too stupid to read at once her meaning.

“Here is the token that I have tasted—drunk abundantly of it!” She raised her hand, upon whose third finger sparkled a diamond, as it were a crystallized drop of spray from the fabled fount. “I have longed to tell you all about it ever since I have been with you. Will you let me do it now?”

She sprang up; extinguished the light, and, sinking upon the cushion at my feet, wound her arms about my waist, and in low, hesitating accents, that soon became full and melodious, revealed the precious secret. I had heard the name and something of the character and standing of her betrothed before she mentioned him, but never from her lips or in connection with herself. Charles Moore was a young lawyer of talent and enterprise, for several years past a resident of her native place. His fine abilities in his profession, his personal attractions and social qualities had been favorably spoken of in my presence by more than one acquaintance of his and my own, and I was thus prepared for her description of the means by which he had won her. I took verbal exception to but a single item of her portraiture.

“He is very unlike me!” she said, laughingly. “But I cannot say that I consider that an imperfection.”

“I do,” rejoined I, bluntly. “What constitutes this dissimilarity, may I ask?”

“You will change your mind when you hear. He is as sanguine of temperament as I am despondent; charitable in judgment where I would be censorious; gentle and forbearing when I would, in like circumstances, be captious and severe with my best friends; frank and enthusiastic, while I am reserved and cal-

cutiating. Ah, Maria! when you see and know him, you will acknowledge what I confess hourly to myself—that he is far too good and noble for poor faulty me; will wonder with me at the strange taste—the only instance of bad taste I ever observed in him by the way—that beguiled him into selecting me as his lifelong companion.”

“Never! were he the immaculate conception of all the virtues and graces you have enumerated!” I asserted, obstinately.

She shook her head, with a confident smile. “Again I say, only wait and see! I am striving to adapt myself to his wishes—to what I know he would like, although he has never suggested, however remotely, a criticism of what I now am—”

“I should think not, indeed!” interrupted I, impatient of this uncalled-for humility, which, I could yet see, was unfeigned. “I should dislike him on the spot, withhold my consent, which, of course, is indispensable to the consummation of the contract, were he to attempt any such remoulding process.”

“There is no danger! He is as blind to my imperfections as another too partial friend, not a hundred miles away; generosity that incites me to renewed watchfulness and endeavor after conformity to the right standard. I am conscious of my deficiencies, although he may be ignorant of them. God knows how constant and fervent is my prayer that I may make him as happy as he deserves to be. If the power is denied me, I shall find death very sweet!”

It was unfair, while it was not perhaps unnatural, that I should from this conversation conceive a faint and secret prejudice against the much-lauded lover, which the encomiums of his *fiancée* could not remove. My impulses were strong, my conclusions quickly established to my own satisfaction, and, as may be supposed, I often erred in both. Leah was my dearest friend; and, if not absolutely faultless in my eyes, occupied too lofty a stand in my regard, was too far superior to the ordinary run of women, for me to entertain, with tolerance, the thought of this stranger, who, I doubted not, had fifty foibles to her one, suggesting amendments in disposition and manner; remodelling, where he should have rendered only delighted approval. I said nothing of this discontent, however, while she went on with the details of their present plans and painted their hopeful Future. Her sister, Pauline, two years her junior, was to be married at the same time with herself to a gentleman from the far West. The brothers, now almost young men, were in college, and the

father was to reside with Leah and her husband.

“It is a sunny picture!” she said, musingly. “Indeed, Maria!”—lifting her face, whose expression of perfect trust and happiness I could discern even in the uncertain fire-light—“my love has been cloudless from its dawn until now. We have had no rough seas, no storms. It is all sunshine.”

Was it for me to cast a shadow of doubt or misgiving upon the heaven of this joyous confidence—this blissful serenity of love which comes to so few souls, unshadowed by sad memories or sadder forebodings? I hoped with and prayed for her.

The marriage took place at the appointed time, and I went, summoned by the bride, to pass the fortnight preceding the ceremony with her. Upon the evening of my arrival I was presented to the bridegroom expectant. Despite my preconceived intention to criticize narrowly, and, if needful, condemn unsparingly, he conquered prejudice and disarmed censure in the course of a single interview. He was a fine-looking fellow, six feet tall, with black hair and eyes; his physiognomy indicative at once of intellect and amiability, and his frank, courteous bearing bespoke him, in heart as in demeanor, the thoroughbred gentleman. But his principal passport to my favor was not in these external advantages, or in the flattering interest he exhibited in myself. It consisted in his silent yet expressive devotion to the object of his heart's choice; his unobtrusive watchfulness of her every motion; the respectful attention lent to her slightest word; his manifest pride in, and admiration of her.

“I like him! fully as much as you can desire!” was my report to Leah when she came to my room after his departure, anxious to gather my impressions of the hero of her drama. “My mind is quite at rest since I have seen you together. He is one in a thousand, for he appreciates you.”

“Overrates, you should say! My great fear is lest he should awake some day.”

Which fear had no place in my visions of their united lives.

I was her first bridesmaid; gave her up to him—not gladly; I was not heroine enough for that—still without an envious murmur at his happiness or a prophetic thought of evil for her. Providence—so said the horoscope cast for her by my loving imagination—had decreed to her a lot rich in life's choicest blessings. So far as mortal could judge, she deserved the gift, and I felt assured would make right use of it.

Our correspondence was continued regularly after her marriage—an instance of friendship's fidelity that would have surprised me in any other of my whilome school-fellows—which was so in keeping with Leah's character and conduct, that it awoke no wonderment. Now and then her letters had, as an appendix, a note from Mr. Moore, often lively, always kind. He seemed to desire me to understand how heartily he indorsed our intimacy, and certainly succeeded, by so doing, in showing me how fully he entered into all that gave his wife pleasure. They had been married but half a year when there came a black-sealed letter, not only superscribed, but written wholly by him, informing me of the death of Leah's father.

I was not wounded that she had not herself communicated with me at her mother's decease, which was, from the very nature of her circumstances at that period, and the peculiar affection existing between parent and child, a heavier stroke than this, understood and admitted the excuse her husband made for her silence, viz., that she was too "much overcome by her grief to undertake even this trifling exertion." There existed no longer the necessity for stern self-control, for resolute calmness and vigorous action that had nerved her upon the former occasion. Sorrowful she might be and doubtless was, but lonely-hearted and self-dependent no more. There is sweetness in the woe that is wept out upon a stronger and a sympathizing heart. It is solitary and unshared anguish that blights and kills. Leah's womanhood grew richer and fuller beneath the cloud. True, I could only trace the change by means of her letters, but these were frequent and long, and with her, the pen was a more ready and eloquent vehicle of thought and feeling than the tongue.

Two more years went swiftly by, and by the mysterious sort of fatality that had already kept us so often asunder, when we earnestly desired and persistently sought the society of one another, we had not met for a single hour. As the third winter of her wedded life approached, she redoubled her solicitations for my company, and making an extraordinary effort, I conquered fate itself, and set out upon the long-contemplated trip. The distance was not formidable, the route direct, and I encountered no difficulties by the way. It was a raw, disagreeable afternoon, threatening an easterly storm, when I found myself near my journey's end, and my musings, insensibly to myself, at first took the line of the sky and atmosphere. I dwelt perversely, and especially upon the idea that Leah's part of our correspondence had not of

late been sustained with her accustomed spirit. The intervals of silence had been of greater length, her communications shorter, and, I fancied, less free and candid than of yore. There was no diminution of regard for me implied by these alterations. Of this I was assured in so many words by herself, and I rested implicitly upon her assertion. She had never expressed herself more warmly with respect to this point than in her latest epistle, an answer to mine settling the time of my arrival. Her health would not allow her to go much into society this winter, she wrote; her husband's increasing practice frequently called him away from home for several days together. I could and would do her good by coming; she *longed* for me, and could not brook further disappointment.

"I had not supposed that any amount of bodily weakness could make her nervous or low-spirited," I said to myself, in ruminating upon these signs of the times. "And if it has, Mr. Moore's temperament better fits him to become a restorative than does mine. It is gratifying to one's vanity to be thus importuned; but I hope Leah does not pine for me while he is at home. He is grievously in fault if she does."

A sombre meditation upon man's waywardness and selfish absorption in worldly cares and business profits was seasonably interrupted by our stopping at the depot, in the busy and thriving town which was the terminus of the railway.

My foot had barely touched the platform when my hands were seized in a fervent grasp; Leah's voice was bidding me a joyous welcome, and Leah's face—the dear, old familiar features and smile—was looking full into mine. Gloom and saddening fancies fled apace at sound and sight of these. Flushed and eager, she drew me out of the noisy crowd towards a pretty, stylish carriage standing near, seated me therein, demanded my checks, and sent them off by the servant before I could utter more than a word of greeting. It was this never-failing presence of mind—this energetic mode of action that gained for her the reputation of coolness and independence. To me it was very delightful, for it was characteristic of her, and her alone. My first connected sentence was one of expostulation.

"You should not have come out this damp evening. I could have found my way to your house without subjecting you to this needless risk."

"As if I would allow that! Charles is not

in town; he is off upon one of his stupid court circuits, or he would have robbed me of the pleasure of meeting you. As to risk, that is all nonsense. There is nothing in such weather as this that can harm a well person, and to-day I am in unusually fine spirits and health."

She looked well and bright. I noticed this more particularly when she came to my room to see if I needed any assistance in making my toilet for the evening. I was already dressed, and there was still half an hour to spare before tea-time. She had laid aside her hat and cloak; her eyes were full of happy light; her cheeks almost rosy. I was half angry and quite ashamed of my ridiculous imaginings concerning her unhappiness.

"This," she said, unclosing the door of an apartment that adjoined mine upon one side, and her chamber on the other, "is my 'snuggery'—our family sitting-room. When I have stranger guests, it is my custom to keep this door of communication locked. You will always be welcome in the sanctum. We shall have many long delicious talks together here, morning, noon, and night. I have hoped for them hungrily! This is your chair. It has been ready for you—yawning vacantly to receive you for two months, you naughty girl! Try it!" She forced me gently down into a low lounging-chair beside the cheerful fire, and took another close by for herself. I pronounced the elastic cushions only too luxurious, and thanked her for this proof of kindly affection.

"I need not ask who is the proprietor of that!" I continued, pointing to a larger and taller *fauteuil* shrouded in gray linen.

"It is Charles' especial resting-place. No one sits in it while he is away, and it is never covered when he is in town. I worked it myself, and would have done the upholstering, if I had known how." She removed the cover and displayed the rich and elaborate embroidery of the seat, arms, and back. "The foot-stool matches it, you perceive."

"And you can find time for fancy-work amid all your serious duties!" I exclaimed. "It must have taken months to complete that."

"It consumed only the spare moments of a few weeks—scraps of leisure that would otherwise have been wasted. I should have felt amply compensated for years of labor by the sight of Charles' surprise and pleasure at the unexpected gift. I have enjoyed few happier moments than those I tasted upon the Christmas evening—a stormy one—when, arrayed in the dressing-gown and slippers that accompanied the chair, he first ensconced himself within its

friendly embrace, lighted his cigar, and entered upon a genuine old-fashioned fireside chat. He is eminently domestic in his tastes, appreciates these 'small, sweet courtesies' of home-life, and is so grateful for each and all of them that I would be very unkind were I to omit them. And while we are speaking of him"—as if her tongue were liable to wander to any other theme—"while we are speaking of him, I must not forget to deliver his message to you." She drew a letter from her pocket, handling it very carefully—one would have said tenderly. "I only received this to-day. It is not so long as are mine to him; but its superiority in quality overbalances that shortcoming. He is engaged in an important and tedious suit in L——, and has not a minute that he can call his own. This was dashed off in the court-room. Poor fellow! but he knew how anxious and disappointed I would be if he did not write. He says: 'I shall think of you and Maria on Wednesday night; shall sympathize with my whole heart in your happiness at the reunion with your old and tried friend. Tell her how sincerely I regret my inability to join with you in her reception, and how great will be my pleasure at meeting her at last in our own home. Do not be so well satisfied with her society as to anticipate my arrival on Thursday with distaste.' The rest you would not care to hear." She broke off, laughing and blushing.

"You would not care to read aloud, you mean! He would not have written that last saucy sentence, had he not felt very sure how unnecessary was the caution. You are a happy woman, Leah, in having your husband in love with you so long after the wedding-day!"

Was it another of my absurd fancies, or did a slight spasm of pain shoot across her features—her eye grow momentarily dim? Whatever it was, it was gone in a second.

"You are right! The lines of my life have fallen in pleasant places. My joys are real and abiding—my sorrows, the phantoms of my undisciplined imagination. I shame to own it, Maria, but I am wickedly unreasonable, foolishly exacting at times, even with Charles. I am trying to overcome this unworthy propensity; to bear in mind that every man in his position and with his temperament, has other claimants upon his time and thoughts besides his wife, let her be ever so dear. It is one of my failings that I want to be everything or nothing to him!"

"The wife of a distinguished literary man, who was a most affectionate husband withal, once confessed to me that, during the twenty

years of her otherwise happy married life, she had been at some seasons the victim of violent and angry jealousy. Her rival was one not easily gotten rid of, and seductive as obstinate. It was her husband's library," was my response.

"Good! I must tell that to Charles! He has a sort of study—a 'den,' he calls it—in the third story, where even I am not welcome at certain hours. I sometimes fairly detest the tobacco-scented, book-littered place. He always reminds me of Robinson Crusoe and his inner cave, when he withdraws to this retreat. I tell him that he would pull the staircase up after him if he could, as Robinson used to do his ladder, so great is his dread of intruders."

Just then I heard the sound of the piano from the parlors below, a fashionable variation of a popular air, well and boldly played.

"You have company, then?" I said.

Leah looked annoyed, although she tried not to let this appear.

"Only Janetta Dalrymple—a cousin of Mr. Moore's, who is passing the winter here."

"You have not mentioned her in your letters, I think."

She paid no attention to the remark.

"She has been with us nearly three months. Her mother died a year and a half ago, and her father was married again in six months to a young, giddy girl. Janetta's home being thus rendered exceedingly unpleasant, after a great deal of uncomfortable feeling upon both sides, she left it and went to live with her married brother. His wife died last September, and he went abroad almost immediately, committing Janetta to our care until he should return. Brother and sister are the only children of Charles' favorite cousin—a lady who was a second mother to him in his boyhood, and he is naturally desirous to testify his grateful recollection of her kindness by doing all that lies in his power to serve the surviving members of her family. Have you observed that portrait?"

It was an excellent likeness of her father, hung upon the opposite wall over against my chair. I arose to examine it, and, if she desired to prevent further inquiries respecting her husband's relatives, her end was gained. I did not give Miss Dalrymple another remark or thought until we met at the tea-table.

She was shorter than Leah, reaching scarcely to the shoulder of the latter; plump and fair-skinned, neither pretty nor yet plain; an unremarkable-looking girl at first sight, and dressed rather carelessly in deep mourning. She said little while we were at supper, merely replying

to the ordinary courtesies of the meal, but it was evidently the taciturnity of indolence or nonchalance, not of diffidence. Indeed the impression left upon my mind by her countenance and demeanor was that of very cool self-satisfaction and self-possession, diametrically opposed to anything like timid or bashful reserve. I conceived the notion then that she could talk well and fluently if she considered it worth her while to make the exertion.

Upon leaving the supper-room, Leah addressed her more politely than cordially. "It is raining so heavily that we shall hardly be interrupted by company this evening. Miss Allison and myself will spend it in the sitting-room up stairs. Will you join us?"

"No, I thank you, Cousin Leah! This wet night is a genuine godsend to me. I shall practise steadily until bed-time. I am ashamed to say that I have not learned nearly all the new music which Cousin Charles kindly gave me to cheer my lonely hours while he should be away. He will think me sadly ungrateful, will scold me roundly, I am afraid."

Leah bit her lip and led the way up stairs. We were hardly seated when the piano broke out into brilliant music. With a movement like a shiver of petulance or disgust, Leah rang the bell.

"Catherine!" she ordered the servant who answered it, "go down and close the parlor doors softly, so as not to disturb Miss Dalrymple. Do it without attracting her attention, if you can."

The girl performed her errand faithfully, for the music, muffled by the closed doors, poured on in a continuous stream, as though the performer had neither stirred nor looked away from her notes.

"Now, we can talk in something like comfort!" Leah ejaculated, drawing her chair nearer to me and the fire.

She had never been more than a tolerable musician, neither her ear nor her touch being very good; but I knew that since her marriage she had striven to cultivate her taste and increase her skill in the accomplishment to please her husband, who was a passionate lover of the art, and devoted to its practice. Ignorant that I was trenching upon a delicate subject, I said:

"Have you paid much attention to music lately? You should be a proficient by this time, having proved yourself to be an exception in this respect, as in the matter of embroidery, to the generality of married ladies. Both occupations are with you a labor of love—both pursued with an object."

"I rarely play now," she rejoined, gravely. "I am not strong enough to attempt very diligent practice. Janetta is a better performer than I, and I have given this part of Charles' entertainment over to her."

If practice makes perfect, Miss Dalrymple might well be the unrivalled mistress of the finger-board. We talked until the small hours were in upon the midnight, and she played all the while, with no more interruption than was necessary in laying down one piece of music and taking up another. I ceased to marvel at Leah's nervousness at the commencement of the performance. If this were the order of exercises to be observed upon every rainy evening, I should certainly put up my petitions for a dry winter.

## CHAPTER II.

MR. MOORE was expected home in the evening train, on the day succeeding my arrival, and long before the hour of his coming the house wore a holiday aspect. It was hard to define the precise features of the change that had come over the premises, for all had been neat, and fresh, and tasteful before. Leah was a model housewife, taking great pride and pleasure in all that appertained to this office, and as she passed from room to room, rearranging furniture, polishing a glass here, and adding a flower, or other trifling decoration there, she appeared to scatter light and bloom from her own countenance; sung at her work as blithely as any bird. Dusk found her in the handsomely furnished parlors, illuminated as for a host of visitors. "Charles has a horror of gloomy rooms!" she explained, as she kindled another burner in the chandelier. "He is too cheerful himself to like darkness or an uncertain light."

She had laid off mourning for her father. "Charles never liked to see her wear black; it was too sombre for her complexion." Her dress to-night was one which, she proudly informed me, was his choice and gift, a bronze-colored silk, heavy yet soft in texture, and relieved at throat and wrists by crimson velvet ribbons. The laces of her collar and undersleeves were daintily fine; her headdress, lappets of black lace, "picked out"—to use a technical term—with crimson in the crown-piece, became her admirably. She looked and moved the dignified, comely matron, the happy wife. Again and again her watch was consulted as the important hour drew on—impatience that, it was evident, would grow into uneasiness if the train were

delayed five minutes beyond its time. "Hark! I hear wheels!" She raised her finger and listened.

They came nearer and nearer, and, as they stopped in front of the house, she glided swiftly and joyously into the hall. I sat still in the back-parlor, knowing that the meeting would be robbed of half its sweetness by the presence of lookers-on, however friendly. I was, therefore, not too well pleased when Miss Dalrymple's voice made itself heard most loudly in the little bustle of greeting, and surprised at seeing her enter the room with her cousins, equipped in hat, cloak, and furs, and glowing from the cold air of the rainy outer night.

"James was my only accomplice," she was saying, in high glee. "I stole down to the stable while he was getting the carriage ready to go to the depot, and offered myself as inside passenger. I knew that I should be refused permission if I applied to head-quarters. Don't look so serious, Cousin Leah, please! The rain didn't hurt me one bit, and, after all, it is not much more stormy than it was last night, when you drove down yourself to meet Miss Allison. Was I very wicked, Cousin Charles? I did want to see you so badly!"

"Nonsense, child! Who thinks of scolding you?" Mr. Moore had welcomed me with cordial grace, and now turned to the questioner, who had fastened herself upon his arm. "And yet I am not sure that you do not merit a whipping for exposing yourself upon this inclement night. Let me see, are you wet?" touching her cloak. "Indeed, Nettie dear, this is not safe! Your clothing is very damp. Run away and change it. Had you rubbers on?"

Janetta put out a pretty little foot, smiling wilfully. It was covered by a thin-soled gaiter.

"Was there ever such another imprudent creature!" exclaimed her cousin, frowning. "Is there a fire in your room?"

"No; the register heats it sufficiently for a warm-blooded animal like myself."

"Leah, my love, cannot one be kindled there at once? It is dangerous for her feet to remain in this state! Those contemptible little shoes must be soaked, in only crossing the sidewalk. The pavements are flooded. Merely changing her gaiters will not do. Her feet should be well heated besides."

"Janetta had best get on dry stockings and slippers, and go down to the kitchen fire," Leah returned, coldly. "I cannot spare Catherine at present to light another in her chamber."

"There is no need! I had forgotten the sitting-room grate. Be off, you madcap! Put

on other foot-gear and hurry down to the fire."

Janetta made him a low courtesy, and danced away, singing:—

"Oh, Willie, we have missed you,  
Welcome, welcome home!"

"It is pleasant to be at home again!" said Mr. Moore, looking fondly down at his wife. "And how have you been, love? You are looking uncommonly well."

"I am very well, thank you!" was the reply, in a quiet tone. "Will you go up to your room now? Supper will soon be ready."

I saw him encircle her waist with his arm as they passed into the hall together.

He was undoubtedly an affectionate husband, and, so far as I was able to judge, worthy of the love she lavished upon him; yet I was provoked by the farce I had just witnessed. If the "child" and "madcap"—who was by the way twenty-three years of age, Leah had told me—if the "imprudent creature" chose to imperil her health and sacrifice her comfort to the whim of meeting her favorite kinsman ten minutes earlier than she would have done, had she stayed at home like a sensible woman, Leah's practical suggestion was all the notice her folly deserved. For my part, I could have boxed her ears soundly for her officiousness, in the first place in cheating the waiting wife of her right of receiving the earliest greeting, and for her ridiculous trifling afterwards—the sensation she had created, engrossing him so completely that he had not had an opportunity to inquire after Leah's health until the vital subject of the wet shoes was disposed of. Nor did I relish the thought of her intrusion upon the twain in the cozy "snuggery," whither I knew that Leah would repair with her husband so soon as the needful changes were made in his travelling-dress. After a separation of more than a fortnight, it seemed but fair that they should be allowed five minutes undisturbed tête-à-tête.

In these circumstances I was glad that the supper-bell rang promptly at the usual hour. It was not responded to at once, it appeared; for a second and sharper summons soon tingled through the hall. Thinking it possible that I might be the delinquent, and that I was supposed to be in my chamber, instead of awaiting the arrival of the others where they had left me, I repaired to the dining-room. Leah only was there, arranging cups and saucers upon the tea-board before her, with flushed cheeks and brow slightly contracted in pain or impatience.

"I thought that I was the laggard so importunately summoned," said I, as she glanced up nervously.

She forced a smile. "Oh no! take a seat! The others must be in presently. Catherine, you had better go up and tell Mr. Moore that we are waiting. The oysters and steak will be spoiled. Perhaps he did not hear the bell."

Several minutes more passed in uneasy silence, and Miss Janetta's high, gay tones were heard upon the staircase and along the passage. She entered, hanging upon Mr. Moore's arm, after a fashion she particularly affected with him, both hands clasped over her support, and face upturned, as a sunflower turns its disk to the sun.

"Cousin Leah, I am afraid we have sinned unardonably at last. The truth is we were so busy talking that we did not notice the bell. Cousin Charles has been away so long that I had a thousand things to tell him and to hear. And after Catherine called us, he was in the midst of such an interesting story that we really forgot her and supper. Do forgive us this' once, you dear angel of punctuality!"

Leah said nothing, and Mr. Moore looked surprisedly at her grave face. Janetta hung her head as if abashed, and there was an awkward pause, broken at length, awkwardly, too, I doubt not, by a question from myself to the gentleman of the party, concerning his late trip. He took up the thread I threw out with alacrity. He was a rarely agreeable man in conversation, sprightly and sensible, with much ready humor, as well as fine feeling. The talk was kept up with considerable spirit between us two until Miss Dalrymple rallied from her embarrassment, real or feigned, and Leah had fought successfully her fit of displeasure or discontent. Janetta had made a becoming toilet in a marvellously short space of time—one that offered a striking contrast to the *dishabille* of the previous evening. Her hair waved in a cloud of ringlets, crisp and smooth, despite the unfavorable dampness of the air; and her black silk dress, with its bands of crape, made her skin seem transparently clear and white. She wore short sleeves—a favorite custom with fine pianists, I have remarked—and her arms showed round and fair against her dress. She had a good color, and as she gradually brightened up under the influence of her cousin's lively chat, she looked really very pretty. Her coming out from under the shadow of Leah's disapprobation was adroitly managed; her appealing, deprecatory tone and expression as she ventured, after an interval of cowed silence, to address the mistress of the house; her obvious

anxiety to show her every attention that she could contrive, and the shy, child-like questioning glance from time to time at Mr. Moore, as asking his countenance and advice, were wonderful and interesting to behold, even while I had but a glimmering consciousness of their intent.

When we arose from the table, Mr. Moore allowed his cousin and myself to precede him to the parlors, and tarried behind to speak with his wife. Miss Janetta's liveliness vanished rapidly as minute after minute went by without their reappearance. She pretended to peruse the evening papers, skimmed a column in each, threw them down, and walked to the window, drummed a polka with her fingers upon the sash, yawned, sighed, and sauntered back to the centre-table where I sat, sewing.

"I wish Charles would come in! I am dying to hear the rest of the story he began before supper."

"He is with Mrs. Moore, I suppose," I answered.

"Oh! of course! and there is no knowing when they will get through their affectionate confabulation. Why is it that all married people are selfish, I wonder?"

"Perhaps because they have a better right than others to the monopoly of the society of those whom they love best."

I made the observation very innocently, in fact, thoughtlessly, supposing her to be more in jest than in earnest, but chancing to raise my head as I said it, I was startled at the strange change in Miss Dalrymple's countenance. Anger, scorn, inquiry glared upon me for a second from eyes I had not thought capable of such intense expression. It was suppressed before I could quite credit the evidence of my own senses, and saying carelessly: "Perhaps so; but it is in very bad taste, to say the least of it." She tossed her head and went to the piano.

She had played for fifteen or twenty minutes when Leah entered alone. All trace of unpleasant feeling had passed from her sparkling face. In her hand was a small box, or morocco case, which she held towards me, with a proud smile. "Would you like to see my present?"

It consisted of bracelet, brooch, and watch-chain, exquisitely manufactured of dark hair, linked and banded with gold; each article marked "C. H. M. to L. M."

"It is his own hair, I suppose?" I said, admiringly.

"Certainly! and therein lies the charm of the gift. If he were not a very Absalom in the

luxuriance of his locks, he would have come home to me a shorn lamb."

"Miss Dalrymple!" I had to call twice, the piano by this time *fortissimo*. "Excuse me for interrupting you, but do come and look at this beautiful *gage d'amour*! This is not much like an almost three-year-old husband, is it?"

She could not, in decency, refuse to obey the summons, or I believe she would have done so, but she drew near slowly, and surveyed the jewelry with a curling lip. "They are handsome!" she said, after a momentary examination, giving back to Leah the casket I had laid in her unwilling hand. "I congratulate you upon the valuable acquisition to your jewel-case."

Anything more dryly frigid than her voice and manner, it is impossible to imagine. Her affectation of regarding the intrinsic worth of the ornaments as their only claim to the recipient's notice, was inimitable.

"Is the girl obtuse or malicious, or meanly and preposterously envious?" I speculated, in inward indignation.

Leah smiled contemptuously, and began trying the bracelet upon her arm.

"Was there ever a better fit?" she said, as her husband came in.

"There is nothing miraculous in that! You speak as if I were not expected to know the precise size of your arm by this time. You do not understand the clasp, I see. Let me fasten it."

He shut the spring; raised the hand adorned by his gift to his lips, half in mock gallantry, half in real affection, and while Leah stood smiling and blushing, like a maiden receiving her first love-pledge, he removed the pin she wore from her collar and substituted the new brooch, then detached the gold chain from her watch and hung the hair one in its place.

"Now that you are arrayed to my satisfaction, if not to your own, your ladyship must tell me what you think of a trifle I have in my pocket for Nettie. Nettie, child!"

She had feigned not to see or hear anything of the little love-scene which had just transpired, and now threw him a glance over her shoulder—still seated upon the piano-stool, striking aimless, random chords upon the instrument. He had to go to her, for she did not offer to move. Opening a case, similar in appearance to Leah's, he displayed a set of jet ornaments which I saw, at a glimpse, were far more costly than the hair trinkets.

"Not for me!" she ejaculated, when he put them into her lap.

"Why not for 'me!'" rejoined he, smiling at her incredulous, startled air.

"Because—because—nobody ever thinks of doing such things for me, now-a-days! There was a time—" She burst into tears.

Much moved by her distress, Mr. Moore laid his hand upon her bowed head.

"There, dear! Think of the true friends who are still spared to you! Why, Nettie, I shall esteem myself a cruel bungler if you are so overcome by such a trivial token of my affection."

"You cruel! you, the kindest, best, most generous of men!" catching his hand and pressing it first to her heart then to her lips. "I should be ungrateful, indeed, were I to refuse to acknowledge and value your goodness! Forgive me, Cousin Leah! I know you must despise me for my weakness—that I am a silly baby in your sight, but I was so astonished and so pleased—"

"And so tearful," interposed Mr. Moore, "that you have not given my poor toy a second look."

He took up a bracelet. She extended a plump white arm, and smiled an entreaty through her tears. He responded by clasping the jet circlets—there was a pair of them—upon her wrists, dropping upon one knee to effect this. The pin he would have let her settle herself upon her bosom, but there was some trouble about the catch, and when she had worked away at it for a moment he had to come to the rescue. Lastly, he suspended the earrings from the pink lobes of her small ears, and she ran to the mirror with a show of childish delight that highly amused and pleased the donor.

"What a monkey you are!" he said, tapping her cheek, as she stood gazing up at him, her eyes hardly dry, while her features were wreathed with grateful, loving smiles. "One would think that I had done you some mighty service—saved your life, or something of equal importance."

"I wish I could thank you," she returned, with passionate earnestness. "Only tell me how I may, in some way, prove my gratitude for your constant benefits to a poor, homeless orphan."

"By being a happy girl! That is all; unless it be by showing that you have been an obedient one during my absence. How about that formidable batch of new music? If you have learned it all, I have a further supply for you in my trunk."

"For Miss Janetta Dalrymple—the reward

of good conduct and diligent application to her studies!" That was the way my school-prizes used to be labelled," laughed the young lady, going back to the piano.

Mr. Moore made a brief apology to Leah and myself; begged that we would not allow the music to be any bar to our conversation, and followed flute-case in hand.

While the performances went on we sat by the table, busy with our needles, and, contrary to his injunction, were silent, more through disinclination to speech, than any scruples of politeness.

It was no hardship for me to remain a mute listener so far as my individual self was concerned, for Miss Dalrymple played remarkably well, and Mr. Moore was a flutist of no mean ability; still, I could not recollect that I had ever enjoyed an entertainment of this kind less. If this were a specimen of the Moores' usual evenings at home, it was not a matter of surprise that Leah should often be lonely, and sigh for some friend or companion of her own. To the gentle-hearted Griselda, held up for the admiration and imitation of wedded dames, by the model tales and essays of man's and spinsters' composing, it would have been an easy cross—if it deserved to be called a cross at all—this open neglect of herself and marked preference for the society of another upon the evening of the reunion, to which she had looked forward with eager desire for more than two long weeks. But Leah was no Griselda. She was a loving, and because a devoted, an exacting wife. Her husband was the sun of her world, and she demanded equal constancy in him. I did not imagine then, nor do I really believe, now, that he was inconstant, even in thought, to the matchless woman he had freely chosen to be his life's helpmeet; but I did think him strangely, if not selfishly thoughtless, and ridiculously fond of the fussy little piece of cousinship, who was so crazy about him. There is no accounting for tastes, especially a man's tastes, but I could not see how he could do more than barely tolerate the companionship of this girl when he contrasted her with his truly dignified and fascinating partner.

Musing thus, I looked across the table at Leah. Her work had fallen to her knees; her hands were folded above it, and her regards were bent upon the pair at the piano. The gaze of weary wretchedness thrilled and appalled me, so fixed and despairing was it, and to me so unexpected. Strong-minded and clear-judging woman that she was, she must have

suffered much, and that not without cause, before yielding to the conviction that, it was plain, now possessed her soul. Never in my life before had I hated any one with the energy that, at that instant, moved my soul against Janetta Dalrymple, and almost as heartily I despised the vanity or undue partiality of him who thus consulted and ministered to her vagaries and sentimental impulses, instead of watching first and always the deeper, more even current of the mighty flood ever flowing towards him, and him alone, from his wife's true, noble heart.

I must have made some involuntary gesture of hand or head, for Leah turned suddenly and caught my eye. She grew deathly pale, and drew her breath in with a gasp of alarm or hysteric emotion, then with a powerful effort, for which I honored and loved her the more, she spoke collectedly.

"I am not well. I am afraid that I have over-exerted myself to-day. I feel, at times, such nausea and faintness, and my head throbs violently. I suppose prudence would dictate that I should go to bed without further delay. What do you think?"

"Unquestionably you ought. It is wrong for you to sit up a minute longer than is absolutely necessary, if such are your feelings!" I replied, decidedly, as I knew she meant I should. "Shall I go up with you?"

"By no means! I had rather you stayed here and made my apology for taking French leave. Good-night!" She leaned over my chair and kissed me—an icy touch, that made me shiver. "Don't disturb them," she whispered, seeing me glance towards the unconscious performers. "I often steal away without their knowing it. I am frequently sick and worn out by evening; but this will not last forever, I hope. For the present, a good night's rest is the best medicine for me."

It was a full half hour before Mr. Moore looked around and missed his wife.

"Where is Leah?" he asked.

"She was seized with sudden faintness some time since, and obliged to retire," I responded, very gravely.

"Is it possible? Why did not she tell me of it?"

"I wished to do so, but she would not allow it."

Before the words were out of my mouth he had vanished, and I heard his fleet, light step go up the stairs, taking two at a bound.

"She wasn't much sick, was she?" queried

Miss Janetta, turning the leaves of her music-folio.

"She looked very ill. She is subject to these attacks in the evening, she says. What do you do for her at such times?"

"I! She never complains in my hearing, except of being tired and sleepy; but I thought that was to be expected"—with a disagreeable smile. "Moreover, she does not fancy my music very much, I imagine, and would be glad of any pretext for interrupting it."

"Would it not be more kind, if that is the case, to deny yourself the gratification of practising so much in her presence?" I was provoked into saying.

The girl's impertinent tone, and total disregard of the comfort and feelings of her hostess, above all, her sneering disrespect, nettled me beyond endurance. She drew herself up with an assumption of offended dignity.

"You lose sight of the fact that I play to please my cousin, and at his express request, Miss Allison. I presume that his wishes, as master of this house and my guardian, are entitled to some consideration."

I had thrown down the gauntlet, and she had not hesitated to pick it up. From that moment I understood that she recognized in me Leah's partisan and, as a consequence, her own enemy, and whatever semblance of civility we might maintain in the presence of others, our swords were always unsheathed to each other's eyes. Less than three minutes had elapsed when Mr. Moore came running down stairs.

"She is sleeping quietly and soundly," he reported. "I hope it was merely fatigue. She will overwork herself! We will try that duett once more, Nettie. I am fearful that you find our music a bore, Miss Allison; but we will not tax your patience much longer. I only want to conquer an obstinate passage in a piece we have been playing. It is one of my idiosyncrasies that if I fail to master any portion of a composition, I am haunted by it incessantly, until I can attack it again."

"Perseverance is the secret of most successes in this world," was the only and very lame truism that arose to my tongue. Presently I ventured to add: "There is no danger that the music may awaken Leah, is there?"

"None whatever! Her room being in the back of the house, the sound of the piano is scarcely audible there. She would not mind it, if she heard it ever so plainly."

I saw Miss Dalrymple hold down her head to conceal a smile. She had the coolest, most in-

tolerable, and unanswerable sneer I ever saw upon woman's face. Heaven forbid that I should ever behold it upon another's!

"Put your foot upon the soft pedal, Nettie," Mr. Moore had the grace to say.

"Certainly, if you wish it; but it will spoil the effect of the finest passages."

She contrived to do this so effectually that the recommendation to subdue the volume of sound was soon revoked.

"My fingers ache!" was her complaint when the duett was finished. "Sit down!" drawing a chair close to her side. "I have something to show you—something which I am too stupid to comprehend. I want the aid of your quicker brain."

It was an obscure passage in a piece which she was a long time in finding. The interim was passed in low and, to me, inaudible dialogue. Mr. Moore had to lean forward to read from the sheet when it was finally produced, and it was perhaps an unconscious action on his part, throwing his arm about her waist as he bent over. Her head drooped sideways until her cheek almost touched his, and her curls mingled with the raven profusion which poor Leah had likened to Absalom's.

"Why '*poor Leah?*'" I asked myself, in severe candor. This girl was Mr. Moore's cousin; he regarded her as a sister. She had peculiar claims, by reason of her loneliness and affliction, upon his compassion and affection. There was nothing covert in his fondness—no thought of evil, or it would not be so openly manifested. My notions were perhaps prudish, old maidish, for I was fast growing into an old maid in years—and why not in overstrained notions of propriety also? But these self-chidings and efforts after charitable judgment could not blind my mental and moral perceptions to one fact: Mr. Moore's feelings for and conduct towards his petted cousin gave his wife keen pain; and, if he were aware of this, his present behavior was reprehensible in the highest degree. Leah might be sensitively jealous beyond reason; but she was *his wife*, fond, faithful, and self-sacrificing; and as such, her whims should have the weight of laws with him.

The knotty musical point required a great deal of discussion, carried on in the same confidential undertone, varied by an occasional coquettish laugh from Miss Dalrymple. Had the talkers both been unmarried, I should have esteemed my position as third person embarrassing and indecorous, and beat an early retreat. As it was, I stood, or rather sat my ground, and read a late periodical. At last, the pro-

longed conference was ended by Mr. Moore's removing the little hand that had, unintentionally, doubtless, stolen up to a resting-place upon his shoulder, and saying, more loudly than he meant to, "Come, darling! this is selfish in us!"

He quitted her side and came forward to my table, again apologizing for his apparent neglect of me by representing his passionate love of music.

"Leah tells me that I am music-mad, and I think, in my sober moments, that she is right. Then follow resolutions of moderate indulgence in future—a praiseworthy intention, forgotten the next time I see or hear an instrument."

This was probably true. I had seen and heard of the like instances before, and I told him so, without suggesting that there might be weakness in the infatuation. From this we rambled to other topics, Miss Janetta taking little share in the conversation; and at the close of perhaps a quarter of an hour, she remarked, with amiable reluctance, that it must be growing late. We all arose at this; she returning the scattered music to the folios with diligent haste, and Mr. Moore assisting me to gather up the various implements of feminine industry that lay upon the table. Some of these belonged to Leah, and I stopped in the sitting-room, on my way to bed, to leave them there.

The door leading into her chamber was ajar, and as I struck against a chair in the dark, she called, faintly, "Catherine! is that you?"

"It is I, dear Leah! How do you feel now? Have you had a refreshing sleep?" I said, going up to the bed, and laying my hand upon her hot forehead.

"I have not slept at all! My head aches too badly!"

I expressed no surprise. I could understand the reasons that had induced her to feign slumber to her husband. He should not suspect that *heartache*, and not bodily ailment kept her awake.

"What can I do for you?" asked I.

"Nothing—unless you will be so kind as to bring me the bottle of volatile salts I left in your room this morning. I mistook you for Catherine, and wished to send her for it."

I rejoined that she should have it immediately, and went in quest of the desired article, which I remembered having seen that evening, not where she believed she had left it, but upon the parlor mantel. The stair carpet was thick, my slippers light, and, without a thought of making a stealthy descent, or a suspicion

that my coming would be *mal apropos*, I reached the lower rooms unheard by the cousins—had passed the threshold before I noticed them, or they perceived me.

Mr. Moore stood in the centre of the apartment, his arm closely enfolding Janetta's form: her head lay upon his bosom; her hands were clasped behind his neck, and at the moment of my entrance he stooped to kiss her, with a murmur of inarticulate fondness.

"Oh! the rapture of having you home again! I have been so desolate—so weary-hearted!" burst from her lips.

The "rapture" was arrested by the sight of the intruder. Her exclamation of dismay; her breaking away from his embrace; the crimson tide that deluged her face, were proof sufficient to convict her of unworthy, if not guilty sentiments in maintaining her share of this questionable intimacy. Mr. Moore reddened slightly, but without losing his self-possession.

"Have you lost anything, Miss Allison?" he queried, politely.

I walked straight by him to the mantel.

"Leah asked me to bring her this smelling-bottle."

"Ah! is she awake and sick?"

"She has had a miserable evening." I did not care in what sense he took my curt rejoinder.

"Indeed! please say that I will be up directly—so soon as I can lock up the house," going towards the windows to shut the blinds. "I should have been with her long ago, had I not hoped and believed that she was asleep."

He was in earnest, now, with his preparations for retiring, for the clatter of bolts pursued me on my upward journey, and it was to overcome this noise that Miss Dalrymple raised her voice to an imprudent pitch. I could not avoid hearing the uncomplimentary observation uttered in blended anger and alarm.

"Now there will be mischief! The prying, tattling old maid came back on purpose!" and the beginning of Mr. Moore's reply, spoken in calm decision:—

"I have done nothing wrong—"

Here I passed beyond hearing.

(Conclusion next month.)

## AFTER TEN YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE.

BY JOHN CALVIN GITCHELL.

THIS autumn night is strangely dark  
With heavy clouds and sleety rain,  
While through the trees, frozen and stark,  
The wild winds moan as if in pain.

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And in our room the lamp burns low,  
While restless shadows glide about;  
And on the hearth a feeble glow  
Warns that the fire is dying out.

But that may die, for I am warm  
With ever-glowing love-lit fire,  
And have encircled by my arm  
All that my soul, of earth, desires.

Darling Lizette, the ten years past,  
Since you became my wedded bride,  
Have known but few cold shadows cast  
Upon our outward flowing tide.

Before you told in words your love,  
And promised only mine to be,  
There was no hand that could remove  
The veil of gloom that covered me.

My life had seemed one long dark night,  
With scarce a single cheering ray,  
But you brought in the God-sent light  
Which rounded to the full-orbed day.

I heard no more foreboding sounds  
From night-birds in dark cypress trees,  
But walked in gardens without bounds,  
And drank life's wine without the lees.

It was enough: and I was saved  
From selfish thoughts of gloomy things—  
It was enough that you had waved  
Love's wand about me, for life's straits

Gave out the music that you sought,  
A seeming echo to your own,  
And I found bliss such as, I thought,  
No other one had ever known.

How much I thank you it were vain  
For me to tell, and call up tears  
Upon this night of sleety rain,  
That marks to us ten wedded years.

But when this fearful life has fled,  
And I have done with "staff and rod,"  
I only ask that you may tread  
With me the pathway of our God.

## "PEACE."

BY J. E. W.

Upon two cold white hands  
Rested an aching head,  
And I heard two pale lips murmur  
"Oh God, that I were dead!"

From two soft dark eyes  
I saw two tear-drops fall,  
And I heard the night wind whispering  
Among the pine trees tall.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I saw two pale hands crossed  
Upon a still, cold breast—  
And on a pure white brow  
A wreath of snowdrops rest.

One heart had stilled its aching,  
One soul knew no more pain,  
And I knew that my great loss  
Was her eternal gain.

## THE SISTERS' SCHOOL.

(See Steel Plate.)

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

THERE were a meeting-house, a town hall, and all the other important buildings that made up a New England village in the latter years of the past century in the little town of Greenhaven; but the interest of the village centred very much in a tiny cottage, half hidden by the vines clambering over porch, roof, and windows, which stood back from the main road, and nestled in a little grove of tall trees. Throughout all Greenhaven, and for several miles around the village, the little cottage was well known as the "Sisters' School;" and loving hearts prayed for the orphan girls, whose sad story was "familiar as a household word" round every hearthstone.

Long years before our story opens, the little cottage was the home of Joseph Halcomb and his gentle, blue-eyed sister Patience. He had been an ambitious, daring man; and at the age of seventeen had quitted his quiet country home, his pale, loving sister, and the monotony of life in the colonies to cross the ocean and seek his fortune in the busy whirl of London! Ten years later he returned, with a blooming wife, whose romantic story soon kept the gossips busy. An English heiress, some whispered of noble blood, she had eloped with the handsome American to the bleak climate of Vermont, to find, alas! an early grave in the colonies. The tiny baby she laid with dying hands on the gentle breast of Aunt Patience, was too feeble a tie to bind the father's wandering inclinations. Again he left home, again married; but warned by his sad experience, did not bring his wife to his home. It was twelve long years before he returned there, a second time widowed, bringing to his sister's care another motherless girl of eight years, whose rich brunette complexion, large black eyes, and heavy tresses of jetty hair, told of the Southern blood she inherited from her mother, as truly as her half sister's blue eyes and flaxen curls bespoke her English parentage.

From the hour when Isadore's bounding footstep first crossed the threshold of her quiet home, Aunt Patience led a martyr's life. The sampler which little Mary had perseveringly worked from the big blue *A* to the variegated *Z* was to Isadore's volatile fingers an impossible task. She could sing like a mocking-bird,

danced like a sylph, chattered French or Spanish with her indulgent father, and won every heart by her lively loving manners; but demure little Mary's domestic habits, her neat sewing, her quiet pretty manners, and sweet, gentle voice found no imitator in this free, wild child. Yet from the hour when their father clasped them together in a tender embrace, the two girls loved each other with a passionate fervor, increased and strengthened by their total dissimilarity of character.

Sheltered in this quiet home, Joseph Halcomb seemed at last content to rest, and Patience was flattering her sisterly heart with this hope when the Revolutionary War broke out, and called the wanderer again from home. Year after year rolled by, and as the children grew from childhood to womanhood, the villagers made them the heroines of Greenhaven. Their beauty, and the name their father was winning in the defence of freedom, made them objects of much love and pride; and when peace was proclaimed, the joy in Greenhaven was subdued by the news of Colonel Halcomb's death. Safely passing through many battles, whose names are now familiar to every schoolboy, he died of fever, far away from his New England home, none the less a martyr that the roll of musketry did not sound his death knell, or the gleaming sword release his life blood.

The blow was too severe for the loving sister's heart that had borne so bravely the dreary years of separation, and Aunt Patience laid down her burden of life just as Mary entered on her twentieth year.

The fair gentle niece who held the dying hand, that had acted a mother's part throughout her young life, was one of those lovely graceful flowers that are found still nestling on the bleak New England shores. Tender, self-devoting, and humble, her soft blue eyes were filled with the earnest light of a pure womanly nature; her sweet mouth seemed made for none but loving words, and even her quiet, neat dress spoke of the refinement and modesty that were inherent in her nature. She was of a small but exquisitely moulded type of beauty, with a pale yet clear complexion, that told in its ever-varying color the susceptible heart that throbbled under the gentle, graceful form and

face. In direct contrast to her sister, Isadore had grown to sixteen a tall lithe figure, slender yet graceful in every outline, with a rich dark complexion, large black eyes, that would melt with pathos or flash with excitement as the mood prompted her; glowing cheeks, and a wealth of lustrous black hair that she utterly refused to cover with the cap that custom had made necessary for the village girls. Restless and bright as some tropical bird, her grief for father and aunt far exceeded her sister's in passion and violence; but the color came to her face, the spring to her step, and the light to her eyes, long before Mary's lip smiled, or her voice lost its sad cadence.

From the hour when the villagers followed Aunt Patience to the grave, they seemed animated by one spirit of rivalry to outdo each other in kindness to the orphans. No voice but was loving, no hand but was stretched forth in sympathy, no eye but rested tenderly on these beautiful young faces. There was no property left for them but the little cottage, and taking loving direction of their affairs, the friends decided that the sisters should open a school.

Some ten scholars were immediately entered, and the labor of drilling these young minds was before them. For Mary the task was a congenial one, and her patient care carried little brains through A, B, C; little fingers over seam and sampler, winning love from even the most stubborn rebel of the lot. But Isadore fretted under the bondage. The stated hours wearied her with their monotonous regularity, her own aptitude in study made her impatient of stupidity, and it needed all Mary's gentle persuasions to keep her to the task.

"Another dreary day in this treadmill!" she said, impatiently, tossing aside the blotted copybook of one of her hopeful pupils. "Come, Mollie, put by your sampler, doom all the false stitches to oblivion, and come out with me."

"Where, Dora?"

"Anywhere! I am pining for the air, for freedom and exercise. Heighho! This is a dull life, May, and one may well sigh, as little Jennie did to-day, for 'something to happen.'"

"Something to happen?" said Mary, inquiringly.

"Some excuse for a holiday. She was sick for a ramble, a game of romps, or some excitement; so I promised all sorts of liberty should follow a good lesson to-morrow. She can only study under stimulus. Mollie, I want to sing."

"Oh, Dora!" and Aunt Patience only six weeks dead."

"I know it; but the music chokes me. I *must* let it out; so I am going to the woods for a serenade with the birds. Don't look so shocked, Mary; there is no sin in it."

"But if anybody hears you?"

"I'll go too far for that. Will you come?"

But Mary had copies to set, samplers to correct, and sums to revise; so Isadore rambled off alone. The long summer afternoon was drawing to a close as she reached the cleared recess in the woods which she delighted to call her own. There she had been accustomed to spend long hours, conning some French, Spanish, or English work taken from her father's stock, or lying idly on the grass, watch with an artist's eye the shifting clouds and waving branches above her head. Reached only by a difficult, and in many places dangerous path from the village, the spot was rarely visited by the villagers, and the more easily travelled road leading to the same nook from the town of Newkirk was too little used to excite any fear of intrusion there.

With all the delight of a child out for a holiday, Isadore threw aside her hat, and drew in deep inspirations as she stood shaded by the trees, yet in the open space some enterprise had cleared and deserted. Her dark homespun dress, and narrow white ruffle, served but to heighten her rich beauty, and as she flung out her arms in the glad graceful action of freedom, her pose was the perfection of statuesque beauty. Music lighted her face, graced her attitude, played in her smile as she began to sing. No words sprang to her lips, but the gush of free, wild melody bore the burden of a Spanish air she had heard her mother sing. Varied by the brilliant execution of a passionate lover of music, carried out on the air by a voice whose wonderful power and freshness stood bravely the open air test, the melody danced from the graceful air to imitations of every bird that sang around her. The round white throat and rich lips seemed inspired with the very spirit of music; and song after song, trill following trill, the mocking-bird's rich notes quavering to the cuckoo's call poured from her voice till, laughing, wild with a sort of delirious excitement, the songstress threw herself on the grass to rest after her free burst of passion.

She was still lying there, her head pillowed on her round white arm, her heaving chest and quivering lip marking her exhaustion, when, looking up, her eyes met another pair looking down at her. The intruder wore a dress strange to her, and a look she had never met before. Blushing deeply, she sat up.

"You will pardon my intrusion," the stranger said, courteously; "but I lost my way here about an hour ago. I was directed from Newkirk, and told the shortest way to Greenhaven was through this wood; but it is a perfect labyrinth to me. Hearing your voice, I ventured back from a fruitless quest after a path to inquire my way."

"The road to Greenhaven is but little used," said Isadore, pointing to a rock that stood at some little distance from them. "You will find it after you climb the rock."

"Then you are from Newkirk."

"No; from Greenhaven."

"But"—and he looked at the formidable mass of stone towering far above his head—"did you climb these?"

"Oh, I'm a country girl, and do not fear a scramble. You are a stranger here?" she added, with a child's frank curiosity.

"From Lincolnshire, England. I am here to seek some relatives of my father. My name is Harrington."

"Harrington! Why, Mollie's mother was named Harrington."

"Perhaps you can direct me," he said, eagerly. "I am seeking Miss Halcomb."

"My name."

"My cousin, then!" he said, holding out his hand to meet hers.

"No, I think not, but Mary's; so it is all the same." And there in the quiet twilight she told her own story and heard his. In all the long years that had elapsed since her father's first marriage, the father of the runaway bride had been unforgiving, and inquired nothing of her fate, but now his death had released the brother, and he had caused the traces to be recovered, and sent his son to bring the child of his sister to her English home.

It was a long tale, as the young man pictured his father's anxiety to see the child of his only sister, and dwelt on the various incidents of his own voyage and delays in finding the village. Night had set in when their long walk brought them to the cottage door, and again the tale was told for Mary. When, at last, the newly-found cousin left them to seek accommodations at the village inn, the sisters wore out the night hours in talk over the story.

"You know, Dora," Mary said, with an earnest tone that was not less resolute because low and deep, "that I will never leave you. What! go away to England! to a home of luxury and love, and know you are wearing out your life in work that is utterly distasteful to you?"

"But, Mollie dear, I should give up the school. I could never manage it alone."

"But how could you live? You do not like sewing; and there is nothing else."

"Nothing!" It was a long deep sigh that echoed the words. All the proud longing of young genius, the half-understood yearning after the higher developments of an almost masculine intellect, the craving for the paths, in these latter days opened so freely for woman's steps, spoke in that sigh. If she could not sew nor teach, she must live upon charity or starve. All her arguments were vain to move Mary from her resolution, and the morning found them both still waking, still talking.

The news that some grand English gentleman had come to claim the child that the village had so cordially adopted spread like wildfire through Greenhaven. The Revolution was too recent, its scenes of blood too new for this news to be grateful, and all day the little school-room was besieged by visitors, imploring Mary not to leave them to go with the Tory.

Black looks followed him as he passed through the village; but peace was proclaimed; he had come on a strictly personal and private errand, and there was no excuse for molesting him. The impression against him lost some of its bitterness when it was found he was to be the guest of the village pastor; but there was no effort made to render his stay either long or pleasant.

Evan Rayberg, the minister of Greenhaven, was a man whose thirty summers set lightly on a tall erect form; a face of manly beauty; a soul and heart full of high and ennobling impulses. Six months only had he filled the place left vacant by his father's death, when Harrington came with letters from the mother country to claim the hospitality of the parsonage. These letters, addressed to his father, made the stranger a sort of trust to the young man, and his earnest efforts were given to supply the place of the lost host to his guest.

"I am in an awkward dilemma, Evan: give me your sage advice," said Edward Harrington, as, after a visit to his cousin, he came into the pastor's study.

Evan looked up with a questioning face, and rolled an arm chair toward his guest.

"You see my directions were to find this cousin, and then write home for some of the older members of the family—my aunt most likely—to come over here to accompany us to England; but an unforeseen and stubborn difficulty arises—the young lady won't go."

A flash of light passed over Evan's face, but

only for an instant. "Surely you have used every argument," he said in a low tone.

"All in vain. It is very provoking! That lovely, delicate girl, heiress to a noble name, to wealth and comfort, is lost in this dull village, fretting out her life and beauty over stupid brats of girls, who cannot appreciate her angelic patience and sweetness. I—" and he hesitated a moment, "have half a mind to tell you all my father's plans."

There was no answer, no attempt to force the half unwilling confidence; but Evan's lip grew pale, and his hand trembled as he listened.

"My father wishes me to marry my cousin, that the estate need not be divided, but descend unbroken to his grandchildren. There! the murder's out. I am here on a courting expedition to that dove and beauty, and—" but here his confidence ceased. There was another secret that he kept for his own. After a few moments of silence, he said: "Evan, you are her spiritual director, and all that sort of thing, will you use your influence to persuade her to go to England. Persuade them both. My father will gladly welcome Isadore, and Mary has a right to invite any guest."

"I will try."

"Try!" he whispered, as Edward left the room. "Try to do what? To tear away from my lonely life the one hope that makes it sweet. To send from my loving eyes the face that has been my beacon light for years. Oh, Mary! my love! my life! must it be my voice that sends you away—my counsel that parts us. Yet what have I to offer to balance these promises made you? Only a loving heart, my bird, my darling!"

It was a long, long time before the messenger was calm enough to attempt his errand. From the time when his hand had led the fair-haired child from the church to her own home, when Aunt Patience had let him take her pet for rambles, berrying, or nutting, to the days when his college lore was brought to aid the good old dame in Mary's simple tasks; from her childhood to this winning maidenhood, her face had been his dream and hope. Her soft blue eyes raised with the fervor of religious enthusiasm to him week after week, had made unconsciously the dearest spot for his eyes to rest. He loved her. With all the energy of a strong nature, reserved, studious, and shy, he had poured out his whole heart in his love for his young parishioner.

With a calmness that surprised himself, he placed before her every argument that could influence her. He pleaded her uncle's love for

her mother; the shortness, probably, of the old man's life; he urged upon her the family pride, outraged by her present occupation; he even, trying to cover his own agony, hinted at her cousin's love.

"You wish me to go!" she cried, at last. "I have heard no word from any other friends but regret; all, all have urged me to stay, and you whose—"

Over face and throat the crimson blood flushed, as she stopped, and after a moment, in which she vainly tried to recover calmness, she left the room, sobbing violently.

To see her so moved and not comfort her, to keep from pouring forth his whole heart required all Evan's self-control; but he subdued the impulse.

The whole interest of the village seemed clustering round that little cottage, where little faces looked anxiously at "teacher," and little voices interrupted the spelling with interested questions about her stay or departure.

Edward Harrington was a constant visitor. His plan of courting seemed to have matured, for every day found him at the cottage; scarcely had the last footfall sprung over the door-step, the last dinner basket gone down the lane, when his voice rung out its word of greeting, and his handsome face peeped in at the door. The charm of his bright face, and frank, hearty manner, his vast fund of travelled information, his anecdotes, his earnest interest in all their pursuits, made the hours fly; and Mary, though her heart ached over Evan's absence, yet lent her sweet voice, and gentle quiet converse to help the time pass.

To Isadore these evenings were pure enjoyment. All her own childish recollections of foreign lands, the months spent in England, the rapid passage through France and Italy, when she was but a child, the long years in Cuba, all were recalled with a vivid memorizing that surprised herself. Prompted by his more recent recollections, her rich voice filled the cottage with songs in Spanish and French; and often, from one word or phrase, a whole conversation would follow in one of these tongues, while Mary sat thinking and longing. Listening for a footstep that never came, hoping for a voice whose music never reached her now but from the pulpit, wearying for the counsel and sympathy never before denied her, she was growing paler, sadder, frailer, but always patient, never whispering, even to Isadore, her secret and sorrow.

As the weeks followed each other, Edward's anxiety to persuade his cousins to accompany

him to England seemed to fade away. No longer did he paint in glowing words the picture of the home that waited her; no word of impatience at his long detention escaped him, and as Evan marked his buoyant step, his bright face, ringing voice, and long, long visits to the cottage, he wrapped his own misery in a deeper reserve, and studied far into the sleepless nights to forget. At last the blow fell.

"Evan!" the cheerful voice jarred on his ear as he sat writing, "I am going home."

"Home!" Evan's heart throbbed as if bursting.

"But before I go, I want you to do me one last favor. Give me the right to place on my forehead, 'Here you may see Benedick, the married man.'"

"Married!" Poor Evan could not command more than one word at a time.

"Yes, she is mine. There is to be no wedding fuss. This evening, in the presence of a few old friends, she will be my wife, and we leave to-morrow for Boston, to sail next week for home. Her sister goes with us. You will perform the ceremony, Evan?"

"Of course."

The calm tone conveyed no hint of the breaking heart. With the quiet of utter hopelessness, the pastor made his few simple preparations, and was ready when Edward came for him in all the finery of a bridegroom.

The long walk was taken in silence, and the little group in the parlor greeted the pastor with quiet respect. There were no festive preparations. The villagers felt the loss of the sisters as a calamity, and the prejudice against English blood helped the sadness. There was a stir near the door, and Edward Harrington stepped forward to take a veiled figure on his arm.

Why did the flash of joy burst over Evan's face? His whole frame dilated, and his voice, in its few preparatory words, rang out with its old musical cadence. Close beside the bride stood another pale lovely girl, in a soft white dress, but unveiled, and the bride clinging shyly to Edward's arm was Isadore, not Mary.

The vessel that bore them over the waves to the English home did not take from Greenhaven the heiress of Harrington's name and honors, but the blue-eyed girl, closing the school and cottage, went to make her home in the parsonage, its loved and honored wife.

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POLITENESS, like running water, smooths the most rugged stone.

## A DISH OF FOIBLES.

BY MRS. C. B.

MY FAIR READERS, I am no philosopher nor a disciple of Aristotle, but, believe me, a humble *cuisinier*, who, in an obscure corner of this great kitchen, has concocted a dish, which, if it pass the editorial chair, may be placed on the table and prove nutritious and succulent. I humbly trust it may not be taken off (what a cut for a caterer!) an untasted dish.

A Dish of Foibles! But what are foibles? Are they vices, errors, or follies? It is said that foibles never make their appearance till the fiftieth year, after the impetuosity of youth and the passion of manhood have been fused and cooled, and the man issues from the caldron of experience no longer a pupil, but a master in human nature.

Thus being begot by age and wisdom, why should we say they are depravity? For, though to a bystander Mr. Bronte standing at his back door and shooting off pistols at the air must have looked vicious, yet in reality there was neither vice nor folly in his flashing off wrath with his trigger. What a philosophical foible! And I recommend every family in Christendom to have a back door and a back yard that when black humor comes on, the unfortunate one may retire and shoot his spleen at an *Aunt Sally*. We reproach a man for a foible. We confound a foible with its step-sisters, and in one breath talk of obstinate prejudices, senseless foibles, and foolish weaknesses. Now I deny that a foible is ever ill-natured, or has one particle of malice or hatred in its being. They are commonly the heritage of the good and honest ones. They play on truth; and I never remember to have seen a foible that was not in some way connected with love and generosity.

Now my grandfather (an old Tory) has a prejudice, while my godmother had a foible. Just note the difference. The old gentleman has an obstinate hatred to anything French, especially a French word; and lately a favorite niece wrote to his honor of her approaching marriage, and in relating family matters, used the word *trousseau*. The old gentleman grumbled, wiped his glasses, and wondered what Jane's trowsers had to do with Paris and marriage settlements; but a sudden light broke on his mind; and he was just bursting out in an invective against the war and the cotton trade when some one present relieved him of his apprehensions that there was a scarcity of shilling cotton in the market, and informed him that

"dear Jane had used the *trousseau* in place of the English phrase 'wedding outfit,' which last was not considered elegant or suggestive." But shades of the Trojans! the storm was frightful. Alas for poor Jane! It is feared by the whole family that his will was altered that very night. At all events his manner has so changed to her that she thought it of no earthly use to call her first son *Abinidab*.

Now this is an ignorant, self-willed prejudice. A writer in a late number of "All The Year Round," in an article "Pet Prejudices," has shown us the faults of his family; and from my grandfather's disposition, it is evident that in character he is closely allied to the same family. Now this was not the spirit of the philanthropic foible of my godmother, who, to the day of her death, believed in the efficacy of "patent medicines."

In the days of her sponsorial duties, as I stood before her to repeat "I believe in God the Father, etc.," I remember along with a bag of sugar-plums was a larger bag at her side containing Morrison's pills. She always carried a dozen boxes about with her in case of any unforeseen accident, or, if she met anybody ailing, or stepped into a poor man's house where there was sickness; so that along with her injunctions to keep closed windows and the patient warm, she could leave some pills. She was always true to pills; but considering that the world was growing older and wiser every year, she was always adopting new makers. Thus she went from Morrison's to Brandreth's, and then to some Indian ones, and so on. As regards sarsaparilla, or anything in a bottle, being a teetotaler, as the Americans say, she avoided them, having no confidence in anything to be drunk. But at length she anchored on Holloway's pills and ointment, and it was a beautiful sight to see the peace and comfort which the reading of his pamphlet afforded her.

Probably if her life had been spared she would still take his pills and sound their praises. But a cruel Providence deprived her both of pills and life. Being up in the country one season, she was more than usual liberal with her pills amongst the country folk. And, alas! one day she fell and broke her leg; inflammation set in; she was out of pills—the last box was gone, and she was bled. She never recovered this clinical blow, but sickened and died, and to the last lamenting the untoward providence.

Here lies I and my three daughters,  
Killed of drinking Cheltenham waters.

If we'd stuck to Epsom salts,  
We'd not been lying in these ere vaults.

*Old Epitaph.*

I grant that a foible is a little awkward, and is certainly a grotesque phase in one's character; but still it is an essential part of age, and is as attractive as the rosy cheek of an apple, which never shows itself till it begins to ripen. It is one great charm in the works of Charles Dickens that his characters have foibles, and they are not kept in the green-room, or seen peeking out at the side of the drop, or merely walk across the stage, or play short parts, but they are as visible as the foot-lights, and like them throw a warmth and glow on the stage; they are no stock actors, but stars, and we never fail to call them out to receive our bouquets and plaudits.

I should not acknowledge that man as my friend or neighbor who did not firmly believe in the identity of good old Mr. Pickwick and Aunt Betsy Trotwood. A man can be laughed at without being ridiculed; but biographers forget this, especially if they have a hero for a subject.

What a strange book a collection of foibles would be. We have books of witticisms and jokes. Men of learning and erudition have edited "Jack the Bean Stalk" and "Robin Hood," and latterly much research is going on in old graveyards to rescue quaint inscriptions and half erased epitaphs; and will no antiquarian come forward with his manuscripts and show us that he has "eyed nature's walk?" The compiler of such a work must be both an old and a new school historian; for, while like Macaulay he believes traditionary lore and loves the quaint nooks and quiet recesses of human nature, he must have Buckle's research and perseverance; and if he pursues that gentleman's method by statistics, he will be enabled to lay down the foibles to come; he can calculate the number that will have foibles, and the subjects that will be most popular, and if he strictly keeps to the inductive method, even a Socrates need not sneer.

I might multiply foibles. I might delineate the matrimonial foible of an old lady whose loving disposition manifests itself in making sheets and pillow-cases for her daughter Susan, aged forty, who, she thinks, will soon be led to the hymenial altar, "for did not Benton borrow a book of Susan last week?"

But I forbear, remembering the author who, Mirabeau says, read an article on *ennui* before the Academy of Science, in Berlin, which put them all asleep.

# THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY ETTIE ELTON.

(Concluded from page 239.)

## CHAPTER VI.

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

It was midnight at Flintville. The silvery queen looked calmly from her ethereal throne upon the still earth, while the spotless snow sparkled in her bright rays like a world of diamonds.

All eyes were closed to this scene of beauty ; all ears were deaf to the puffing and snorting of that iron steed rushing on with his mighty train of chariots, laden with hundreds of dozing passengers, too intent on haste to spend the night in wooing "tired Nature's sweet restorer." Some seemed groaning in the fierce grasp of Somnus, while others were so weary of the world that even life itself seemed but a dream ; but the long shrill whistle and "Flintville" rung in at the door, aroused some from their half waking slumbers, and one little maid with jet black eyes and hair, a little dishevelled from the night's journey, inquires, "Flintville, did he say? Ah, that is where I am going to stop, and in the night, too. Oh, that is so bad for me, and all alone, too!" she continued, half to herself. By this time she had buttoned her furs, taken satchel in hand, and finding that her veil was all right, and her porte-monnaie safe in her pocket, was just stepping from the platform when a gentleman offered his assistance to her in alighting, whom she discovered in the moonlight, by the word "Baggage" on his glazed cap, to be the agent for Flintville.

"Where will I find a carriage, sir?"

"Not here to-night ; they don't run to the night trains. Where do you want to go?"

"I have a friend in town, but I want to go to a hotel to-night, and find my friend to-morrow."

"Well, it's quite a piece to a hotel," said he of the shining cap, and walked on to the baggage-room, leaving our fair friend in the moonlight alone.

"What's to be done now?" soliloquized she ; "this is a beautiful arrangement ; no carriages, long way to a hotel, oh dear ! well, I can sit in the ladies' department of this institution free of charge. If nothing worse happens, I'll be

thankful. Quite an adventure this ; pity some knight or genii shouldn't appear to me!"—

"Wish to go to a hotel, ma'am?" said a gentle voice behind her.

"No, sir!" was the brief reply from the half frightened girl, who, after all, was not so willing to receive aid from some mysterious source, and she stepped hastily into the sitting-room.

"Only a little after one ! I can't stay here till morning. Will you please inform me if you know a Mr. Peabody's family in Flintville?" said she, calling quite loudly to the baggageman, who was busily engaged in shutting doors, extinguishing lamps, etc.

After a few minutes' pause he replied, gruffly, "I know E. Peabody, a merchant. Is it him you want to find?"

"Yes, sir. How far do they live from here?"

"Not very far. Why did you not tell me of that before? I saw his wife's brother around here a few minutes ago ; he would have shown you right there."

"His wife's brother—Harry Blake ! How should I know in the dark? Well, it is too late now ; he's gone. Pity we live in such a suspicious world ! Strange we can't know when our friends are near us. But, sir, if you will be so kind as to conduct me to their house I will pay you for your trouble."

So with a guide, as crusty as the snow beneath her feet, she walked tremblingly on, she knew not whither, but much to her gratification found that her friend's residence was not more than five minutes' walk from the depot.

"Some one is coming up the walk, Erastus. I guess it is Florilla. Light the lamp. There's a ring at the door ; hurry. What ails the matches? There, now, I'll just slip on my wrapper, and you need not get up at all."

"Florilla, is it?"

"Does Mr. Peabody live here?"

"Yes ; who wishes to come in?"

"Your old friend Dell—Dell Dalton ; don't you remember me?"

"Why yes, indeed ; come right in. How you surprised me ! I was not looking for you.

Cold, isn't it? Here, take this easy-chair, and we'll soon have a fire; the coals are still burning."

"I'm not very cold; but, oh dear, we've had such a slow journey, four hours behind time. I would have been here at early evening if the cars had been on time. It's too bad to disturb you so late at night."

"Oh no, not at all; I'm so glad to see you. Why did you not write me that you were coming?"

"I did not decide to come till last Monday, and then I thought it would be a pleasant surprise to come all unexpected and—but dear me, I began to think it was not quite so funny, I've had such a time."

"Any trouble to detain you so late?"

"Oh no, nothing but slippery tracks, waiting for trains, and so on. I really began to think we never should get here; but as everything finite has an end, so had our journey. But the way I sat there roasting between a red hot stove on one side and the fattest old judge you ever saw on the other! If it had not been for the cooling influence of an old maid opposite, I think I should have been boiled. But the old maid was useful, notwithstanding her mullien-stalk appearance. I wish you could have been there to laugh with me. I dared not tell all my funny thoughts to the old judge, lest she should prove to be his sister Patience."

"Very thoughtful you were; improved some, I guess, of late. Strange, isn't it, how many pleasing and annoying circumstances attend us even on a short journey!"

"I've been from north to south, from east to west, to boarding-school, Saratoga, and Niagara, and never had such a mixture of the provoking, pleasing, and amusing dished out to me before; and last of all, that baggage-man, what kind of a compound do you call him?"

"What baggage-man—Mr. Muggins? Have you had an interview with him?"

"I don't know whether his name is 'Muggins' or 'Dubbins,' but it is the only man I've seen in Flintville save one, to be sure, who I was led to guess afterward was your brother Harry. But didn't I jump beautifully when he spoke to me, if it really was him; I wish I could have known it, and thus escaped the protection of that Mr. Vinegar—what do you call him?"

"We expected Harry home to-night from Chicago. He came upon the same train with you, did he?"

"I don't know about that, only some one

asked me if I wished to go to a hotel, and it frightened me half to death; and that is all I know about it, except that long after he was out of sight Mr. 'Baggage' said it was your brother."

Thus the friends went on chatting till the clock reminded them of the hour of three, when they parted for a little repose.

"Della Dalton!" said Mr. Peabody; "what sent her here!"

"Why, she has come for a visit, the same that all our friends come for. She's a pleasant girl; I wish I had time to enjoy it. I tell you now, Erastus, I'll manage to bid adieu to that school before long."

"Well, then, try to sleep an hour or two under the castle of hope. Maybe you'll have pleasant dreams."

Aurora, in her garments of rubies and gold, tarried not for the sleepers to finish their sleep, but with all her brilliant train climbed o'er the eastern hills, bathing nature in a sea of light which made her look a thousand times more glorious than the most skilful artist can depict. Strange, indeed, that these indescribably beautiful pictures, thrown out to us from the pallet of the Almighty, can be gazed upon as they are without emotion—strange that myriads of human beings, professed lovers of beauty, should rise from their pillows daily to look upon such scenes, but to complain "They came too soon."

But, as the Peabody family gathered that morning around the breakfast-table, there seemed no difference of opinion among them in regard to the fact that their slumbers were not half ended.

"We are expecting Cousin Florilla Danvers in every train. I really thought you were her last night," remarked Mrs. Peabody. "You are acquainted with her, are you not, Della?"

"Florilla Danvers? Why, yes, indeed; is she coming here, too? I had not seen her for some time before I left home, and she is such a quiet little body she never would hear of anything like gossip by accident."

"It would have been pleasant for you to have travelled in company. I had a letter, more than two weeks ago, saying that she would be here to spend the holidays, and here it is just the day before Christmas, and not a sign of her coming yet."

"I should have enjoyed her company much, but if your visitors should increase in a two-fold ratio till holidays are over, I am afraid you will be taken captive by them. Did Flora know that you were teaching?"

"I think not."

"Janette keeps that matter from her friends pretty well, I assure you," chimed in Mr. Peabody.

"I hope you don't think I am ashamed of it. No, indeed; I had much rather have the name of that than follow the example of Mrs. Slacker, wrap myself in silk morning-gowns, and lounge upon velvet sofas, wondering 'why respectable people will suffer their daughters to teach music' and the like of that, until my husband is obliged to suspend payment. I never could realize, Dell, that honorable employment is less respectable in woman than in man."

"Nor I either, Mrs. Peabody; but I am wondering how in the world you can get along with housekeeping and teaching, besides entertaining company by the wholesale, and only one servant."

"I tell you, Dell, every woman can render herself four times as useful and not a whit the less happy than custom generally allows, if she only has the disposition."

"Well, I was just thinking of Harvey Jones' wife. You knew Harvey was married, did you not?"

"No, indeed; who did he marry?"

"Nobody you or I ever heard of. She came from down east somewhere. Harvey saw her, fell in love at first sight, and in a few weeks they were married. She claims to have been educated in wealth and indolence; her parents are both dead, her father having become bankrupt just before his death; but the query of it is, she has not one relic of ancient grandeur; her wardrobe is almost shabby, and not an ounce of table silver, or any of those choice things, which always descend from mother to daughter, has she got, notwithstanding only two members of the once wealthy family are left. Now, you know Harvey is not wealthy. It is true he has a lucrative trade, but it takes something more than a man's earnings to support servants and purchase costly clothing and furniture. Mother thinks they'll fall through before long."

"That's really a pity for Harvey; I always thought him a fine fellow."

"So did every one; and he was doing so well before he was married. All his friends are sorry for him; but I was thinking what ambition can do, and what a frail bark woman is without it. Now, Mrs. Jones is a sweet little woman, as the saying is, but she is so totally destitute of ambition that it really seems hard

for her to do for herself what devolves upon every animate object."

"There's Florilla, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Peabody, peeping out of the window just in time to see a lady alight from the 'bus; and all sprang from the table and hastened to welcome an additional guest.

Even Mrs. Peabody seemed delighted to see her, apparently forgetting at the time that so many duties were crowding upon her.

The pointers upon the dial plate already indexed the hour of eight, and scarcely had the sounds of salutation died away when in came the little Della, dancing and spitting her little fat hands, exclaiming: "Mamma, Uncle William's come! Uncle William's come!"

Another excitement, another rush to the door, to discover that, sure enough, there were horses covered with jingling bells, and a sleigh laden with the precious burden of Uncle William's family. These were always welcome visitors, and as the cheery "Good morning" and "How do you do" mingled in the sweet cadence of friendship, the future seemed lost in the abundance of present enjoyment.

We will now introduce to our readers the Rev. William Brightman and family, relatives of the Peabodys, whose home is not more than half a score of miles from Flintville. You will discover in the person of this clergyman quite a different specimen of the ecclesiastical order from that of Mr. Crabbe. With a heart overflowing with cheerfulness, friendship, love, and every other good thing, he would have given you such a hearty shake of the hand before I could have finished this long presentation that you would have remembered it as long as you lived; and he would have declared that he was glad to see you, without reference to your name or denomination.

In the enthusiasm of this morning's surprise party Mrs. Peabody began to fear that, for once, she should be late at school; and as she saw the sands of time falling more and more rapidly, she felt that she was trying to be more useful to the world than she at that moment desired to be, and it was with almost heroic courage that she summoned resolution to take leave of her guests. Halting at the kitchen door, she gave orders for dinner, telling Sally to be a good girl, and cook it nicely.

"I'll try to be just as good as I kin, that's so"—and Sally quickened her pace, echoing to the closing door—

"Mother taught me how to sew,  
Father bought the needle."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ESCAPE.

"TAKE this seat," said Miss Danvers, assuming the character of hostess at the dinner-table, at the same time directing Mrs. Peabody to the right of the one she was used to occupy. "I take the liberty of presiding to-day; you look too tired to pour coffee for a table of twelve."

"Taking great liberties, Miss Flora," playfully suggested Miss Dalton; "and now I'll just tell our true hostess, not you, indeed, what has been done here to-day. Now, to proceed to the narrative. Miss Florilla Danvers has been guilty of great improprieties in the family of the Peabodys. At nine A. M. she observed the exit of the lady of the house, after which she proceeded to the kitchen with great impunity, and after *some* exertion on her part, and *much more* on the part of Sally, the maid, succeeded in preparing the dinner before us, and is now serving it up with great applause."

A shout of laughter prevented the eloquent Dell from giving a further recital of events, and Mr. Brightman suggested that Miss Dell Dalton be requested to deliver an oration at Dunham's Hall this evening, in connection with the grand exhibition of the High School taught in said hall. But, like a good singer, the strong-minded Dell of course declined, and the conversation turned upon the prospective exhibition, which, while a subject of mirth to the many, fell with crushing power upon the anticipations of Mrs. Peabody.

"This is too short for me, and too tight," said Jennie, just issuing from her chamber, holding in her hand a crumpled dress of white muslin which had been packed away since the last summer.

The excitement of the coming evening, and the important part she was to act in the snowy robed group, called the "Sister Band," had quite stolen away her appetite; and after hastily disposing of a dish of soup, begged excusing from the table to examine her wardrobe for the necessary toilet.

A cloud of anxiety passed over the mirth-lighted face of the mother, as she mentally strove to devise a plan to do half a day's work in just no time at all. Mrs. Bolingbroke, her engaged seamstress, was out of town for a week's visit. She could think of no one else who would or could do the pretty job. If she had been Mrs. Cooper, she would have sunk down in despair, but that wouldn't do for her.

"Where there's a will there's a way" had always been her motto, and should it fail her now?

Dinner was soon over, and Jennie was dispatched to the shop of the village milliner; but she declared she could not be troubled with such little jobs—there was no profit in them. Jane Smith and Anna M'Ulver were both engaged; so she must give up finding the help she so much needed.

A few hours of deep anxiety have passed, during which time a thousand unexpected cares have presented themselves for attention. The last rays of the setting sun have passed from off the tall church spire, and though nature is serenely calm and beautiful, yet in many homes in Flintville all is excitement, hurrying to and fro, gay young misses striving to put on their prettiest in the least possible time; country lasses, "working for their board," hastening the tea-things by, while all the little boys and girls manage to fill up all the spare time and room with curious questions and their almost ubiquitous presence.

Just at this hour Mrs. Peabody was hastening home when she was accosted by Nellie Gray, with the interrogative assertion: "Then we can't speak the Sister Band to-night, because Jennie says she has no dress to wear?"

This came like an arrow to the heart of Mrs. Peabody, and she replied, abstractedly: "I'll see that Jennie's dress is ready."

But how was she to see to that at that time of day, within one hour of the time appointed for the grand exhibition, and then Mr. Birch had not attended to the hanging of the curtains, and she had been detained an hour with that job, and finally left it for the boys to finish. Perhaps it would not be done right, and then she would have to do it over; she must hasten back again as fast as possible. By this time she had entered her own home, so deeply absorbed in thought that she scarce could realize where she was, or what she was doing.

Presently a little fairy form, clad in a robe of snowy whiteness, so neatly fitting and so beautiful, with her sash of delicate blue falling from her waist, and her rich brown hair so smoothly plaited, and flowing over her shoulders, that our heroine might have fancied that some kindly spirit had by magic transformed her child, her darling Jennie, into an angel. Could she really believe her eyes? How, and by whom was this accomplished?

"Cousin Flora did it all, mamma! You didn't miss me at recess; I ran home so fast

for her to measure me"—and a merry little shout rose from half a dozen voices.

"I beg leave to state that Miss Flora didn't do it all," playfully contested Miss Dalton. "If you'll believe it, Charley Blake, the mischievous elf, has been here half the afternoon, helping her to pull out the basting threads, hold scissors, etc. etc. Mrs. Peabody, it will never do for you to suffer Miss Florilla Danvers to play *lady of the house* any longer. Something serious will come out of it, I fear."

"It is a fearful and momentous question left for the wise and judicious Mrs. Peabody to decide upon," exclaimed Mr. Charles Blake, who was half hidden in the folds of a heavy window curtain by which he had been sitting. "And, lest the verdict be not rendered in favor of my client, the defendant, I will take my departure, and spare myself and her the mortification of witnessing the decision." So saying, he bade the ladies "good-night," and departed, not forgetting, however, to call at seven to escort them to the general place of resort for that evening.

An hour passed by. Brilliant lights shone from the windows of the Dunham Hall. The centum of pupils were already there, seated on either side the rostrum, with as much ambition, mingled with glowing expectation, throbbing in their young hearts as ever pulsated in the bosoms of Grecian students, when assembled in their national Athenæum. Long rows of seats were left vacant for spectators. Little thoughtless boys and girls, whose eyes had never yet been charmed by laurel wreaths, were playing "hide and seek" among their shadows.

Presently Mr. Thaddeus Graves called the attention of the audience by a tinkling of the teacher's bell, and said:—

"Fellow Students: It becomes us this evening to conduct ourselves with the most unwavering propriety. We shall be subject to the criticism of a large crowd of spectators, with no teacher to govern or direct us but the gentle whisperings and subduing influences of our preceptress. Without any feeling of treason in my heart, I am fearless to say that Mr. Birch has no heart in this matter. We have prepared our own declamations, and subjected them to a lady for criticism. We have compiled our own compositions, and submitted them to the same person for examination. And this evening, all unaided and undirected by the Principal of this school, we have prepared this room for the occasion; and now, for our own sakes, and for the sake of her, whose untiring efforts for our interest have buoyed up our

sinking spirits, let us act the part of men and women."

Shouts of applause arose from the little audience, a quietus had fallen upon the "hide and seekers," and all seemed to feel their individual responsibility to preserve order. Just then a lady came up the aisle with a hasty step, and all rose to greet her. She had taken off her hood, and was holding it by one string, and the full blaze of light shining full in her face revealed traces of anxiety which we cannot easily describe.

"Where's Mr. Birch," said she, earnestly.

Cries of "We don't know," "He hasn't been here since school," and "I don't believe he'll come at all," mingled in a confused reply.

The audience now began to assemble. The seats were soon filled. Sleigh loads with jingling bells and merry voices, and shouts of laughter came from the neighboring villages until every vacant spot was filled with persons, sitting or standing, eagerly awaiting the opening of the exercises. Last of all Mr. Birch made his appearance, coming slowly and disinterestedly through the crowd, pausing now and then in his way, to talk with this one and that. Weary with waiting, Mrs. Peabody approached him and said that it was already half an hour past the appointed time, and that it was very important that the exercises should commence immediately.

As usual he vacantly assented to her proposals, and ascending the rostrum called out in a cracked voice to the audience for order, announcing at the same time that the pupils of the school would proceed to entertain them for a short time with some original essays and declamations.

The call to order was unavailing, and Mr. Birch considered the case hopeless. A stampede of boys from the neighboring schools, unable to procure seats in the crowd, were entertaining themselves with rattling their boots in every variety of style, producing a very unharmonious confusion.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Birch, despairingly.

"I will obtain some one here to make announcements, etc., and you, if you please, go down to the other end of the room and try to preserve decorum there."

"I will assist you if you wish me to," said Mr. Thaddeus Graves.

"With much pleasure I accept your offer," said Mrs. Peabody, rejoiced to make so good an exchange.

*His* call to order was effectual, and the eve-

ning passed off delightfully, all the exercises being performed to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Mothers went home astonished at the rare buddings of genius which they had for the first time discovered in their gay, thoughtless daughters; and fathers declared that there were materials in that school for future statesmen. They "always knew their boys were smart," but they never thought they were such orators. Old Mr. Pincham said that Fred. should make a lawyer; and Father Straightface thought that Sammy would make a good minister, "if he should happen to have a call."

"Them little girls did look purty in their white frocks and blue ribbons," said Mrs. Hodge. "I 'most wish I had o' let Anne been in that piece, but the truth is I don't 'prove o' wimmin's speakin' in public; but then they looked so kind o' angel like when they spoke o' faith, and hope, and love, and all them. I 'most wish I'd o' let Anne jined that piece."

"It wouldn't 'a' been a bit o' hurt in my opinion," said old Mrs. Jarvis. "I never seen any kind of a speakin' school 'twas so good as that, and I've been to a good many on 'em tew, in my day."

"Well, Jannette, you've done it up right this time," said Mr. Brightman. "I enjoyed that entertainment—there was something original about it, and all the students were so earnest in their attention, and so correct in their deportment. But what did you do with that wooden machine I saw around there at the commencement of the evening, in the person of Mr. Birch?"

"Sent him down to the lower end of the room, where he wanted to be, and where we all wanted he should be," said Mrs. Peabody, irritated with herself that she should ever have had any business connection with him; "and now I've done with that school. I've seen it safe through one term, and now I'll leave Mr. Birch to guide his own ship."

"But what will you do for money these hard times?" retorted Mr. Peabody.

"I'll try to collect what is due to me and go without the rest."

"My wife is a very ambitious woman. No description will do justice to her aspirings after 'the wherewith' to fit up our mansion elegantly last fall. But for the last three months I've not heard a word about new furniture."

"The wise grow wiser from experience," said Mr. Brightman: "but I have learned that with whatsoever I have therewith to be content."

"And I have learned that my pursuit after wealth has been attended with too many difficulties for profit, and that woman is fulfilling about all her mission when she attends well to her domestic duties and makes home happy. If she would do more, let her efforts be put forth for the relief of the suffering, and let the wealth she would acquire be gained upon the principle of the old maxim, that 'a penny saved is worth two earned.'"

These grave conclusions were all cut short by the arrival of the young ladies, accompanied by Mr. Charles Blake, all in high glee in reference to a miniature which had escaped its hiding-place about the person of Miss Dalton, and fallen into the hands of Charley, he declaring that he would never give it to her until she told him the name of that beautiful face. Dell poutingly declared that it was her cousin; but Charley persisted in wanting to know the name of the favored cousin, which she as positively declined giving. At last he delivered the treasure into the hands of Flora, commanding her not to let it slip till she had received the desired information.

During this confab Mrs. Peabody had taken from her pocket a couple of letters which had been there, still sealed, since the reception of the evening mail, this being the first leisure moment she had had to peruse them.

"Come, Charley, away with your nonsense, and listen to the news. Here's a letter from brother John; he is to be married to-morrow morning and take the first train for Flintville. Frank Lucas and his wife are to accompany them. Finely prepared we are to entertain a bridal party! And that wife of his I've never seen; likely enough she's some execrating little miss, who will turn with disgust from the customs of western life."

"He's a smart boy," said Charley; "never even told the name of the favored one, and here only yesterday I had a letter from him, and he never hinted such a thing. I believe he is playing a joke."

"No, he isn't; there's truth in this letter, and I am almost vexed with him for taking me so by surprise."

"Never mind," said the girls, "you shall at least have the assistance of two very accomplished maids, and we'll have a good time out of it too."

"Now I'll read this second epistle; no doubt it is the announcement of some other *distingué*. As I live it is," said she, after a moment's silence. "It is from Mrs. Ray, she that used to be Addie Snow, the most intimate friend of

my girlhood. I've not seen her for the past six years, and this letter inquires of me if I am to be 'at home' on New Year's day, and goes on to say that she 'designs calling on me upon that day if agreeable.'

"And that's the very day before your school commences again," said Della. "I really do pity you, Mrs. Peabody."

"Well, then, if you do, you must help me to make my escape from my engagement there, by taking my place the next term. I've been waiting for a favorable opportunity for making you the offer, and now you have it."

"Oh, I can't do that; I'm not competent; besides, what would mother say?"

"We'll write to her at once and find out; and as to your competency, what is that diploma good for if you are not competent to teach a Flintville school? So you will agree to it, providing your mother and Mr. Birch raise no objections?"

"I'll think about it. If I could only succeed as well as you can"—

"I want you to succeed better in one thing. Tell Mr. Birch before you enter the school that he must pay you each week in advance, or you will not teach; and then the day he ceases to fulfil his part, just leave him to his fate."

In due time the arrangement was made, and on the second of January Miss Dalton became Mrs. Peabody's successor.

For two weeks the stipulated sum was paid, but the third week Mr. Birch saw fit to suspend. With true decision, Miss Dalton left the school at once; and scarce one moon had waxed and waned when the principal theme of gossip for the people of Flintville was, that the school in Dunham's Hall had dwindled out—the pupils at that time numbering less than a score.

The last we heard of Mr. Birch he was perched upon the summit of a load of household furniture on his way to Peg Town, having arrived at the sensible conclusion that he had had no "call" to teach, and was about to enter into an establishment for the manufacturing of shoemakers' pegs. Mr. Peabody was pursuing him with an officer, hoping to secure the amount of his indebtedness to Mrs. Peabody. Upon examination they found that his principal stock consisted of rickety furniture, a broken stove, and a gold watch, which "turned out" to be pure brass. So the gentlemen permitted him to depart in peace.

Miss Dell Dalton has ceased quarrelling about the miniature, having taken the substance in lieu of the shadow, and is now on her way to Scotland, enjoying a bridal tour.

The case of Florilla and Charley is still pending.

Mrs. Peabody's furniture is still the same, and she, relieved of the anxieties incident to the pursuit of wealth under difficulties, wears the sunny smile of earlier years, and avows that in her *school days* she dearly learned that "contentment is great gain."

### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

*Perch the Truth.—October.*

OCTOBER, with his glory, crowns the earth,  
And every movement proves his royal birth;

For him the wood-nymphs twine their coronals  
Within the circle of their forest halls;

The Oreads from the grotto and the grove—  
Sea-nymphs that through old ocean's caverns rove,

Give welcome to the month of changing leaves,  
Of harvest plenty and of golden sheaves.

On Nature's bosom rests the weary year,  
In the last quarter of her journey here,

Weighted down with all the wealth the autumn yields,  
Yet proudly pointing to the woods and fields,

And saying: "These I freely give to man,  
And bid him take its blessings while he can;

"For after me there cometh one whose hand  
Shall be laid heavily upon the land:

"The swallow, lingering through these autumn hours,  
Shall seek a home amid earth's warmer bowers;

"And only here and there a flower remain  
As sad reminders of lost Flora's train;

"And in the air th' ominous sounds be heard  
Of dropping nuts and leaves by squirrels stirred;

"All tokens of the coming of the day  
When Nature, in her desolate array,

"Awaits with patience, through experience tried,  
The hour that hails her as the Winter's bride."

Although this knowledge brings its present pain,  
A panacea for our grief remains

In Memory, within whose magic hall  
We stand, and see upon the pictured wall

October recollections made replete  
By all in life deemed true, and pure, and sweet.

Now come the lengthening eves that once would bring  
Familiar faces round the household ring,

And as the nuts and apples were passed round,  
And pleasant converse added social sound,

The genial moments swiftly sped along,  
And in their passing by our hearts grew strong

To stem the current of whatever fears  
Or trials shaped themselves about our years:

And while our faith uplifted hearts and hands,  
Our life was beautified by its demands.

# THE VILLAGE WITH ONE GENTLEMAN.

A PARLOR DRAMA.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## *Dramatis Personæ.*

MR. BROWN.  
MRS. VANE.  
MRS. DIX.  
MISS MATILDA DIX.  
MISS BARNABY.  
MISS FRANCENA BARNABY.  
MISS ISABEL SMITH.  
MISS HANNAH STAPLES.  
MISS SUSAN LANES.

NOTE.—This little drama, which was written expressly for parlor acting, is very easily performed, since it requires no scenery, and very little change of costume.

The play, though no very great trial of dramatic power, is a test of dramatic skill, and requires to be well studied, and to be acted with much attention.

If the characters of MRS. DIX and MRS. VANE are sustained by young ladies, they should wear matronly caps, and all the garb of middle age.

The other characters, of course, should be differently attired in the monologues, and in Scene VII., where each young lady will endeavor to sustain her part by her dress: MISS HANNAH STAPLES dexterously plying her knitting-needles, and MISS SMITH flirting with her fan.

MR. BROWN'S *role* is, perhaps, the most difficult.

## SCENE I.

*Matilda.*

Yes, mother, all's ready; don't think, for a minute,

I'd let that raw Irish girl's fingers be in it.

The tables are set, and the guests are invited;

Five girls—and some twenty, I know, will feel slighted—

Six ladies in all; and there's only one beau,

Though I've thought of each man that the village can show,

From the minister down to the barber's apprentice,

And the lawyer's poor son, who is *non compos mentis*.

I'm sure if another young man were in town, I should be most happy; but then Mr. Brown is so very pleasant—

*Mrs. Dix.* Matilda, the tarts

Need jelly; the cookies, the rounds, and the hearts

I've set in the cupboard—

*Matilda.*

Yes, mother; I hear,

I know all about them, but one thing is clear—

Though all want to know him, as far as I see, There's no one but us who has asked him to tea. They say he is shrewd, and he can't have the blindness

To pass by, unnoticed, our evident kindness. He'll see, as a friend, that I wish to receive him,

Of all of a stranger's dull hours to relieve him; He'll see we wish well for his future and present,

And kindness, you know, is to every one pleasant:

I'm glad that he hasn't been asked through the town—

I'm sure his first hostess must please Mr. Brown.

## SCENE II.

*Miss Barnaby (sola).*

Yes, he will be there, and I think I shall go; I wish to discountenance folly and show.

I know there is much that is wrong in society, But I shall behave with the strictest propriety.

They say he is, truly, a worthy young man;

If *virtue* can please him, I think that *I* can.

I know he is thoughtful, I'm sure our opinions

Will be quite in common; I think, on swift pinions,

The hours hasten by, and we ought to improve them;

I think we have errors and ought to remove them;

I think that a withering blossom is beauty;

I think life's chief mission is doing one's duty;

I think joy is transient and fame is a bubble;

I think all things earthly are mingled with trouble.

I'll tell him my views, and I think I can show

That each tempted young person should learn to say "No;"

And that *Virtue* on *Folly* can look with a frown:

Yes, I'll go—and I think I shall please Mr. Brown.

## SCENE III.

*Miss Francena Barnaby (sola).*

Yes, he will be there, and I think I shall go.

They say he's well read, and I'm sure he will know

What I have endured, in this village a denizen,  
With my passion for poetry, my worship of  
Tennyson.

I wonder what style he prefers? the Miltonic,  
Cold, calm, and serene, or the glowing Byronic,  
All *thrilling* with feeling—so wild, so delightful!  
Perhaps he likes Shelley—but that would be  
frightful,

For I hav'n't read it; I'll ask if he's seen  
Miss Edgeworth's last novel—Miss Muloch's I  
mean—

I mix up names strangely; we'll speak of  
Longfellow,

We'll talk about Shakspeare, the dusky  
Othello,

The fair Desdemona—oh, that will be charming!  
The day will have moments well worthy em-  
balming!

I am sure I shall show, by my fine conversa-  
tion,

I have more general knowledge, more real in-  
formation

Than all of the other young ladies in town:

Yes, I'll go—and I think I shall please Mr.  
Brown.

## SCENE IV.

*Miss Isabel Smith (sola).*

Yes, he will be there, and I think I shall go;  
And I'll wear my new dress though the neck  
is so low,

And my mother will think I should dress in  
another—

But I say I *will* wear it in spite of my mother!  
My mother is always afraid I shall hurt  
Mrs. Grundy's opinion of me if I flirt!

It is always, O dear!—though I scarcely have  
met

With a soul in the village with whom to co-  
quette;

But he will be there ('tis a terrible pity  
My bracelet is broken, I *want* to look *pretty*),  
And I'll trifle with him till I meet with an-  
other,

For I say I *will* flirt, just in spite of my mother;  
And, really and truly, I don't care a copper  
If people do say my behavior's improper.

Though they say he is sober, I guess he can see  
some,

And, probably, he will be looking at me some;  
And I am determined to wear my new gown:

Yes, I'll go—and I think I shall please Mr.  
Brown.

## SCENE V.

*Miss Hannah Staples (sola).*

Yes, he will be there, and I think I shall go,

Though I really can scarcely find time to be-  
stow;

But I'll take my work with me; they say he  
is sensible,

And all indolence, surely, he'd deem repre-  
hensible.

The others may keep their hands folded while  
chatting,

I'll *work* while I talk and get on with my tatten;  
For though they may flirt with the gay while  
they're tarrying,

The woman a gentleman looks for, in marrying,  
Is not some one that merely can dance and  
embroider,

But a woman to keep the whole household in  
order.

Now, when I took tea there, Miss Barnaby's  
bread

Was as vinegar sour, and as heavy as lead;  
But *my* cooking—I'd like to see piecrust that's  
whiter,

Or bread that is sweeter, or fresher, or lighter;  
And I could not keep count of the joints I have  
roasted—

In all household affairs I am thoroughly posted;  
And though I'm not boastful, nor anxious to  
show it,

I'm perfectly willing, I'm sure, he should know  
it;

And since practical thoughts must awake his  
attention,

It would only be fair to myself, *just to mention*,  
That I know sugar's up, and that butter is  
down:

Yes, I'll go—and I think I shall please Mr.  
Brown.

## SCENE VI.

*Miss Susan Lanes (sola).*

Yes, he will be there, and I think I shall go;  
All the rest will be trying some graces to show.

He will surely be shocked at that Smith girl's  
proceedings,

And what will *he* care for Miss Barnaby's read-  
ings?

And her sister he'll think the absurdest and  
oddest

Of creatures—but *I* shall be shrinking and  
modest;

And I've heard that a gentleman's highest  
felicity

Is in mingling with ladies of charming sim-  
plicity.

He, at least, will perceive I am quite unassum-  
ing,

Like the daisies one finds in the meadow lands  
blooming;

And I'll softly glance up, and I'll meekly look down :

Yes, I'll go—and I think I shall please Mr. Brown.

## SCENE VII.

(Mrs. Dix's parlor. Company assembled.)

Miss Matilda.

Pray, sir, do you find yourself comfortably seated ?

And do take a fan, for the room is so heated ;

'Tis the first time you've mingled in village society,

And to meet with a stranger is quite a variety.

Miss Isabel Smith.

Yes, we're glad you have come just to break the monotony ;

'Tis a place that's good only for studying botany.

I am terribly sick of this miserable town :

I think it is horrid—don't you, Mr. Brown ?

[Mr. Brown tries to speak.

Miss Estlin.

Not horrid ; I think it is wicked to grumble ;

I wish, for my part, to be thoughtful and humble ;

I am sure it would be a most pleasant community

If the people all lived here in quiet and unity :

Since from duty, so often, we've all of us swerved,

It is better, far better than we have deserved.

Miss Hannah Staples.

Yes, there are some things quite pleasant in living up here ;

Now one's eggs and one's butter are not half so dear

As they are in the cities below us I'm told ;

And then they're much better ; now father has sold

A great many eggs at just ninepence a dozen—

Mr. Jones bought them all, to send off to his cousin—

And I think that you cannot find milk in the town.

Like the milk of the country—do you, Mr. Brown ?

[Mr. Brown tries to speak.

Miss Matilda Dix.

Is the room light enough ? I am really uncertain.

If it pleases you, sir, I will lift up the curtain.

Miss Francena Barnaby.

I, too, love the country. 'Mid tumult and traffic,

One fails in the city to list the seraphic,  
Melodious breathings of poetry. I know

No bliss like communing with Byron and Poe,  
They seem, in their genius, of fate so defiant ;  
And then I love, too, the calm measure of Bryant ;

And Shakspeare, I never should weary of reading ;

And Milton, that poet all others exceeding—

I should love to have seen them, those bards of renown :

I am so fond of poetry—aren't you, Mr. Brown ?

[Mr. Brown tries to speak.

Miss Susan Laves.

I'm timid ; I shrink from the world's gairish frown,

And I cherish seclusion—don't you, Mr. Brown ?

[Mr. Brown tries to speak.

MISS ISABEL SMITH and MISS FRANCENA BARNABY speak together.

Miss Isabel Smith.

Well, I like the city. Oh, balls are entrancing !

For I have an absolute passion for dancing !

But, all of last winter, I had to sit waiting,

For there wasn't one beau just to take me out skating !

When I bought my new skates, I was such a great dunce !

I should, really, have liked to have tried them just once.

Miss Francena Barnaby.

I don't care for skating ; such noisy enjoyments

Don't please me as much as serener employments ;

I love to be bound by some writer's soft fetter—

Miss Barnaby.

Yes, bound by a novel ; 'twere very much better

If people read less, and thought very much more.

Miss Matilda Dix.

Mr. Brown, is there not a strong draft from that door ?

[Mr. Brown tries to speak.

MISS F. BARNABY, MISS H. STAPLES, and MISS J. SMITH all speak together.

Miss Francena Barnaby.

Well, I own that I like a good book to peruse  
Best of all things, unless 'tis to quietly muse

O'er the pictures that spring under fancy's light touch,

Though I never write poetry—at least, sir, not much.

Miss H. Staples.

Well, I do not read much ; I'm not fond of rhyme,

And the household affairs take up most of my time.

*Miss J. Smith.*

Mr. Brown (oh, excuse me!), are you a relation

Of Miss Brown that lives down by the Nottingham station?

She's a very nice girl—not so horribly prudent—

And they say she's engaged to a Hanover student.

*Miss Barnaby.*

I think, until people are fairly united,

It is well not to say that their vows have been plighted;

For hearts they are fickle, and students at college

Have often more classical learning than knowledge

Of what is becoming—

*Miss F. Barnaby.*

I think 'twould be pleasant

If one, now and then, in this wearisome present,  
'Mid people whose hearts seem as frigid as zero,  
Could meet with some knightly and worshipful hero.

MISS J. SMITH, MISS H. STAPLES, MISS M. DIX,  
and MISS S. LANES, all speak together.

*Miss J. Smith.*

O dear! for a hero, I'm tired of waiting;

I'm content with a beau that will take me out skating

In winter, and boating, perhaps, in the summer—

I don't mean a hint, though, at any new comer.

*Miss H. Staples.*

These heroes, I think they are very unstable;  
The woman that wins one will find he's unable—

*Miss M. Dix.*

Mr. Brown (oh, young ladies, I owe an apology!),

We've some very fine specimens here of geology.

*Miss S. Lanes (aside).*

I see I'm unnoticed, at least by the guest—

I mean to be noisy as well as the rest.

#### SCENE VIII.

(MR. BROWN'S boarding-place. *The parlor.*)

*Mrs. Vane.*

You've returned, Mr. Brown; but you look rather weary;

I'm afraid that, by contrast, our rooms will look dreary.

*Mr. Brown.*

Look weary! I'm glad to get back here at all;

I've left both my gloves and my cane in their hall.

Five ladies, I think, to their homes I've escorted—

Perhaps I can tell when my thoughts are assorted—

I think there were five, I can count up no more,  
But I feel as though I had been home with a score.

*Mrs. Vane.*

Well, you take it, at least, with most doleful sobriety;

You, at least, had a chance for the charm of variety.

*Mr. Brown.*

Yes, madam; five ladies in unison chattered;  
Of all kinds of learning and knowledge they snattered.

They glanced and they simpered, they smiled and they flattered,

Their words, like the rain in the thunder-storm pattered;

And one was domestic, and one was romantic,  
And one she was terribly stiff and pedantic,  
And one was excessively frisky and antic;  
Between them, among them they've driven me frantic—

Pray, give me the camphor and let me lie down.

*Mrs. Vane.*

Oh, pray, take the rocking-chair, dear Mr. Brown.

I really am shocked at your dismal confession;  
I hope that to-day will not leave an impression  
To render your stay in the village less pleasant.

*Mr. Brown.*

Oh, madam, if some one would make me a present

Of all of the village, its valleys and mountains,

Its pastures and woodlands, its rivers and fountains,

Its orchards of plenty, its meadows of grain,  
Its stores and its dwellings, I would not remain.

*Mrs. Vane.*

Mr. Brown, I am sorry; I've done what I could.

*Mr. Brown.*

O bless you! I know it; your heart is too good  
To ever offend one, my dear Mrs. Vane;

For your sake I would be most glad to remain.  
The house work, like magic, beneath your direction,

Goes on, and my linen's done up to perfection.  
Such peace fills your dwelling that if I need never

Pass over the threshold, I'd stay here forever.  
I leave you, indeed, with the truest of sorrow,

But really I cannot stay over to-morrow;

I'll pitch my lone tent by the waters of Marah ;  
 I'll dwell in the midst of the sandy Sahara ;  
 I'll join the wild crowd when they'll all over-  
 look me ;  
 I'll go where the sun is so hot it will cook  
 me ;

I'll roam where the lions and jackals will meet  
 me ;  
 I'll go where the people will sit down and eat  
 me ;  
 But never, so long as my name shall be Brown,  
 Will I live as the only young man in the town.

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## THE MODERN CINDERELLA; OR, THE BLUE-SPANGLED SLIPPER.

BY METIA VICTORIA VICTOR.

At a masked ball, given this past winter by a wealthy family residing between Fourteenth Street and Central Park, amid the clash and sparkle of conflicting splendors, one lovely vision floated serene. Her dress may have been intended to represent Sunrise, or the Star of Dawn, or Morning, or any pretty fancy of the early day. A large star, formed of a magnificent diamond, set in a circle of silver points, glittered over her brow ; as for the gold of sunrise, nature had furnished that in a fleecy cloud of shining curls. The rest of her dress was a roseate, misty robe floating over a rich blue underdress. However, it was not her attire, though that was indescribably aerial and graceful in its effect, which attracted attention. It was the evident youth and beauty of the wearer, who, though her face was concealed, betrayed those charms in her fresh complexion, and shoulders ; in the bare round arms, dimpled as a child's, in the brightness of her hair, and still more in her movements. That a beautiful face must accompany these was inevitable ; and it was in human nature that the necessity for *glossing* at the precise character of its beauty enhanced the interest of beholders.

To have so much revealed and so much kept back was maddening to the curiosity of some of the more susceptible cavaliers who hung upon her steps. If the seraphic star floating about in her pink cloud was at all susceptible of human vanity, she must have been flattered by the constant appeals for her hand in the dance, and by the attentive suite of courtiers who followed her from room to room. Among those so favored as to have had the felicity of dancing with her whose movements were like those of the breeze or clouds, was a young man dressed in the costume of Feramorz, the poet whose kitar bewitched the soul of Lalla Rookh in her journey through the vale of Cashmere. This dress, it will be remembered, "was simple, yet not without some marks of costli-

ness ; and the ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Thibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence ; nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics, who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of government and religions, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery."

This modern Feramorz seemed in every way the fit representative of the poet-prince in disguise ; his figure was fine, and his manners full of the grace of high culture. That the expression of his countenance was hidden by his mask was not sufficient to conceal the sort of infatuation which the sight of the lovely unknown inspired in him. A hundred trifling gestures spoke as eloquently as words. When her hand met his in the dance, it was almost impossible for him to resist the desire to press it to his lips in the purest homage ; but he was too scrupulous of the proprieties on the occasion of a private masquerade to allow his feelings to tempt him to infringe the strictest rules. For one thing he waited with fiery impatience—for supper, when the esquette of the ball required that all masks should be removed.

He hovered continually about the Star, that he might follow her to the supper-room, and be near her when the full light of her beauty dawned upon the scene. Presently she seemed conscious of his watchfulness, and to make an effort to escape him. For a short time he lost her ; he was uneasy, unhappy. The signal for supper had half emptied the ball-room ; he hurried through the parlors, the little boudoir at the end of the larger apartment, out into the hall, looked up and down the stairs and

flower-wreathed corridors, just in time to see a figure, enveloped in a long black cloak and hood, stealing unattended out the front door. It might have passed for some nun or friar to an ordinary observer; but the keen eyes of Feramorz were not to be deceived. Something in the step, and then a half glimpse of a spangled blue slipper convinced him that his morning star was setting forever, unless he boldly followed in pursuit of the fair masquer who thus strangely glided from the ball, alone, and obviously to escape the necessity of revealing her identity.

Hardly had the door closed after her when it was again thrown open, and he sprang out on the pavement in time to see the cloaked figure take refuge in a plain, close carriage, which was driven rapidly away. Heedless of the fact that he had no cloak to cover his fine array, and that the night was chilly, Feramorz, guitar in hand, looked about him for some means of following the fugitive. As it was too early for the masqueraders to be leaving, only two or three carriages were drawn up in the vicinity, and these of course were waiting for their legitimate occupants. Here was a dilemma. However, in the colored person who was nodding on the seat of one of these, he recognized the coachman of a friend, and resolved to press him into the service.

"Hallo, Cæsar! wake up! I want you to follow that lady—that coach, I mean, which has just driven off"—and he sprang inside.

"Tank you, massa, I isn't a hack," replied Cæsar, majestically. "Dis 'stablishment belongs to missus, and you'd bettah git out, quick."

"Pshaw, Cæsar! I know your mistress and you, too. I'm Philip Van Pearse. Mrs. Flowerdelis would be happy to oblige me with the loan of her carriage a few moments, if she knew I wanted it. She has just gone to supper, and will not require it for an hour yet. Come, my boy, keep up with them, and I'll give you a dollar."

Cæsar felt a gold coin (don't be incredulous; Feramorz most likely brought it with him from that magic oriental country where gems and gold still circulate at par) pressed into his hand through the little window beside him, and overcome by the bribe, started his fine pair of coal-black steeds after the retreating vehicle, which, to the young man's surprise, kept on its way down town until far past all fashionable quarters.

"Perhaps it is going to some of the hotels," he thought. But no; it kept on until it turned

off Broadway, along Prince Street to the west, finally bringing up before a rather dilapidated three story brick on Sullivan. The house did not seem to be a tenement house, and the locality, though shabby, was not at all disreputable.

Just as Cæsar brought his horses around on to this street, the first carriage drove off; Feramorz saw the door of the house open, as if the couer had been looked for; there was a faint gleam of gaslight from the hall, the door was shut and all was dark. Springing out, he ran up the steps and took the number of the place by the light of the carriage-lamps: it was all he could do. He felt surprised, ashamed, almost suspicious, and doubtful if he should pursue the adventure further; when, returning down the steps, he saw something glittering on the sidewalk, and picked up a spangled blue slipper.

This little silken article, its white satin lining yet warm with the foot which had worn it, thrilled him all over with joy. It brought back to him, as vividly as if he still clasped her hand in the dance, the whole aspect of the beautiful unknown; the purity which seemed to emanate light from her; the freshness of youth and innocence in the complexion, in the manners; the girlish music of the voice which had ventured a few "low replies" to his endeavors to draw her into conversation. With this in his hand, he bade Cæsar drive back, while he relapsed into a dream over the lost slipper from which he hardly cared to be aroused by his return to the masquerade. Thrusting it beneath the "vest confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan," he removed his mask, and resumed his place in the gay company.

When Philip Van Pearse attended his lady mother to their home, when the masquerade was among the things which were, and the garments of Feramorz were cast wearily over a modern chair, the silver spangles rose and fell with his breast, as he dreamed a kaleidoscope dream of the ball ending with the rise of the Star of Dawn, the light from whose eyes fell on him like sunshine, warming him through and through with their thrilling power.

In fact the sun was rather too bright upon his face as he sprang out of bed at about eleven o'clock A. M., remembering, as he went to his breakfast, that to-day he was to be at the Hudson River Railroad Depot at a little before three to welcome and escort to his mother's a young lady third cousin of his, whom he had not seen since she was a little girl, but with whose parents Mrs. Van Pearse had spent the month of August, and who was returning the hespi-

tality shown her by a cordial invitation to the daughter to come and enjoy some of the gayeties of city winter life.

He inwardly voted it a nuisance that he should be obliged to play the polite attendant, through the very best part of the season, to a little country girl; and now he felt positively out of humor to think that he must go to the depot, when his mind was bent in another direction. He had resolved to call at the three story brick on Sullivan Street, on one pretence or another, and find out who lived there. He was naturally bold and dashing in his actions, and now, fortified by the slipper, which at worst he could make an excuse out of, as wishing to return it to the owner, he was bent upon satisfying his eager curiosity.

He felt quite relieved when told by his mother, who came to him at his solitary breakfast to make the announcement, that the expected guest had arrived by an early train, and was now in her room, resting after her journey.

"Be sure and return to lunch," added Mrs. Van Pearse, when she saw he was going out. "Annie's a sweet girl; I know you will like her; and she's rather sensitive, and might feel hurt if you were not here to welcome her."

"I've no doubt she's sugar itself, mother dear, you praise her so much: but I shall not want any lunch, after breakfasting at this hour, and I have an engagement which will keep me until dinner time. Make my excuse to Miss Sumner, if you please, *ma chere mère*." And the wilful son hurried off.

Not that he was usually disrespectful to his mother, or unamiable to any one; Philip was rather above the average of his class of young men in moral and mental qualities; but he had been told that this Annie Sumner would not be a bad match for himself, inasmuch as she was pretty, and educated, and the heir to any number of acres whose western boundary was defined by the lordly Hudson, and upon which a castle and other improvements already stood.

Mrs. Van Pearse had seemed charmed with this young relative, and for almost the first time in her life had suggested to her son that she should contemplate a matrimonial alliance with satisfaction. Of course, this had the opposite effect from the one wished. Philip had been too much flattered to be pleased with the idea that it was going to be a good thing for him to meet this young lady—it might be a good thing for her, if he should happen to be pleased, which was not at all probable, etc. etc., with the abominable masculine self-conceit, so much worse than feminine vanity.

The first stage which passed the corner took Philip down town, within convenient walking distance of Sullivan Street. A few minutes later he was pounding away at the old-fashioned brass knocker of the brick house, which he saw by the daylight to be more neatly kept than most of its neighbors. He was somewhat confused when the door was opened by a silver-haired Quaker woman of the most sedate and respectable type of the middle class of society. He made a profound bow.

"Excuse me, madam, but your daughter, who was at Mrs. Jonquil's fancy ball last night, lost—"

"I have no daughter; and, if I had, she would not go to the world's balls. Thou must be mistaken, young man."

"The young lady who boards or resides with you. She lost an article of dress which I should be most happy to return to her."

"There is no young woman in this house. Perhaps thee is mistaken in the number," and she began gently to close the door.

"No, no," uttered Philip, hurriedly; "this is the place. I saw her come in, and took the number. Are you the only occupants of the house?"

"John, and I, and the handmaiden who serves us!"

The handmaiden! He thought of Cinderella. He was so sure of what he had seen that he stretched out his hand to prevent the closing of the door.

"This servant of yours. Perhaps *she* is the one I am in search of."

"Here she cometh from the grocery store. If thou speak with her, let it be in my presence."

He looked, and saw a stout, chubby German girl coming up, her bare red arms loaded with brown paper parcels. The ridiculousness of his fancy that that ethereal creature whom he had touched on her flight, might have been given to cinders and servitude, and of the whole of his proceedings smote him forcibly. He bowed hastily to the Quaker dame, and with a crimson face hurried off, without waiting to try his slipper on the fat foot of Christina.

Here was mystery. He could have persuaded himself that the whole scene of the previous night had been an illusion, were it not for the tangibility of the blue silk and spangles, which gave great warmth and protection to his breast from the winter air, by being placed in the inside pocket of his overcoat. He would not be baffled as long as there was anything more to be done. He went to Mrs. Jonquil's to pay his

respects, and to ask her if she knew what one of her guests it was who wore the diamond star. Mrs. Jonquil replied that she did not; that she herself had been curious to ascertain who it was, but that she did not see her at supper nor after. Then he asked if she had friends in Sullivan Street. She stared at him, as if doubting his sanity, and said "No" very decidedly. Mr. Van Pearse had a mind to tell her what had caused him to ask the question; but in view of her great gift for disseminating useful knowledge, he concluded to retain his secret.

Certainly, it was strange. No one could have been admitted without a card. The dress of the fair unknown was as costly as it was becoming. The diamond forming the centre of the star was of itself a little fortune. For such a star to set in Sullivan Street! Philip went home, so busy with conjecture that he had forgotten the existence of their guest, until he entered the house. The sable servant who took his overcoat and hat in the hall suggested:—

"Massa bettah step up to his room and brush hisself. Dar's *very nice* young lady in de parlor."

Philip gave a little scornful laugh; but, nevertheless, sprang up the stairs two at a time, and made a rather careful toilet.

"Really," he observed to himself in the mirror, "where Hannibal condescends to admire, my judgment will, doubtless, approve. He's no mean critic of the people who honor this mansion by their company. He's quite a connoisseur of female beauty and dress, though he likes a little too much style."

Putting on an air of cordiality to atone for his late appearance, he descended to the drawing-room, and was introduced to his very remote relative, Annie Sumner. The perceptible curiosity in the eyes of these two, who had heard so much of each other, gave place, in his at least, to pleasure and admiration. His anticipated trial of being compelled to do the dutiful to a country cousin melted into the possibility that he might even be proud of the task.

She had that air of purity and seclusion that violets always wear; a freshness, a fairness indescribable, unmarred by bashfulness. She met his glance with a full, quiet look not in the least timid—only maidenly. An abundance of bright wavy hair, the loveliest complexion of lilies and roses, a sweet mouth, sweeter eyes—Philip was charmed. As he looked at her, she reminded him of the beautiful unknown. Her complexion and hair were of the same

order. She was not so perfect; oh no! Her face had not that dazzling perfection which he had no doubt was hidden under that detestable mask. That seraphic being had fairly floated upon the air, so light was her step, so aerial her motions, while this lovely guest was only quietly graceful and fair. If it had not been for the blue slipper, he might have been more delighted than he was; *that* had woven about him such a blinding tissue of splendor that he could no longer see clearly into everyday matters.

During the dinner and the pleasant evening at home which followed, Philip was forced to make himself agreeable by the piqueing spirit and vivacity of their guest. He was surprised at the wit hidden within her sweetness like a bee in the heart of a rose; he prided himself in refined and delicate repartee; but he found in her his match. There was an archness in her laughter which was enchanting. He no longer wondered at his mother's liking, nor at the enthusiasm of sable Hannibal; the young girl had powers to win love and admiration freely. Overflowing with the happiness of youth and health, unspoiled by the follies of fashionable life—here was his ideal maiden found at last. That he did not fully appreciate her was owing to the infatuation which had taken possession of him.

"It is really too bad that you were not in town sooner," he remarked among other things. "We should have been so pleased to have taken you to Mrs. Jonquil's masquerade last night. It was a very successful affair for one of the kind. I should have thought, mother, that you would have written to hasten Miss Sumner's visit."

"Your mother was telling me about it before you came home. It must have been charming. I understand that the Vale of Cashmere contributed to the array of guests—a young poet, the sweetness of whose kitar bewitched the souls of all the veiled beauties who listened. I should, indeed, have liked the privilege of hearing him."

The mirthful side glance which shot through him from Annie's eyes, as she said this, made him feel uncomfortable. There was a good deal more in her look than in her words. It would almost seem as if she had known or suspected what a fool he had made of himself.

Ten days flew by. Never was there a man more agitated by conflicting sentiments than Philip. He was charmed with his Cousin (he had got so far as to call her cousin) Annie.

When in her presence he was sure that he was getting madly in love with her. But as soon as he was alone in his room, out came the little slipper from his inside coat pocket, and he lost himself in dreams over the unknown, exquisite being whom it was impossible for him to forget. He dared not speak to Annie of love, for he was morally certain that if any chance threw the loser of the slipper in his way, he should yield to her influence, even if plighted to another.

There was a fine struggle between imagination and reality. On the one hand, mystery, novelty, adventure, to excite his fancy to the utmost; on the other, the actual presence of the sweetest, brightest of girls, whose silvery laughter, flashes of wit, delicious singing, and transient tears, to say nothing of an occasional rosy blush, certainly ought to have got the better of that fitting phantom of a single night.

Ten days brought Christmas. Santa Claus visited the grown-up children at Mrs. Van Pearse's. It is needless to enumerate the various pretty and expensive gifts which Annie found beside her plate on Christmas morning. Some of these came from home, some from her aunt, and one—a magnificent, perfume-exhaling bouquet, in a costly jewelled holder—she guessed at once came from Philip. As for him, he had his usual allowance of smoking-caps, slippers, etc., and a little paper parcel, which he proceeded to untie very leisurely, as he sipped his coffee. Annie chanced to be looking at him, and saw the crimson flush mount to his face as he caught sight of the gift inside; but whatever it was, he hastily rolled it up again, and thrust it into his pocket.

"You ought to let us see all your presents, Cousin Philip."

"Perhaps the giver would object." It was well for him to give her to understand that she had not his full confidence; it might tend to check hopes which might be destined to disappointment.

After this he grew stupid for the rest of the meal, losing his appetite, owing to putting powdered sugar on his hashed potatoes, and salt on his waffles. As soon as he could decently be excused from the table, he stole up to his room to compare notes. The mate of the blue-spangled slipper was in the brown paper parcel! He put them together. He had a pair now. *She must have sent it to him!* Oh, tormenting and delicious perplexity! She knew him—not as Feramorz only, but his real name and address, as was proved by her sending him this reminder.

In vain he questioned his mother and Hannibal as to how the package had arrived. So many brown paper parcels had come home the previous day by so many different errand boys, Hannibal could recollect nothing especial.

One ray of hope streamed over his mystification. Invitations were out for another fancy ball to come off New Year's Eve. The success of Mrs. Jonquil's had been such as to tempt Mrs. Daffodil to follow with another. His expectation was that the fair unknown would be present again, when he trusted to wit and determination to discover who she was, and to get a sight of that beautiful countenance whose lovely possibilities haunted him. He gave a great deal of thought to his costume. Of course, it must not be the same as before. Finally he concluded to go as the Prince, carrying around with him the slipper, vowing to marry the lady whose foot it would fit. His mother and Annie were going; but they would not confide to him the characters they intended to assume. He received the impression, however, that Annie was going as a Shepherdess.

"I thought she had more originality," was his mental comment. "She will look very fair and pretty; but I can't endure these milk-and-water characters."

So Annie's star sank, while that of the unknown was in the ascendant. The ladies were engrossed with company and the preparation of their costumes; Philip paid them only so much attention as they needed; Mrs. Van Pearse could see no evidences in the young couple of the state of feeling she had wished and anticipated.

Mrs. Daffodil's ball was as superb as Mrs. Jonquil's. The Prince, with the blue-spangled slipper in his hand, went around in search of his Cinderella. He had not been long in the rooms before he recognized, or thought he did, the lady of whom he was in search. This time she was dressed, if possible, more exquisitely than before. Her dress was that of a water sprite—a transparent silvery tissue waving over a pale sea-green robe, lilies in her hair and trailing in the crystal waves of her tunic. Philip was enraptured. Again he solicited her hand for the dance; when it was over, he led her to a retired seat in the embrasure of a window, and with a meaning air begged her to try the slipper.

"It is the sandal of a seraphic star," he said, in a warm whisper; "but I know that it will fit the foot of Undine as well. Alas! I cannot swear that I will marry you, if you can wear it, for ladies will not be taken, even by

princes, now-a-days, without their own consent, and you might make me break my oath. But if I dared to hope—if I dared to say—”

She put up her hand deprecatingly; she would not listen to the impassioned words which trembled upon his lips; but he rushed on impetuously:—

“I cannot refrain; my heart is too full. I have thought of nothing else, especially since you proved that you took *some* interest in me, by sending me the mate to this slipper. Only promise to let me know you hereafter without this disguise, to give me a chance to prove the impression you have made. Make me happy by going with me to supper, and allowing me to behold that face of which I have dreamed for a whole maddening fortnight.”

The fair bosom, nestled in water-lilies not so white, heaved, but whether with emotion, or suppressed laughter, it was impossible for him to tell. Presently she answered, in a low voice:—

“Feramorz has indeed turned out to be the Prince in disguise. If I had been Lalla Rookh, I should consent to put on the slipper. Seek me after supper, noble Prince, and if you find me, I will accede to your request.”

So saying, she glided from him. He was resolved not to lose sight of her an instant, for something in her answer suggested that she intended escaping before midnight. However, as yet, he had not detected Annie, and seeing a shepherdess in the distance, he made his way towards her. This shepherdess had black hair, and was tall; it was not Annie, and when he turned to keep near the water-sprite, she had already disappeared. While he was striving to trace her in the crowd, his mother, in turban and jewels, arrested him, detaining him some time in attendance upon her.

Alas! he saw no more of his Undine. Half frantic with disappointment, he could hardly be civil when the two ladies descended from the dressing-room, wrapped up in their cloaks, ready to be escorted home. He was in the carriage with them before he realized how neglectful he had been of Annie; the masquerade was over, and he could not tell what dress she wore, who had been polite to her, or whether she had enjoyed herself.

Half ashamed, he ventured to ask her if the ball had equalled her expectations. She avowed herself quite contented with her share of the pleasure; said she had danced all she wished, and had not been neglected.

“Did you notice that delicate and unique costume—the Undine?”

He endeavored to keep his voice quite careless; but it betrayed a tremble of consciousness.

“Yes, I noticed it. It was quite pretty.”

“Quite pretty, indeed! It was delicious—original! I wish you had chosen some such poetical conceit, Cousin Annie, instead of that humdrum shepherdess, with her everlasting crook.”

“Your compliment is rather a crook-ed one, Mister Philip. I'm sorry that I did not please your taste more, seeing your devotion would have rewarded any trouble I might have taken. However, I could never hope to be so alluring as your Undine, do what I might.” She laughed, gayly; evidently she was not jealous, or she would not be so good-humored.

Philip's vanity was just enough piqued to save him from the despair into which he was settling. He would see if he could not arouse a little spark of feeling out of this gay indifference.

Yes; though more than ever convinced that he should never love Annie, he was ungenerous enough to seek to interest her in him. These efforts of his went on from day to day. The more miserable he became brooding over his passion for the mocking vision which had evaded him, the more he sought to divert his unhappiness by trifling with his gentle cousin.

He read love-breathing poetry to her in the mornings when they were alone together; twice or thrice he had pressed her hand; once he had kissed a ringlet of the bright hair which rippled down about her throat. The feeling which had urged him to this last action was the resemblance her hair had to that of the fair unknown; but how could Annie guess this, as she blushed at the deed, her soft blue eyes drooping beneath his glance?

Thus the weeks rolled round until the time of her visit had expired. Gladly as she would have prolonged it at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Van Pearse, she had other reasons for declining to do so. Maiden delicacy prompted her to fly from Philip, who might think that she lingered under the spell of his influence. One day his manner would be cold and constrained; another, he would be all devotion, saying and looking a thousand things, which, to her, all unversed in hollow flatteries or worse coquetries, seemed to mean much, setting her heart in a glow, bringing the richest light and color to her face. Could Philip, man of the world as he was, see all this and not be to blame, if he were only amusing himself?

The evening preceding her departure came.

Her trunks stood in the hall, ready strapped for the journey. The three sat in the library, denied to guests, wishing to spend the last evening together, as Annie intended to retire early, having to arise early in the morning.

"The house will be intolerable after you are gone!" said Philip, suddenly, with one of those bursts of excitement peculiar to him. "Mother, why don't you persuade Annie to stay here always?"

"Why don't I persuade her? I should like such a daughter very much; but Providence denied me one; and I presume her parents would have something to say against my robbing me of theirs."

Mrs. Van Pearse was going out of the room as she said this. Both the young people colored at the first part of her answer. Annie took up a book, and pretended to be absorbed in an engraving. Philip sat and looked at her. She was lovely—most dearly lovable! Would it not "pay better" to make sure of this living treasure before him—this *bona fide* incarnation of love and sweetness—than to pursue the mysterious stranger any longer? He had not dreamed that he should miss her so much; but now he could not bear the idea of the house as it would be to-morrow, with no Annie in it. That arch laughter, those light footsteps, that fair face—how they had lighted up everything with a new charm! It came upon him suddenly, that life would be a blank, if he should see them no more. What a daughter she would be for his mother! What a wife she would be for him! *Wife!* the word sounded sweet as he applied it to the fair girl before him, whose face bent lower and lower over her book, until her ringlets, down-sweeping, hid it from sight. Mrs. Van Pearse had some errand which detained her—her son forgot to wonder why she did not come back.

"Annie!"

She did not look up; he bent over and took the book away, when he saw tears in the eyes which she forced herself to raise to his.

"Are you sorry to go away?"

"I want to see my dear parents, of course, Cousin Philip; but I like your mother so much—I—feel grieved to part with her."

"Is it my mother, alone, whom you like, Annie? I hope not. If I only ventured to think you could like her boy a little, too, I would ask permission to go home with you, and see what your parents had to say about it."

"I never thought you cared much for me, Philip"—the hand he had taken possession of was half-withdrawn, and her eyes searched his

earnestly. "Do you know, I fancied you had an attachment for some other lady?"

"Well, I hardly knew my own feelings," stammered he, "until to-night. When I realized your going away, it seemed as if the sunshine had gone out of everything."

"How about the *starlight?*" she asked, roguishly, her smothered dimples breaking out of their hiding-places.

"I have come to the conclusion that every-day sunlight is the best thing to live with," he answered, after a moment's embarrassment. "Do not torment me, Annie; let me know my fate at once!"

When Mrs. Van Pearse came back into the library, her children sat hand in hand; the blushes of one, and the triumphant joy of the other face told her how matters had progressed. It was arranged that Annie should defer her departure one day, to enable Philip to make ready to go home with her, and gain the consent of her parents to their betrothal.

The next morning a note came to him by the city courier. On a dainty sheet of paper was written daintily:—

FERAMORZ: Bring my blue-spangled slippers to — Sullivan Street this evening, at eight o'clock. I want them. STAR.

This note agitated Philip more than he dared to confess. Why had it been sent just when it was too late to make him happy? But was he not happy? the most blessed and happiest of men? Had he mistaken the feelings which only an hour before seemed so intense and real? Would there be any danger in meeting her who had interested his imagination only? He glanced over at Annie, whose tender blue eyes sank beneath his own. No! he could meet Venus herself, fortified with the memory of that blush and smile.

"It's high time the slippers were returned," he thought, as he buttoned his coat about them for the last time, preparatory to his long ride down town. His mother and cousin, upon hearing that he had an engagement which would keep him out all the evening, had concluded to make a call or two, with Hannibal and the carriage; and they had been gone an hour when he left.

A little whirlwind of conflicting emotions raised a great dust amid the dried and withered sentiments which had once been so green, as he thumped on the brass knocker again at the three-story brick house. The fat German handmaid admitted him to the prim parlor. As he entered, there arose from the sofa the

only occupant of the room—the same lovely vision which he had once pursued hither, in the identical dress, and masked as before. Dazzled and overcome, he stood still, saying nothing. His faith with Annie bound his feet, but he felt a rush of the same maddening feelings which the vision had before inspired.

“Peramorz,” said a voice, very low and tender, “I have concluded to let you try the slippers.”

“Too late!” cried Philip, tragically. “I am pledged to another! Ah, why did you not sooner summon me to your presence?” And he made a motion as if he would tear his hair.

“Do you regret it, then? Ah, Prince, you are very fickle.”

Something in the tones of the voice appeared curiously familiar to him. Bewildered and agitated, unable longer to restrain his overmastering curiosity, he stepped hastily forward, and tore the mask from its wearer.

“Annie Sumner!”

“Yes, Philip. Would you like to see if the slippers fit?”

The golden ripple of laughter which broke on his ears restored him to his senses. He seized her in his arms, giving her more kisses than she thought proper.

“I can’t help it, you little deceitful witch! I’m so glad that I’m only in love with one woman after all! I’ve been troubled more than a little by thinking myself in love with two.”

Then, to complete his astonishment, entered his own mother along with the Quaker dame and her husband John.

“My Aunt and Uncle Hooker,” said the Morning Star.

In a short time all the mystery of the affair had been explained away. Mrs. Van Pearse, who had a touch of the romance more fully developed in her son, had conceived the idea of having the young people meet under some striking circumstance which would be apt to fix their interest. The invitations to the fancy ball gave her an idea of how this could be effected. The only difficulty was in getting Annie to the city in time to have her dress prepared, but without her meeting Philip. When she wrote to her about it, she asked her if she had no friends with whom she could stop for a couple of days. Annie replied that she had an uncle and aunt, old-fashioned people, living in the same house in the city in which they went to housekeeping thirty years before; that she had visited them once or twice before, and loved them dearly, despite their quaintness.

Her only fear was that Aunt Rachel would not consent to any such worldly proceeding as the preparation for a ball; however, she would try to win her over to it. Mrs. Van Pearse had sent her carriage to the depot to see her guest safely to Uncle Hooker’s; had made the acquaintance of the Quaker couple, and represented that Annie would go to this private party under her protection and auspices, and would return home very early.

Aunt Rachel, who made a pet of Annie, was not very difficult to persuade. Mrs. Van Pearse went to her friend, Mrs. Jonquil, and procured another card of admission; her own carriage took Annie to the party, and Hannibal had especial orders to come at twelve and return her safely to Sullivan Street. The diamond star was formed of some of Mrs. Van Pearse’s own jewels.

Keeping up the deception was an afterthought. When Annie found herself pursued by Philip, whose identity his mother had revealed to her, she was delighted with the success of their little romance; the slipper was purposely left on the step. The next morning Mrs. Van Pearse sent early for her; they expected that Philip would recognize her when they met, and a gay laugh would be the end of the affair. She cautioned Aunt Hooker before she left, if any young gentleman called, with a blue slipper, which she had lost, not to give him any information; and the good lady emphatically consented, not thinking such an errand strictly proper.

When it was seen that he did not recognize the Star of Dawn in his country cousin, it was concluded to watch him, and see how much of a simpleton he was going to make of himself. The two ladies had a great deal of amusement, which their victim did not suspect. The present of the slipper on Christmas continued the mystery. It was quite easy, at the second masquerade, to keep him from recognizing his cousin. As for her, she began to feel troubled at the serious air he put on, and was tempted then to betray herself to him, thinking that would put an end to his fancied passion; but, in the meanwhile, she, too, had become involved beyond extrication. Oh, if he should think that she had done it on purpose to try and entrap him, she should be so mortified as never to wish to see him again.

Her aunt, quite satisfied with her little romance, told her to let him find it out when the best opportunity occurred—there was no haste about it.

“How could you make up your mind to

declare yourself to a humdrum shepherdess?" asked Annie, maliciously, as they sat partaking of the apples, nuts, and cider, which kind Aunt Rachel brought forth for their entertainment.

"If I'd only had the taste and originality of an Undine—"

"You hav'n't tried on the slipper yet," he said, to change the subject. "Come, let us all see if you are the true Cinderella.

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### THOUGHTS ON THE PAST.

"What happy days were our childhood's days! never were we so happy as then! how joyous and light-hearted! no care or sorrow seemed to cross our path." These, and such similar words we often hear from our friends and companions. Is it not true? Is not the pleasing remembrances of our childhood's associations, companions, and even pastimes, fixed on our minds, never to be forgotten? How well we remember the time when our hearts would beat with joy to see the merry faces of our school-fellows, and join in their ringing laugh! How we longed to enjoy a skip, or a toss of the ball, with them! And then, when our irksome studies were over (as we thought them), how happy we were to throw our books on one side and hasten home to the loved ones there!

Those were happy days; for could we not tell our mother of all our childish griefs and sorrows? and, when we fancied danger was near us, how safe we felt near her; and how carefully she watched over us! Happy, happy childhood! I fancy I hear some say, "Though we were under the parental roof, we had our griefs even then." True, we had. How many of us, when children, have had to grieve over a sick parent; how noiselessly we moved about, fearing to make their pains more acute, and how relieved we were when told they were better; we felt, then, as if we could jump for joy. But how often has our loved circle been broken by death! How sad we felt when our pet, the cherished playmate, the sunshine of our home, was laid in the cold, dark grave! These, indeed, were times of sorrow; but we look upon them as light, compared to what they have been since.

Time sped on. School-days were over; our schoolmates were separated far and wide. We, too, must leave the parental roof to join in the busy turmoil of the world. What preparation, what advice from our friends, what tears were shed over us when the time came for us to bid farewell to all most dear at home!

"Sad was the parting hour!" We did not know till then the depth of the affection we had to those that surrounded us. We like to linger on the past, and wish it over again; but it has gone—gone forever! At first we thought we could not stay from home; we could not get along without the help and guidance of those we had been accustomed to look to; but when we had fresh duties to perform, and new companions to associate with, we felt reconciled to the separation. Though resigned, how we longed for the time when we should once more join the home circle! Perhaps many such seasons have gone by to most of my readers; and how do we feel now, when returning to the home of our childhood for a short time to have sweet converse with all the dear ones there? We cannot too highly prize our *home*; for we do not know how long it may be home to us. Let us, then, cherish those we love, lest they be snatched from us by the icy finger of death, no more to be seen in this world. Some of us may have parted from them forever—no, not forever, for they are waiting to welcome us where parting will be no more.

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### I SEE THEE WHEN THE TWILIGHT FOLDS.

BY UNA.

I see thee when the twilight folds  
Its robes of silver gray,  
Soft as an angel's downy wing,  
Above the sleeping day;  
When silence broods o'er land and sea,  
My heart flies fondly back to thee.

Love oft rebels 'gainst fate's decree,  
Though duty bade us part,  
Bade each to walk life's weary way  
With a divided heart;  
And twilight oft brings back the past—  
The happy hours too bright to last.

When, borne on memory's airy wings,  
My thoughts go back to thee,  
I know that twilight to thee brings  
Thoughts of the past and me;  
It brings the words so fraught with pain  
To both: We may not meet again.

And yet, though bitter is the thought,  
Perhaps 'twas best to part,  
Ere cold distrust had banished love,  
Or time had chilled the heart;  
For now we only know we meet  
To love, to part, but not forget.

When twilight's sombre shadows creep  
O'er life's declining day,  
When burst our souls their prison-doors,  
And break their bands of clay,  
At last united may we soar  
Through worlds of light for evermore.

## THE FATAL BRIDEGROOM.

BY M. E. D.

THE other day, when wife and I were riding to town to do up a few odd chores for the family, who should we see walking along the road but Dr. Smith, the very parson that married our Jeremiah to Farmer Dobbs' gal.

"Hello, parson!" says I, stopping the mare, "how d'ye do? I ain't seen you since you did up that ere little job for my youngster."

The parson's generally reckoned a jolly kind of man enough, but he walked up to us kind of solemn as we halted.

"Good-day to you, friend G——, and to you also, madam; it has indeed been many days since we have met."

I knew from his pompous manner that he alluded to wife and I not havin' been to meetin' of late; so I thought I'd smooth up matters a little.

"Yes, indeed," says I, drawin' my face as long as I could, "we've had such drawbacks with the bad roads, and the mare's being lame, and my old woman, here, down half the time with the rheumatiz, that we've been fair run aground up our way lately for want of a good sermon."

This did the business, and our parson looked smiling in an instant, that is, about as jolly as a persimmon tetch'd with frost, which is doin' pretty well for a parson.

"And how is your son, madam, and his bride?" he asked, turning to Mrs. G——, who sat on the back seat.

"Oh, fust-rate," said my wife; "they're jest as happy as two clippy birds; and I often can't help thinking what a goose I was to sit and cry that day all through the ceremony."

"Well, well," answered the parson, "weddings are solemn things, madam, after all; but your son's wedding was nothing to one I officiated at the other day."

"Why, doctor, what on airth do you mean?" put in my wife, who, like women in general, is very easily aroused in the curiosity way.

"Why, madam," he replied, "I married a beautiful young girl."

"You married her!" screeched my wife.

"Ah! ahem! I mean I performed the ceremony," explained the parson, blushing clean through his yellow skin; "and, sad to relate, I buried her on the same day."

"Dear me! how terrible!" cried my wife, actually turning pale, and no wonder. "Was it consumption? Oh no; I guess it must have been cholera, since they couldn't keep the

body. Poor young man! how desolate he must be!"

"Don't pity *him*, madam," said the parson, looking mysteriously around him; "she was a victim of neither cholera nor consumption. And what is stranger yet," he continued, lowering his voice, "it is not the first case of the kind that has occurred in the bridegroom's family. Ten years ago I married his eldest brother to a lovely girl, and, strange to say, I was forced to bury *his* wife, too, on the very same day, and in the same manner."

"Sakes!" I exclaimed, "it's really a dangerous thing to be concerned in, parson; you ought to let the police into such a piece of business as that."

"What!" cried the parson, "go to the police with a private family matter like that? Never!"

Sometimes, when the parson had worked himself up rather high in his sermons, I had fancied there was something kind of flighty about him; but now I made quite sure that he was raving mad, or else about as black a villain as ever walked the earth. Just as he was going to speak again I drove off.

"Good-day, parson," says I, a little stiff, "we've lots on hand this morning, and must be moving. Good-day!"

So saying, without noticing my wife, who wanted to talk more, and kept kicking my boots under the seat as a hint, I whipped up the mare, leaving the parson standing in the road.

"I declare, Jed," scolded my wife, "if you ain't the provokingest man that ever was. I wanted to hear more about that awful queer family, and there you went and drove off right in the middle of it. Dear! dear! there's *murder* somewhere in that business, you may depend on it."

"Of course there is," I answered; "and I tell you, wife, the less you and me knows about it the better. Sooner or later things of this kind come to light, and then look out for being called to court as a witness."

"That's so, Jed," replied my wife, "but, my goodness! ain't it awful to think of? It's worse than Bluebeard! What family can it be, I wonder? He seemed kind of disinclined to tell us, did you notice?"

"Of course I did. You don't think the man would go and let out anything of that kind before a woman, do you? He might as well publish it."

"Umph! What did you marry a woman for, if they're so dreadful?" retorted my wife.

"Because," says I, chuckling, "I didn't care to keep my marriage particularly secret."

Well, to tell the truth, we had a few more words not over-tender and affectionate; but we soon made up, and so drove into town, still talking over the unnatural business, and wondering at our parson's having a hand in such work.

All the rest of that day we couldn't talk or think about anything else; but we both resolved to keep the matter to ourselves for fear of getting into some scrape or other.

Finally, after tea, my wife said: "Jed, I declare I shall have nightmare all night if I don't find out something more about that business. What do you say to callin' in at the parson's on your way to brother Tim's. You could get up some excuse or other to stop."

Well, the long and short of it is, like Adam of old, I was tempted by the curiosity of "the woman," and so dropped in to offer the parson the use of my new seed-sower in case he needed it.

The parson's room was full of folks, and I talked about different things until at last I couldn't hold out no longer; so I just drew the parson out in the entry, and whispered:—

"Doctor Smith, if you wouldn't mind intrusting me with the name of *that* bridegroom, I might some time be of use to you in the matter, as I can testify to your general character and—"

"Of use! character!" interrupted the parson, opening his big eyes wider yet. "Why, my dear friend, what do you mean?"

"Hush!" I whispered, "we will be overheard! I merely ask to know the name, in case you are willing to give it to me. Rest assured, my dear sir, your secret, dark though it may be, is safe with me. I shall never betray you."

The parson colored—got purple—turned from me an instant, and I could see that his frame was convulsed by some great inward struggle. At last he turned towards me, and gave vent to his feelings in one long hideous shout—of laughter.

"Why, my dear Mr. G——," he yelled out, holding his sides in the mean time, and actually drawing half a dozen people out in the hall by his outrageous racket. "Why, my dear sir, is it possible? Didn't I tell you that man's name? He! he! he! he! Dark secret, indeed! Why, you see, you drove off in such a hurry I had no chance to tell you—he! he! he! he! he! Why the man's name was Berry; and so of course I had to *Berry* his wife when I married her to him! Don't you *take*?" And he laughed harder than ever.

Yes, I *took*, and I *put* too.

Mrs. G—— was even more indignant than I was. But she always clinches off any allusion to the story with—

"Well, it served you right! Another time you'll be more careful not to drive off in the very middle of a story."

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TEMPER.

If that disposition of the mind, which we call temper, be good, what a blessing it may prove! but when bad, of how many evils is it the cause?

How many do we hear excusing the most unpardonable offences by saying, "It was only temper." They little think to what "only temper," if unchecked, may lead.

How many have, in an evil hour, through temper, committed deeds, and spoken words, of which a whole lifetime has not been sufficient to repent. Deeds, that have arisen to accuse and torment them in their dying hour.

How bitterly Henry regretted the hasty words which caused the death of Thomas a Becket! But the words were spoken, and no after-remorse could recall them. Yet we can say, "only temper."

I am afraid it is because temper is so common a fault with otherwise good persons, that we are so ready to excuse it. How often do we hear it said, "I should not think there was much in any one who had not a spice of temper." And this conclusion, in many cases, has much truth in it; but then it must be a governed temper; one under the control of reason. A temper, the conquest of which has purified the spirit of its possessor. Yes, there is the use of temper: it is a trial to purify us. Let us use it as such. Let this thought encourage us to strive for victory over it.

And we who are tried by the temper of those around us, whether it be hasty, or irritable, or sullen—no matter what, let us ever remember that it is far more irksome to themselves than it can be to us; therefore, let us, in a truly Christian spirit, help them to bear the burden of it.

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THE foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of all political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; and the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God.

## THE VERTICAL RAILWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES AT THE SEASHORE."

MISS HATTIE WALLACE was shown to her elegant room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. She put down her neat little satchel, and glanced around with great satisfaction. "Velvet carpet, rosewood furniture, fronting Twenty-third Street—good!" She removed the dusty travelling-hat, bathed her face and hands, gave a hasty brush to her curls, and then opened the door and looked down the long hall. "Why *don't* papa come? I'm as hungry as a bear!" Happily for the poor famished young creature, papa's portly figure was at this moment seen approaching.

"Well, Hal, ready for supper, hey?" he called when he spied her.

"I should think I was," rather crossly said Miss Hal; "hav'n't had a mouthful since breakfast."

"Come on, then; lock your door." And Mr. Wallace led the way down to the tea-room.

And while Miss Hattie satisfied her ravenous hunger, I will tell you what she is, viz.: a very pretty girl. I am a judge of a pretty girl, and I consider Miss Hattie a fair specimen; red lips, good teeth, full gray eyes, with long curving lashes, and great bunches of auburn curls waving rich and soft over her forehead and down either side of her oval face. Miss Hattie is *petite*; but, as every quick graceful movement indicates—alas! must I acknowledge it?—*flirty*.

Miss Hattie, having finished her supper, leaned contentedly back in her chair, and catechized her parent.

"Now, papa, we are here; how long are we going to stay?"

"Can't possibly tell," answered papa, carving with great vigor.

"But how long do you *think*?"

"Two weeks, probably three—perhaps four."

"Aggravating! And what am I to do while you are off on business?"

"Oh, what you always do: drum a little on the piano, and sew your clothes."

"Sew my clothes!" here said Miss Hattie in great indignation; "I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Then, anything you please."

A short pause, and then a coaxing little whisper. "You will take me to the theatre every night, of course?"

"Ugh! of course *not*!"

"You cross old thing!" was the undutiful speech that followed. "You are sleepy now, I know you are; you are always as cross as two sticks when you are sleepy."

Mr. Wallace answered by a yawn, and pushed his chair away from the table. "I will go to bed, then," said he; "perhaps I will be in a better humor in the morning."

Miss Hattie followed, shaking her curls a little disconsolately. "I see I shall have to look out for myself," she thought.

It was during that season when even Broadway is deserted; shops looking dusty and uninviting, the clerks standing unemployed behind the counters, and answering grumpily any meek requests made by shabby-looking ladies, arrayed principally in green veils, for hair-pins, Lisle thread gloves, and the like; at that season when the sound of the omnibusses, rolling slowly over the stones, had an emptiness plainly indicating the condition of the inside of the 'buss. As for the hotels, they were positively ghostly. The heavy tread of a porter, or the light trip of a maid on the muffled floors, being the only sounds heard.

My pretty heroine wandered through the parlors hour after hour, occasionally stopping at the windows, and drumming impatiently on the panes, and watching the little news-boys and apple-venders on the pavement below. True there was some consolation in the large mirrors that met her at every turn; I own there is an inexhaustible pleasure in seeing how one's dress hangs; but still a variety is pleasant. So the third day Miss Hattie determined to have a walk, in spite of the heat. Bonnet and mantle were donned, and gloves (No. 6, double buttons) were drawn on, and she sallied forth. Up and down the Fifth Avenue, through and through Madison Square, and then back to the hotel, "tired to death," of course. "I'll ride up to my room on the railway!" was her brave determination. Now you must know that this same railway was Miss Hattie's horror: she had a dreadful presentiment that if she once got on there would surely be an accident; she pictured to herself the car whizzing violently down the screw, and stopping at last with a great thump, mashing her poor little head, or, at the least, her bonnet; therefore, her "brave" determination.

"Are you going up?" she asked of the conductor.

"Yes, miss," was the answer. So Miss Hattie stepped in and seated herself, quaking.

Slowly they started; the network door closed as if by magic; Miss Hattie's eyes grew big with apprehension; but up they went safely to the next floor; and on the next floor stood a young man—a young man with a buff moustache, and a stylish suit of light gray. Now, the young man was the picture of listlessness, till he caught sight of the pretty face and auburn curls shining mistily through the network door; and as it came nearer, and the door opened again as if by magic, his before half-formed resolution ripened, and he cried out:

"Stop! I'm going up."

The rope was pulled, the car stopped, and in he got. Miss Hattie moved gently along the seat, and drew her skirts within bounds, thereby leaving oceans of room. But the young man preferred to stand; he could see so much better, and I am afraid he made good use of his eyes, for his little fellow-passenger blushed and swept her cheeks with her dark lashes, and almost forgot to have the car stopped in time to get out at the next landing; however, she managed it, and glided past the young man with a charming little bend, and a half-murmured apology for "incommoding him." Incommoding! he had almost a mind to go down on his knees, then and there, regardless of the conductor, and swear that he would rather she would walk over him than not. He restrained this insane impulse, and merely bowed, and stammered, and stroked his moustache; so she, seeing plainly that she had the advantage, got saucy again, and gave him a quick look from under her curls as she went off that she well knew would "finish him."

And after this young lady got to her room, what do you think she did? Seated herself in a comfortable chair by the window, and giggled—wickedly. Yes, she was well pleased with the morning's adventures, and found herself at once in her element. The chair was rocked easily back and forth for some time, and then suddenly stopped. Miss Hattie's brows knit in a pretty contemplating frown; she seemed in deep and earnest thought for a moment, and then a radiant smile dimpled about her mouth. "I'll wear my blue!" she said, aloud, and went to the bed with a novel, cuddled up, and read herself to sleep.

When Mr. Wallace came home at six o'clock and tapped at his daughter's door, it was opened by that young lady rather timidly. The truth

is, she had been accustomed to wear only a plain little dress and linen collar, and she was afraid the gorgeous combination of silk and lace might meet with her father's disapprobation.

But Mr. Wallace was thinking too much of his dinner to notice; he merely said: "All ready, I see," and started down the hall. This naughty girl, bent on chaining the already conquered, sailed into the dining-room, taking in at a glance the whole room. There he was, a few tables off, pushing aside the white cravatted waiter, who unconsciously impeded his view. Miss Hattie ate her dinner gracefully and tranquilly, never once meeting the eager looks fixed upon her, and apparently entirely unaware that the giver of the looks ate nothing, and cruelly snubbed the aforesaid waiter. But as she was leaving the room, and passed close by him, a little look dropped from her gray eyes—a little look that said, "I have not forgotten you!" and it was returned by one that said as plainly, "I adore you."

After Miss Hattie's eleven o'clock breakfast, the next morning, she wandered as usual in the parlors, and then threw herself languidly into the corner of a sofa, pettishly wondering "what she was to do with herself?"

"It is raining, and of course I can't go out," she thought, with a despairing look at the heavy clouds.

Here I would remark that this is a very common complaint with girls. Can't go out because it rains? Nonsense! Lace on thick walking boots, loop your dress up over a bal-moral, put an *aqua scutum* around you, the hood over your bonnet, and be off. Why, there is real pleasure in a tramp on a rainy day, if you are arrayed in the very sensible manner I have described. There is one objection, however, I have not met. Miss Hattie sees it, for she stuck out the toe of her slipper, and looked at it dolefully. "If I did go out," was her inward remark, "I would have to put on boots, and I'd rather take a whipping than lace them up." Alas! for the laziness of the age! As I sit here, writing, a cousin of mine is hobbling about the room on one foot and one heel, one of her slippers lying out on the balcony where she kicked it a while ago, and she being absolutely too lazy to go and get it. There! a needle has pricked the unprotected foot, and she is nursing it, and whining, "Mary, do please go get my slipper; I know I'll have the lockjaw." But I refuse, and smile scornfully at the idea of lockjaw; she calls me "unfeeling," and has now fished the slipper from off the balcony

with an umbrella handle, and is putting it on, bemoaning herself the while.

Miss Hattie was still regarding the toe of her little French kid, tapping it pathetically upon the carpet, when this pleasing occupation was arrested by a pair of arms being thrown around her waist, and a very hearty kiss pressing her lips. She gave a ridiculous little shriek, and then said, gladly—

"Why, you dear Bob! when did you come—and what brought you?"

"I have just got in by the boat," said dear Bob, "and I came because father wrote me that you were so lonely."

"How very nice in papa, and what grand fun we'll have together!"—and Miss Hattie gave her brother an ecstatic pinch, and her languor vanished. "And oh, Bob, I am in for a flirtation!"

"At your old tricks again, hey?" said Bob, approvingly.

Hattie nodded and murmured, "So handsome—light moustache," etc. etc.

Bob was used to this, and listened with praiseworthy attention for some time; and then interest flagged. "Come, now, Hal," he said, rising, shaking down his pants, and settling his collar; "come with me while I get in some rations, and we'll talk of this chap and everybody else another time."

Miss Hattie and Bob industriously "did" New York for the next few days, lingering away the mornings at the Dusseldorf Gallery, or Joupils; driving every afternoon in the Park, and patronizing the theatres in the evening, ending up with a *petite souper* at the Maison Dorée. Miss Hattie was, too, somewhat stage-struck, and "came" Miss Bateman more than was absolutely necessary: she invested the young man with the buff moustache (whom, by the way, she had not seen since her brother's arrival) with all the virtues of a Sir Thomas Clifford, and adopted her good papa for Master Walter. Unconscious Mr. Wallace! How horrified he would have been if he had known that he was sustaining all the time a theatrical character in the fertile imagination of his daughter!

One morning, Miss Hattie awoke with a headache. She lay still for a few minutes, hoping it would go off; but no, the dull throb continued, and she reluctantly concluded that she must keep her room and a lounge for the whole day. She told Bob mournfully, when he came to her door, that "she could not go out with him, but that he must go without her; for his presence would do her no good,

only harm—all she needed being perfect quiet." So the reluctant Bob went off, and his poor little sister shut her two eyes and did her best endeavors to get well.

Bob stamped down stairs, buttoning up his great-coat, and inwardly bestowing many anathemas upon headaches in general. He betook himself to Broadway, and wandered morosely about until, suddenly, a bright thought struck him: he stepped into Maillard's and purchased enough goodies to last a regiment for a week (well knowing that his sister had a partiality for goodies), and then hurried home with them, entertaining strong hopes that they would act as a charm, and dispel the old headache.

As he was dashing up stairs, three steps at a time (entirely ignoring the vertical railway), he came full upon a gentleman leisurely descending—a gentleman with a buff moustache. Both started back with the usual apologies, and then as suddenly forward and into each other's arms, where they hugged and thumped each other for the space of ten minutes or so, sundry exclamations escaping both of "Bob, you good old fellow!" "Hunt, my dear old chum!" etc. "And now come up to my room, and we will have a regular pow-wow," says he of the moustache.

Bob acquiesced, only seizing a moment to rush excitedly into his sister's room, throw the bundle of goodies at her head, mutter something about "old chum, Hunt Fairfax," and be off again.

The "regular pow-wow" took place in style; both young men in dressing-gowns and smoking-caps, their meerschams emitting clouds of fragrant smoke, and their boots placed, very improperly I acknowledge, upon the window-sill. Old college-days were talked over, college scrapes recounted with great gusto, college flirtations freely discussed.

"And what became of your inamorata, Miss Sallie Hillard, Bob?" Hunt asks. "You were pretty far gone in that quarter when I last saw you; you threatened suicide, I remember."

"Ha, ha! so I did," answers Bob. "I was at her wedding a couple of months ago; pretty yet, but rather oldish. I don't believe you ever looked at a girl, a second time in your life, Hunt."

Hunt blushed guiltily.

"Not often, I own; but"—here he burst out in a fit of confidence—"I'll tell you what, Bob, I am fairly in love now."

"Not you?" Bob asked, incredulously.

"Fairly in love," Hunt continued, meditatively knocking the ashes out of his pipe,

and proceeding to fill it again: "I'll tell you how it happened: I was standing by that vertical railway as the car was coming up, and as it neared me I discovered, seated demurely within it, the very prettiest girl I ever saw; such an odd style of beauty, gray eyes"—

"Eh!" said Bob, removing his feet from the window-sill.

"Fine eyebrows and lashes"—

"Yes, certainly," assented Bob, with a nod of his head.

"And auburn curls."

"By Jove, I thought so!" exclaimed Bob, almost leaping from the window. "Why, old fellow, it was my sister!"

"Not your sister?"

"Yes, my sister!"

"My dear fellow! shake hands."

"With all the pleasure in life."

"And when will you introduce me?"

"She has got an infernal headache to-day, but to-morrow I will."

"I may depend upon your influence, Bob?"

"No need to ask that, chum; nothing would delight me more."

To-morrow came, and the impatient Bob tapped, tapped at his sister's door, hurrying her to an alarming extent.

"Bob, why will you do so?" she cried at last; "I'll never get my hair curled."

"Girls take so long!" snapped Bob.

"I am coming right off," she said; and ten minutes after she kept her word.

"Oh, you are ready at last?" says Bob, who was leaning resignedly against the door-post.

"Don't sneer, you shocking boy! I dressed in no time at all."

Bob merely shrugged his shoulders. He well knew that when a girl declared she had dressed in "no time at all," after having been fully an hour engaged in the operation, that there was no persuading or reasoning her to the contrary.

Miss Hattie marched on in dignified silence, and when Bob, entirely quenched, asked if he might not bring an old chum of his to introduce to her, she said, "I know I don't look fit; I dressed in such a hurry; but I suppose you may bring him."

She took her accustomed lounge upon a sofa in one of the parlors, and waited with complete indifference the arrival of her brother and Fairfax; she even was guilty of a slight yawn, and a half wish that Bob's chum was in Jericho. But Bob's chum was not in Jericho, but there before her, bowing low.

Miss Hattie glanced up hurriedly—a buff moustache—a countenance well remembered.

Poor Miss Hattie! how wofully she blushed, and what awkward work she made of the little bend necessary in response to the "Hunt Fairfax, sister."

"I did not know that—er—Mr."—she stammered.

"Mr. Fairfax was here," assisted Bob. "I did not know it myself until yesterday, and would have told you, but kept it for an agreeable surprise."

"Oh, delightful!" murmured Miss Hattie, in anything but a delighted tone, and with a movement of the eyes about the room that showed a decided desire to escape.

"Bob and I have not met for two years," Mr. Fairfax said, in a very commonplace way, and sinking negligently down by Miss Hattie's side.

"Over two years, Hunt," observes Bob, with a sly wink to show his approbation of the course his friend was pursuing.

"Is it?" said that gentleman, languidly. And then, looking full into Hattie's face, with a slight smile, "Your sister reminds me somewhat of a lady I met once before."

"If he can play that game so can I," thought a quick little brain. "Ah!" she said, sweetly, "I don't remember ever to have had the pleasure of seeing *you* before."

Bob chuckled. "Had him there," he muttered beneath his breath.

Mr. Fairfax received this cutting thrust with nonchalance, and only said: "Perhaps not."

"You'll go with us to Wallack's to-night, Hunt?" Bob says.

Hattie blushingly thinks of her ideal, Sir Thomas Clifford, and does not urge the invitation. Mr. Fairfax, not noticing the omission, accepts as a matter of course.

"And what shall we do this morning?" he asks.

"Pray leave *me* out of your plans, gentlemen. I shall be busy all the morning,"—and Hattie nods graciously and makes for the door.

"That's all bosh," Bob said, pettishly, as she disappeared; "she has got nothing under the sun to do; girls are so whimsical. Let's be off."

A month had passed, and Mr. Wallace talked of returning home. "You will be glad to go, Hal," he said, totally blind to the consternation depicted in his daughter's face. "You have had a stupid time of it, poor child! To be sure it has been a little better since Bob came, and that young Fairfax, by the way, has been very kind."

Hattie only asked, in a faint little voice, "When they were going?"

"Most likely to-morrow," was the answer; "better pack your trunk."

Now Miss Hattie had been having anything but a stupid time; her brother and Fairfax had devoted themselves to her amusement, and consequently she had enjoyed herself entirely.

As for Fairfax, he was in a state of bliss indescribable. The few and slight favors that this little flirt allowed him were valued beyond anything; if she graciously accepted his assistance, instead of her brother's, in descending from the carriage, Fairfax was happy; or if, in a crowd at the theatre, she clung closely to his arm for protection, he was triumphant. But he was a wise man, and disguised his feelings, well knowing that if Miss Hattie knew the power she had over him she would exert it to a tormenting extent.

Hattie's face, as it was reflected in the mirror the morning they were to leave, almost startled her, so white it was. "Pshaw!" she half laughed, giving both cheeks a vigorous pinch, "one would think I was sorry to go, instead of being delighted," and she picked up her shawl and satchel, and gave a hurried glance around the room to see that she had forgotten nothing. "I'll take one more ride on the railway," she thought, as she closed her door reluctantly after her. "I hope the car will be going down."

The car was going down, and as Miss Hattie stepped in some one close behind followed. Hattie blushed rosily, as this "some one" seated himself beside her.

"And you are going?" Fairfax said, mournfully.

"And you care?" she asked, gently.

Fairfax looked up, full into her eyes. "Do you wish to know how much I care?"

"I can guess how much," she said, a little nervously.

"No, you cannot. I will tell you," and he leaned towards her gravely.

"Pray do not—not here," she whispered, with a frightened look at the conductor, who stood there whistling, entirely oblivious of the little scene.

"Then I may another time?" Fairfax asked, his eyes flashing.

Hattie saw that she had committed herself. "I only meant," she said, trying to laugh, "that—that—here we are."

Fairfax did not see the point, but the car had stopped, and Mr. Wallace and Bob stood waiting.

"Come, no time to be lost," Mr. Wallace said; "the stage is at the door; baggage gone half an hour ago. Mr. Fairfax, shall we bid you good-by, or will you see the last of us?"

"I will go down to the boat with you, sir."

And when they got down to the boat they found they had not, indeed, much time to lose: crowds pouring on and off, jostling each other, and everything in a grand state of hullabaloo and excitement.

"We can't hear ourselves speak here," said Bob; "come up on deck, Hunt."

"I am afraid there will not be time," Hunt said, hesitatingly.

"Oh yes, there will be," whispered a pleading voice; "do come."

What could Hunt do but go; and what wonder, late as it was, that Bob suddenly exclaimed: "We are off, by Jove!"

Fairfax sprang to the side of the boat. Sure enough, off they were, and too far off for a jump to be possible.

"Make the best of it, Hunt," Bob said, as well as he could for laughing. "I'll go shares with you till you can send for your baggage."

Hunt said he must take the next train back, and sat down resignedly. Mr. Wallace came up and expressed his pleasure at his misfortune, and declared they would keep him for a long visit. "When we once get you down there you will want to stay," he said.

Fairfax did not doubt that, and he glanced furtively at Hattie to try and discover what her feelings were upon the subject. There she sat, half sideways, her hand supporting her head, her smiling eyes fixed musingly upon the water; her curls, flashing bronze in the sunlight, shading her cheek; whether this *pose* was intentional or not, *n'importe*, the picture was very pretty and very consoling. Fairfax felt sure that she was not displeased at the thought of his going, so he brightened up wonderfully, and made himself very agreeable—and the little journey came soon to an end.

Two weeks passed quickly away; two very busy weeks they were; everything that could be crammed into two weeks *was* crammed in. Rides and drives, dances and pic-nics, and tea-parties; the whole neighborhood joined in and did their share, and Fairfax was the very life of it all. Never was a listless, lazy fellow, thinking only of the fit of his boot, or the color of his meerschaum, so transformed. In some things, however, he was unchangeable; he still fondly caressed his buff moustache, still walked with the saunter, and talked with the drawl habitual to him.

There must have been a secret understanding between him and Hattie, for there was a constant allusion to a meeting in a vertical railway, that sadly puzzled Miss Hattie's uninitiated friends. But certain I am that no further conversation upon the subject had taken place between them, or else how could it be that one day at the close of the two weeks, as Hunt lounged into the drawing-room and found Miss Hattie there, cuddled into a corner of a sofa in a dark corner of the room reading, as usual, a novel, and took his place close beside her, drawing the book from her little hands and clasping said little hands closely in his own, he whispered—

“And now, may I tell you how much I cared when you were about to leave me, or rather how much I care now that I am about to leave you?”

And Hattie answered with a little laugh and blush—

“Yes, now you may, there being no conductor within hearing.”

Which is proof positive that this was the continuation of the conversation commenced on the “Vertical Railway.”

fine a certain portion of a landscape or other subject. The importance of attending to this rule will be obvious to every person; and when we treat hereafter of sketching from Nature, you will then find how essential it is to adopt this method. When the boundary-line is formed, your next care should be to determine the relative positions of the principal objects, points, or features, etc.; and if you have attended to the instructions given in the former lessons, you will not have much difficulty in doing so by faint lines and dots. In a landscape you will have to fix the height of the horizon, which should be done by first placing a dot at each side of the boundary-line, and then, if you have judged the distance correctly, uniting the two by a faint line drawn through the picture; this is called the *horizontal line*. When that has been done, determine the nearest *conspicuous* object to the boundary-line, its height, width, and relative position to the horizontal line and other objects; then fix the position of the trees, distance, and foreground, by means of faint outlines or dots, or both, taking care to observe their relative situations, inclinations, and measurements are regulated by their proximity to the boundary, horizontal, and base lines of the picture; the last-mentioned line being the bottom or lower boundary-line of the drawing.

In Fig. 8 you were directed to draw a line perpendicular to the horizontal ones; this was done for the purpose of enabling you to judge the relative distances of the several angles of the pyramid from each other; and you will find it very useful to draw a line through the centre of any object that you have to copy, because it serves as a guide to the proper disposition of the several other parts. Of course, as you be-

## PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

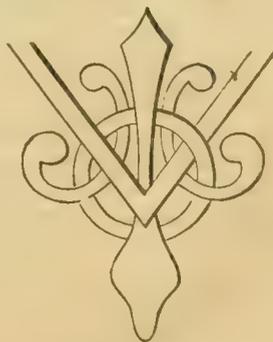
### FIFTH LESSON.

BEFORE submitting the examples we have prepared for this lesson, it will be necessary to make a few observations upon copying.

We will suppose that you have to copy a drawing, perhaps an architectural one. How would you commence? Most probably differently from your neighbor, who would also commence differently from his neighbor, and so on, unless guided by correct principles. Do not imagine that what we state is without foundation—it is perfectly true; for, not long since, we placed two drawings of the same subject before four pupils, and requested them to copy them, and each one commenced differently. One of them began at the right-hand side, the other at the left, another at the top, and the fourth in the centre of the drawing. What could illustrate more forcibly than these blunders that attention to the rules of the art is *absolutely necessary*?

You ask, “How am I to commence?” and to this question we will at once reply. First, inclose a certain space by means of four lines, if for a landscape; or by an oval or circular line, if for a portrait, etc.: this is called the *boundary line of the drawing*, and is used to con-

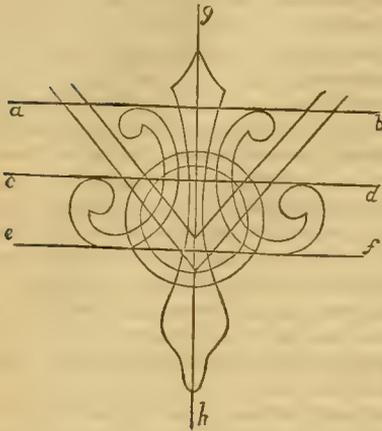
Fig. 20.



come more and more proficient in the art, this will not be always necessary.

We will now commence some practical illustrations of the preceding remarks. You are required to draw Fig. 20, which is a centre-piece for a border, or an ornamental panel. Fig. 21 is a diagram illustrating the method of

Fig. 21.



doing so, which is thus: First draw three horizontal lines, *a b*, *c d*, *e f*, and bisect them with the perpendicular line *g h*. You have only to determine the relative distances of each point by means of dots, and to draw the curved and straight lines faintly, as shown in Fig. 21, and afterwards to rub out the superfluous lines, and strengthen the outline by broad touches with an HB pencil.

We have found it an excellent plan to cut the India-rubber, used for rubbing out architectural and fine drawing, in a triangular shape, because the angles enable us to remove very small lines or dots. The India-rubber should not be more than one-fourth or three-sevenths of an inch thick.

Our next example is of a different character, being the outline of an antique vase (Fig. 22).

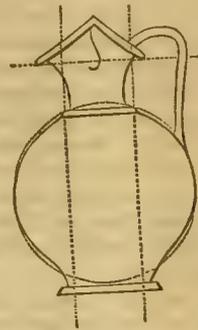
Fig. 22.



In drawing this figure, a circle is first of all drawn, and then it is divided by two perpen-

dicular lines (as shown in Fig. 23), and a horizontal line drawn above the circle. These

Fig. 23.



lines are sufficient to enable the pupil to construct the figure with ease.

Our next exercises are taken from antique vases, and given without any diagrammatic illustrations to enable the pupil to construct them; because, having already given ample directions, we wish our pupils to think for themselves, so as to be able to act at times without the aid of an instructor.

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### LINES.

(*Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. J. H. LAWS, of Cincinnati, Ohio.*)

BY MRS. JENNIE D. LANGDON.

FATHER, thy will be done!

Even though our hearts with deepest sorrow mourn,  
And tears will flow for him, our darling one  
To his long slumber borne.

How peacefully he lies—

After those weary days and nights of pain,  
With the white lids closed o'er his violet eyes,  
Never to weep again!

Upon his baby brow,

So high and fair, no cloud may ever rest,  
Nor sin nor sorrow reach him nestling now  
On our dear Saviour's breast.

"Not lost, but gone before!"

Dear sister, to thy loving care once given—  
Now safely landed on the other shore,  
He waits for thee in heaven.

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If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but, instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking everything that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy, in human life.

## AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. XV.

BY THE LATE LUCY N. GODFREY

UNCLE CHARLES, Aunt Sophie, and Willie were in their places at the tea-table, and the other members of the family were rapidly taking theirs, when Carrie exclaimed:—

"Where's Henry? He was in a hurry for his supper a half hour ago!"

"The mails were not in when I came; so I sent him to the office," replied her father, adding, a little later: "Here he comes! You have been spry, my boy."

"Yes, I was hungry," replied Henry, eyeing the table, as he unbuckled and placed in his cap the strap he had, boylike, fastened about him, as an indication of his eagerness for supper.

"You will do well to rest a minute, my son," said Aunt Sophie. "I am sorry you ran so, just before tea."

"But I got a letter from Mr. Chapelle, and I should think there would be a note in it for me," said the boy, apologetically.

"There are two for you, and one for Emma," replied Mr. Laselle, as he handed the notes, and laid the unopened business letters aside.

"They are all well, mother," he continued, "and wishing to see you and me at their house as soon as convenient."

"And me, too; they all want me to come!" exclaimed Henry, glancing up from his notes.

"Hettie and Lizzie urge me to come also, and Carrie, if there is a chance for both of us," said Emma, hesitating, and passing her note to Carrie, at the last clause.

"Oh, dear! Why can't I have an invitation?" said Edward.

"You have one, my son; Mr. Chapelle speaks particularly of you, as he urges me to bring as many of the family as possible. He is at length about settling himself in business, and he wishes my advice and assistance in making the necessary arrangements."

"Can you leave to go?" asked Aunt Sophie.

"Oh yes; I must go. Mr. Chapelle was so kind a neighbor that he has a brother's claim. Willie can attend to the office, for I shall be where he can write daily, or telegraph, if need be. But who will go with me? Mother, of course."

There was silence among the eager-looking young faces, till Uncle Charles, laughing, said:—

"Now don't all speak at once; commence at the oldest. What say you, Willie? I will take two of the children; which shall go?"

"Henry, for one, that I may not have the risk of his getting hurt on my hands," was the ready reply.

"That's it! Hurrah! When shall we start?" cried Henry, jumping up from the table.

"Have you forgotten your supper?" said his mother, while Edward hinted the impropriety of pocketing his strap, since he would be likely to need it again soon.

"Oh, I don't want anything to eat," he answered to both, continuing, impatiently: "Please, when shall we start? I want to go and tell Johnnie Holt, because he thinks it is such a big thing that he is going half a dozen miles to his grandpa's next week."

"His grandfather lives twenty miles from here," said Aunt Sophie, with a bit of rebuke in her tone, while the careful Emma handed him a piece of paper, bidding him take a bun or two from the table, lest he should again find it necessary to beg a cracker at bedtime. Henry folded his buns, and stood demurely, cap in hand, till Uncle Charles said:—

"Well, sonny, I think, if there's nothing unusual in the way, and it pleases your mother, we will start in the first train day after to-morrow."

"I have no objections," said Mrs. Laselle.

"Goody! goody! only day after to-morrow! I shall go quicker than Johnnie! But who will go, too?—Edward?"

"No," replied the youth; "I can help Willie some, can't I?"

"Yes, a great deal," replied Willie, affectionately.

"What say you, Emma?" asked her father.

"As you and mother think best. I suppose Carrie wants to go quite as much as I do, perhaps more, and I went away last."

"Yes; but you did not go far, and the girls evidently prefer your coming," promptly replied Carrie.

"How is it with the boys, do you suppose?" archly questioned Edward; but he had no further answer than the reproving glance of his mother, and the blushes upon Carrie's face, as she continued:—

"Besides, I'd rather stay at home, for Jennie Miles will be fourteen next Tuesday, and I would not miss her birthday party for anything."

"Then Emma will go?" said the eager Henry;

and, as his sister's glad, bright eyes answered him, he sped away to tell his companions of the projected visit; while the others, as usual, lingered long over the social meal.

Two days later, glad greetings were exchanged between our friends and the Chapelles. No tie of kindred bound the two families; but the elders had to friendship in early life added constant, kindly, neighborly intercourse for near a score of years, while the children had grown together, sharing the same sports and tasks, till the wider separation of their homes a year before, by the removal of Mr. Chapelle, had partially checked the intimacy which they tried to keep up by frequent letters between the elder, and the inclosed notes of the younger members of each family.

"This seems like the good old times. I only wish all the children could have come," said Mr. Chapelle, looking around upon his guests, with evident satisfaction, as they were seated at table.

"Yes," echoed his wife; "I believe we all yet love the old home the better."

"But you seem very pleasantly situated here," said Uncle Charles.

"O yes," replied the host; "we have built us a far more splendid home, and decked its rooms with the paintings we love, rare statuettes, and elegant furniture; but, unfortunately, we cannot buy the dear old associations. Near twenty years of life made the old place rich in them; I did not realize how rich till I came away from it. However, no one else could so readily bring those treasures into our new home as yourselves, since you can but remind us of many white days in memory's calendars."

"And Sophie always says I ought to learn to love this home, you know, father," said Mrs. Chapelle; "so I expect she will do her best to make me do so."

"She need make no unusual effort, if she will only stay long enough," gallantly responded the gentleman.

"At your ages," remarked Uncle Charles, "you will readily adapt yourselves to the new surroundings, and very soon this home will be almost as rich in untransferable wealth as was the other. But I always pity old people, who are led by circumstances, or mistaken inclinations, to change their dwelling. The new house never satisfies grandma; the cheerful, sunny room, with its fresh paper and paint, is all very nice; but it isn't home to her or to grandpa, who turns from the marble bowl, with the hot and cold water ready to flow at his touch, to

long for the old rough-hewn trough by the pump in the yard. Young people delight in new things and new surroundings; but the old, whose circle of living friends is necessarily narrowing, need the resources of memory, and hence crave such surroundings as shall constantly remind them of departed friends and joys."

"But," responded Annt Sophie, "I do not think that their love for time-honored things and customs is always wholly the result of their prizing the old associations, though that it is partially so is beyond question. Aged people do not, I suppose, like to feel that they are losing capabilities they have rejoiced in any better than the rest of us. We know how, when we are flattering ourselves that we have regained our strength after illness, we love to think, or, better still, hear other people say: 'You cannot open that window, because it is swollen by the dampness;' or, 'That is heavier than usual; so you could not expect to lift it alone.' We want to believe we are strong; it is much pleasanter to think that changes, for the worse, are in things about us than in ourselves. If, at such times, we were moved into new houses, I am afraid we should be ready to complain of the conveniences we should have no capacity for appreciating. So with our good old grandma. There was no contrast between the old, half dingy rooms and herself; but she must wake to the fact that she is failing, if she acknowledges that the new ones are better. So with grandpa. As he quivers with the cold at the old pump, he loves to remember how his hands and face used to glow beneath the pure water, and he will not recognize this morning's cold as anything more than a temporary bit of rheumatism; and when the old pump is torn away, he wholly forgets all the late chills at the trough, and, remembering only the exhilarating baths there, he finds the stream from the bright faucet too small; the warm water only makes him feel the cold the more; in fact, anything is wrong in his view, rather than he losing the power to enjoy."

"I am surprised," replied Mr. Chapelle, "to hear you imply that old people lose capacity for enjoyment. You used to say that we should grow happier with advancing years."

"I think I never said that one's capacity for physical enjoyment increased with age. It is wholly against fact," said Aunt Sophie.

"May we hear of the superior enjoyments of the aged, which are not against facts?" queried Mr. Chapelle, almost sarcastically, for it had been his lot in early life to reside with a querulous, unhappy old couple, whose days were

filled with weariness and complaint, and nights with unrest.

Aunt Sophie's face glowed with bright memories, as she asked: "Do you remember old Mrs. Sistaire, who lived with her granddaughter, in the little brown cottage next the meeting-house, when we were children?"

"O yes. I went to school a little while to the bright little schoolma'am, and of course saw her pious old grandmother often. I used to think she was a rare old Methodist; but, for all that, we boys liked her."

"Of course you loved her; every child did. She was the happiest person I ever knew—the only one I ever came near envying, I believe."

"You envy old Dame Sistaire in her short gown and petticoat? It seems ridiculous," laughed Mr. Chapelle.

"Not ridiculous in the least, if you look at it in one light," replied Aunt Sophie, seriously. "I was an earnest, conscientious little girl, already loving our holy Saviour and his omnipotent Father with reverent, childish love, but not at all sure of their tender love for me. She knew God was her Father, and she trusted in the glorious promises, with which her memory was stored, and her lips familiar. She was triumphantly finishing the course I longed to run. It was not wonderful that, when I saw her always happy, always full of cheerfulness and love, repeating psalms and joyful hymns, when any other would have been fretting over her trials, I longed to be as sure that God was 'my shield, my strength, and my redeemer' as was she. Her happiness was evident to all about her, for it was *real*, above all the accidents of life, independent of the shafts of death. It was such happiness as no child might share—the happiness of looking back and seeing a holy Father's tender guidance through all the years of a long life, the happiness of looking forward, knowing that the same infinitely loving hand shall lead ever onward and upward unto Himself. I am glad that I knew her poverty, her frequent times of illness, and her want of even a common education, for thus the exceeding preciousness of the true riches was made more manifest."

"If," replied Mr. Chapelle, "I admit that Dame Sistaire was happier in age than in her youth, and I can tell you of forty wretched old people, who look regretfully upon the past, you certainly will not put your *one* observation against my many."

"I beg your pardon, but I shall," said Aunt Sophie; "or, rather, if I had no example, I should still believe that happiness must in-

crease, perhaps I should say improve in quality, with the years of every child of our Father, who is wholly and intelligently true to himself and his duty. Remember, I do not say old people *are* happier than young, but that they should be, they may be, and will be, if they have lived true Christian lives, and constantly enlarged their higher capacities, as each of us may do. Those, who have abused or dwarfed their natures, may have no larger mental or spiritual capacities than in youth, and such must have a poor, pitiful old age. Childhood is the time when we can sport with the lambs and kittens, with a joy but little above that they manifest, and yet very satisfying to us then. Later, we may find added pleasure in recognizing and cultivating those noble intellectual powers, which help us to exult upon the mountain tops of thought. In maturity we may command a still better kind of happiness, in our activity and its accompanying sense of power; but through these seasons there will be a poverty in our joy, if we neglect our highest and best powers; how much more will there be such in age, when the physical nature has lost its freshness and elasticity, and mere intellectual activity ceases to satisfy; then the spirit should assert its superiority and supremacy, and thus a man's last days become his best days."

"It is certainly a very pleasant ideal of age," remarked Mr. Chapelle's eldest son, Theodore, who had listened with interest to the conversation, and was not disposed to let the thread of it drop, as they were leaving the table.

"Make it yours, my young friend," replied Aunt Sophie, "and then bend your energies towards realizing it a half century hence. With our Father's ever-ready help, you need not fail, for our highest, noblest ideals fall infinitely below His thoughts, and if in youth we trustfully claim His fatherly guidance, He will lead us far above our early selves to joyful though partial sympathy with Him. If all our young people could adequately realize the nobility of our nature, if they could have that faith in God and good which would lead them to make their lower capacities work healthily instead of ruling, the millennium would scarcely be many generations in the future."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Theodore.

"Do you understand the words of St. Paul, when he says, 'He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting?'" asked Aunt Sophie, in reply.

The young man hesitated a moment, and then replied: "I cannot say I ever devoted any thought to them, or supposed them anything more than an indefinite, figurative expression I might perhaps study out by and by, when I shall have more leisure for such things."

"But did you ever realize that you never will have more leisure? You are forming tastes now, which must monopolize your attention, sowing seed which you must reap. If you devote all your youth to sowing to the body and mind, can you expect to reap the fruits of the Spirit in old age, or at death?"

"Yet you always urged upon us care of our health; isn't that sowing to the flesh?" asked Lizzie.

"No, indeed," replied Aunt Sophie. "Because I have talked with you of the infinite value of the immortal souls of your household servants, and urged upon you intelligent care for them, you never supposed their improvement of the same importance to you as your own, did you? Just so, I might talk, or we might study a great while profitably of your physical capacities, and their best development, for it is evident none of us have yet reached our full perfection as physical beings, and from this cause reap many a penalty of pain. I might also encourage you in the widest mental culture by truthful assurances of ample fruit of happiness, and yet I would not have you forget that, if I could say all the truth at once, the most earnest portion of each appeal to you would be in behalf of your spiritual natures. We cannot abuse, by neglect or otherwise, any capacity of our noble, threefold nature without loss to ourselves; and the higher the capacity neglected, the greater and probably the more permanent that loss. This seems unreal to you young people, yet, if you will look about you, you will see all kinds of sowing and reaping going on, and if your eyes are keen enough, you can but acknowledge that each seed bears fruit after its kind."

"But, Mrs. Laselle," said Theodore, earnestly, "my eyes are not keen; I cannot even see what kind of seed I have been sowing. I want to do about right, I am sure; but I like to have a good time with my companions, and I have always thought it would be time enough to 'get religion' by and by. It is certainly very respectable and desirable for elderly people; but it seems to tie up the young too closely for enjoyment."

"I have none of the sympathy, which experience gives, in 'getting religion,'" replied Aunt Sophie. "I am glad that there is this

way open for those who have commenced wrong; but to me that trust in God seems best, which, beginning its growth in the heart in childhood, leads its happy possessor into such paths of enjoyment that he will never have a taste for any save pure pleasures. I cannot acknowledge that religion, real love to God, can be any restraint. 'Perfect love casteth out fear;' the laws of morality may be as chains about him who loves the evil; but he who intensely loves the good works with God, and prizes his laws as helps, safeguards, and warnings. When you first began to go to school, in the old red school-house, the necessary rules were as needless and cruel restraints to you. If you had not perfect confidence in the teacher, you thought a whisper or bit of play could do no harm; but as you grew older, and learned to love study, you loved the discipline, too, which gave you quiet for it, and the farther you advanced mentally, the more you prized the rules, which you could now see had been necessary to your progress. As we know that all God's laws are righteous ones, trustful obedience is our first duty, and thus His law is our schoolmaster, teaching us of Christ, until we rise to larger liberty as children of the Most High."

"Thank you," responded Theodore, "for making those words of St. Paul significant to me. Will you please to illustrate his figure of sowing to the flesh and the Spirit, before the gas is lighted?"

"I shall be glad to try; but the brief time will give me no chance to do justice to the subject. First, sowing to the flesh—placing sensual gratification in the first place. The mother often unconsciously commences her darling's training for the degradation which afterwards wrings her heart. She forgets how susceptible he is to all pure and beautiful things; she neglects to teach him to love the birds, the flowers, and the bright sunset clouds as the works of the good God; she cannot find time to answer his wondering questions, or tell him the Bible stories every child loves intuitively. She may also be injudicious sometimes in her praise, her rewards, and her punishments: praising him more for care of his clothes than his conscience, bestowing sweetmeats and goodies as rewards, and withholding them as punishments, and thus making them of undue consequence to him. She loves to see his sprightly manifestations of pleasure at sight of the toothsome morsel, and then to gratify the tastes for which he so quickly learns to demand farther indulgence. She enjoys

seeing him eat the delicacy better than eating it herself, for her enjoyment is higher; and thus it soon becomes a matter of course that he shall monopolize her share of the rarities at the table. As he grows older, he finds the cakes, pies, and sweetmeats in their places, and sadly annoys the mother, who has fostered his appetites, by appropriating them to himself. Perhaps she resists, or places the coveted eatables under lock and key; but the pampered appetites are not thus removed, the old motives are still strong. The boy cannot reasonably be expected to fully recognize the higher powers, which have been neglected. He is ready now to sow bountifully for himself. His selfish greed for something good to eat makes him disagreeable at home, and constantly conflicts with his pride abroad. He meets others like himself; they have found tobacco a comfort. He tries it, and exults. It is a 'solace' for many longings. He knows it is abominably filthy, but he never intends to descend to halfpenny pipes, and loathsome, uncut twists. Neither does he wish to disgust the ladies. He has, at first, fine perfumes for his breath, if he is old enough to call upon them; but soon the dear, delightful weed becomes so pleasant to him, that he cannot conceive it disagreeable to them, and he coolly enters their drawing-rooms with the vile stuff in his mouth, and—I say it in pity and shame for my misguided sex—the girls, thinking that all the young men smoke and chew, express no dislike to it."

"I beg your pardon, mother, for interrupting," exclaimed Emma; "but I don't want you to say the girls don't dislike tobacco; we hate it up and down—a thousand times more than you do, because we have not yet your large comprehension that sees everything as a work of God, and we despise the man who is a slave to it incalculably more than you, because we have not your pity for him, or your large charity. Anybody would hate tobacco to have heard that poor woman talk, who fell sick at our door and was buried from our home last fall. Please tell them the story." And she stopped, her voice quivering with emotion.

"It was only too common a story, my dear, in many of its particulars, for it is often a scarcely discernible step from tobacco to brandy; and yet it is one which can never be wholly retraced. The husband of our unfortunate friend must have been a marked example of sowing to the flesh, since he sowed other fruit so sparingly, yet his wife could never look behind his tobacco for the cause of his degradation. If he could have stopped chewing, he

would never have drank, she said, for she was sure that tobacco caused the unnatural appetite which brandy fed, till his fate was sealed. Accustomed to every luxury, till they were almost as necessities to her, for she was the idolized only daughter of one of our merchant princes, she married at eighteen, and was for a brief time the happy mistress of the elegant home her father had loved to provide. Her handsome husband's passion for her measured the capacity of his nature, and, in her inexperience, she fancied it was deep and pure as her love for him. Life was as a sweet dream of paradise to her. Her husband had scarce a fault in her eyes, save that he had learned in his bachelor days to chew tobacco. How she pitied him that he had done so! and he, knowing her dislike for the habit, rarely indulged in it in her presence; he was sorry it was pleasant to him, and tried to break off its indulgence to please her, but yielded to the appetite, and thence she noted his downward course. Brandy soon mingled with his tainted breath, and not long was either banished from her parlors or even boudoir. Partially blinded as she was, her bright dreams soon faded. Strong drink led him into all manner of vices. With specious pretexts he beguiled her father into such indorsements as wrought his pecuniary ruin; but the old man happily died before realizing the extent of their misfortune. This was sorry comfort for the frail woman, whose only remaining support was weaker than a broken reed. Sorrows followed thick; children were born and died in her wretched home. Then she learned that her husband had taken that guilty step from drinking to excess which alone may annul a marriage vow; but at this stage of affairs, the miserable man, who had sowed lavishly to the flesh, manifestly reaped corruption. He was seized by a vile and loathsome disease, and the patient wife, already thinking to fly, lingered through the long torture, ministering all she could to him whose outward self she could but loathe. Care for him broke her constitution, for it had been sadly weakened by previous suffering; and when, after his death, kind neighbors proffered aid, that she might go to some wealthy relatives, she was wholly unfit for the journey. Her anxiety to undertake it supported her in starting; but she soon found herself unable to go on, and a brief illness at a public house so exhausted her funds that she determined on walking a few miles across the country to a cheaper route. It so happened that she fell exhausted at our door, and it was our privilege to care for her in that sickness

which opened the pearly 'gates' for her. She won our love, and we were amply repaid for the care we enjoyed bestowing, in that our experiences of life seemed to be enlarged by our hearty sympathy with her. It is not wonderful that Emma and Carrie are ready to exclaim they *hate* tobacco; but Mr. Snell's case was not one I would have chosen to exemplify sowing to the flesh, for it was an extreme one. Not all, who seek gratification for a morbid palate, descend to drunkenness or licentiousness; but, just in proportion as one listens to appetite, in preference to reason and conscience, making the gratification of the senses an aim in life to the exclusion of higher ones, is his nature degraded. However, I do not think St. Paul refers to disease or bodily corruption only in the text; there is a deeper meaning: He who yields to the sway of the senses, and ignores higher capacities, gives these no means or conditions of growth. The seed which is put in the ground, and then deprived of its needed nourishment by the less valuable plant which grows at its side, decays and dies without appearing above the soil, or lives a feeble, starved life at the side of its ever-encroaching companion, according to the comparative strength of both. There are in the world only too many puny, withering souls in suffering contact with morbidly developed sensual natures; and I fully believe that tobacco is a most potent agent in causing this state of things. At any rate, we women do well to despise it, and teach our children to do so, for it annoys us everywhere. We may learn to like the fragrance of a prime cigar, from its associations with the friends we love to greet; we may not notice the breath of the dainty chewer of the fine cut; but let us not forget that the fragrant cigar in the hands of youth may bring the foul pipe to the lips of age, and that daintiness in chewing the weed cannot in the nature of things be permanent. As a sex we should set ourselves to make the most of our influence in preventing any from using it who have not already commenced. Few intelligent old smokers, with higher tastes, but regret having learned to crave the indulgence, for it is expensive and unprofitable. Still fewer are the chewers who, after a lapse of ten years, are not sorry they formed the habit, unless they have been led by it to lower vices."

"But," said Hettie, "you say nothing of the old women snuff-takers." And Aunt Sophie replied:—

"They, too, will add their warnings against the bewitching habit, as they make excuses for

their self-indulgence. Almost all took it first for catarrh, or under some peculiar circumstances; but they would be glad if they did not like it; nevertheless, the habit unconsciously grows upon them, if they do not make constant resistance. Who wants to be the slave of such an encroaching appetite? Let us have all charity for those who have been ensnared, for their temptations might have conquered us; but let us use our influence against this enemy of the best interests of our fellows. However, we cannot linger now upon this fruitful theme. Just as some live for sensual gratification, others starve all except mental capacities. Their life is in their books; a kind of dried, petrified semblance of life rather than life itself. However, men respect them, but they never love them. Intellectual heights are cold, bleak, and bare, unless they glow and bloom in the light of love. Mere knowledge never made a man happy for any length of time. The Christian botanist, who analyzes the wayside flower his Father has made, finds a purer pleasure in the act than an infidel philosopher could do in solving all the mysteries of the Alps. Age finds the mere scholar eminently respectable, but in no wise satisfied. He has walked far in the field of knowledge; but at each advancing step the horizon has receded till he realizes the infinity of its treasures; and now, weary and discouraged, his labor seems well nigh lost. But if he has also sowed to the Spirit—if he trusts in that everlasting Father, in whose image he was made, the dimness and the mystery, which prove the inexhaustibleness of the stores of knowledge, will give him new delight, since with the eye of faith he can see himself, walking ever onward, and gathering abundantly. More than this, if his heart be alive with love to God and love to man, there can be no barrenness, no dissatisfaction in his life. It matters little what the outward surroundings of the aged saint may be; he has sowed to the Spirit, and he reaps *life*. How significant the word! Every noble germ of a faculty, which the Creator intrusted to him, is ready to expand in the light of immortality; none are crushed, none corrupted, and the glorious light of heaven is so reflected on this side the shadowy valley that even now he rejoices in it. If poverty comes, he is rich; if bereavement comes, he clings the closer to the bright promises he loves, exclaiming, from his full heart: 'Though He slay me and all I love, yet will I trust in Him!' and this trust is happiness—an ever-increasing happiness. Make it yours now, my young friends; earnestly love the

right, and strive to do it, and, though you may often fail, your onward course will be sure. Strength will come as reward for effort. Be as merry as you choose; but be in earnest. Resolve that your lives shall be blessings to yourselves and others; and humbly and constantly ask your heavenly Father's guidance, that they may become such."

As Hettie was lighting the room, Theodore said, huskily:—

"I thank you a thousand times. I will remember your words." And, bowing rapidly to Mrs. Laselle, left the room. As soon as he was beyond hearing, Lizzie exclaimed:—

"Your talk against tobacco was a capital hit on Theodore. He has tried once to learn to use it, but it made him deathly sick, and he gave it up for that time, though he said then he should try it again before going back to college, for his chin delights in it."

"Yes," said Hettie, "and from the few words I overheard between him and Tom Derby, I think they intend going to a saloon to try it to-night. I do hope he will not go. I think he has changed a great deal during the last year. He doesn't seem so happy as he used."

"I am sure he laughs often enough," replied Lizzie.

"Yes," said her sister; "but it is not his old merry laugh; he seems to be thinking of something all the time—"

"What! are you speaking of Theodore?" said Mrs. Chapelle, as she seated herself for the evening. "Of course he is thinking of his books; they always were victuals and drink to him."

"But they were never *play*, as I remember; and he is a social boy. But let us hear more of our good friends in the old place," said Mr. Chapelle, and thus the conversation was turned. But when, a little time after, Aunt Sophie and Hettie heard the bell ring, the latter glided from the room. She soon returned, and whispered to Mrs. Laselle that Theodore had sent word to young Derby, by the servant, that there was company in the house; he did not wish to leave.

It was nearly two hours, however, before the young man came to the parlor. Then Aunt Sophie's quick eye saw the traces of keen suffering upon his face; but she saw as clearly that there was *peace* now.

Theodore found opportunity, during this visit, for one more earnest conversation with Aunt Sophie, in which, as there were no listeners, he spoke freely of his needs, his powerful temptations, and the instances in which he had

yielded to them. She met him with such sympathy and encouragement as strengthened all his good resolves, and also promised to willingly receive, and sincerely answer all the letters he should wish to write to her. Theodore many times availed himself of this privilege, even before he commenced writing directly to Carrie, and afterwards the letters of his lady-love often contained a note to her mother. Aunt Sophie enjoyed the correspondence which gave him a son's place in her affection and respect before he could claim it in reality.

More than once in the years which have followed, as Aunt Sophie has visited at the pleasant home of Theodore and Carrie Chapelle, or they have been eagerly welcomed at her own, earnest, eloquent words from the gentleman's lips, or animated accounts of his noble deeds from those of his wife, have made her heart thrill with gratitude to the great Disposer that, when he stood upon the brink of a precipice, her voice had power through her earnestness and the potent influence of all sweet, childish associations, to waken him, and afterward to encourage him in the upward way, where he now walks so nobly.

### CALL ME THINE OWN.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

CALL me thine own, dearest—

Call me thine own;

Whisper it softly,

In love's gentlest tone;

Murmur it over

In silence of night;

Tenderly breathe it

In morn's rosy light.

Nought in this wide world can soothe like thy tone;

Then call me thine own, dearest—call me thine own.

Call me thine own, darling—

Dearer to me

Are such words than bright pearls

From the depth of the sea;

Like nectar the sweetest,

Of-tasted before,

My soul drinks them in,

And keeps thirsting for more.

O the purest of bliss my fond heart e'er has known

Has been born of this thought: thou hast called me thine own.

Then call me thine own, love:

Emboldened with thy breath,

These accents will linger

To cheer me till death.

Whether severed by fate

From the dearest and best,

Or in rapture untold

I recline on thy breast,

Still, still round my path let this blessing be strewn,

That thou hast, dost, and ever wilt call me thine own.

## NOVELTIES FOR OCTOBER.

RIDING JACKET, CAP, CHEMISSETTE, HEADRESS, ETC.

Fig. 1.

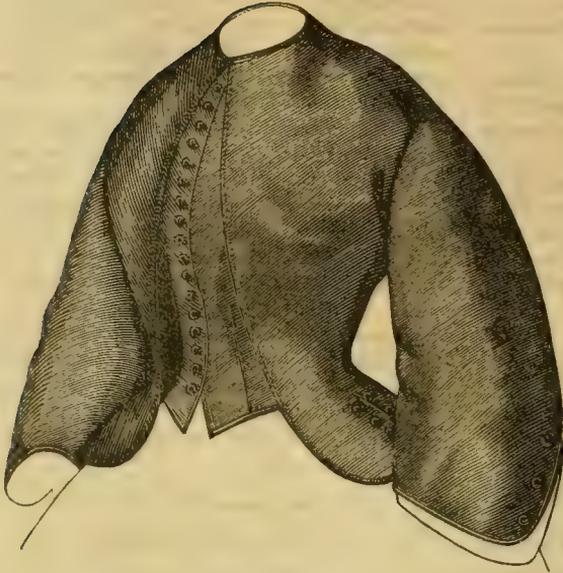


Fig. 2.

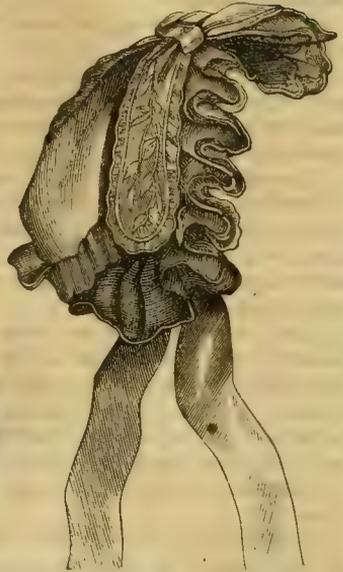


Fig. 1.—Riding jacket, made of cloth or alpaca. The vest can be of the same material as the jacket, or of *piqué*.

Fig. 2.—French cap, made of embroidered muslin, and trimmed with mauve ribbons. One of the latest styles.

Fig. 3.

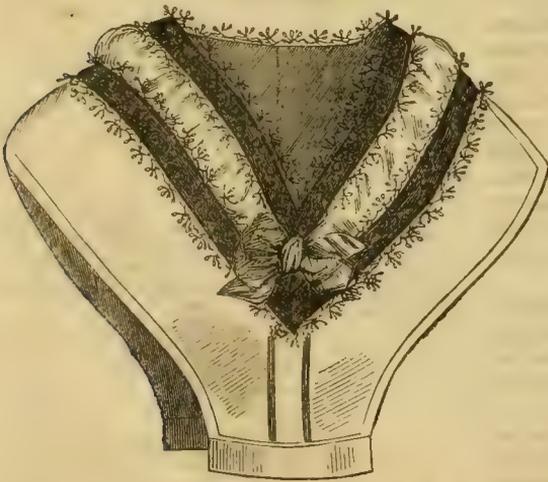


Fig. 4.



Fig. 3 is a fancy chemisette, trimmed with braided silk and lace.

Fig. 4.—Headdress, composed of lace and rose sublime ribbon.

Fig. 5.

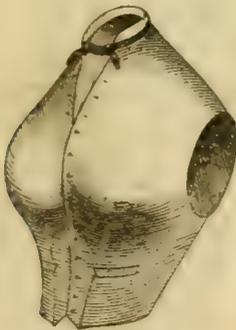


Fig. 5 is a dress for a child from three to five years old. It is made of blue cashmere, with applications of white merino, braided with black mohair braid.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

*Ladies' Vest.*—A new and very becoming addition to the wardrobe this season is the vest. It is intended to be worn under an open jacket, and is made to fit the form closely round the waist; it is fastened with flat gold buttons to



within four inches of the top, where it is left open sufficiently to show a handsome chemisette. The material used is fine cloth or cassi-

mere; the colors chiefly in demand are buff, fawn color, and white.

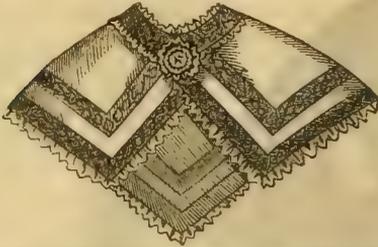
It is worn with a small standing collar, and a narrow silk neck-tie. It is so entirely new, elegant, and attractive, that it will form one of the chief features of the season.

*Lavinia Sleeve.*—Half flowing sleeve, plaited with a large double box plait on the shoulder, and trimmed with a cuff cut in points, and edged with plaited ribbon, the cuff carried up the front of the arm to the setting in of the



sleeve. This sleeve is cut plain and flowing; it is then plaited at the seam so as to set it to the form of the arm, and the bottom of the sleeve drawn into a narrow band the size of the cuff, which is set on plain.

*Lace Cape.*—A simple and becoming little cape to be worn with a low-necked dress. It is made of double illusion or figured net, and



trimmed with two rows of velvet, or ribbon; the cape finished on the edge with a pretty lace.

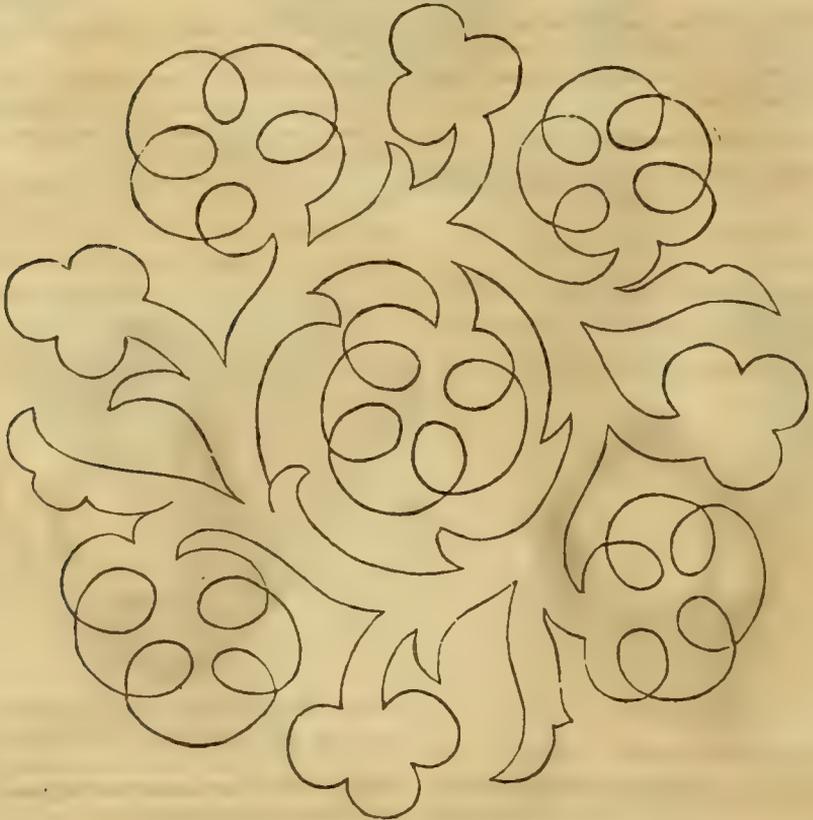
*The Giraldine.*—This cloak is a very pretty garment for a young lady of ten or twelve years. It resembles a circular with pelerine, but is not quite so full, being cut with seams just behind the shoulders, to set it closer to

the figure; the pelerine is braided with an elaborate and effective pattern, and forms a



graceful and becoming finish to the cloak; the armholes are also trimmed with a pretty braid pattern.

BRAIDED TOP OF PINCUSHION.



LADY'S PURSE.

(See engraving, page 304.)

*Materials*—Two skeins of bright blue; two skeins of white fine purse silk; two bunches of gold, and two of steel beads, No. 4; one pair of knitting-pins, No. 18.

With blue silk and steel beads cast on forty-eight stitches, work four plain rows, then commence the pattern thus:—

1st row.—Make 1, purl 2 together, \*, pass down 14 beads, keep them under the thumb, make 1, purl 2 together, make 1, purl 2 together; repeat from \*.

2d.—The return row to be worked in the same stitch, but without beads.

3d.—As the first, only pass down 13 beads instead of 14. Every row the same with 1 bead less, until only 2 beads remain; then work the

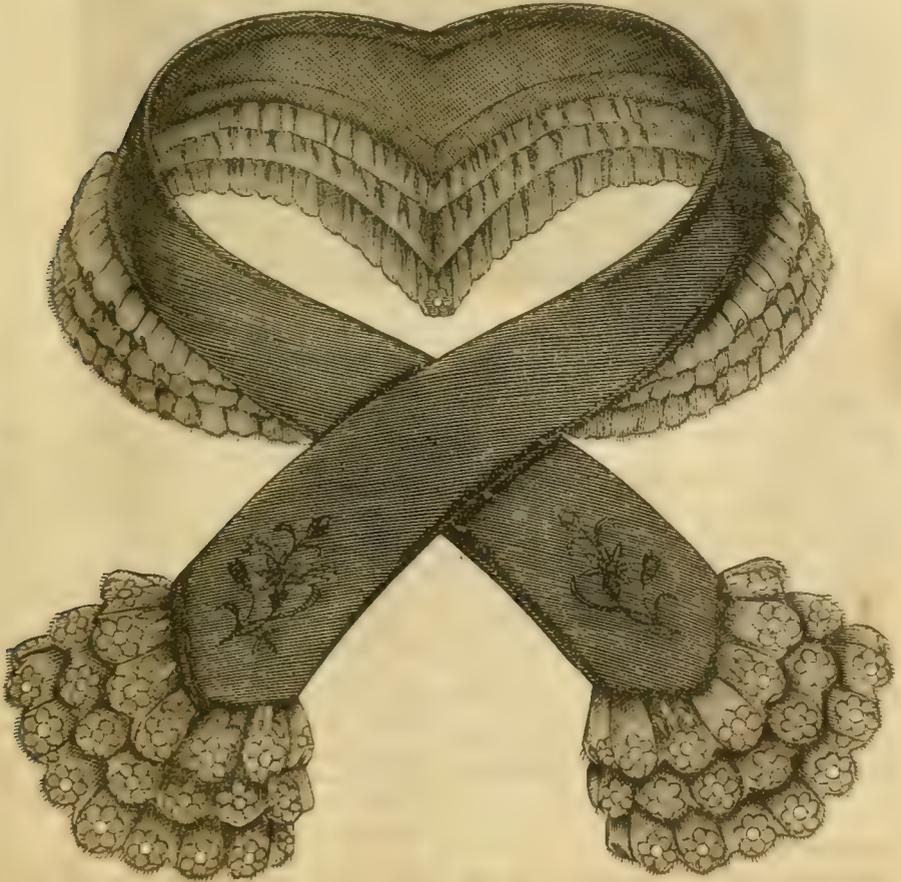
return row, and join on the white silk and gold beads. \*, pass down 14 beads, make 1, purl 2 together, make 1, purl 2 together; repeat from \*. The other row same as the blue and steel; then repeat the blue and steel once more. This forms one end of the purse. The middle may be worked thus:—

With white and gold beads make 1, purl 2 together, pass down 2 beads; repeat; return row plain.

Repeat these two rows four times in white, four times in blue, four times in white. Then commence the other end in blue; work the same as before, only commence with 2, and increase to 14 beads.

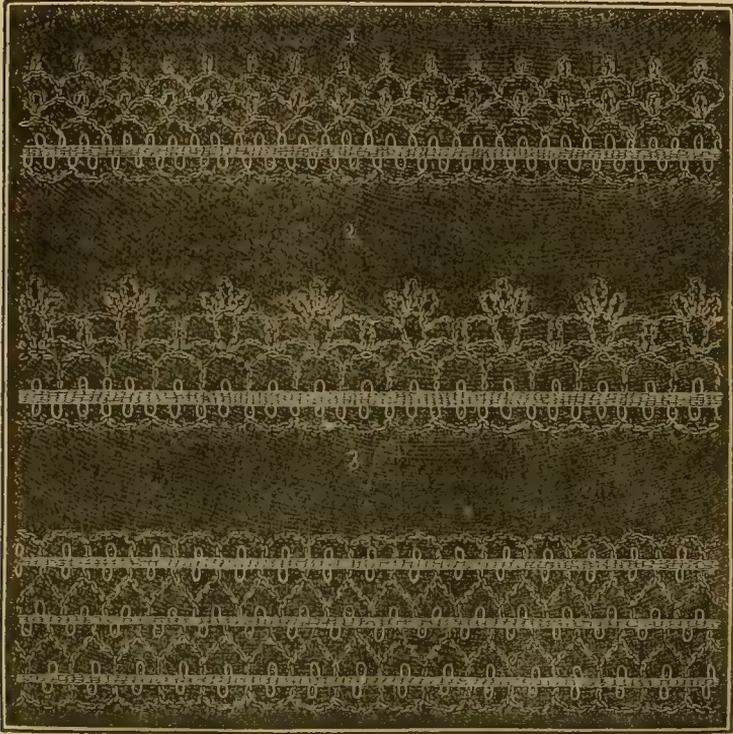
Sew up one-third at each end, and trim with mixed gold and steel tassels.

CRAVATE MARIE THERESE.



This cravat is of sea-green silk, shaped to the neck, and trimmed with rows of fluted black lace. The ends are embroidered in black silk and jet, and finished with three rows of fluted lace.

## MIGNARDISE WORK.



## EDGING No. 1.

*Materials.*—One piece of Mignardise, of the smallest size; cotton, No. 24; crochet hook, No. 19. Bell gauge.

Commence in the 2d loop of the Mignardise, work 5 chain, double into next loop but one, 5 chain, repeat.

*2d row.*—Join on the cotton on the first stitch of the 5 chain, 5 chain, double into centre stitch of 5 chain, 5 chain, \* double into same stitch, 5 chain, double into next 5, 5 chain, repeat from \*.

*3d.*—Join on the cotton in the centre stitch of the first 5 chain, \* 6 chain, 1 single, into 3d stitch from the hook (this forms a point), 3 chain, double into centre of next 5, between the two points in last row, repeat from \*.

*4th.*—On the other side of the Mignardise work 5 chain, 1 double into every other loop.

## EDGING No. 2.

*Materials.*—Same as No. 1.

*1st row.*—1 treble in the 2d loop of the Mignardise, 5 chain, 1 treble, in next loop but one, 5 chain, repeat to the end of the length required.

*2d.*—1 single in the centre of the 5 chain, 7 chain, double in same stitch, 5 chain, \* double in next 5 chain, 7 chain, double in same stitch, 5 chain, repeat from \*.

*3d.*—1 double under the 1st, 7 chain, 7 chain, \*, double under same, 7 chain, double under same, 7 chain, double under same, 5 chain, double under next 7, 5 chain, double under next 7, 7 chain, repeat from \*.

## INSERTION IN MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET, No. 3.

*Materials.*—One piece of Mignardise of the smallest size; cotton, No. 24; crochet hook, No. 19. Bell gauge.

Take a piece of Mignardise the length required, commence in the 2d loop and work 3 chain. Take another piece of Mignardise and unite to the 2d loop, 3 chain, miss one loop, double into next loop of the first piece of Mignardise, 3 chain, unite to 2d loop of second piece of Mignardise, repeat to the end.

*2d row.*—Commence in the 2d loop 3 chain, take another piece of Mignardise and work in the same manner as before. At both outer edges work thus: commence in the 2d loop, 5

chain, miss 1 loop, double into next, repeat to the end.

CROCHET PURSE,

IN BLUE SILK AND STEEL BEADS.

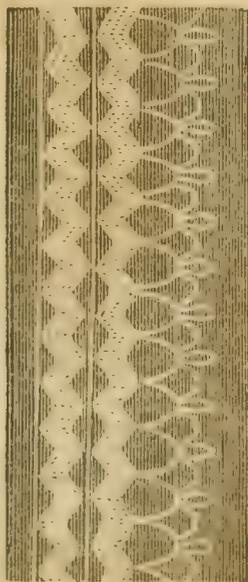
*Materials.*—One and a half skeins of bright blue purse silk; one bunch of steel beads, No. 7; a few needlefuls of maize-colored purse silk; a steel clasp

the top, to shape the purse, and finished off in the same manner, 12 stitches from the end of the row. The two following rows are then worked, commencing each one a little lower down, and then the purse is crocheted in straight rows again until it is finished. On referring to the illustration, it will be clearly seen where the length of the rows is diminished. The purse is sewn together on each side about half

way, and is ornamented round with a fringe of beads; but before doing this the crochet is embroidered in little diamonds in maize purse silk. The clasp is then neatly stitched on, and the purse is complete.



EDGING IN WAVY BRAID AND CROCHET.



This little edging will be found useful for trimming many articles of the wardrobe; and it is especially suitable for children's dresses, being firm and durable.

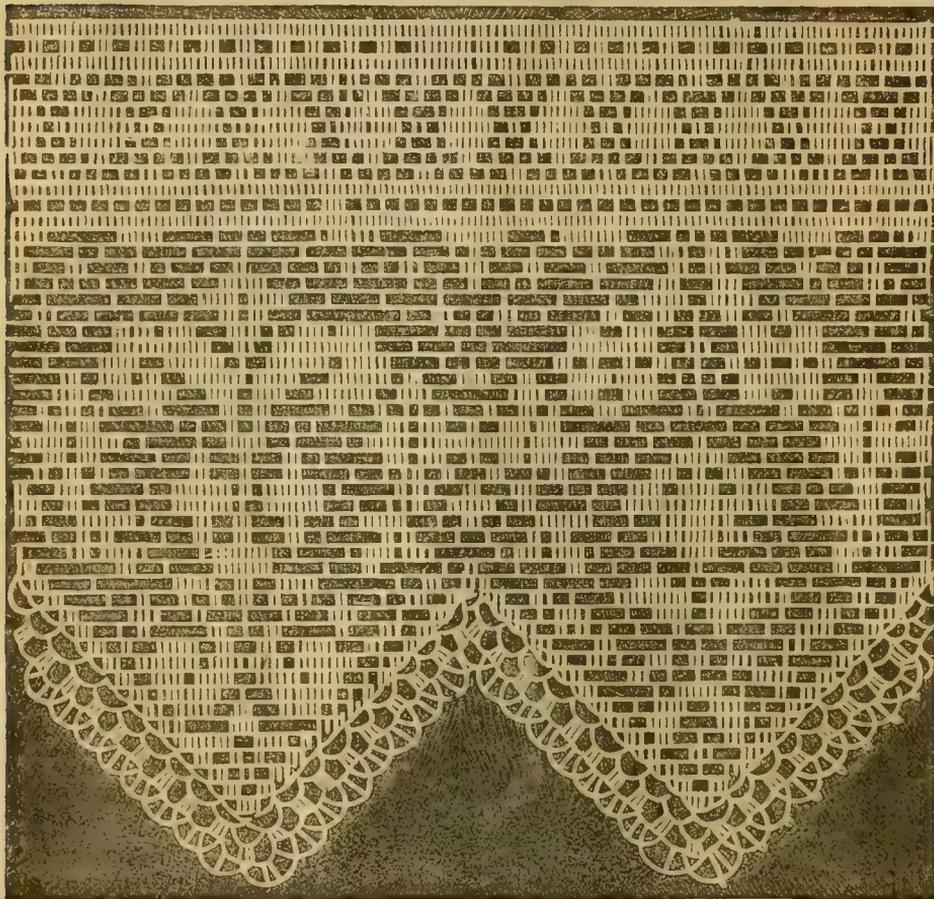
THREAD sufficient steel beads on the silk before commencing to work, and make a chain the length of the two sides of the purse. Work in double crochet in straight rows, breaking off the silk at each end and commencing a fresh row. A steel bead is put at regular intervals. When the centre of the work is reached, the row must be commenced about 12 stitches from

It is composed of a mixture of fancy braid and crochet. To commence, take a piece of wavy braid; double the length that will be required, on which work a row of *point de Bruxelles*, double the braid, making the points meet, and with No. 40 crochet cotton sew the points together, passing the thread down the middle line. Commence the crochet with No. 16 of

the same cotton, and make a chain of nine; loop into the point of the braid, and continue to the end. For the second row of crochet chain six; loop into the centre of the last row; chain four, loop in again on to the same, and continue thus working to the end. This completes the crochet. The other edge of the braid

is finished with another row of *point de Bruxelles*. Leaving out this last row and repeating the crochet to match the other side, makes a pretty light insertion corresponding with the edging, the two being thus arranged for accompanying each other.

### BIRD-CAGE BORDER IN CROCHET.

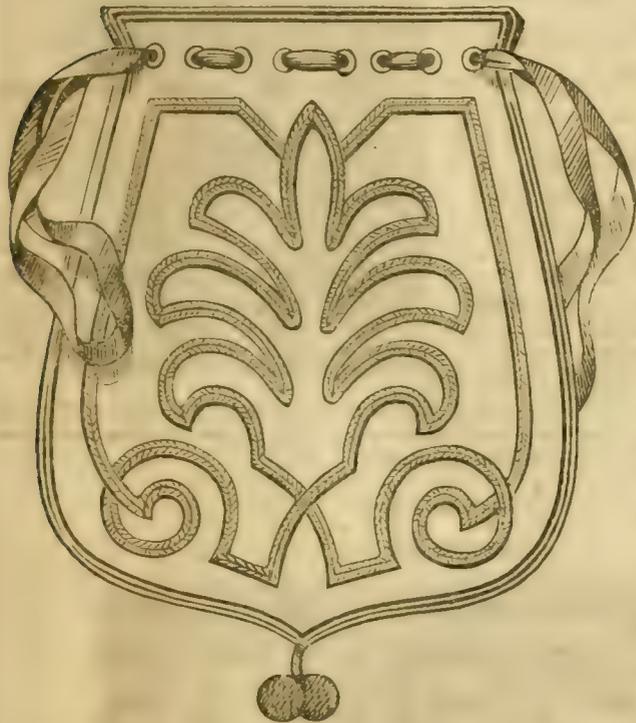


Among domestic pets there are none which seem to claim so much care and attention as the delicate and fragile little canary, which is so great a favorite among ladies, from its capability of tuition and strong attachment. There is now much taste displayed in the cages which are intended for the reception of those little birds, which charm us with their song, but they have not all the border of perforated metal which is sometimes added for the purpose of

protection from the habit which they have of scattering their seed and water, and thus giving an air of untidiness to the apartment in which they are located. As a substitute an ornamental crochet border is frequently adopted, which has a prettier effect, and is quite as efficacious. We now give a pattern for this purpose for working in crochet, and which, when arranged round the lower part of the cage, has quite an ornamental appearance. It is worked in the solid

and chain crochet, which is so easy to execute from any given pattern, that it requires no instruction beyond looking at the engraving. It is a great improvement to add to the point of each vandyke a tassel of white cotton.

FANCY BAG.



This bag is made of scarlet velvet, braided with gold braid. It is bound with gold braid, and trimmed with two gold balls. The same design is suitable for chain stitch.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

MITTENS FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS OLD.

Hair brown, Magenta, or pink, and bright green. Three pins, No. 18. Forty-six to fifty stitches. Cast on fifty stitches in Magenta.

1st row—Magenta. Plainly knit across, and back in open work; that is, by putting the wool forward and taking two together.

2d, 3d, and 4th—Brown. Plain knitting.

5th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

6th, 7th, and 8th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one stitch on the left hand side, in

the front of the work (in the loop of the last stitch but one in the former row), in the 7th and 8th rows.

9th—Magenta. Knit across in plain, and back in open work.

10th, 11th, and 12th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one on the left, as before, in each of the three rows.

13th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work, as above, increasing one.

14th, 15th, and 16th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one on the left, as before, in 15th and 16th rows.

17th—Magenta. Across in plain, and back in open work.

18th, 19th, and 20th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, precisely as before, in 19th and 20th rows.

21st—Green. Across plainly, and back in open work.

22d, 23d, and 24th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as above, in the 23d and 24th.

25th—Magenta. Across in plain, and back in open work.

26th, 27th, and 28th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 27th and 28th rows only.

29th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

30th—Brown. Plain knitting.

31st—Brown. Knit plainly sixteen stitches only, for the thumb, turning back at the sixteenth, and leaving the other stitches (which should now be forty-four) on the pin.

32d—Brown. Plain knitting.

33d—Magenta. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34th, 35th, and 36th—Brown. Plain knitting. 37th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

38th, 39th, and 40th—Brown. Plain knitting.

41st—Magenta. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work, as before.

42d—Magenta. Across and back in open work.

Cast off the sixteen stitches loosely. Recommence at the 31st row for the hand, beginning at the right side.

31st and 32d—Brown. Plain knitting, adding one stitch, on the left, in both rows.

33d—*Magenta*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34th, 35th, and 36th—*Brown*. Plain knitting.

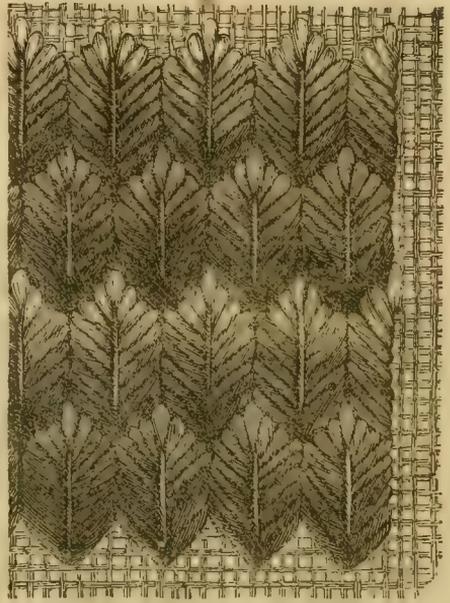
37th—*Green*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

38th, 39th, and 40th—*Brown*. Plain knitting.

41st—*Magenta*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

42d—*Magenta*. Across and back in open work.

Cast off loosely, and for the other mitten, etc., see previous directions.

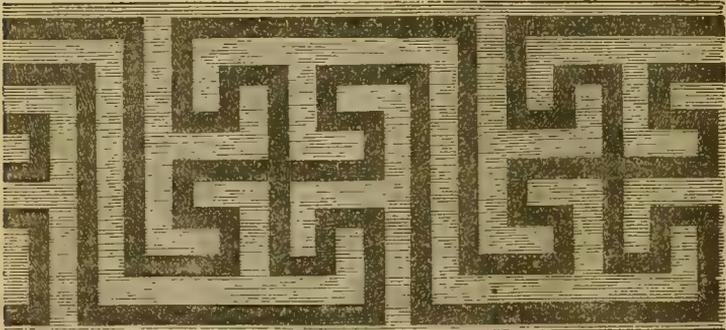


the meeting of the two rows of stitches. Crochet silk or beads might here be very well introduced.

DESIGN FOR BERLIN WORK.

This pattern, which may be continued to any size, and may be worked either in double or single wool, is executed in seven shades of the same color, commencing with black and ending with white. It consists of long stitches made on four or six threads of the canvas, whichever is preferred, worked in a slanting direction, and the top portions of the points are filled in with smaller stitches, to make the design complete. Down the centre of each pattern a long stitch of gold cord or fine chenille is put to hide

BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION FOR SKIRTS.



RUSTIC ORNAMENTS.

A WREATH OF AUTUMN LEAVES.

DURING the autumn months nature freely flings them at our feet, and if we pause to examine these autumn leaves, we shall discover

Take of brown Norway pine leaves, which have been well soaked in warm water, twelve leaves, or six pairs, and with fine brown cotton sew the ends to one corner of the basket, twist and fasten them to the opposite corner; then sew them on, making a short stitch on the inside



much beauty in their varied tints of brown, red, and yellow. Collect and press a good variety of them, and preserve them in the following ornamental way, and you will have a picture deserving as much notice as any modern Grecian or Oriental.

Have a wood, or stiff pasteboard frame of an oval shape, and about ten by twelve inches inside, and three in width. Cover the frame with autumn leaves, laying them in form of a wreath, and fastening them with glue. Varnish with white varnish, and when dry, fasten into the frame a sheet of fine drawing paper.

Cut of thin pasteboard the shapes 1, 2, and 3. Sew them together, and they form one side of a basket. Glue over the edge,

of the basket, and a long one on the outside, drawing the thread down among the leaves.



Bail.



Half of Bottom.



Half of Side.

This gives a finish to the edge of the basket. Finish the bottom the same way, only make the twist nearly twice as large.

For the bail, sew inside the basket, and each side of the bail ten pairs of leaves, twist, and bring them forward of the bail; then twist them all together, and fasten them at the end and top part of the bail. Cut away the lower part of the pasteboard bail. Now take two beech leaves, the color of the pine leaves; cut off the stem end of each, and glue them on the

and on the bail some light brown cambric.

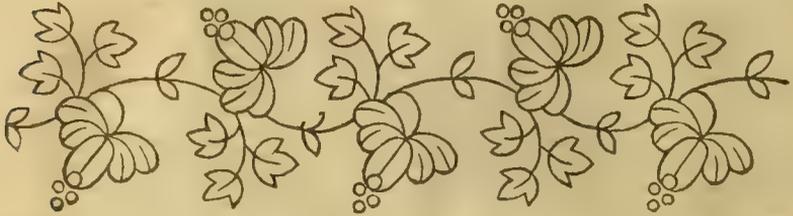
basket as seen in the engraving, hiding the edges under the leaves.

This piece of a basket must be glued on to the paper in the frame, two or three inches from the lower part of the frame, and filled

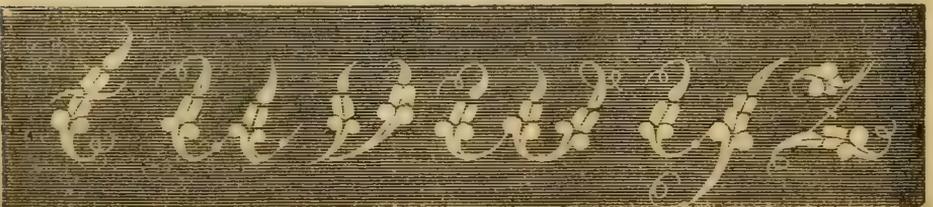
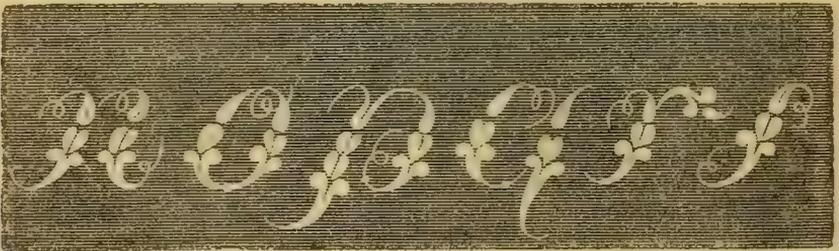
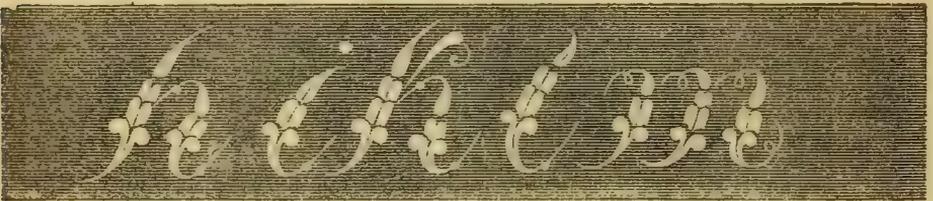
with autumn leaves, reaching within two or three inches of the top, and hanging over the sides of the basket. Varnish the leaves and basket with white varnish.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS, FOR MARKING.



# Receipts, &c.

## MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

### A CHAPTER OF FRENCH COOKERY.

**BORILL.**—The rump of beef is the best piece to be employed for this dish. Tie it round, put it in a stewpan, with water or stock, and let it stew gently for three hours. The dish may be varied by serving it variously garnished. It may be covered with sprigs of parsley, or it may be surrounded with small onions and other vegetables, or with fried onions, or laid in a bed of water-cress, which looks exceedingly pretty.

**A FRENCH MAIGRE SOUP.**—Take a large lump of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; brown them in the saucepan in which the soup is to be made; then chop up finely some carrots, onions, celery, sorrel, and potatoes, and mix them together; put them into the saucepan, with pepper and salt, pour boiling water over them, and let them stew over the fire for three or four hours—they can hardly simmer too long. A little thyme, parsley, cress, and mint are a great improvement to the other ingredients.

**ENTREES TO BE MADE OF BEEF WHICH HAS BEEN COOKED TO MAKE SOUP.**—

**Beef au Gratin.**—Most readers know—but there may be one here and there who may like to be reminded—that *au gratin* is a mode of cookery in which the fire is applied above as well as below, the lid of the vessel being formed to hold hot charcoal. Melt some butter at the bottom of the stewpan, add to it fine bread-crumbs or raspings, and place in a circle thin slices of the beef. Place over them some little pieces of butter, parsley chopped fine, a sprinkle of salt, and a little broth. Let it cook gently, with the fire above and below.

**Beef en Mirton.**—Cut some onions in slices, and partly fry them in butter, add a sprinkle of flour, and turn them about until they are brown. Moisten them with equal parts of broth and white wine, season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg, add the beef, cut in thin slices, and let it all stew together for a quarter of an hour. At the moment of serving, add a little mustard to the gravy.

**Beef en Vinaigrette.**—Cut some slices of the beef when cold, and place them in a salad-bowl. Cover them with fillets of anchovy, or of very good red herrings; garnish them with chives, cervil, and other fine herbs, chopped very fine, and pickles sliced. Season with pepper, add oil and vinegar, and serve without stirring the mixture.

**Beef à la Ménagère.**—Take about twenty rather small onions, brown them in a frying-pan with a little butter, and when they have taken a bright color, sprinkle over them a little flour or some bread crumbs. Remove the onions to a stewpan, taking care not to break them. Add a teacup of broth, the piece of beef whole, a sufficient seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Let the whole simmer over a slow fire for about two hours. Serve the beef on a dish, and arrange the onions round it.

**BARLEY CREAM.**—Take two pounds of perfectly lean veal; chop it well. Wash thoroughly half a pound of pearl barley; put it into a saucepan with two quarts of water and some salt. Let all simmer gently together until reduced to one quart. Take out the bones, and rub the remainder through a fine hair sieve with a

wooden spoon. It should be the of same consistency as good cream; add a little more salt, if requisite, and a little mace if approved of. This makes light and nourishing food for invalids.

**FRIED POTATOES.**—Peel the potatoes, cut them into very thin slices, and fry them with a little butter, lard, or dripping. They will eat crisp, and form a nice accompaniment to cold meat. Another way is, when they are peeled, to cut them round and round, as in peeling an apple, until they are quite cut up, then fry them brown and crisp in a pan nearly full of melted lard or oil. Spread them on a dish before the fire to dry, and season them with pepper and salt.

**TO COOK A FRESH BEEF TONGUE.**—Choose a moderate sized beef tongue, boil it gently in water until it is sufficiently tender for the skin to be stripped from it. Trim it neatly round the root. Put into a saucepan a quarter pound of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, half an onion cut up into small slices, salt and pepper to taste. Let these dissolve gently at the side of the fire until the butter boils. Place the tongue into these ingredients, and let it remain until it is browned. When this is the case take it out, place it on a hot dish by the side of the fire, and add to the gravy two wineglassfuls of red wine (either port or claret), a large teaspoonful of made mustard, and one of walnut ketchup. When these are well mixed, return the tongue into the gravy, and simmer gently for ten minutes, taking care that the saucepan is closely covered to keep in the aroma. When served, the tongue should be cut into thick slices, and banded.

**MELTED BUTTER.**—Mix a tablespoonful of flour quite smoothly with a little cold water. Add to this half a pint of water in a clean saucepan, stir in two ounces of butter, and stir the mixture over the fire until it is sufficiently cooked, and looks thick and rich. The thickening properties of flour vary very much; if, therefore, the melted butter does not thicken with the tablespoonful of flour named, a little more may be dusted in from the dredger as it cooks. Cooks consider it imperative to stir it only one way all the time.

**TO STEW OYSTERS.**—Take three dozen oysters, open them, and put their liquor into a saucepan, with a little beaten mace and cayenne pepper; thicken with flour and butter, and boil for five minutes. Toast a slice of bread and cut it into sippets, which lay round the dish. Add half a teacupful of cream to the liquor in the saucepan; put in the oysters, and stir them round continuously. They should not boil; if they are allowed to do so, they shrink and become hard. Serve them up hot.

**FRIED HAM AND EGGS.**—The slices of ham should first be boiled a trifle. Put a bit of lard in the frying-pan. After the slices have been dipped in flour, place them in the hot fat. Sprinkle pepper. When both sides are finely browned, dish with sufficient gravy. Slip the eggs into the fat, avoiding to break the yolk. Cook slowly, and separate each egg with a knife. When done, place them in a chain around the meat.

**HAMBURG PICKLE FOR SALTING BEEF.**—To four gallons of water add sufficient common salt, which, when dissolved in the water, will be strong enough to bear an egg, put in four ounces of saltpetre, and half a pound of very brown sugar. Boil all well together, and skim it clean; strain it off, and when cold put in the beef. Let the pickle cover the meat, and in ten days it will be fit for use, or you may keep the meat in for two months, turning it daily, and at the end of six weeks boiling up the pickle and skimming it afresh.

## CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**CORN CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.**—Mix at night one quart of corn meal with hot water enough to make a thin batter, adding a tablespoonful of yeast, and salt to suit the taste. In the morning stir in two eggs and a small teaspoonful of soda, and with a spoon beat it long and hard. Butter a tin pan, pour the mixture into it, and bake immediately about half an hour in a moderately heated oven.

**TRANSPARENT PUDDING.**—Six eggs, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter; melt the butter and sugar together; beat the eggs well, and stir them in it while warm; grate in some nutmeg; bake on pastry.

**RICE MERINGUE.**—Swell gently four ounces of rice in a pint of milk, let it cool a little, and stir an ounce and a half of fresh butter, three ounces of pounded white sugar, the rind of a lemon, and the yolks of five eggs. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dish, and lay lightly and evenly over the top the whites of four eggs beaten to snow. Bake the pudding for ten minutes in a gentle oven.

**TO MAKE BATTER PANCAKES.**—Beat up three eggs with four large tablespoonfuls of flour; add to these half a pint of milk, or as much as will make the batter the consistency of cream, and a little salt. Fry them in lard or butter. Grate sugar over the top of each of them, and serve directly they are cooked. The juice of a lemon is generally added when eaten. A small frying-pan is the best for the purpose.

**TO MAKE WAFFER PANCAKES.**—Beat up well four eggs; add two spoonfuls of fine flour, and two of cream; one ounce of finely-sifted sugar, and, if approved of, part of a grated nutmeg. Rub the frying pan well with a little cold butter. Pour the batter in as thin as a wafer; fry it only on one side. Put them on a dish, and throw sifted sugar over each pancake, and serve them hot to table.

**HARRISON CAKE.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup sugar, one cup sour cream, one teaspoonful cloves, one of saleratus, two teacups currants. Butter melted with molasses and poured into three or four cups of flour; then add sugar and half the cream; put in the rest of the cream when you have dissolved the saleratus in it. Then take enough more flour to make it about as thick as cup cakes; stir it ten or fifteen minutes, add the currants, and bake it in pans like cup cake.

**LECHE CREAM.**—Beat up the yolks of three eggs, and the white of one; add to them a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar; mix gradually three ounces of arrow-root and two ounces of flour, and then a pint and a half of milk; boil it up gently, stirring continually until thick; take it off the fire and continue to stir until it is a little cooled. Place sponge-cake at the bottom of a buttered dish, and pour the leche cream over them. A flavoring of either lemon-peel, vanilla, or cinnamon is an improvement.

**CREAM CAKES.**—Half pound butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one pint water; boil your butter and water together, and while boiling stir in the flour; then let it cool, and add ten eggs—the whites beaten separately; half teaspoonful of soda; grease your pans well, drop a large spoonful, leaving space enough for them to rise. Bake about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

**CHEAP CAKE.**—Two cups white sugar, three of flour, a piece of butter size of an egg, two eggs, one cup of

milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one of saleratus, both thrown on the batter, sugar, and eggs; then add the milk, then the flour, stir quickly, spice to taste. Sift a little sugar on the cake, and bake immediately.

**RICE PUDDING.**—One quart milk, one cup rice, four eggs—yolks beaten as custards—baked. The whites as frosting.

**SPONGE PUDDING.**—One pound sugar, one pound flour, one dozen eggs well beaten. Steam two hours.

**VERY LIGHT BUNNS.**—One pound and a quarter of fine flour, six ounces fresh butter, eight ounces lump sugar bruised, two ounces candied lemon, twelve ounces currants, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, five eggs or a little cream, or six eggs. Beat the eggs well, and mix all together; bake in small tart, or queen-cake tins, in a quick oven.

**BAKED APPLE PUDDING.**—Twelve ounces of fine flour, four ounces suet chopped fine, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a little salt. Mix with cold water to a paste; have ready a well-buttered basin or mould that will hold a quart; roll out the paste and line the basin, leaving a little for the top; fill it with apples pared and cored; add golden syrup and sugar; roll out the paste for the cover, moistening the edges to make it stick; fresh suet from a loin of mutton is the best. Thirty-five to forty minutes will bake it, turn out upon a dish, and serve.

## THE TOILET.

**TO MAKE SOFT POMATUM.**—Beat half a pound of unsalted fresh lard in common water; then soak and beat it in two rose-waters, drain it, and beat it with two spoonfuls of brandy; let it drain from this; add to it some essence of lemon, and keep it in small pots.

*Or:* Soak half a pound of clear beef-marrow and one pound of unsalted fresh lard in water two or three days, changing and beating it every day. Put it into a sieve, and, when dry, into a jar, and the jar into a saucepan of water. When melted, pour it into a basin, and beat it with two spoonfuls of brandy; drain off the brandy, and then add essence of lemon, bergamot, or any other scent that is liked.

**HARD POMATUM.**—Prepare equal quantities of beef-marrow and mutton suet as before, using the brandy to preserve it, and adding the scent; then pour it into moulds, or if you have none, into phials of the size you choose the rolls to be. When cold, break the bottles, clear away the glass carefully, and put paper around the rolls.

*Or:* Take equal quantities of marrow, melted and strained, lard, and castor oil; warm all together; add any scent you please; stir until cold, and put into pots.

**PASTE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.**—Mix a quarter pound of unsalted hog's lard, which has been washed in soft water, and then rose-water, with the yolks of two new-laid eggs, and a large spoonful of honey. Add as much fine oatmeal or almond-paste as will work into a paste.

*Or:* Blanch one pound of bitter almonds, pound them smooth in a marble mortar; add half an ounce of camphor, one ounce of honey, a quarter pound of spermaceti, all pounded, and mixed with the almonds, till it becomes a smooth paste. Put it into jars or china boxes, and tie it down till wanted.

**A VERY FINE SCENT.**—Take six drachms of oil of lavender, three of the essence of bergamot, sixty drops of ambergris, and two grains of musk. Mix these into a pint of the best rectified spirits of wine.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO CLEAN CALICO FURNITURE.**—Shake off the loose dust, then lightly brush with a small long-haired furniture-brush; after which wipe it closely with clean flannels, and rub it with dry bread. If properly done, the curtains will look nearly as well as at first; and, if the color be not light, they will not require washing for years. Fold in large parcels, and put carefully by. While the furniture remains up, it should be preserved from the sun and air as much as possible, which injure delicate colors; and the dust may be blown off with bellows.

By the above mode curtains may be kept clean, even to use with the hangings newly dipped.

**TO GIVE TO BOARDS A BEAUTIFUL APPEARANCE.**—After washing them very nicely with soda, and warm water, and a brush, wash them with a very large sponge and clean water. Both times observe to leave no spot untouched; and clean straight up and down, not crossing from board to board; then dry with clean cloths, rubbed hard up and down in the same way.

The floors should not be often wetted, but very thoroughly when done; and once a week dry rubbed with hot sand and a heavy brush, the right way of the boards.

The sides of stairs, or passages on which are carpets or floor-cloth, should be washed with sponge instead of linen or flannel, and the edges will not be soiled. Different sponges should be kept for the above two uses; and those and the brushes should be well washed when done with, and kept in dry places.

**TO EXTRACT OIL FROM BOARDS OR STONE.**—Make a strong lye of pearlashes and soft water, and add as much unslacked lime as it will take up; stir it together, and then let it settle a few minutes; bottle it, and stop close; have ready some water to lower it as used, and scour the part with it. If the liquor should lie long on the boards, it will draw out the color of them; therefore, do it with care and expedition.

**TO CLEAN STONE STAIRS AND HALLS.**—Boil one pound of pipe-clay with a quart of water, a quart of small beer, and put in a bit of stone-blue. Wash with this mixture, and, when dry, rub the stones with flannel and a brush.

**TO REMOVE IRON-MOULD.**—Salts of lemon, mixed with warm water and rubbed over the mark, will, most probably, remove the stains.

*Another Way.*—Throw on the stain a small quantity of the dry powder of magnesia, rubbing it slightly in with the finger, leaving it there for an hour or two, and then brushing it off, when it will be found that the stain has quite disappeared. Apply it on the wrong side of the dress, if not lined; but it matters not which. As some colors are spoiled even by water, it will be found safer to use dry magnesia.

**BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS** require to be well and often cleaned, both inside and out. Indeed, the thorough cleansing of all vessels in which victuals are cooked, is not only desirable in point of neatness and show—for most servants make a display of them—but it is actually necessary, as it regards the flavor and the wholesomeness of the food cooked in them, whether solid joints, or soups, ragouts, &c. And these remarks apply more fully to vessels made of copper or brass, than to tin and iron ware; the canker which they contract being absolutely poisonous. Brass and copper, whether cooking utensils, candlesticks, or other articles, are best cleaned with sweet oil and tripoli, or powdered

Bath brick, or rottenstone. A piece of flannel should be oiled, and then sprinkled with either of the above-named powders, and well rubbed over every part of the article, till every spot and soil is removed. They should then be polished with soft wash leather. The inner part of tinued vessels should be well cleaned with soap and water, and then thoroughly washed with clean warm water, and put away perfectly dry. A solution of oxalic acid in water gives brass a fine color; and vitriol and spirits of salts make brass and copper very bright; but they soon tarnish, and, therefore, require more frequent cleaning. A strong lye of rock alum and water will also improve the appearance of brass.

**SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.**—Cut two or three good-sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, etc., in the sick-room in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purposes. They should be changed every six hours.

**HOW TO GET OFF A TIGHT RING.**—Thread a needle fat in the eye with a strong thread, pass the head of the needle with care under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger regularly all down the nail to reduce its size, then lay hold of the short end and unwind it. The thread repassing against the ring, will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

## CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

The following receipts have been kindly forwarded to us by a correspondent; we insert them for the benefit of our readers:—

**TO CLEAN SILK (black or colored).**—Mix spirits of wine with water, sponge on the right side, and iron on the wrong; it will look new again.

**TO MAKE WATER SOFT.**—Boil bran in it.

**FOR MAKING HANDS SOFT.**—Mix honey, olive oil, and almond meal. Use when washing; then wear gloves.

**MACCARRONI CHEESE (simply done).**—Boil the maccaroni in milk; put in the stevpan butter, cheese, and seasoning; when melted, pour into the maccaroni, putting bread-crumbs over, which brown before the fire all together.

**WELSH RABBIT.**—A slice of bread laid in a tin dish, buttered, and mustard laid over it; pieces of cut cheese laid also on the bread and butter; pour two or three tablespoonfuls of ale; put into the oven until slightly brown.

**CHEESE OMELET.**—Mix to a smooth batter three tablespoonfuls of fine flour, with half a pint of milk. Beat up well the yolks and whites of four eggs, a little salt, and a quarter pound of grated Parmesan or old English cheese. Add these to the flour and milk, and whisk all the ingredients together for half an hour. Put three ounces of butter into a frying-pan, and when it is boiling pour in the above mixture, fry it for a few minutes, and then turn it carefully; when it is sufficiently cooked on the other side, turn it on to a hot dish and serve.

**MR. GODEY.** I send you the following receipt for cleaning craps, hoping you will give it a place in your Book.

Brush the veil till all the dust is removed, then fold it lengthwise, and roll it smoothly and tightly on a roller. Steam it till it is thoroughly dampened, and dry on the roller.

# Editors' Table.

## WOMAN:

### HER PLACE IN THE CHURCH.

A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.

Rev. xii. 1.

PURE religion on earth: is it not the intercourse or sympathy of the human soul with the Divine Spirit? Was not the perfect religion of the Eden pair shown in their intercourse with their Creator, when "the Lord God walked in the garden?" and their miserable Fall, was it not fitly expressed in their hiding from Him, when they felt their robes of innocence were lost?

The man and the woman constituted the first Church of God on earth; their perfect worship was love; their pure offering was obedience. They sinned together when withholding this obedience, and both stood condemned before their righteous Judge. Their lives were forfeited; the Church was ruined; all was lost! How could there be intercourse or sympathy between holiness and sin, between God and Satan?

Oh the infinite love and mercy and goodness of the Creator in devising the way of salvation, when His pitying Fatherhood softened the stern justice of the Ruler of the Universe! We read this in the reprieve of His guilty children from immediate death; we read it in the precious promise made the woman that God would "put enmity" between her and Satan, because we thereby know that our heavenly Father did, then and there, implant anew the seeds of moral goodness in the heart of humanity. And then, in the glorious announcement or prophecy, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," did not the Lord God re-establish His covenant or Church on earth?

In this manifestation of Divine Love to the first sinners we find the way provided for the expression of human worship towards the only true God; worship that would be required of His church as the exponent of true religion on earth.

Woman was to keep the true faith in her heart, exemplifying and teaching it in her life of purity and love; of self-sacrifice and faithfulness in duty; of obedience to her husband and careful training of her children, and in humble submission to her lot.

Man was to show forth his true faith in his life-long struggle for dominion over the earth; doing his hard work in humility and thankfulness; tenderly supporting and protecting his own household; governing himself in obedience to the laws of God written in the human heart,\* and by conformity to the natural laws controlling the works of God—these he was to seek, discover, and obey, while following implicitly the Divine inspirations, commandments, and precepts that were to guide him in his religious ceremonials, sacrifices, and sacraments, representing the soul's fealty to God and penitence for sin—all these were to be exclusively under man's control. In other words, the forms of the Church, its outward embodying and laws were to be the work of men; the faith of the Church or its inward life was in the keeping of women.

\* See Romans, chap. ii.

Let us pause here one moment, at this stand point of God's Church, inaugurated after the Fall, and contemplate her glorious triumph, as the beloved Apostle pictures it in the chapter from which we have quoted. It is WOMAN who, in the Apocalypse, represents the glory of the redeemed Church. Mark how she is persecuted by Satan! how she is succored by Divine interposition! how surely she is to be glorified by Divine Grace!

Is not this the blessed rainbow painted on the black clouds of woman's history? It was the woman from Eden who held for earth the promise of salvation. *It was the woman to whom the Devil bore "enmity."* It was and has been, from that day to this, against the honor and happiness, the goodness and intelligence of woman that "the Devil and his angels" have fought their most subtle and devouring battles. How these enemies of God and woman have succeeded in engulfing and destroying "the glory of the man," while crushing out the mind, and heart, and soul of his "help-meet," let the history of polygamy tell! Polygamy seems Satan's most potent device for destroying all good in humanity.

The history of the Church is, in the Bible, inwoven in its spiritual development, with the story of the moral power of women who, through and by Divine help, have influenced in the right way the characters and lives of men, when these had charge of the worship of the true God. We alluded, in our last paper, to the special Providence that saved Sarah from the pollution (*Gen. xii.*) to which Abram would have consigned her, and thus ruined himself as well as the Church. Sarah's faith also preserved the inheritance for Isaac the true heir. Rebekah's faith won the blessing which God had promised her should be given to Jacob. Could the true Church have been perpetuated through Ishmael or Esau?

The Hebrew Church, which included the Commonwealth, established, by the special laws of Moses, through Divine inspiration, bears the impress of Almighty power and mercy in sustaining the weaknesses and mitigating the sorrows of woman; it does this in such a marked manner as makes her seem the favorite of her heavenly Father. How strikingly this is exemplified in the Hebrew laws and commands concerning that most helpless, desolate, and wronged class of human beings—the widows\* of the land! For the childless widow in her youth an honorable marriage was provided. For the desolate widow and her fatherless children God himself stood a protector, provider, and judge. Woe to the

\* Contrast these Hebrew statutes and customs with those of all heathen nations concerning widows, and you will see how Satan's "enmity to the woman" has succeeded in degrading and destroying her sex and, with it, the race of mankind. This miserable record is written the world over—that all men who reject the true God reject, also, or labor to destroy the spiritual and mental influence of woman. Her mind has been kept in ignorance that she might be made subservient to man's pride or the dupe of his superstitions; licentiousness and polygamy have degraded her into the toy of his pleasures or the slave of his lusts and selfishness; till even now, in this nineteenth century of Christian light, three-fourths of the living world of women have no power for good, and no means of spiritual improvement; consequently, the men have neither goodness nor "glory."

Hebrew man who dared do evil to the true widow and her fatherless children!

The mother of the family was, by the Decalogue as well as in the special laws of the Hebrews, entitled to the same honor and obedience from her children as were due to the father. No human code has thus sustained the mother's honor and authority.

In the Hebrew Church women enjoyed more freedom than men, because the women had the privilege of attending all the feasts and convocations if they chose, or they might stay at home if this appeared to them their duty. The men were compelled to go up three times each year to worship before the Lord.

Does not this prove that God, who knows the heart, saw He could trust the faith of the woman? that she would worship him in spirit at home? but that man required the aid of outward observances, in which he was compelled to join to strengthen his faith in the spiritual, or he would, inevitably, relapse (as Aaron did at Sinai) into the earthly, the idolatrous, the sinful?

Many other instances of God's favor towards woman, shown in the laws for His chosen people, might be cited if we had room; all strengthening our positions that the moral destiny of the world is in the keeping of the weaker sex; and that woman is the conservator of religious faith the world over, whether that faith be true or false.

There is no record of an apostate or "wicked" Hebrew woman; the men who led the Church and people into idolatry had first broken God's law of marriage by an alliance with heathen women. And that these heathen wives had such influence over their Hebrew husbands proves, conclusively, the stronger moral or spiritual power of the feminine nature, whether exerted in the cause of error or of truth.

The religious influence of Hebrew women is always represented as conservative of their faith, until the man, or government in Church and State, were wholly given over to idolatry. Even then instances of faithful women are recorded who had sympathy with the chosen prophets of the Lord—as the widow of Sarepta, who forgot that she and her son were starving while she fed Elijah; and the woman of Shunem, who recognized and provided for Elisha.

When the last stage of spiritual degeneracy had been reached, and Jerusalem was ripe for destruction, and the Old Covenant of Works, so often broken and dishonored, was to be superseded by the New Covenant of Justification by Faith in Jesus Christ, then the woman's soul was found ready to meet and welcome the Spiritual Church. Three Hebrew women rejoiced over the infant Saviour, each with a song of thanksgiving or a blessing of joy, while but one Hebrew man came to do Him homage. At the Cross of Christ the proportion of His devoted followers was similar, three women to one man. Such has, probably been the difference of numbers between the sexes who have, since that time, united with the Church of Christ, voluntarily, and been true to the end. Thus we differ from the proportions of members in our American churches—three women to one man.

As, in the Old Dispensation, the Church of the Gospel was, in its public ministrations and outward observances, placed entirely under the government of men. For this purpose the twelve had been chosen—or compelled—to follow Christ. He had taught and prepared them for the service of founding His church.

Women came to Christ of their own accord. Lovingly He received their ministrations, tenderly He soothed their sorrows, warmly praised their love, and faith, and works, *namely ones worthy of a world-wide memorial*; confiding to their sex only His spiritual mission, and making women messengers of His will even to His chosen Apostles.

Do we not find in these examples proof that Christ intended woman should have place, and name, and work in His Church?

The Apostles seem to have thus understood Him. They employed women and publicly honored their piety and faithful services in the inspired record, left for the guidance of the Church in all ages. St. Paul was not ashamed to acknowledge his obligations to the help of women; he tells us of a Phebe, the *deaconess*, and Priscilla, the instructress of Apollos in the doctrines of

salvation; of Philip's four daughters—all prophetesses (or teachers of Christ's precepts), and many others we have not room now to name; while St. John gives an Epistle to that noble teacheress, the "elect lady," whose children "walked in the truth."

Thus, for several centuries, woman held place, duties, and memorial in the Christian Church—but always under the direction of men. The zeal with which these women sustained the faith and labors of the Apostles and first missionaries was one of the greatest human elements of their success against heathenism.

Wherever the Gospel was made known women were found ready to receive it. Queens became nursing mothers of the Church, and lovely maidens martyrs for its truth. The moral influence of women changed the worship of the greater part of Europe from Heathenism to Christianity.

Could this humble religious influence have gone on, unhindered, the world would, long ago, have become Christian. But the "enmity of Satan" prevailed over the spiritual in humanity. Woman was deprived of her offices and acknowledged influence in the church; she has been, for more than a thousand years, literally, a non-entity in its history—with one only exception, "the Sisters of Charity!"

The great benefits to humanity and to Christian character, conferred by this noble order of devoted women, have been acknowledged in all countries; but not till lately have any systematic efforts been made by Christian men to give the women of Protestant lands similar opportunities of doing good. The dawn of a brighter day has come. The churches in Europe, particularly in Germany, are leading the way in re-establishing the order of Deaconesses. England is following the example; and now our American churches\* are taking counsel on this important question.

If these papers "On Woman," which we have prepared with great care and earnest hope of helping the good cause, have any influence in directing the minds of our readers to these subjects, we shall feel sure of their sympathy and approval. Our sick country needs the ministering services of its Christian daughters. How can this great benefit be permanently secured except by organizations which have Bible authority for their basis and government?

The time is propitious. What inspiration declared, nearly three thousand years ago, concerning woman, will be verified on earth: "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

#### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITRESS.

MY DEAR MRS. HALE: For us who believe in a Providence that out of present evil educes future good, it is delightful to look on the bright side of this war, as it has shown some of the best traits of womanhood.

Three years ago, our daughters seemed to be inevitably growing up idle and ignorant. Not for want of schools, nor for want of employment. For schools there were, many and excellent; and for employment, it was pressed out of its natural sphere and range, and dubbed vulgar and beneath a refined age. Some girls knew Euclid, and all played the piano; but exactly not one could make a pudding, or write a receipt. A bride entered the house-keeping state so ignorant as not to know whether a piece of meat on the table was beef or mutton; and I know one who said "calf's head" was only good to throw away! Think of that, shades of departed grandmothers!

In vain I have from time to time gently insinuated the habits of the young French nobility, and recommended the adoption of some of their culinary accomplishments; in vain suggested that whatever maid might think of, fine reading and writing, no lover or admirer was the less ardent for some attention to his palate—always, mostly in vain, lectured on shirts and collars. *Nonne avons changé tout cela.* This is one good of the evil times.

It would delight you to look in or meet at the sanitary rooms once a week the bright faces of the young girls. To be sure, they began with stitching the sleeves into the neck of the blue woollen shirts; but what of that? They make shirts now, and cut them too. Then the jellies they make; the comforts they have learned to contrive and produce for the absent loved ones! All the inventions to solace and soothe the feeble ones; oh! it is beautiful to see the growth of helpful tenderness and self-sacrifice in the young girls of all ages.

\* See "Report made to the Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania on organizing the Services of Christian women," etc. Philadelphia: 1863.

I don't despair now of seeing a race of women worthy of the name; thoughtful, energetic, useful women. Women who think of something in life besides singing and dancing, and who don't end every song with a "Tara lal la!" for you will allow that was very much what we were all coming to. Not a corner stone for our palaces among our daughters; not a wise son to make a glad father among our youths.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE. Cincinnati, 1863.—There was a time when the advantages of education, founded on the solid branches of scientific knowledge, and graced by elegant accomplishments, could only be obtained in the Atlantic cities. Young ladies were then sent to Philadelphia, New York, or Boston at great cost of money, and often greater cost of anxiety, from the most distant points of the Union.

We are happy to know that, of late years, literary and educational institutions have been established at the West on a scale of liberality and excellence which now offers to the people of each section great advantages in the best culture and training for young girls; that which makes them intelligent, accomplished, and useful Christian ladies.

Among these institutions the *Wesleyan Female College* holds a high position, and deserves to be greatly honored. The pupils are thoroughly trained as well as taught; nothing seems to be omitted in the list of useful or liberal pursuits. Above all, the spirit of this seminary is, as such institutions should be, Christian, and the best of all knowledge is sedulously taught in such a tenderly faithful manner as to be seemingly impressed into every young heart that imbibes its purifying nura.

This college, as a distinguishing feature of its happy influences, has an "Alumnæ Association," promoting an affectionate union and sympathy among the young ladies, at the same time inciting them to excellence in their various studies, and binding them to a continuance of intercourse, if possible, and improvement during their whole career of life. We have before us a catalogue numbering three hundred and sixteen members of this association, founded in 1852, of whom forty-one are married, and thirty-four have died. The members meet every year at Cincinnati, and celebrate their anniversary with music, poetry, and original literary contributions. The tone of all their writings, whether solid essays or sprightly letters, bears the unmistakable impress of true piety and earnest endeavor to be and to do good. Love, sisterly and heavenly love, is the prevailing beauty and perfection of their order. Long may it live and bear its fruit of goodness and happiness.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.—The Journal, poems, and letters of this gifted and pious French lady have lately been published, with a sketch of her interesting life. Joined to rare talent and intelligence, she had great force of character, with an extraordinary depth of affection; "and all these under the control of a deep religious feeling," says her biographer. One affection only seems not to have been thus subject to reason; her love for her brother Maurice is a romance of deep, self-sacrificing feelings that nothing in life or fiction has ever surpassed. Thus she writes in her journal, which she kept sacred for her brother's eye only.

"I find writing has become almost a necessity to me. Whence does it arise, this impulse to give utterance to the voice of one's spirit; to pour out my thoughts before God and *our* human being? I say one human being, because I always imagine you, Maurice, are present—that you see me write. In the stillness of a life like this my spirit is happy, and, as it were, dead to all that goes on up stairs, or down stairs, or out of the house. But this does not last."

She has to go back to her domestic duties, which she performs with the cheerfulness and readiness of a girl who had never had a thought beyond household occupations. We hope the book will be published this side the Atlantic.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GIRLS.—Mrs. Schaffer, an accomplished lady, has opened a school at 1037 Walnut Street, which promises to become an excellent training institu-

tion in the elementary branches of an English education. Those who wish their young daughters carefully instructed, would do well to try this school.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted: "Look on the Sea" (the other poem declined)—"Faith and Sight"—"The Troubadour"—and "Varieties."

The following articles are not needed: "The World's Deceit"—"The Bridal Kiss"—"I'll be Merry while I Can"—"Old Memories"—"Upwards"—"Oh, Let Me Hope"—"The Great Conflict"—"Ellen Murdock's History"—"Blessings"—"A Summer Vacation" (too long)—"Vice" (the author can do better)—"Estrangement"—"The Fallen of our Battle-fields"—"A Great Prize"—"Roman Valor and American Bravery Compared" (best for a newspaper)—"Anodynes are Poisons"—"Art in its Best Development" (not finished)—and "The World of Fashion."

## Health Department.

The following sensible remarks are from an essay on the hardships of "Farmers' Wives" in our country. We can give only a few paragraphs; but these may be better than medicine to some weary and almost despairing invalid wife, who *must* work on. Sympathy is curative. So read what is said by Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*.

### FARMERS' WIVES OVERTAXED.

"Time, and money, and health, and even life itself, are not unfrequently lost by a want of promptitude on the part of the farmer in making repairs about the house in procuring needed things in time, and failing to have those little conveniences which, although their cost is even contemptible, are in a measure practically invaluable. I was in a farmer's house one night; the wife and two daughters were plying their needles industriously by the light of a candle, the wick of which was frequently clipped off by a pair of scissors. I asked the husband why he did not buy a candle-snuffer. 'Oh, the scissors are good enough!' And yet he owned six hundred acres of fine grazing lands, and every inch paid for.

"I once called on an old friend, a man of education, and of a family, loved and honored all over his native State. The buildings were of brick, in the centre of an inherited farm of several hundred acres. The house was supplied with the purest, coldest, and best water from a well in the yard; the facilities for obtaining which were a rope, one end of which was tied to a post, the other to an old tin pan, literally. The discomfort and unnecessary labor involved in these two cases may be estimated by the reader at his leisure.

"I know it to be the case, and have seen it on many Western farms, when firewood was wanted, a tree was cut down and hauled bodily to the door of the kitchen; and when it was all gone, another was drawn up to supply its place; giving the cook and wife green wood with which to kindle and keep up their fires.

"There are thousands of farms in this country where the spring which supplies all the water for drink and cooking is from a quarter to more than half a mile distant from the house, and a "pailful" is brought at a time, involving five or ten miles' walking in a day for months and years together; when a man in half a day could make a slide, and with a fifty cent barrel could in

half an hour deliver, at the door, enough to last the whole day. How many weeks of painful and expensive sickness; how many lives have been lost of wives and daughters, and cooks, by being caught in a shower between the house and the spring while in a state of perspiration or weakness, from working over the fire, cannot be known; but that they may be numbered by thousands will not be intelligently denied.

Many a time a pane of glass has been broken out, or a shingle has been blown from the roof, and the repair has not been made for weeks or many months together; and for want of it have come agonizing neuralgias; or a child has waked up in the night with the croup, to get well only with a doctor's bill, which would have paid twenty times for the repair; even if a first-born had not died, to agonize a mother's heart to the latest hour of life; or the leak in the roof has remained, requiring the placing of a bucket, or the washing of the floor at every rain; or the 'spare bed' has been wetted and forgotten; some visitor, or kind neighbor, or dear friend has been placed in it to wake up to a fatal fever, as was the case with the great Lord Bacon."

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**SIGHTS A-FOOT.** By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," etc. etc. A book like this will bear frequent reprinting. It takes the reader to a part of England seldom visited by the tourist, and seldom mentioned by the novelist. Following the footsteps of the author and an artist friend, he gets glimpses of scenery whose very roughness and wildness give it a grandeur of its own, and meets people whose primitive habits and simplicity of character make them remarkable. The book is not a novel, but a truthful account of a genuine pedestrian tour.

**VALENTINE VOX: the Ventriquist.** His Life and Adventures. By Henry Cockton, author of "Percy Effingham," "Sylvester Sound," etc. If one wishes to enjoy numerous hearty laughs, let him turn the pages of this book. The ludicrous scenes, the merry adventures, and the rich satires are, together, enough to add a hundred pounds to one's weight, if the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat," be true.

**THE TIGER SLAYER.** A Tale of the Indian Desert. By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," "The Trail Hunter," etc. This book, we believe, begins a new series of the interesting stories of western life for which Aimard is so widely noted. The scene of the story is laid in Mexico, in the province of Sonora.

**HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.** No. 5 has been received. Price 25 cents. Everybody ought to purchase this. The pictures alone, independent of the history, are worth the money.

From FREDERICK LEYPOLDT, Philadelphia:—

**SKIRMISHING.** By the author of "Who Breaks Pays," etc. This is the third volume of Leyoldt's Foreign Library, and fully sustains the reputation of this new enterprise. It is a quiet and pleasant story of English country life.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**THE BOOK OF DAYS.** A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar, including Anecdote, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature and Oddities of Human Life and Character. Parts 15 and 16 have been received. Price 20 cents each. We would not be without this work for three times its price.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

**HEAT CONSIDERED AS A MODE OF MOTION.** By John Tyndall, F. R. S., etc., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. This book contains a course of twelve lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1862, the first seven of which deal with thermometric heat, and the concluding five of radiant heat. A more thorough examination of the subject, in all its divisions and bearings, than this could scarcely be conceived. There are numerous fine wood-cut illustrations of philosophical experiments.

**WAR PICTURES FROM THE SOUTH.** By B. Estvân, Colonel of Cavalry in the Confederate Army. A history like this, written by one who, in the commencement of our present national struggle, took up arms with the Confederates, and yet who claims to view the subject from an independent point, "disposed to do justice to both sides," will excite the curiosity of all. He awards great praise to many of the Federal Generals, His history begins with the secession of South Carolina, and continues to July 1, 1862, including the Siege of Richmond. Appended are brief biographies of the more prominent generals on either side.

**THE HISTORICAL SHAKSPEARIAN READER.** By John W. S. Hows, author of the "Shakspearian Reader," etc. This volume comprises the "Histories" or "Chronicle plays" of Shakespeare, carefully expurgated and revised, with introductory and explanatory notes. It is expressly adapted for the use of schools, colleges, and the family reading circle. These plays have been especially selected, as being invaluable adjuncts to the study of English history, presenting, as they do, a truthful narration of events, drawn from accredited chronicles of the times, and vivid pictures of the manners, habits, and customs of the people.

**LIGHT.** By Helen Mod't. This is evidently the maiden effort of its author, who discovers fair constructive ability, and who is to be commended for the excellent moral tone of her work. But though her characters are tolerably modelled, she has evidently studied most of their prototypes in works of fiction, and those not of the highest order of merit. The conversation is too stilted, and its would-be wit often sinks to foolishness.

**A MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS FOR DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE USE.** By George Upfold, D. D., Bishop of Indiana. This manual has been chiefly compiled from the "Family Prayers" of the late Henry Thornton, Esq., of Clapham, England, such modifications being introduced as seemed desirable in an American edition.

**ELLSWORTH'S PRIMARY BLACK-BOARD CHART OF LETTERS.** We have upon our table a black-board chart of letters belonging to Ellsworth's New System of Penmanship. It seems well adapted for the use of the student.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**GERVASE CANTONEL; or, The Six Gray Powder-s.** By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lyone," "Ver-

ner's Pride," etc. This more properly styled *nouvelette* bears the usual characteristics of Mrs. Wood's works, and possesses the elements of a first class sensational novel. But it must have been written under disadvantageous circumstances of some sort. Both characters and incidents are hurried briefly over; mysteries in the plot are left unraveled; and the whole reads too much like a hastily sketched plan for a larger and more meritorious romance.

**PARLOR TRICKS WITH CARDS.** With seventy engravings. By the author of "Book of Riddles and Five Hundred Home Amusements," etc.

**BOOK OF FIVE HUNDRED CURIOUS PUZZLES.** By the author of "The Sociable," "Parlor Tricks with Cards," etc. Illustrated with a great variety of engravings. These two books, the former of which contains all the tricks and deceptions with playing cards ever invented, and the latter numerous entertaining paradoxes, numerical and geometrical puzzles, etc., are both sources of infinite amusement in the home and social circles.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**AUSTIN ELLIOT.** By Henry Kingsley, author of "Ravenshoe," etc. This, without being an absorbing book, possesses a certain pleasing interest. Mr. Kingsley has a style of his own, dashing, easy, sometimes almost too careless; yet full of vigor and freshness. Next to the hero Lord Charles Barty, Eleanor Hilton, old James, and dog Robin are the most interesting characters.

**HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS.** Compiled and published at the request of the Sanitary Commission. This book gives, in the words of the actors, a brief account of the embarkation of the sick and wounded from the Peninsula of Virginia in the summer of 1862. Most of the letters comprising the volume were written by Frederick L. Olmsted, Esq., Secretary of the Commission, the Rev. Mr. Knapp, Chief Relief Agent, and several ladies who were co-workers in the enterprise. When the history of this war shall be written at length, this little book will give invaluable aid to its pages, and the earnest men, and the worthy imitators of Florence Nightingale will receive their due meed of praise.

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BROTHER.** A Novel. By Wickliffe Lane. We know of no publishing house which displays equal discretion with this in its selections among foreign literature for American publication. Its issues are always of the highest order of literary merit, and are never deficient in moral tone. "My Good-for-nothing Brother" proves no exception to the rule. The hero and heroine are of course included among our favorites in this book, and next rank Dr. Lansdale and Miss Patty Dove. The villain and his coadjutor are both very human in their sins, displaying none of that mysterious and erratic wickedness which romances so often describe. The arguments which the book offers in favor of religious faith are worthy of the closest consideration.

From EDSON C. EASTMAN, Concord, N. H.:—

**THE WHITE MOUNTAIN GUIDE-BOOK.** Third edition. We regret that we receive this book at so late a date as to make its recommendation to tourists for the

present year almost out of season. Yet those who have delayed their annual journeying to the cooler and not less beautiful months of early autumn will find it, if their destination be the mountains of New Hampshire, of great use to them. While others, to whom is denied this pleasure, will receive almost a recompense, and can indulge in a journey of the imagination without any of the troubles and expense of travelling, by a careful perusal of its descriptions of places and scenes.

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

**FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR AND GARDEN.** By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrations by John Andrew and A. C. Warren. Pp. 408. The lovers of flowers, and these should comprise all who love the beautiful in the works of God, will warmly thank the author of this charming volume. We have never seen a book so perfectly answering the design for which this is prepared—that of giving a practical knowledge of the best manner of cultivating flowers. It is more than a Treatise on the Floral Art: it is an Epic and History, a Directory and illustrated Manual, all combined to improve the taste of the world in the care, culture, and love of flowers.

"We would have flowers in every house, for their sunny light, for their cheerful teaching, for their insensibly ennobling influence," says Mr. Rand. He is right. We hope his beautiful book will induce thousands of families to ornament their homes with these precious floral gifts of our heavenly Father, bestowed as tokens of His love and care for our innocent happiness. "The rose of Sharon and the lilies of the field"—these are the flowers of the Old and the New Testaments of God's Book of Nature. Who would not be better for studying the flowers? The book is fitted to become a standard work of the beautiful in Art as well as in Nature.

**THE DRUMMER BOY: a Story of the Burnside Expedition.** By the author of "Father Brightshopes." This book, while evidently written for children, will, we think, be found interesting in an uncommon degree to older persons. Its style is simple, easy, and attractive; the author's power is especially marked in the graphic and vivid descriptions of camp-life and battle which seem to point to a personal experience. As may be seen from the title-page, it is a story of the present war. It seems the writer's object to narrate in a manner attractive to children the achievements of the Burnside Expedition. This is skillfully effected through the medium of a personal narrative. The book is crowded with incident and adventure, but the plot is simple and easily condensed. The hero, Frank Manly, whose name well expresses his character, enlists, with the approval of his parents, in a Massachusetts regiment as drummer-boy for the company. The regiment, after drilling for some time in camp near Boston, is sent to Maryland and brigaded at Annapolis. It sails with Burnside to North Carolina, and plays a conspicuous part in the subsequent operations. The account of the capture of Roanoke Island is too graphic and minute for any but an eyewitness. Throughout the book shows intimate knowledge of the peculiar life, habits, and temptations of a soldier, and the exhibition of their influence upon the character of Frank and his comrades is true to nature and experience. The book will certainly gain among the children the great popularity it deserves. It is got up after the usual perfect style of Mr. Tilton's publications. The illustrations are by Darley, which is saying their excellence is indisputable.

FROM BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia.—  
THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL  
SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. July, 1863.  
Price \$5 a year.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

**GODEY FOR OCTOBER, 1863.**—Our principal plate in this number is "The Sisters' School." We need say nothing of the engraving; that speaks for itself; but we call attention to the beautiful illustration story, commencing at page 320. What a chance for a publisher! to collect Godey's stories with the illustrations. Perhaps we may do it some day ourselves.

Our Fashion-plate! Well, our Fashion-plate, what can we say about it? Is it necessary to gild refined gold, or add a perfume to the violet? We think not. But when a person has anything nice, does not he or she like to have it noticed? And what hints will be thrown out to draw attention to it. But we give the article itself for notice and criticism, not fearing the latter, because we know that we are correct, and that our fashions cannot be doubted. Like the king's name, they are a tower of strength.

Our next plate, "The Lesson on the Flageolet," is a humorous and a very good one.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We ask attention to our notice on second page of cover. We have just received a MS., but unfortunately the lady inclosed her letter in it, and we had to pay full letter postage, twenty-six cents. Your letter must not be inclosed in the package, nor any private communication. What you want to say must be in a letter accompanying it, paying three cents postage on the same, and referring to the MS. you send, mentioning the latter thus: "I send you by same mail as this MS. entitled ——. I inclose a stamp for an answer to the letter, and also stamps for the MS. if it has to be returned." Any postage unpaid on letters or MSS., say it is three cents, has to be paid double here, six cents.

**MARION HARLAND.**—In this number we commence a new story by Marion Harland, which will be concluded in the November number; and in our December number will be found

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY MARION HARLAND.

MANY of our subscribers may have noticed an additional plate mentioned by the press, which they may think they have not received. It arises from this fact: We usually print a notice intended only for the press, and having some old plates remaining on hand from former editions, we have printed on the back of them.

**NEXT YEAR.**—It may seem a long time to look for next year, 1864, but it is near at hand. We refer to it only to say, or rather indicate, what we have in preparation for 1864—something that our contemporaries do not dream of. In fact, they are always only dreaming, not acting. But we are on the alert, and we promise a rich year for those who subscribe for 1864.

**POETRY AND A. ROSTER.** addressed to particular persons are only to be sent to those to whom they are addressed, and had better be sent to those persons.

**OUR CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.**—Orders for our beautiful card photographs for albums come flowing in from all parts of the country. We are sending them off by thousands. They are of the best quality made, and give the highest satisfaction. See our advertisement on cover. The list there given comprises only a small selection from the catalogue, which now embraces between six and seven hundred subjects. This catalogue we send free on application.

The taste for these exquisite miniature copies of portraits, statuary, paintings, and fine engravings is steadily increasing. By means of the photographic art, you may now procure brilliant copies, perfect in all the effects and details, of pictures and engravings which only the few could once purchase, and the price will be only nominal. Who may not now indulge his love of art and beauty?

**"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."

**YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.**—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, No. 1617 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. The nineteenth session of this school will commence September 14th, 1863.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

### PENN'A.

Two weeks ago I sent you \$20 for the Lady's Book. I now send you \$10 more. When your Book has come to us once a month for a whole year, we become accustomed to it, and fond of it, and who could help it? When our husbands and fathers tell us, with long faces, that we ought to deny ourselves something, as it is hard times, we never think of giving up the Lady's Book. We would rather fix up our old hoops, and make them do another year, than deny ourselves the pleasure of the Lady's Book. L.

A WORK has just been issued by a Paris firm which cost £40,000 (\$200,000) for thirty copies! It is the description, with illustrations, of the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and was ordered by him.

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

We have neglected our usual chronicle of musical movements in opera, etc., during the summer. In fact there has been nothing, absolutely, to chronicle. With the return of fall and winter, however, we hope for a better state of things. Already the note of preparation is sounding, with the prospect of no less than four different opera troupes in the field—two Italian and two German. Carncross & Dixey have reopened for the season at their Burlesque Opera house.

*The Musical Monthly.*—At the request of many of our subscribers, we are now publishing two numbers of the Monthly per month to complete the volume during the year, and to enable us to begin the new volume on the first of January. The eighth and ninth numbers are now ready, bringing the work down to September inclusive, counting in numbers regularly from January last. These two numbers contain a delightful variety of music, including songs and pieces by Glover, Theo. Oesten, Mac Farren, and other favorite composers. Each separate piece of music, it will be remembered, is ornamented with a showy and distinct title-page, engraved expressly for the work. No other periodical has ever contained this costly feature, the value of which will be seen when the volume is completed and bound. Printed in the regular sheet music form, the Monthly is offered to piano-players as the cheapest and most desirable work ever published. The terms are but \$3 00 per annum. Single numbers 50 cents. To those who have not yet seen the work, we will send any three numbers for \$1 00. We would suggest numbers six, eight, and nine as best exhibiting the character and plan of the work. All subscriptions, etc. must be addressed to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher Musical Monthly, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

*New Sheet Music.*—S. T. Gordon, New York, publishes three beautiful new ballads by the always favorite Stephen C. Foster, *There Was a Time*, 25 cents, *Larry's Good-by*, and *Bring my Brother back to Me*, each 30. *The Flowers are Asleep in the Dew*, a charming serenade by Fred Buckley, 25. Also a Union version of the famous Southern melody, *Bonnie Blue Flag*, 25.

O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish a beautiful *Cradle Song*, to words by Timothy Ticomcomb. Also, *Roses Lie along the Way*, sweet song by Porter; *Morn is the time for Me*, by Edw. L. Hime; *The Village Bells Ring Merrily*, charming bridal song; *I'm Coming Home to Die*, by Ossian E. Dodge; *Kiss Me Once More*, Mother, ballad by the favorite author of *Annie Lisle*; *The Cumberland*, fine song and chorus to words by Longfellow; *The Volunteer's Good-by*, a touching melody; and a spirited song and chorus, *Corn is King*; each 25 cents.

Also, a spirited and playable *Cavalry Quickstep*, by Glover, 35 cents; this is a fine composition. *The Dew Drop*, Polka Redowa, by Warren, 25. *Domino Galop*, arranged from Verdi's *Un Ballo by Cootie*, 35. *Eldora*, fine polka, 25. *Masquerade Galop*, and *Light Heart Mazourka*, each 25. *Carol of the Mocking-Bird Schottische*, a beautiful and showy piece for somewhat advanced performers, 40. *The new Nocturne* by Brinley Richards, *Alexandra*, composed in honor of the wife of England's future king, 35 cents.

Price of the following, 10 cents each: *Ingleside Mazourka*, *Lily-leaf Polka Schottische*, *Gilt Edge Polka*, *Rochester Schottische*, *Camp Polka*.

Any music in the Column we will purchase and forward to any address on receipt of price. Address

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

**ARTIFICIAL HAIR**, which is now in such general use, must come from "somewhere." Have you ever known how it is obtained? Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favorite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord or hock-herr spares to particular friends, or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters, a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at eight shillings an ounce, nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away, and the dark shades of brown, from France, are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject where-with ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers as his opinion that the color of the hair of English people has changed within the last half century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blonde of our forefathers.

YORK CITY, CALIFORNIA, June, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I am a constant reader of the *Lady's Book*; indeed to me it occupies the place of refined female society in the California mountains, and I would recommend it to all bachelors who wish to keep their minds in good order until they again return home. W. D.

CHESTNUT STREET FEMALE SEMINARY, English and French Boarding and Day School.—The twenty-seventh annual session will open Wednesday, September 9th. Particulars from circulars. Address Miss Bounney, or Miss Dillaye, 1615 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE LATE MRS. COLFAX.—In the death of Mrs. Evelyn E. Colfax, widow of the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, a very large circle of admiring friends share, to some extent, the bereavement of her husband and family. Mrs. Colfax, though for years an invalid, and verging toward that "undiscovered country" whence the most devoted love, the utmost medical skill could no longer withhold her, had spent several winters at Washington, and had formed acquaintances, which ripened rapidly into friendships, of which none was ever withdrawn from her. Finally her health failed so decidedly that she was removed last spring to Newport, R. I., in the hope that air and bathing would at least prolong her life, if they could not vanquish her disease. All was in vain; she sank steadily and irresistibly to the hour of her death, which occurred on Friday last, in the forty-first year of her age. Mrs. Colfax was a native, and till her marriage a resident, of Argyle, New York, which is still the home of her father's family.

CLUB of \$40 from Washington Territory:—

DEAR SIR: Inclosed you will find \$40, subscription for your most excellent and almost indispensable magazine. The greater part of us, having taken it for the last three years, feel as though a dear and valued friend was to remain with us another year at least. We wish you continued success in your most worthy enterprise.

MRS. L. B.

A few more of the dresses worn at a late Drawing-room reception of her Majesty. (Continuation of an article in the September number.)

*Miss Stanish Skanlish.*—Train from the shoulders of black tulle imperial, trimmed with black and white lace, dressed black thulle and black gace, very elegantly trimmed, covered with tulle of superb antique guipure, and looped up with agraffes of rich gold, fastened with diamonds. Collure of ostrich feathers; purple lace lappet and diamonds.

*Miss Jones.*—Train and bodice of white velours opaque, trimmed with Brussels' point lace and crimson tulle; petticoat of white gace, with white Brussels' net, looped with crimson ribbon. Headdress of crimson roses, feathers, lace lappets, ornaments, diamonds.

*Miss Mary Stewart.*—Train of white point de soie, trimmed with thulle and bunches of variegated roses; dress of white poulé de soie, trimmed with thulle, and tulle of Brussels' lace. Headdress, plume and veil; ornaments, diamonds.

*Miss Chapman.*—Body and train of mauve gace silk, lined with white silk, and tastefully trimmed with blonde and riches of ribbon; skirt of white moure antique, trimmed with ruches of ribbon, festooned, and bouillons of thulle. Headdress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

*Miss Susan Noyes.*—A simple but elegant dress, composed of corsage and train of rich white gace, ornamented with ruches of thulle; petticoat of rich white gace, with richness of thulle, and simply looped up with bouquets of waterlilies. Headdress, feathers and lappets, ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

*Miss Sarah Southwick.*—Train and corsage of rich white gace, elegantly trimmed with bouquets of thulle, bouquets of white moss roses and forget me nots; petticoat of white thulle illusion, ornamented with bouillons of thulle over rich white gace. Court plumes, wreath, and veil; ornaments, diamonds.

*Miss F. S. Stewart.*—Southwick).—The same.

*Miss Elizabeth.*—Train of rich white gace, handsomely trimmed with bouillonée of thulle and ruches of satin ribbon; white court petticoat of white thulle bouillonée over white silk slip; bouquet of lilies-of-the valley and jonquils. Collure of the same, thulle veil, and court plume; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

*Miss Elizabeth.*—Train of white gros grain, elegantly trimmed with thulle en festons en nœuds, interspersed with sprays of pink roses. Skirt of white gace, trimmed en carries with thulle and nœuds of white satin ribbon; tunique de thulle de Malines, looped with bouquets of roses. Headdress, wreath, plume, and thulle veil; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

*Miss West.*—White gace jupe, trimmed en tablier with bouillons of gray and white thulle; train of gray gace trimmed round the edge with bouillons of gray and white thulle, and bouquets of gray violets and white lilac. Headdress, wreath of gray violets and white lilac, feathers, and thulle lappets; ornaments, pearls and diamond ear-rings.

*Miss Elizabeth West.*—The same.

*Miss Margaret Stewart.*—Train of rich white poulé de soie, garnis de bouffons de thulle, intermixed with bouquets of white apple-blossom and blossoms-of-the-valley; petticoat of white gace, with thulle over dress, and bouquets to correspond. Headdress, feathers and silver thulle lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

*Miss Anne Stickland.*—Train of royal blue moure antique, lined with white gros; skirt of rich white gace, with double tunic of Honiton point lace, decorated with blue gace, ruches to correspond with the train, and looped above with three narrow gathered flounces rached with blue; stomacher of pearls and pearl necklaces. Headdress, feathers, pearl tiara, and point lappets.

*Miss Gertrude.*—Train of rich white gros de Tours, elegantly trimmed with thulle and gace ribbon; corsage drapé, ornamented with blonde and ribbon; jupe of rich white gace, with skirts of thulle bouillonée, and fastened on one side with a Louis Quatorze bow, and wreath of green and silver, and bouquet to match. Ornaments, pearls.

*Miss Chapman.*—Train of white poulé de soie, trimmed with thulle and wreath of white convolvulus; dress of thulle over gace, trimmed with ruches of thulle and sprays of convolvulus. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Elizabeth Lockhart.*—Train of green gace, trimmed with white and bouquets of stephanotis; dress of green thulle over gace, trimmed with white gace ribbon and blonde. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Cordelia Mendenhall Lockhart.*—Train of cerise

gace, trimmed with white and bouquets of stephanotis; dress of cerise thulle over gace, trimmed with white gace ribbon and blonde. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Annelle Long.*—Train of white gace, trimmed with thulle and ribbon; dress of white thulle and tartane over gace, trimmed with sprays of bluebells. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Peareth.*—Train of white gace, trimmed with ruches of pink gace; dress of pink and white thulle over gace, trimmed with pink ruches and white ribbon. Headdress, plume and veil.

*Miss Waveman.*—Train of white gace, trimmed with gace; dress of white thulle bouillonée over white gace, with chatelaine and bouquets of pink oleanders. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Marsden.*—Train of white cristalline, trimmed with thulle; dress of thulle over gace, trimmed with bouquets of hops and ivy leaves. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Forquhar.*—Train of white gace, trimmed with thulle; dress of thulle over gace, trimmed with gace ribbon and white Bengal roses. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Entwisle.*—Train of Sevres blue gace, trimmed with white thulle and blush roses; dress of white thulle over gace, trimmed with roses. Headdress, feathers and veil.

*Miss Watson Taylor.*—Train of white gace, trimmed with thulle and blush hedge-roses; dress of thulle, with platted flounce and tunics trimmed with wreaths of hedge-roses. Headdress, plume and veil.

*Miss Bowyer.*—Body and train of rich white poulé de soie, trimmed with insertion blonde over Mexican blue, and bouquets of corn-flowers; skirt of thulle trimmed with thulle and blonde over gace silk slip. Headdress, feathers, thulle veil, and wreath.

ALTON, ILLINOIS.

TO THE EDITORS OF GODEY: At page 102, a subscriber wishes for information about paste. It matters not about the paste, what it is made of, providing that it adheres properly. But all persons who place scraps in a book should paste the *edges only*; stiffness would be avoided, and the evenness of the leaves of the scrap book would be preserved. In doing this care is required not to omit any part of the edge, and about the eighth of an inch is wide enough to hold any scraps if the paste is good.

B. T.

TAKE YOUR OWN PAPER.—We ask every one to take the paper published in his town or county. It is a duty you owe the publisher. This ought always to be done before subscribing for any paper or periodical out of your own State.

It is proposed to modify the old English comedies for the American stage so that the favorite phrase of the passionate *pater familias* to the ungracious son—"Zounds, sir, I'll cut you off with a shilling!" shall read: "I'll cut you off with a small piece of paper bearing portraits of the Father of his Country, and called postage currency, or with two car tickets."

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

The same publishers are about publishing a capital story for the boys, by the author of "Father Bright-hopes." It is to be called "The Drummer Boy," and is a true historical account of "The Burnside Expedition." It will be illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, and issued in the Messrs. Tilton's well-known attractive style.

WE call attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Cary's School in this number. We can recommend it to our subscribers as an admirable institution.

## FRUIT CULTURE.

In no branch of fruit culture do we find a more marked and decided improvement than in the quality and quantity of small fruits with which the markets of our principal cities are now supplied, and no other branch is so profitable; and it would surprise some of our distant readers were we able to give the quantities that are annually sold in the markets of Philadelphia. Among the small fruits, we include the *strawberry*, *currant*, *gooseberry*, *raspberry*, *blackberry*, and *grape*.

One great advantage which they possess over any other fruit crop is the quick return of the investment. In planting a pear or apple orchard, years must elapse before there is any return, or at least sufficient to compensate for the mere labor of planting and cultivating the trees. Now with the small fruits, the return is almost immediate; all the varieties enumerated, except the grape, will yield a partial crop the first year after planting, and in the second or third year they will come into full bearing, providing due attention is paid to the preparation of soil and cultivating.

My object, in the present article, is simply to call attention to the advantages of small fruit culture, so much neglected throughout the country. How many patches of ground that are now allowed to run waste, overgrown with weeds and briars, might be made with a little outlay to yield an abundant crop of delicious and health-preserving fruit, adding so much to the comfort of all who partake of them, either in their fresh state, or when prepared as jellies, jams, cooling drinks, or made into wine. Their cultivation is simple, the main requisite being a deep soil, well enriched with decomposed manure. Our space will not admit of any detail as to management; for this we must refer to such standard authors as Downing and Barry on "Fruit and Fruit Trees," and Phin on "Grape Culture and Wine Making." Our purpose is to give select lists of the latest and best varieties, such as we can recommend from our own experience as being the most productive and desirable for *general cultivation*. For the information of those interested, we have attached the prices as sold here. Orders for five dollars and upwards will be packed without any extra charge. Small packages can be forwarded by mail at the risk of the purchaser; but no orders will be received for any amount under one dollar. We can furnish all the varieties enumerated, and recommend as the best time for forwarding and planting the months of October and November.

**STRAWBERRY.** *French's Seedling*, new; the largest variety ever introduced; fruit of a bright scarlet color, fine flavor; plant of vigorous growth, and abundant bearer. Price of plants \$2 per dozen; \$10 per hundred. We can also recommend *Wilson's Albany* and *Triomphe de Gand*; both are of large size, and great favorites in this market. Price of plants 50 cents per dozen; \$1 per hundred.

**CURRANT.** *Large Red Dutch*; *White Grape*; *Cherry*, and *Versailles*. \$1 50 per dozen.

**GOOSEBERRY.** *Houghton's Seedling*. \$1 50 per dozen.

**BLACKBERRY.** *Dorchester*, early; *Larion*, very large. \$1 per dozen.

**RASPBERRY.** *Philadelphia*. This we consider the greatest acquisition in the raspberry line ever introduced; being remarkably productive, good size and flavor, and as hardy as an oak tree. The product of this variety has been estimated at two hundred bushels to the acre (see *Gardener's Monthly* for August). Price of plants \$2 50 per dozen; \$15 per hundred.

**Hornet.** A French variety of immense size, and quite productive. \$1 50 per dozen; \$10 per hundred.

**Brinkle's Orange** is also productive, and a beautiful variety. \$1 per dozen; \$5 per hundred.

Neither of the last two mentioned is hardy, and requires protection during the winter.

*Catawissa* is an everbearing raspberry, producing fruit from midsummer until late in the autumn. It is also quite hardy. Price \$1 50 per dozen.

**GRAPE.** We cultivate all the leading varieties, and can furnish *genuine* plants of the *Delaware*, *Concord*, *Rebecca*, *Union Village*, *Diana*, *Clara*, *Mountaineer*, *Isabella*, *Catawba*, *Elstnboro'*, *Powell*. Young vines from 25 to 50 cents each. Strong vines for early fruiting from one to three dollars each.

**BULBOUS ROOTS.** Orders are frequently sent out of season. Now is the proper time to plant all hardy bulbs, such as *Hyacinth*, the *Tulip*, *Crocus*, *Smilacina*, *Lily*, *Narcissus*, *Jonquil*, *Iris*, *Pæonia*, *Crown Imperial*, etc. We have a large collection of all the choicest varieties.

Catalogues will be forwarded to all inclosing a three cent stamp. Address

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,  
327 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**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.

WE would like our correspondents, ladies particularly, if they have any good jokes, to send them to us—about servants, or any thing else. There are many, and each one of our subscribers can contribute one. So let us have them. We would like a joke department; no old Joe Miller's. We have an original copy of that venerable joker, but don't use him.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS.**—Very often we receive a notice, "Change my address to such a place." This would be very well if we had only one subscriber, but as we have nearly 100,000, it would be as well if that self-complacent person would say where the *Book* had been previously sent; or, in other words, this would be the form:—

Please send the *Lady's Book*, formerly addressed to me at — city, — county, State of —, to — city, — county, State of —.

A PUFFING wine-merchant having sent a sample of wine to the Earl of Derby, which he averred was a specific for the gout, subsequently wrote asking for an order. The Earl replied; presented his "compliments to Mr. —, etc., and begged to say he had tasted the wine sent, but—*preferred the gout*."

AN economical hint for the Secretary of the Navy. Let our sailors be taught to make their own stockings out of the "yarns" they manufacture.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, *ART RECREATIONS*. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will furnish, post paid, the book for \$2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

GOOD FRIDAY this year fell on the 3d of April, the precise day of our Lord's crucifixion. This coincidence has only taken place once before in the present century, and that was in 1801.

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## FAIRY TALE TABLEAUX.

THESE scenes are arranged expressly for juvenile performers, and are most of them descriptions of tableaux witnessed by the writer; the pretty scenes and costumes\* of the little folks making very effective pictures. The audience, after seeing all the scenes bearing upon one fairy tale, should be required to guess the story represented.

## TABLEAUX FROM "ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP."

*Scene I.* represents the magician and Aladdin when the latter is about descending into the magic cave. The magician must wear a long white beard and hair; a high-pointed black cap, with a band upon which are cabalistic figures in gilt paper; a full robe of black, with similar figures just above the hem and on the belt. Aladdin wears an Oriental dress of dark blue stuff, and a cap of red cloth. The moment chosen is that of the incantation. Upon the ground is a pile of dry sticks, heaped as if for a fire; Aladdin kneels with a lighted taper, as if about to light the pile, while the magician, erect, extends his arms over the sticks. The fire should be centre of stage; the magician behind it, facing audience; Aladdin left, profile to audience.

*Scene II.* represents the mother of Aladdin cleaning the lamp. In the centre of stage is a table, upon which are the antique bronze lamp and a cup of water. The mother of Aladdin, in an Oriental dress, is standing right of table, profile to audience, rubbing the lamp. Aladdin, left of table, facing his mother, has his hand raised in an attitude of terrified astonishment. Behind the table, facing audience, is the genius invoked by rubbing the lamp. Here is a chance for the boys. The head of the genius may be made of the lid of a handbox, painted to represent a ferociously ugly human face, with a shock of black worsted hair. The body made of a broomstick with a cross-piece for shoulders. Drape from this a scarlet mantle. The legs are two boys, whose body and two legs represent one leg of the genius. A blue sack, open at the bottom and gathered at the neck, makes each leg of the trowsers, and the scarlet mantle must cover the boys' heads. This form stands centre of background, facing audience. Aladdin seems fainting with fear; but the mother does not see the spirit she has invoked.

*Scene III.* represents the sale of the wonderful lamp. In the centre of background is seated the princess, in a rich Oriental costume, before an embroidery frame. She has suspended her work, and is looking at the group in foreground. The magician, with a coarse blue cloak over his magic robe, and a red cap on his head, is kneeling right of foreground. Upon the ground before him is a basket covered with a white cloth. One of the magician's hands is on the handle of the basket; the other holds up to the slave a very shiny new brass lamp.† The princess' slave, in an Oriental dress, stands before the magician, holding toward him the old lamp, her other hand extended to take the new one.

*Scene IV.* represents the death of the magician. In the centre of stage is a table with fruit, cakes, and glasses upon it. On left side, profile to audience, is seated the princess, leaning forward, and looking eagerly

\* For these costumes, the pictures in illustrated fairy tale books are very good guides.

† These lamps are easily made of pasteboard, covered with gilt and bronzed paper.

at the magician, who is seated opposite to her. He has just fallen back, as if dead; his hand, toward audience, grasping the cup which has contained the poison. Entering the room, centre of background, is Aladdin.

## MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

*The Watchword.*

ONE of the company must leave the room whilst another touches some article in her absence, which she is to guess on her return. She has been prepared a few minutes before, unobserved by the rest, with "the watchword," by the player, who undertakes to ask her the questions on her entrance. This she does by pointing to an object, and saying, "Is it that?" and as long as she continues that form of interrogation the other replies in the negative; but as soon as she changes it to "Is it *this*?" she replies immediately, "Yes," as "*this*" is the watchword fixed on. If the secret is not discovered in the first round, and a second one is requested, with a change of *article* touched, the *puzzlers* may contrive to again, and still more, perplex their companions by making "*that*" the watchword in the second instance.

*The Apprentice.*

She who begins must say she apprenticed her son to some trade, and only mention the initial letters of the first article he made or sold, and the other girls must guess the word. Whoever guesses rightly takes her turn. Thus: "I apprenticed my son to a confectioner, and the first things he sold were B. A.;" whoever guesses "burnt almonds" may continue the game.

## EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY INTEREST:—

Ben Adam had a golden coin one day,  
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;  
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,  
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,  
And these two four—so on, till people said,  
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,  
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,  
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way—  
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave;  
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride  
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

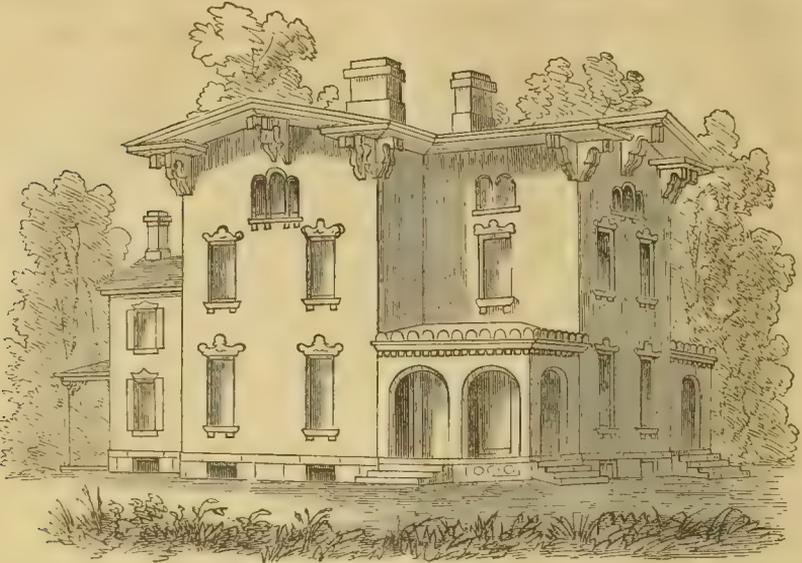
MY DEAR MR. GODEY: Knowing that you enjoy the joke of the present system of *servantism*, I want to tell you the "very last," which I have just heard.

A friend of mine advertised in the *Ledger* for a girl. She was called down to see a "lady who wanted to see the *person* who advertised," and went into the parlor. The lady wore a plaid silk, handsome cloak, richly trimmed bonnet, kid gloves, and a thickly worked black lace veil down; carried an embroidered handkerchief, and mother-of-pearl card-case. She made a great many inquiries about the place, which were politely answered, as my friend thought she wanted to recommend somebody. At last she said: "Well, I'll inquire and see if any better place offers; if not, I'll come and try it. I'll leave my card, in case you wish to send me any word." And throwing back her veil, disclosing a light *mulatto*, she took out a card, courtiesied, and left. The card was embossed, and written on it was—"Miss Lavina, Lady Attendant, Laundry Department, C. H." All of which is a true fact.

In many of the seminaries for ladies in our country, Godey's is the only magazine allowed to be taken by the scholars.

COTTAGE IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

Designed expressly for *Godey's Lady's Book* by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



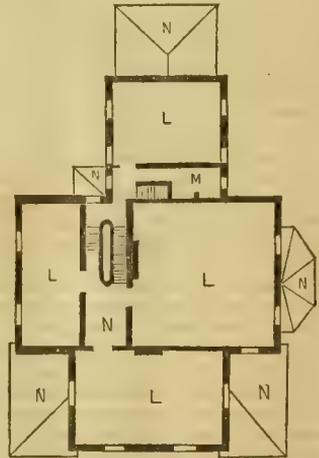
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

THE above building is in the Italian style of architecture, and will be found to possess many desirable features. The plan is compact, airy, and easy of access

Parties writing me for architectural iron-work, terra cotta, and other work and material from Philadelphia,



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

to all its parts. For a physician, lawyer, or gentleman doing business at his residence, it will be found very convenient. If built of pointed stone work, suitable to its pretensions, it will cost, at Philadelphia, \$7,500.

*First Story.*—A porch, B vestibule, C office, D stair hall, E dining-room, F parlor, G kitchen, H scullery, I pantry, J porch.

*Second Story.*—N roofs, L chambers, M bath-room, N stair landing.

will address Isaac H. Hobbs, Architect, 702 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

A YOUNG MAN advertises in a New Jersey paper for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to going a short distance into the country.

How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark: "Please *deign* to marry me?" And the fair Dane *deigned*.

A letter from Munich informs us that Mr. Randolph Rogers gave for the city of Washington, which was cast at the great brass foundry, is now being exhibited to the public in the Bavarian capital. As this gate is to have a place in the great International Exhibition of this year, we offer the following brief description of it: The gate consists of nine panels, four down each side and one crowning the top. The first panel represents Columbus before the Council of Salamanca, endeavoring (but in vain) to prove the existence of another hemisphere; in the second he is seen taking leave of his friends, mounted on the mule purchased with the money given by Queen Isabella; in the third he is pleading his cause before the Queen and King Ferdinand; in the fourth he is seen sailing from Palos; in the fifth he lands at St. Salvador, and takes possession of the newly-discovered country in the name of the king; in the sixth he releases an Indian maiden, and thereby gains the friendship of the Indians; in the seventh he enters triumphantly into Barcelona; the eighth and ninth panels depict his degradation and melancholy end. Rogers has marked the period of the discovery of the American continent by placing round the gate statues of the chief contemporaries of Columbus—viz. King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, with Cortes, Pizarro, Balboa, &c. Between the panels are heads of writers on Columbus, among whom Robertson, Washington Irving, and Prescott are conspicuous.

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, caps, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' wardrobes or patterns for the same, stamped collars, orné hats, canvas for working, &c. etc.

A SCIENTIFIC lady, when a question turned on dynamics, asked the late George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, "What do you consider the most powerful force in Nature?" Said he: "It is the eye of a woman for the man that loves her; for if a woman looks with affection on a young man, should he go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in Nature could do that."

#### 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. S. W. S.—Sent scissors by express, July 14th.
- Mrs. F. M. J.—Sent materials for dress 17th.
- Mrs. E. F. de L.—Sent pattern 17th.
- Mrs. Capt. W. C.—Sent box curls by express 17th.
- Dr. S. C. G.—Sent infant's wardrobe by express 17th.
- Mrs. L. McV.—Sent box containing bonnet by express 17th.
- D. de B.—Sent box infant's wardrobe by express 17th.
- Miss E. G.—Sent box trimmings by express 21st.

- M. T.—Sent articles by express 27th.
- Mrs. T. C. M.—Sent netting needle 30th.
- Miss E. A. P.—Sent braiding cotton 30th.
- Miss M. S. M.—Sent lead comb 30th.
- Mrs. M. N.—Sent braiding pattern 30th.
- Mrs. W. G.—Sent hair pin 31st.
- Miss E. A.—Sent hair ring 31st.
- Mrs. C. C. L.—Sent stamped collar 31st.
- Mrs. E. S.—Sent hair ring August 4th.
- Mrs. M.—Sent pattern 7th.
- Mrs. M. McD.—Sent pattern 7th.
- Miss J. D.—Sent India-rubber gloves 8th.
- Miss T. V.—Sent hair ring 8th.
- Miss M. H.—Sent kid gloves 8th.
- E. L. C.—Sent pattern Talma 8th.
- Mrs. W. E. S.—Sent India-rubber gloves 8th.
- Mrs. M. P.—Sent pattern 8th.
- Mrs. J. M. C.—Sent article 8th.
- C. E. H.—Sent slipper pattern by Adams's express 8th.
- E. F.—Sent linen by Kinsley's express 10th.
- M. B.—Sent hair ring 10th.
- Mrs. M. J. R.—Sent patterns 11th.
- G. E. R.—Sent hair ring 11th.

C. Canada.—See page 195, August number. Cannot answer more definitely, unless you explain more fully.

E. L.—A dark spot appears on the skin where each hair has been removed. The receipt you mention does not prevent the hair from returning.

We have been frequently asked for Depilatories to remove hair. The following answers we copy from an English work, simply adding that we have always refused to furnish any receipts for removing superfluous hair:—

"A sister of my own, annoyed at the roughness of her arms, was tempted to use a preparation much advertised, apparently efficaciously; but, after a lapse of several months, the down reappeared thicker and more unsightly than ever."

"We know of no simple remedy for destroying superfluous hair. It may be burned off the arm by the flame of a candle."

"It not unfrequently happens that depilatories are pernicious or dangerous, but if the opinion of one who has had no practical acquaintance with any preparation of the kind is worthy of attention, from many remarks that have reached me, I am inclined to believe the least harm likely to accrue to the user is the increase of the defect it essays to remedy."

Now, after the above, we hope no one will ask us for a depilatory, for most certainly we will not furnish it.

Bertha.—We invite communications from our readers on all and every of the topics likely to interest. No charge is made for inserting receipts, as our object is to be useful, and to spread such knowledge as may be of interest and value to ladies.

"Lilla" is not satisfied with the color of her hair, "it is getting so dark;" and "Rosa D." wants to make her hair "wavy." "Helena" wishes to enamel her face, and "Freckles" to remove what she has adopted as her signature. Nobody is satisfied. One is so stout that she "feels quite awkward;" another, who would, perhaps, have no objection to exchange with Rosa, is "so sorrowful" that she is "unlike any one else." Now, as Mrs. Brown says at the play, "we don't hold" with hair-dyes or cosmetics—the hair and skin are irreparably injured by their use—and we have no sympathy with those who attach over-much importance to their personal appearance. It is quite right that every woman should look as well as she can; but dyeing the hair, dubbing the face, or resorting to any other artifice, defeats its own end—it spoils the real beauty of a handsome woman, and makes an ugly woman ridiculous.

# Chemistry for the Young.

## LESSON XXIII.—(Concluded.)

585. *The blowpipe, as used in glass-working.*—For this purpose, the best flame is that furnished by an oil or tallow lamp; but the spirit-lamp is more convenient, and answers the greater number of useful purposes.

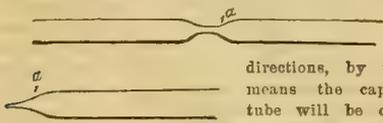
586. The operator will now require free play of both his hands; hence the blowpipe must no longer be held in a horizontal but a vertical plane, its bend resting on the ridge of a spirit-lamp collar, thus. And now will be evident the use of winding cord around the blowpipe at one end. Were the cord not there the blowpipe would slip. Some persons use a kind



of fork in order to support the blowpipe and prevent its slipping. Such a contrivance is a positive disadvantage, preventing those little adjustments of the instrument made intuitively, and which are so desirable. It is not desired that the blowpipe should be fixed, but lightly, delicately balanced.

587. *Golden rules in glass-blowing.*—Never work on a dirty tube; never abruptly thrust a tube into, nor remove a tube from the blowpipe flame; never hold a tube motionless in the flame, but rotate it constantly; never attempt to blow a bulb whilst the tube is in the flame; and never, on any consideration, throw down a tube because you chance to have touched it in a hot part; rather burn your fingers than break your apparatus; a slight scorching of the finger-ends is rather an advantage than otherwise, producing a certain thickening of skin, which enables an operator to touch hot things with comparative impunity.

588. Take a piece of English flint-glass, about the following diameter and thickness; apply the outside part of a spirit-lamp blowpipe flame in the middle, balancing the tube between the two bends, and continually rotating. Then pull, still under rotation, and generate a small tube between the two large pieces; to whatever length extended it would always be a tube. Apply a small jet at the point *a*, and revolve the two pieces in opposite



directions, by which means the capillary tube will be closed. Continue applying a very fine jet at the point *a*, until the glass point recedes to *a* in diagram the second. To get rid of the fresh bead *a* is not easy for a beginner. Not a bad plan consists in dextrously snapping it off by means of a pair of scissors. The operation just concluded of closing a tube is one of the most common in glass-working. If you can succeed in expanding the open end and forming a rim *b*, you are a clever glass-worker.

It is by no means easy, but may be effected at two or three operations by the sweeping motion of a wet slip of wood, thus—

Wet wood and cold metals can be brought into contact with fused pasty glass with impunity, but not in contact with hot solidified glasses.



589. The tube not finished is a test-tube; perhaps you would like to make its end flat. This is most easy. Bring it to the pasty state, and press it quickly on a metal plane—say the blade of a knife. Perhaps you would like to form an inverted end, such as we see in the so-called pint and quart bottles. This is most easy. Bring the end to a pasty condition, and apply suction by the lips. Lastly, a bulb may be required; for which purpose fuse not only the end, but also a portion of the side; then remove the tube, and blow rapidly yet gradually, otherwise the bulb will expand to an undesirable size, or it will be scarcely thicker than a soap-bubble.

590. The next point in glass-working consists in learning how to bend a tube. Tyros at the operation generally effect a bend of this kind, a result which depends on two or three circumstances, such as the too limited extent of tube softened, and the too rapid application of bending force, and, more than all, on the omission of pressure, applied before the bending operation. This pressure consists in forcing gently each extremity of the tube inwards on the fused middle, by which means the fused portion becomes thickened. This pressure should not only be applied before the bending is commenced, but even during that process; and remember that a good bend can seldom be effected at one heating. The operation must be frequently repeated.



# 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.*

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 OCTOBER.

*Fig. 1.*—Dress of a light golden cuir-colored silk. The skirt is edged with a box-plaited ruffle, and above it is a row of black guipure lace. Rows of guipure insertion are arranged *en talier* up the front of the skirt, and in bands and pointed devices round the skirt. The corsage is made with points in front, and a square jockey at the back. The sleeves are cut with an elbow; and both sleeves and corsage richly trimmed with guipure insertion. A narrow fluted ruff is round the neck of the dress, fastened in front by a clerical bow. The hair is arranged over a roller in front, and ornamented with a scarlet velvet bow.

*Fig. 2.*—Dinner-dress of Irish poplin. The skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles of pinked silk, the exact shade of the dress. These ruffles are about three-quarters of a yard long, and arranged slanting on the skirt; each ruff is headed by a fancy trimming formed of narrow black velvet, and finished off at the top by a bow of narrow velvet. The corsage is low, and made with a bertha, trimmed to match the skirt. The guimpe and sleeves are of embroidered French muslin, finished with muslin ruffs. The hair is rolled in front, and arranged in a waterfall at the back, tied with a blue ribbon. A broad plait encircles the hood and fastens beneath the waterfall.

*Fig. 3.*—Child's dress of white *piqué*, embroidered in white and red, and trimmed with a box-plaited trimming of scarlet worsted braid. The dress is low, and with short sleeves. The guimpe is of fine French muslin.

*Fig. 4.*—Dress of black alpaca, trimmed with crimson velvet cut in leaves, and arranged as a bordering above the hem of the skirt and round the jacket. The sleeves are cut with an elbow, and trimmed with velvet and drop buttons to match the waist. The hair is parted on one side, and arranged in a braid at the back.

*Fig. 5.*—Dinner dress of lavender silk, with a narrow fitting on the edge of the skirt. The overskirt is of a rich black silk, cut in deep points, trimmed with thread lace, and headed by a narrow bugle trimming. The corsage is made in one piece, although it has the appearance of a black jacket over a lavender silk waist. It is trimmed with black lace, which forms a jockey at the back. The hair is dressed in rolls and puffs, and ornamented with flowers.

*Fig. 6.*—Visiting dress of a rich green silk. The skirt is cut a half yard short, deeply pointed, and trimmed with narrow velvet. Under this skirt is fastened a deep founce, set on with a little fulness, and very elegantly braided with black velvet. The corsage, sleeves, and cash are braided to match.

*Fig. 7.*—Dress of Marguerite colored poplin, trimmed with a thick silk cord of the same shade as the dress. The corsage is novel, and made to represent a jacket. It is trimmed with narrow cord and buttons. The hair is arranged over a roller in front, and falls in a chignon or waterfall at the back.

#### FRENCH CORSAGE.

(See engravings, page 303.)

This corsage is made with a moderate point in front and deep jockey at the back. The material is black silk trimmed with guipure lace. It is worn over a fine tucked French muslin waist, with short puffed sleeves.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

With this month the display of fall novelties commences, and the fashionable world is again plunged in the ever-important subject of dress. Our stores are opening a multitude of charming tissues, and our milliners and dressmakers are again racking their brains to devise pretty novelties for the fall.

Bonnets have not yet undergone any change in shape. The Marie Stuart still prevails; and most of the trimmings are arranged to droop over the face. Few dress bonnets have appeared; most of the bonnets yet seen are straws, tastefully trimmed with feathers and velvet. Black and maize, black and coral, and black and a rich blue, are the favorite combinations. The new color, called *Blé de Turquie*, a rich shade of yellow, contrasts charmingly with black. Branches of pine, with small cones, are now substituted for the grasses and grains worn during the summer. A novelty is the Bohemian straw, which is dyed of a bright yellow, and when trimmed with ribbon to match, mingled with black lace and buttercups, is exceedingly stylish.

The dressmakers are in despair for a new style of bodice; but, alas! it has not yet appeared. All they can do is to change the style, by the different arrangement of trimming. The Postilion bodice with its swallow tail basque, with two points or square ends in front, the vest style, the corsage with three points at the back, and four in front, are all being made, though far from novel.

Double skirts and tunics will be worn. This last is somewhat novel. The upper skirt and body are in one, the same as an Empress dress. The skirt is quite long at the back, and slopes very suddenly to the front. This style of dress is generally trimmed with chenille fringe, which is one of the richest trimmings of the season. Silk fringes of all kinds and widths will be very much worn. Feather fringe is very beautiful, also the Thibet fringe—a most elegant soft kind of fur, very light and graceful. It is about three inches long, and mounted on a hooding of white silk braid.

Dresses are made very high in the throat, and in order to make the collar set well a small straight band is sewed round the neck of the dress.

Skirts are mostly cut *en traine*; that is, the back breadths are cut very long, and sloped at the bottom to suit the side and front breadths. This gives the skirt a graceful sweep, and is decidedly prettier than lengthening from the upper part of the skirt.

We cannot help remarking, *en passant*, on the shape of crinoline. It is worn now perfectly flat on the hips, and all the fulness thrown at the back. For outdoor wear, the skirt should have a small train, and for evening a large train; but always without any fulness on the hips.

Silks have come out this season of particularly rich quality. Gros grains are the favorites, and black continues more in vogue than ever. Black silks are being made up with contrasting colors, such as the different shades of Russia leather, hazel, gray, maize, blue, and

white. This style of dress is, in our opinion, the richest and most *distinguished* a lady can wear. Plaids of all sizes, and of the richest colors, with *moirés* and *chenées*, are among the new goods.

The rage for fluted trimming still continues; and to those who object to it on account of its losing its folds from dampness, we would suggest that Mme. Demorest has obviated this difficulty by an ingenious little contrivance. We believe it is by the insertion of a very delicate wire, which keeps the trimming perfectly in shape. An extremely thick cord, matching the dress in color, is frequently placed above the braid; and sometimes perfectly straight round the skirt, and sometimes twisted or arranged in a fanciful design on each breadth.

From the tasteful hands of Mme. Demorest, we have already seen some very good and effective styles which possess both the charm of novelty and elegance. The first was a promenading costume. The material Alexandra cloth of the darkest shade of mode color, made in a suit, consisting of a dress and *casaque*. The *casaque*, or *basquine*, was shaped to the figure, but not closely, and rounded off from the front, deepening behind until it reached two-thirds the length of the skirt. The trimming was leather-colored velvet, put on in pointed straps, finished on each edge with a quilting of mode-colored silk. The suit was trimmed to match, and even the bonnet, boots, and gloves intended to wear with it were of the same colors, which contrasted charmingly, and formed a very quiet but *recherché* promenading dress.

These uniform costumes, of which we spoke in our last Chat, will be much adopted during the fall and winter. It is a pretty style, but of which one tires soon, unless a person has a variety of suits, and then it is exceedingly expensive. In some cases square shawls of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to match, are substituted for the Talma, or *casaque*; but they do not seem to be greatly in demand, and never for young ladies.

Another dress was a very rich black gros grains silk, ornamented in quite a novel manner. The decorations consisted of diamond-shaped blocks of black velvet embroidered in the centre in a light leafy design, with silk and jet, surrounded with guipure lace. These were united to form a border round the bottom of the skirt, and also ornamented the waist and sleeves.

A robe of very light gray taffetas, superb in quality, was ornamented with a narrow festooned volant, which deepened in the centre of each festoon, and was fastened at each point by a flat bow of ribbon without ends. The volant was edged with narrow guipure. The bodies were in all cases plain and very high; the sleeves nearly tight, and shaped to the arm.

A pretty design among the fall sleeve patterns was a puff, or a frill, set into the back of the sleeve, reaching several inches above, and terminating several inches below the elbow.

There is nothing new in the form of headdresses. The two most popular styles are the coronet and the spray of flowers at the side of the head. All flowers are now mounted on gutta percha, which gives the appearance of natural stems, and makes them more pliable than the old-fashioned wire mountings. Bows of ribbon, velvet, and lace are frequently substituted for the spray of flowers. This style, we may say, is universal, and adopted both by young and married ladies.

Many of our belles are weaving natural flowers among their tresses. It is a Spanish fashion, and very beautiful. Still natural blossoms are so frail that, unless constantly renewed, but few will retain their freshness

during an evening. We think, therefore, we prefer the imitations of nature, as they can scarcely be detected from the originals, and are decidedly more economical.

We learn from our Paris correspondent that a noted French artificial florist has introduced small oranges into bridal wreaths, to overcome the heavy effect of the orange blossoms and buds only; green, it is said, not being admissible in bridal wreaths. We have as yet seen nothing of the kind; therefore, cannot recommend them. Indeed we do not like the idea at all. We think nothing can be prettier than orange blossoms with their rich glossy green leaves mingled with sprays of the pure and graceful lily of the valley. Green must necessarily be introduced into a bridal wreath to relieve the white; otherwise it is exceedingly tame. Daisies are being substituted in Paris for the lilies; but we consider pendant flowers the more graceful. The back hair is generally arranged in a waterfall, frequently tied with a bright ribbon or velvet. Bunches of braids are also caught up in the same style.

For married ladies the Marie Stuart cap is being revived, and is generally a becoming coiffure.

A novelty in the way of a sash has just been introduced for a muslin dress. A belt is worn round the waist, and then a long scarf of muslin is knotted and fastened at the back. The sash is scalloped all round, and the ends are slashed with three rows of slits, each about one inch and a half long, and one finger apart. Through these slits velvet or ribbon is run; and the ends of the ribbon, instead of being fastened under the scarf at the edge, are cut in fish-tails, and stand out. The first row of slits, or slashes, slant from right to left; the second row from left to right, and the third and last row the same as the first. This is really very pretty and effective.

The other style of sash is either fastened on the left shoulder and tied midway down the skirt under the right arm, or else encircles the waist, and is tied midway down the skirt at the back.

Wraps are now a matter of no small perplexity. There exists such a variety of styles, that it is difficult to know what to select. The ever-fashionable India shawl, one of the most graceful and convenient wraps, now appears on all the promenades. In no one article is there such a variety of quality and style. They are to be had at Stewart's of all prices, from the convenient little wrap of \$50 to the marvel at \$2000.

Blue cloth mantles are very much worn by misses and children. They are generally trimmed with black or white.

We will note a few of the numerous styles for black silk mantles. There is the loose *paletôt*, trimmed all round with a double ruching; the outer one black, and the inner one scarlet or blue silk. These are principally worn by young girls. Then there are *casagues*, which reach to the knee in front, and much longer in proportion at the back. They should be cut to follow and define the outlines of the figure, without fitting it too closely. They are trimmed in a variety of ways; but one of the prettiest is to have small loops of black and white velvet, about one inch wide arranged round the neck, down the outside of the sleeve, and all round the skirt.

Talmas and circles are also much worn, trimmed with laces, gimps, feather trimming, chenille fringe, ruches of cuir-colored silk, and stamped leather trimming.

Cloth wraps are also made up in a variety of new styles. Among the most effective are the Spanish, which are caught up in graceful folds, and fastened on the shoulder.

FASHION.

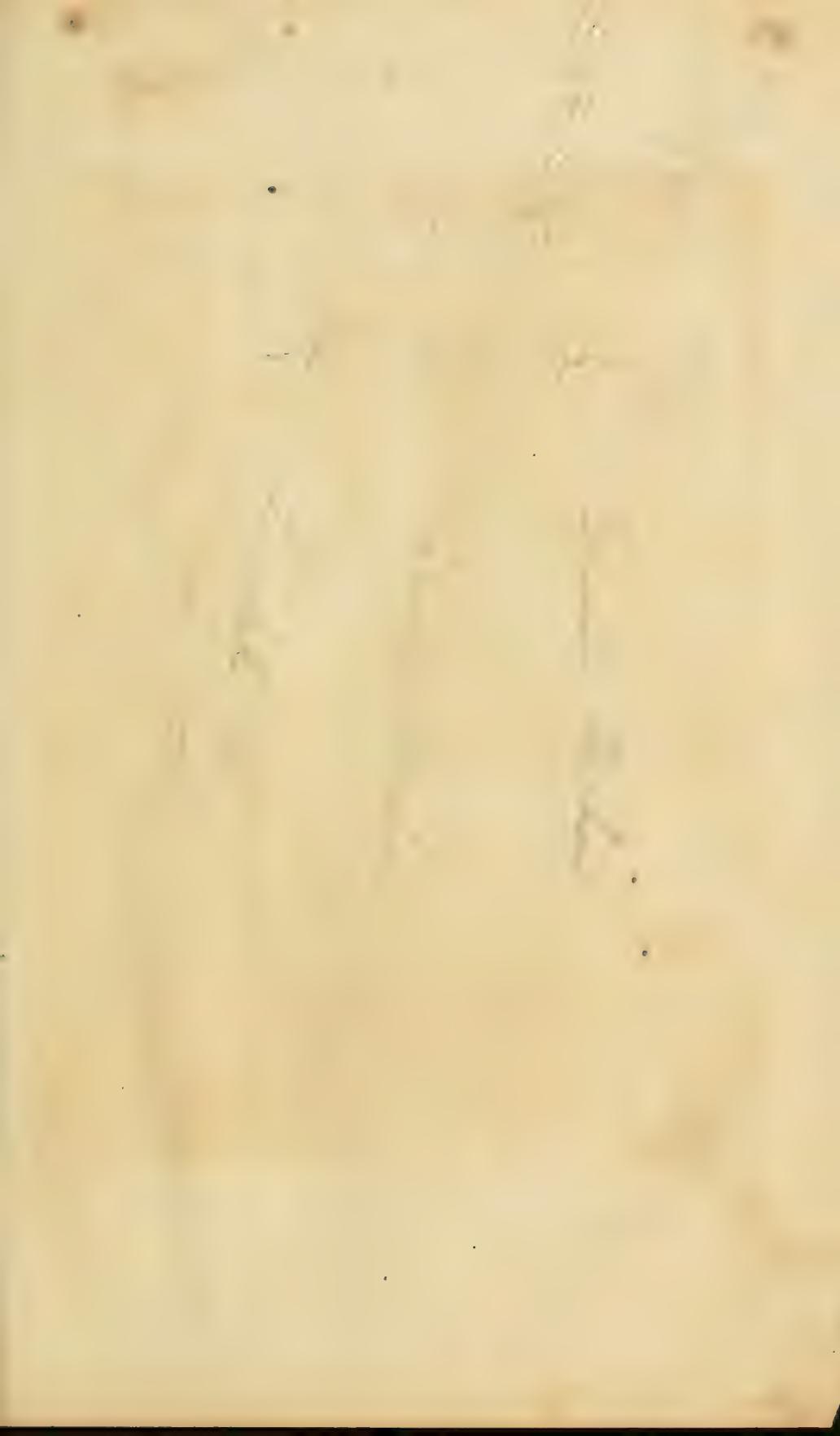




Illustration by W. P. Woodbury.



MODERN'S FASHIONS.

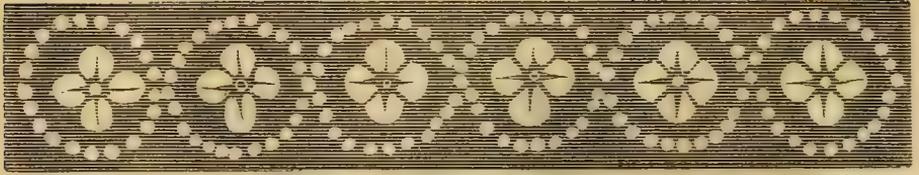
Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, in cursive script.



**THE VERY THING!**

"A PARTY wishes to PLACE an INVALID YOUNG MAN, depressed in spirits, under the care of a medical man, with a cheerful family, who is sufficiently well known for such a trust, and lives in a healthy neighborhood of Philadelphia. Liberal terms will be made. Address, etc, etc. — Interment in a costly paper. It will be seen that the 'Young Man' has accomplished his wish."

INSERTION FOR SKIRTS.



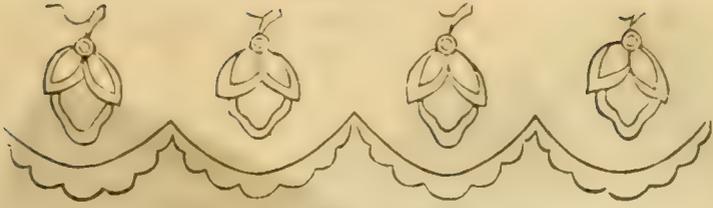
THE POMPEIAN CLOAK.

(Front view.)



This comfortable wrap is made of black cloth, and trimmed with bias black velvet and a heavy crochet ornament at the back. The cape forms the sleeves, leaving the front plain, and giving it the appearance of a sack

EMBROIDERY.



THE POMPEIAN CLOAK.

(Back view.)



**THE MASETTO WRAP.**



This *reboché* wrap is made of black cloth, and trimmed with leather trimming and chenille fringes. This is a pretty style for a mantle like the dress.

THE BALMERINO.



This is one of the prettiest styles of winter walking sack. It is made of a dark blue velvet cloth, and trimmed with black silk, and black velvet buttons.

**THE OLEAVES CLOAK.**



This cloak is made of black velvet, and trimmed with a very heavy crocheted passementerie and twisted silk fringe.

THE PESOTA



This fancy sarque is very suitable for a Miss. It is made of a dark cuir-colored cloth, trimmed with a fancy velvet and silk passementerie.

## THE DARRO.

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



The brilliant colors in which pardessus are now so popular afford the opportunity to have the ornaments with which they are decorated strikingly conspicuous. The circular illustrates one which can be made in any color desired—crimson, blue, white, black, etc. at the choice of the wearer. For carriage, or festive occasions, especially the latter, when in *white* cloths, with the *fleur de lis* in light blue velvet *appliqué*, with silver braid, or in royal purple and gold embroidery, the effect is peculiarly elegant. For street wear, the same pattern is made in black or quiet colored cloths, with black velvet *appliqué*, and braided, for those who do not desire such gay colors in garments.

EMBROIDERY.

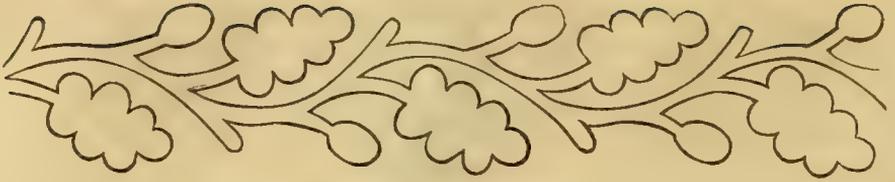


HENRY IV. COSTUME.



A petticoat of white satin, bordered with gold and scarlet embroidery. The dress is of maroon velvet, richly trimmed with gold, and lined with gold-colored satin. The tight sleeves are of white satin, trimmed with gold. The corsage is formed of emeralds.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



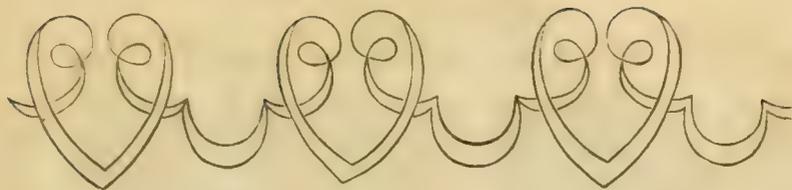
POLISH DRESS AND LOUIS XIV. COSTUME.



The Polish dress consists of an underskirt of green bordered with scarlet. The corsage and short sleeves are of green, and the long sleeves scarlet. The upper skirt and point are of purple, edged with swans'-down. The sash is of scarlet, with black ends. Boots red, and bordered with swan's-down. Cap scarlet, bordered with swan's-down, and a black leather at the side.

The Louis XIVth costume consists of a petticoat of white satin, with a lace flounce on the edge of the skirt. The overdress is a very rich pink satin, trimmed with roses and quillings of silk. The hair is powdered, and dressed with a small wreath on the left side of the head.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



A ROMAN GIRL.

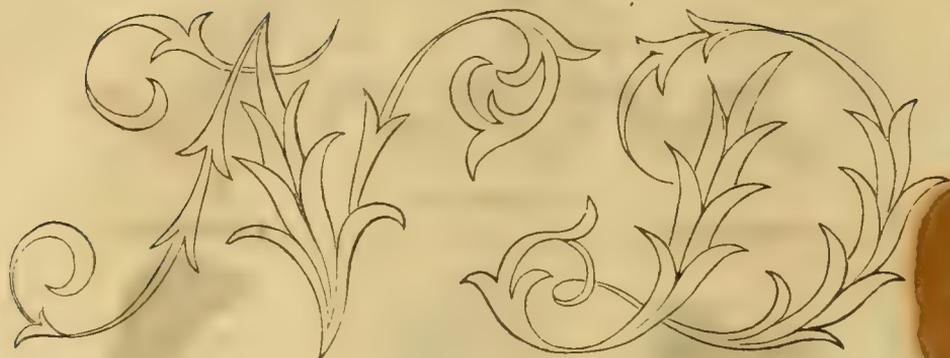
A GREEK GIRL.



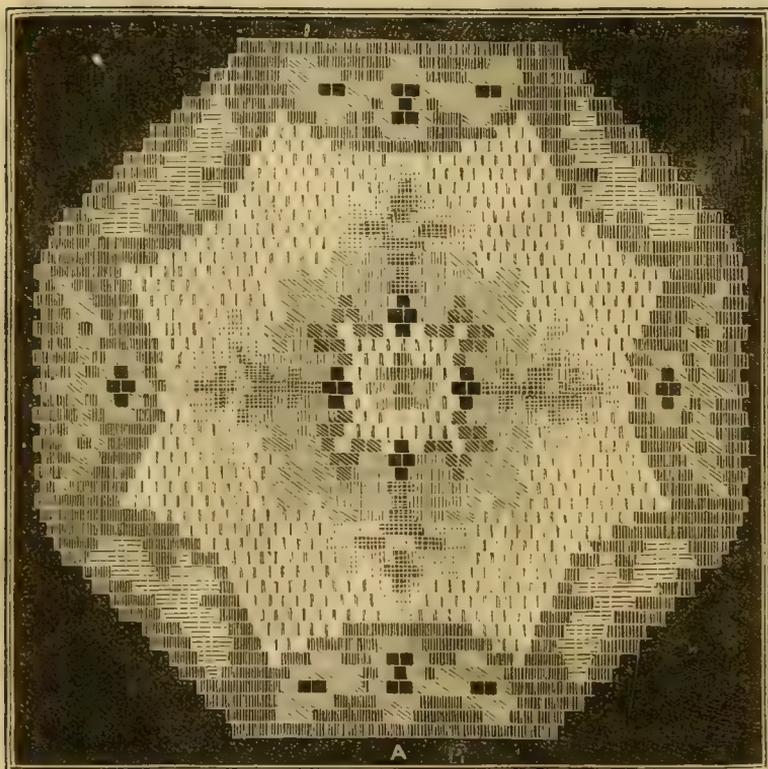
*A Roman Girl* —The lower skirt is of salmon-colored silk, with two bands of black velvet edging it. The corsage and upper skirt is of purple lined with mauve. The skirt being turned back in front shows the light lining. The apron and fichu are of worked muslin. The coiffure is of white muslin, ornamented with loops of purple and salmon ribbon.

*A Greek Girl* —The lower skirt is of scarlet material, edged with gold. The upper skirt of a pale amber color, confined at the waist by a gold belt. The small velvet corsage is of green or black velvet, bordered with gold: it is worn over a full white muslin waist, with long square flowing sleeves. The scarf is of scarlet cashmere. The coiffure is composed of gold chains and beads.

INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING.



GLASS BEAD MAT.



This Mat must be begun from the centre A at the bottom, and worked upwards, by placing 1 dark red bead in the middle of the thread; then take 2 light green, one on each needle; then pass both needles through 1 light green, then take 2 black, 1 black, 2 black, 1 light green, 2 dark red, 1 light yellow, 2 light yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 dark yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 light yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 dark yellow, 1 dark yellow, 2 dark yellow, 1 black, 2 black, 1 black, 2 white, 1 light red, 2 dark red, 1 dark red, to the centre; then work forward as before directed, and diminish according to pattern.

## DRESS TRIMMING.

CONSISTING OF LACE INSERTION AND NARROW RIBBON.



This consists of lace insertion and narrow ribbon or ribbon velvet, folded at equal distances, so as to form the pattern very clearly represented in our illustration. A white muslin skirt, trimmed round the bottom with black lace insertion, and mixed with a bright colored ribbon, would be extremely stylish. To make the trimming easy to do, the design might be traced on a broad piece of ribbon, and the materials run on. This band could then be easily put on the skirt, and the skirt would not be so much tumbled as if the trimming were made on the dress in the first instance.

# NOT LOST FOREVER.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By JAMES M. STEWART.



*Andante.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

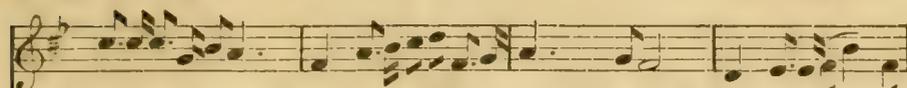
Not lost for-ev-er, though by fate now parted, Not lost for-ev-er, though we  
Not lost for-ev-er, while around me springing, The vio - lets weep, the roses

meet no more; They do not wander lone and broken-heart-ed,  
blush and bloom, And summer birds in summer woodlands singing,

NOT LOST FOREVER.



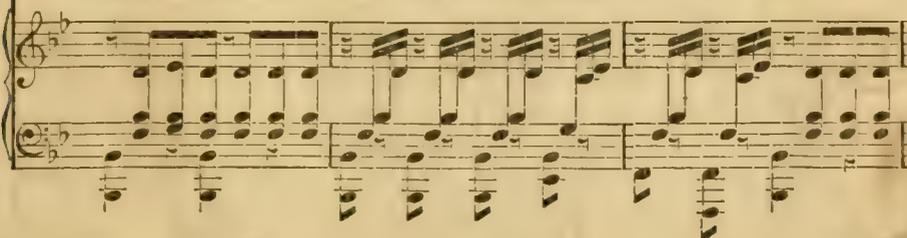
Who see heaven's radiance on the far - ther shore, Not lost for-ev-er!  
 Flood with soft mu - sic all the tran - quill gloom. Not lost for-ev-er!



ev - ry gen - tle token That mem'ry wins me from the far a-way, Shall fill my soul though  
 thou shalt still be near me Through ev'ry future and through ev'ry clime, When cares oppress or

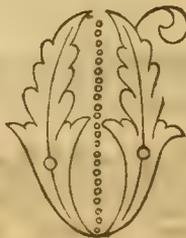
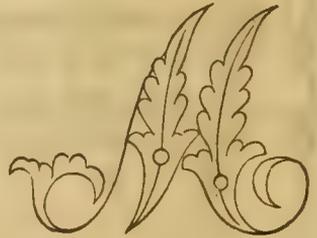
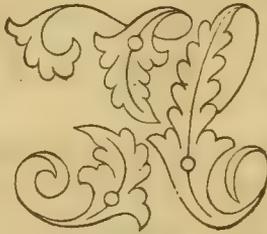
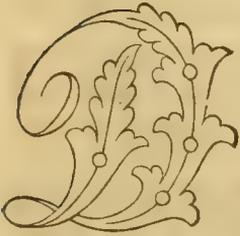
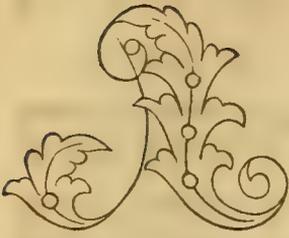


all the ties are broken, With tender grace that nev-er can de - cay.  
 gentle mem'ries cheer me, Thou shalt be with me, dearest, all the time.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING A LADY'S WARDROBE, ETC.



# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1863.

### LEAH MOORE'S TRIAL.

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Concluded from page 319.)

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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 III.

I HAVE been thus minute in my description of the scenes immediately succeeding Charles Moore's return to his home, both because they were my initial lesson in the knowledge of the true state of affairs in the household, and because they will best convey to the reader a conception of the many links—no single one of which was worthy of serious notice, that yet, taken altogether, formed a chain whose grievous weight was bowing my poor friend's heart and soul to the dust. It would be derogatory to my self-respect were I to trouble myself to assert that I never, by look or word, intimated to Leah aught concerning the picturesque tablean I had broken up on that night. I fancied that Mr. Moore appreciated my discretion and was grateful for the same, for his treatment of myself was, in every respect, unexceptionable. He took great pains to render my stay in the town and house agreeable, devising excursions and entertainments, which he supposed would suit my taste, and accompanying me in these with alacrity and apparent pleasure. I would have declined going out upon many such occasions, but Leah opposed this inclination so positively, and so often exerted herself to an imprudent extent to make one of the party, when she suspected that I designed to remain at home with her, that I generally yielded to her importunities and played Mademoiselle De Trop with what grace I could.

For *de trop* I was, whenever there were but three in the company, and Miss Dalrymple did

not scruple to make me feel this, when she could accomplish the lady-like feat without attracting our cavalier's attention. One instance of her disposition to claim him entirely for herself recurs to me with particular force. A heavy fall of snow was followed by moonlight nights of rare beauty, and a temperature so mild that one marvelled at the solidity of the white carpet spread thickly over the earth.

"Ladies, what say you to a sleigh-ride this evening?" questioned Mr. Moore at dinner, the day after the storm. "Don't all speak at once!"

Leah smiled at the silence that ensued.

"Nobody seems to be in haste to accept your tempting invitation," she remarked. "Why not 'all at once?'"

"Because my cutter holds but three, with moderately close stowing, and I wish to avoid the predicament of being called upon to decide between claimants for the privileges of being one of the passengers."

"I could not go if there were room for a dozen without packing," she returned. "So the matter is settled without perplexity to yourself or to us. Maria and Janetta will compose your load."

Janetta ate on in sober taciturnity, although I had heard her wishing for a sleigh-ride that very morning.

"I must be excused, if you please," said I. "I had the toothache last night, and dare not venture out in the evening."

"But the air is so pure and dry, almost as

bland as summer, and you can wrap up your head and face! I cannot consent to your missing such a treat!" insisted Leah.

Her husband civilly seconded her arguments; but honestly believing that the exposure would be injudicious, I remained firm in my declination.

"So, Nettie," said Mr. Moore, with affected chagrin, "you are the only one who does not excuse herself from the pleasure or displeasure of accompanying me! I warn you that I shall expect you to make up for both losses and mortification."

Janetta Dalrymple danced about the house that afternoon like a mad creature—in an irrepressible flutter of exultation, oddly at variance with her manner of listening to the proposition, as first made, and its discussion.

"Will night *never* come?" she cried, meeting Mr. Moore in the upper hall about five o'clock.

"It is almost dark now!" he returned, laughing. "Do you then anticipate so much delight in this frolic—this moonlight flitting?"

"Delight! could I fail to have it?"

Leah's appearance interrupted her.

"Charles," she said, coming to the sitting-room door, "I was just about to dispatch a note to you. Can I speak with you for a moment?"

"I came up home for some papers," he began, just as the door shut them in.

The result of the conference was soon made known to me by Leah, who sought me in my chamber for that purpose.

"I am here to entreat you to reverse your purpose of staying at home to-night. I have changed my mind; so there's a worthy precedent for you. Henry Ellis—my cousin—called awhile ago to offer us his double sleigh in exchange for our lighter cutter. His wife is not at home, and he wishes to drive a fast trotter instead of a pair of sober family studs. He wants Charles to put in one of his horses with ours, and take us all. I am going, and so are you! We have fur robes enough to smother you, a footstove, and foot-blankets, and I have provided a phial of toothache medicine, in case of casualties. There is no use in saying a word!"

I submitted, not reluctantly, for the prospect of the drive was tempting, and already the merry din of the passing sleigh-bells made the blood bound more quickly in my veins. We took a hurried cup of tea to prepare us for the excursion, and by a queer chance the alteration in the programme was not mentioned at the table, the meal being discussed in unusual

silence. Janetta begged to be excused before the rest of us were half through, and sped off to her room, carolling fragments of the sleigh-bell waltz as she ran.

"How that girl enjoys life!" said Mr. Moore. "It is a genuine pleasure to afford her a diversion like that of this evening; she partakes of it with such zest, such child-like abandon!"

The observation was directed to me; and I rejoined, very safely and truly: "She does indeed seem to be in fine spirits to-night."

Leah and I stood in the hall, wrapped in furs and hoods, before Janetta made her appearance. She was unpunctual to a proverb.

"Come, little one! come, birdie!" called Mr. Moore, at the stair-head. He had an exhaustless store of pet names for her. "We are waiting!"

"I am coming—yes, I'm coming!  
With my furs about my feet!"

she sang from the floor above.

This trick of parodying her favorite songs was a great habit with her. She came down upon the run, and was close upon us before she saw either of the unlooked-for additions to the party. The fall of her countenance was actually ludicrous.

"Why, how is this? I had not understood!" she stammered, thrown completely off her guard by the suddenness of the disagreeable discovery.

Mr. Moore explained the causes of the change in his plans, after a style that savored too much of the apologetic to suit me. She made no reply, except by her looks, which betokened unqualified dissatisfaction. She even hung back, as half inclined to decline going at all, when he would have handed her in after us. Her cousin spoke to her in a low tone of displeased expostulation, of which I caught but two words—"unreasonable" and "jealous." Sulkily submitting to the impetus of his hand, she was placed upon the front seat. This was always her chosen position; it mattered not that I often occupied the back alone. It had occurred to me that Leah might, once in a while, prefer to ride by the side of her husband, but she never expressed such a preference in my hearing. I could see, in the clear moonlight, that our gallant charioteer made repeated efforts to engage his companion in conversation, bending to her ear with whispered soothing or entreaties, and watching her countenance with anxious attention. She was obstinate in her dejection, keeping her face averted, and replying to him by monosyllables, or gestures. At last he showed signs of the

spirit he should have exhibited at the outset; ignored her presence, and devoted himself to amusing Leah and myself.

We rode for more than two hours, and the talk was hilarious, as befitted the scene. The broad roads were filled with swiftly gliding equipages, and the air resonant with merry voices and chiming bells. Janetta paid little visible heed to what was going on about her; took no part in the interchange of salutations that were continually passed, as we met acquaintances and friends. She had drawn her veil closely over her face, and sat bolt upright, looking neither to the right nor the left, without uttering one syllable. As we neared home, she lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, and her cousin bestowed a searching, sidelong glance upon her, from which circumstances I inferred that her obdurate mood had assumed a softer form. She went quickly into the house, upon alighting at our door, and straight on to her chamber, her veil still wrapped over her features. Leah's thoughtfulness and bountiful hospitality had provided a hot supper for us—coffee, oysters, and biscuit—which was served in the upper sitting-room, by the time we had divested ourselves of our muffings. Mr. Moore, in dressing-gown and slippers, looking very gay, comfortable, and handsome, occupied his arm-chair at the head of the little round table. Leah sat opposite, and I at his right. The chair to the left remained vacant.

"My dear, have you sent for Nettie?" inquired the host, as he dipped the ladle in the smoking tureen.

"I have. She does not wish any supper."

"What!" suspending his hand midway between the dish and plate.

"She does not care for supper, she says," repeated Leah, quietly.

"There must be some mistake! I never knew her refuse oysters before, let them be offered when they might. She is surely not well."

"I sent up a second message to inquire if she were indisposed, and if I might supply her with a cup of coffee in her room. She declined taking any refreshment, and said that she was very well."

Mr. Moore ladled out a plateful of the savory "stew" for me, and another for his wife; then pushed his chair back.

"I will go up and speak to Nettie myself."

"Charles!" ejaculated his wife.

"I will be gone in a moment, my love," and he was gone.

I have seen Charles Moore grieve and wound

his wife more times than I like to remember. I never saw her angry with him except this once; yet her temper was naturally quick. She did not comment upon his conduct during his absence; finished pouring out the coffee; ordered the servant to replace the cover of the tureen, and dismissed her, saying that she would summon her when she was needed. After this there was no more said for the next ten minutes. Mr. Moore was gone at least that long. Leah's flushed cheek, flashing eye, and compressed mouth were enough to deter a bolder person than myself from opening a conversation upon indifferent topics, and every principle of honor and delicacy withheld both of us from alluding to the subject that engrossed our minds.

Charles's temper was less inflammable than his wife's, and while he looked annoyed upon his return from his fruitless errand, he yet accosted us with his customary cheerful courtesy.

"Nettie begs to be excused from appearing again to-night, ladies. I have been scolding her a little, and the poor, sensitive child is nearly heart-broken."

"Did she send no apology for her unjustifiable rudeness to Miss Allison and myself during our ride?" asked Leah, sternly.

"She is very sorry that she marred the pleasure of our excursion by her silly moodiness. There is no accounting for woman's whims and humors, Miss Allison."

"Pray, do not judge all women by Janetta Dalrymple!" Leah's vexation mastered her prudence. "Her behavior this evening was more than whimsical. It was ill-bred and unkind—a display of temper such as no lady would be guilty of."

"You are hard upon her, Leah. She has her faults; but she is incapable of offering an intentional insult to any one, particularly to a friend whom she respects, and a connection whom she loves as sincerely as she does you."

"A depth of respect I should never have suspected had not you informed me of it! I am sorry to say it, Charles, very sorry to disagree with you upon this or any other point; but I do not think that you are going the right way to work to correct Janetta's faults, if that is your wish. She is both unreasonable and selfish."

"Just what I have been telling her, my dear wife; so we agree there! If you please, we will dismiss this matter for the present. It is an exquisitely painful thought to me that my favorite relative—one whose attachment to myself is that of a sister for an elder brother,

should have failed so signally to conquer your prejudices and win your affection. Don't suppose that I blame you for this, however! I know that she tries hard to please you, to make you love her, and I think that you are not intentionally unkind to her; but I believe, Miss Allison, that it is a well-established although an unexplained fact, that no two women, however excellent and lovely, can dwell for two months under the same roof in perfect concord."

I answered that I had certainly known exceptions to his rule, and passed, gladly, to other themes of discourse.

In this single instance I could not acquit Leah of blame. She had spoken injudiciously, and at the wrong time; yet my heart ached for her none the less on this account. I may not, in my spinsterly experience, be the best judge of such questions, but it appears to me that few women, who really love their husbands, could have borne more patiently the spectacle of the petulant disappointment, the undisguised chagrin, excited in a young and fond maiden by the discovery that, instead of her being permitted to enjoy the anticipated affectionate *tête à tête* with the said husband, his lawful spouse was to form one of the company. I doubt if even Griselda, milk-and-water angel though she was, would, out of the plenitude of her insipid amiability, have witnessed such an exhibition unmoved by some spice of conjugal jealousy, or that she would not have set her wits to work to conjecture what could be the nature of the intercourse which was thus impatient of the presence and surveillance of her who should have been the gentleman's best friend and prime counsellor. Between ourselves, moreover, dear reader, I do not believe that Griselda loved her kingly lord with one tithe of the fervor that glowed in the bosom of this untitled American wife for hers.

Miss Janetta never apologized to the object of her profound respect or to her visitor for her misbehavior, nor did her demeanor to us bear the salutary fruits of repentance and reformation, *malgré* her cousin's scolding and her consequent broken-heartedness. In his absence she favored us with very little of her society, a deprivation we could not deplore while her uniform bearing, when she did vouchsafe the honor, was flippant and supercilious, and herself a decided specimen of the *nil admirari* school, so far as our pursuits and plans were concerned. To Mr. Moore, she was a totally different being; her perpetual outbreaks of artless enthusiasm; her girlish warmth of

speech and action reminding me of nothing so much as the encomium passed upon Miss Merry Pecksniff by her poetic admirer: "Oh, she was a gushing young thing!" She affected no secrecy as to her dotting love for her cousin—"her best, her only friend!" She worshipped him abroad, as at home and in private, and Charles Moore was not superior to the weakness of liking to be worshipped by an attractive woman. What man—unless he be an anchorite or a dullard—is not liable to fall into the like temptation?

The intimacy between the idol and the devotee became more marked each day, and the slighted wife still saw all—perchance saw and feared more than did really exist, and suffered silently. It is not suffering like this that makes the soul strong. I verily think that Leah could have borne more easily entire estrangement and divorce from her husband than the anomalous existence she led just now. Then there would have been no ground for hope, no food for love, such as the presence, the loving looks and words, the acts of kindness and liberality that now brought with them a mildly sweet agony. O to have so much and yet not possess, *all!* It was very selfish; but then, as Miss Dalrymple has remarked, "all married people are selfish." I take the liberty of adding on my own authority, "Or ought to be!"

Leah and I were paying a call, one afternoon, at a house that stood exactly opposite to Mr. Moore's law-office. "Why do you not bring that nice little cousin of yours to see me, Mrs. Moore?" asked the hostess, by and by. "I have taken quite a fancy to her from seeing her in the street. She seems to be very fond of out-door exercise."

Leah made answer that this was the case.

The lady continued: "Not a day passes, unless the weather is very stormy, that she does not call in at Mr. Moore's office, across the way, and she often tempts him to join her in her rambles. I like to watch them walking together. They appear to be very much attached to one another."

"Mamma!" The speaker's daughter checked her innocent volubility. "You have dropped your spectacles!" And in restoring them, she gave her senior a meaning look that silenced her.

"They are very sincerely attached to one another!" replied Leah, composedly. "It would be strange if they were not, since they were reared almost like children of the same mother."

The world should not asperse his fair fame, however grievously her confidence in him

might be shaken. She would play her part bravely in public, if the lacerated heart quivered and bled to death in the effort.

How long would this false and hollow show of tranquillity last? how long the surface of the groaning deep smile, as with summer calm? were thoughts that haunted me day and night. I inwardly condemned Leah's reserve with her husband as much as I admired her concealment of the true state of her domestic affairs from others. While she bore his name, and lived with him in seeming amity as his wife, she had no right to smother thoughts within her breast that were eating away her life; to brood darkly and secretly over imaginations that multiplied, and were magnified in the darkness. Her skirts were not quite clear while this policy was pursued. Yet she was actuated by no mean cowardice or sullenness in adopting this course. A prouder woman never lived. She would have died sooner than play the spy upon another's actions. While she would, and did try to prevent the growth of the attachment between her husband and his cousin by all fair and honorable means, strove, conscientiously and constantly, to win back the love she feared and believed was straying from her, she scorned to attack her persecutor with her own weapons, or to constrain, by reproaches and threats, the return of the recusant. She would not owe to duty and law that which should be the spontaneous tribute of a true and loving heart.

Thus matters stood when I was seized with a violent cold that confined me to my bed for several days. Leah spent most of the day, and a portion of each evening, in my apartment. Mr. Moore was busily engaged with preparations for an important suit in which he was counsel, and could spare but half an hour or so for his after supper smoke and talk in the sitting-room—the pleasant home-chat which, Leah had once told me, was to her the most delightful event of the day, however choice might have been its other pleasures. She was uncommonly cheerful, the third evening of my confinement, although she came to me earlier than upon either of the two previous ones.

"Isn't Charles the most thoughtful fellow in the world?" was her introductory remark. "Overrun by business, as he is, he could yet remember the name of the book we were wishing for yesterday, and went half a dozen squares out of his way, as he came up town, to get it. Shall I commence it forthwith?"

I assented, gratifiedly; and, seating herself under the shaded light, she began. The reading had lasted an hour and a half; when,

detecting signs of hoarseness in her voice, I stopped her, fearful lest she should be exhausted by the prolonged effort.

"It will be a sorry return to make Mr. Moore for his considerate attention to our wishes, if we present to him a voiceless wife in the morning!"

She laughed, and agreed to postpone the perusal of the volume to the morrow. Still holding it, and now and then turning a leaf, unwilling, as it were, to lay aside this tangible token of his remembrance of and kindness to her, she narrated, with affected carelessness, other examples of a similar nature; favors shown and benefits conferred, as *apropos*, and in a manner as delicate. In her happier moods—now, alas! far less frequent than of old—she enjoyed nothing more than to talk of him; and would enumerate his manifold virtues in my hearing with the simple-heartedness and circumstantiality of a child. I imagined sometimes that she strengthened her own faith in his affection by rehearsing these proofs of it to me. To-night, she was very hopeful with regard to other subjects, all bearing a close connection to this master emotion. She spoke of a certain and momentous event, now not many weeks distant, with calmness—even pleasure.

"We shall both be happier then, Maria, and I hope and feel that I shall be a better woman. I have grown irritable and unjust of late; have developed traits that not even the fact of my being a prey to this unfortunate and, it would seem, unconquerable nervousness can excuse. I told Charles this evening how heartily ashamed I was of my variable and pettish moods, and promised that, if he would bear with me a little longer, I would promise better things for the future."

I returned a cheering reply, and there was a pause. Mr. Moore's "den"—his wife's favorite aversion, according to her declaration, was directly above my room, and there penetrated the ceiling, now, the low murmur of a deep voice.

"Hear the man!" laughed Leah. "He is studying his tiresome briefs as a school-boy would con his spelling-book! Does he often amuse you in this way?"

"I have heard the same sound many times before," I rejoined.

She listened, smilingly. She loved the very echo of that voice better than she did the finest music in the world.

"He must enjoy hearing himself talk!" she resumed. "One might suppose him a magician holding converse with his familiar demon, con-

jured from the vasty deep by the incense of his inseparable cigar. Did you ever venture a look into the recesses of his grotto?"

"Never!"

"I will show you the mysterious chamber some day when he is not at home. I never approach the charmed precincts myself, if he is within. If he has a private study, it must be inviolable by all human foot during study hours, he says. This was the stipulation he made when he had the room fitted up. I could not bear to have him write and read in his office at night. It is an inexpressible comfort to know that the same roof covers us both, although I do not see him."

She retired early, quitting my room by ten o'clock; and, feeling myself unable to obey her injunction to immediate slumber, I lay listening idly to the slight sounds that, in this quiet quarter of the town, varied the silence of the night. The chief of these was the murmur overhead, and I found myself harkening to it, after a while, with kindling interest. It was intermittent, I noticed, and in the deepening stillness without and within, I fancied, as it came more distinctly to my senses, that the tone was colloquial, not meditative or hortatory; next, that the pauses of irregular length were made to admit the replies of some one else; then, that a voice of different pitch and quality filled these up. I was dismissing the idea, with a smile at my fantasies, when there fell into the room—I can use no other expression that would fitly describe the suddenness and weight with which it burst upon me—there fell into the room the unmistakable sound of a laugh—a peal, in which two voices blended, and I recognized both!

Janetta Dalrymple's chamber was likewise in the third story, at the back of the house, a situation she preferred on account of the view and seclusion; and here she professed to spend her evenings in reading or writing, when we were without company, and she was not at the piano. This, then, was the inviolable sanctuary which the wife's footsteps must not approach! this, the studious retirement, for which the industrious lawyer had forsaken her society! here was the solution of the strange noises I had so frequently heard upon other occasions, when I had bidden Leah "Good-night," and sought my pillow; oftentimes receiving with her kiss a sigh that "Charles *would* injure his health by studying so late and so much at night!" There was no self-deception in the present case. I only wondered, as once and again Janetta's peculiar laugh set my teeth on edge,

albeit it was not an unmusical one in itself, and her accents, less cautious than in the earlier part of the evening, or more audible by reason of the surrounding hush, offended my sensitive auriculars; I only marvelled that I was so late in arriving at the truth.

There was but one drop of comfort in the troubled thoughts that kept me awake far into the night—until after eleven o'clock, at which hour I heard a movement in the study overhead; then a door closes softly, and light footsteps retreat in the direction of Miss Dalrymple's room. Mr. Moore did not descend to his rest until past midnight; but he did not study aloud. The single consolation which I derived from the events of the evening was that Leah had not suspected these clandestine interviews—I could give them no other name. Things were assuming a more serious aspect. The reckless girl was not only betraying the confidence and abusing the hospitality of her hostess, but imperilling her own reputation in the eyes of servants and chance visitors. I wondered if it ever crossed Mr. Moore's mind what construction the prying curiosity of his domestics might put upon these prolonged and unseasonable visits of this young and fond cousin to a remote and lonely part of the house, well understood to be his private study—privacy, which even their mistress respected. I knew that Miss Janetta would have met such an impertinent insinuation with a bold face, and the maxim I had heard many times from her lips—"Evil to him that evil thinks." Perhaps I was full of evil thoughts and all uncharitableness; but I could not resist the conviction that the majority of those whom this artless and daring damsel daily met in society would judge her conduct as I did—many more harshly.

Discoveries, like most other earthly events, are epidemic; and, being aware of this fact, I ought not to have been so startled and confused at a proposition made by Leah a few nights after I became convalescent. We were in the "snuggery" alone—Mr. Moore having pleaded urgent business to be transacted—deeds drawn, or copied, or something of that kind, and Miss Janetta bidden us a cool "Good-night," without making any apology whatever. A ring at the front door heralded the appearance of the housemaid, burdened with a large bundle.

"From the dressmaker's, ma'am," she said, delivering it to her mistress.

Leah sprang up gleefully. "Do you know, Miss Allison, that I have been doing something very naughty—something for which your lady-

ship will berate me very soundly? No! Then listen and behold! Do you remember the cashmere *robes de chambre* we were admiring the other day? I went out that afternoon and selected two—one for my unworthy self, the other for somebody whose worth I know, and you do not!"

While speaking, her rapid fingers were tearing off the papers, and she now called upon me to take my choice of the wrappers. This was no easy matter, when both were so beautiful. I represented, vainly, that I would be delighted with either, and tried to thank her for her elegant gift. She interrupted me with declarations that I should make a selection, or she would force both upon me. We were precisely the same height; our complexions were similar; we had the same breadth of shoulder and length of arm, and these were all the requisites demanded in loose robes. I still hung back, and she suggested that we should try them on, and ascertain their comparative becomingness.

"This redoubles difficulties!" was her decision, as we surveyed ourselves in the mirror; then looked at one another from head to foot, and laughed like two school-girls in a masquerading frolic. "I tell you what we will do! We will besiege the 'den,' drag Charles out, and make him settle the question! The emergency of the case justifies extreme measures. His taste in ladies' attire is infallible—perfectly miraculous!"

She ran off before I could collect thoughts and words to oppose her. I overtook her at the foot of the stairs.

"But, Leah!"

"But, Maria!"

"I am afraid that Mr. Moore may not like our interrupting him."

"Of course, he will be as cross as a bear: and we, being babies, are afraid of bears!" she retorted, ironically, conscious, as I was, that no extent of provocation from a lady could force her gentlemanly husband to an unseemly show of irritation. "One would think, from your rueful visage, that you were going to peep into the cave of Trophonius. I will take the responsibility! Come, I say!"

I could not refuse to go without wounding or offending her; and, after all, Miss Dalrymple might be at that instant buried in one of her favorite French novels in her own chamber—for once, harming nobody but herself. However this might be, I would linger some paces behind Leah, that she might first explore the forbidden region. At the entrance, she stopped and beckoned to me imperatively—her face

arch, and glowing with mischief. I never saw her look so again.

"We will enter together—storm the garrison with united forces!" she whispered, seizing my hand.

Throwing the door wide open, she proclaimed, theatrically, "Enter an invading—" The words froze upon her lips.

Mr. Moore sat nearly facing the door upon a lounge, whereon half lay—reclined, she would have said—Miss Janetta. His arm was about her waist; her head was laid upon his shoulder; their hands were clasped, and his cheek rested upon her sunny hair. If the picture, seen but for one second, was burned, as if by lightning, upon my memory, how felt the deceived wife—the lofty-souled, pure-minded woman, who stood like a statue in the doorway, the amazed, outraged spectator of the group!

With a half scream of nervous horror, Janetta sprang to a sitting posture, and gazed, pale with affright, upon the unwelcome intruder. Mr. Moore met Leah's eye, not without a slight change of feature and color, but far more calmly than I had believed it practicable for any man to appear in such circumstances. Either his self-control outmatched his cousin's, or his conviction of guilt was less strong. He arose, with no show of trepidation; but Leah's speech forestalled his.

"My business can wait. I will not interrupt you further!"

"Stay—" he began, eagerly: but the door was already shut, and I was following Leah down stairs.

She paused upon the threshold of her chamber. "You will excuse me if I leave you somewhat abruptly, Maria?"

"Certainly!"

We parted, without so much as a pressure of the hand. She was not yet brought so low in spirit to accept any sympathy—not even mine—upon this subject. Her husband came down a few minutes later, and for an hour and more, I could discern the faint murmur of their conversation. Perhaps it was as well that this denouement had taken place, I reflected. Despite this one great fault of conduct, I liked Charles Moore. I hoped that he had erred more through thoughtlessness, than lack of principle or from waning love for his wife; was certain that he had a very imperfect conception of the pain this, to his apprehension, lawful and innocent intimacy had occasioned her. If he once understood what were her feelings and wishes with regard to it, every sentiment of manliness and affection would prompt him to

pursue a different course, and this he must learn during the explanation now in progress. If Leah would only be true to herself, and just to him, he could not fail to derive a severe, but assuredly a useful lesson.

Thus hoping, I fell asleep, and dreamed that Janetta Dalrymple was comfortably supplied with a husband of her own, whose home was in California—an event that threw me into an ecstasy of joy, terminating prematurely the entrancing vision.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MISS DALRYMPLE came down to breakfast the next morning, *sola*, notwithstanding my dream—smilingly oblivious, so far as mien and words indicated, of having transgressed the slightest rule of good breeding, to say nothing of decorum or morality. She got a very grave, cool salutation all around the table in exchange for her bland “Good-morning.” Her first observation—a jaunty comment upon the weather—was directed to Leah, whose response was civil and brief; her next, playfully affectionate, was to her cousin. He replied in the dryest imaginable tone, scarcely looking at her as he did so; and, turning away so soon as the sentence was finished, he began a conversation upon commonplace topics with me, occasionally appealing to Leah. Janetta’s demeanor was consummate in its well-acted surprise, deepening into injured feeling, and the *naive* bewilderment of an innocent grieved child, at undeserved reproach. She could not eat; try though she seemed to do, to swallow her distress and breakfast together, and sat, throughout the remainder of the meal, mutely dejected. The uncomfortable repast to all of us was finally concluded. Mr. Moore arose, walked around to his wife’s seat, and gave her his customary “Good-by” kiss before going to his office; then, merely saying, “Good-morning, ladies!” to his cousin and myself, left the room. Miss Dalrymple followed him into the hall, as she often did, even when he had parted with her in our presence; had bestowed, with his brotherly kiss, a tap upon the cheek, or a caressing stroke of the head, always some merry, affectionate word. When I went up stairs, they had withdrawn to the parlor, from which issued the sound of convulsive sobbing and Mr. Moore’s mournfully resolute tones.

No Janetta appeared at dinner that day. “She was indisposed, and would take nothing to eat,” Catharine reported. The tea-table was

likewise denied the light of her countenance, and Mr. Moore looked wretchedly uneasy. His solicitude was so marked as to be distressing, when the morrow failed to bring her down to breakfast. His own appetite had deserted him, and his temper was on the point of following its example, if one might judge from the unwonted asperity of his injunction to his wife.

“I desire, Leah, that you go up and see that poor child some time during the forenoon. She is here under my care, and, whatever may be her faults in your eyes, common humanity demands that she shall not suffer for want of attention while she is sick.”

He had forgotten my presence; but Leah was mindful of it; and while she grew white to her very lips, rejoined, in calm dignity: “Your wishes shall be obeyed. I will see that she wants for nothing which I can procure or do for her.”

The visit of inquiry was duly made; repeated in the afternoon and semi-daily, with conscientious regularity, during the term of the interesting sufferer’s confinement. Those must have been queer interviews, I thought; but Leah brought no report of them below, at least none to me. For five days, the grieving maiden maintained the rôle of invalid, persisting in her refusal to accept medical aid, and subsisting upon alarmingly light rations of tea and toast. I had no fears of her becoming dangerously enfeebled by this penitential regimen. She carried with her, into her retirement, an abundant supply of adipose matter to sustain her during a whole hibernation, and I applauded her discrimination in having selected the means of punishment best adapted to her offence and present position to the really injured party. But Mr. Moore’s moodiness was fast changing into misery. True, he rarely mentioned her name, and his attentions to Leah were assiduous—so studied and punctilious that she shrank from them in absolute pain. Still, his spirits had declined utterly; he ate little; talked fitfully and without animation, and was subject to spells of gloomy musing; in short, acted like a man who had met with a heavy, stunning blow—one which he felt to be irremediable.

Never had I regarded Leah with such love and reverence as during that trying week. There was not a spark of haughty resentment, not the most distant approach to retaliation in her manner to her husband. Another woman was pining for the demonstrations of affection he had pledged himself to withhold, and she

could not but read in his altered bearing his settled sadness and prolonged seasons of abstracted pensiveness, the terrible truth that she was no longer adequate to fill his heart, or make his home what he had avowed it to be in the past: yet she strove humbly and prayerfully, if not hopefully, to contribute all that she could to his comfort and happiness, was, to all intents and purposes, his slave. She kept up nobly the forced show of cheerfulness, not to him alone, but with me. Not an allusion to the unhappy estrangement, brought every hour to my notice, escaped her lips in our most confidential moments. Native strength of character and early discipline had taught her how to endure anguish and make no sign.

The overtried nerves and neglected body failed first. Charles Moore was aroused from his dream of selfish woe by her sudden and dangerous illness. For forty-eight hours I question whether he ever remembered Janetta Dalrymple's existence, unless, indeed, the thought were one lash in the whip of scorpions held by Remorse. All through the second night of his wife's sickness, he walked the floor of the room adjoining his wife's chamber, in a state of mind bordering upon distraction. With the dawn came tidings that, at another time, would have awakened a thrill of holy and happy emotion. When the nurse brought his first-born son to him, and would have given him, in proud ceremony, into his father's arms, the glassy eyes surveyed the tiny stranger as if they saw him not. There was no movement of fond welcome; the parched lips articulated but one sentence: "How is *she*?"

She was very low; not rational, and too weak, if she had been, to see even him.

"It is just!" he gasped, when the physician reluctantly recommended that he should not run the risk of agitating her by a visit. "It is just—only just!"

"I must confess that I was surprised at his ready acquiescence in my judgment," said the doctor to me, in describing the scene. "I was prepared to encounter strenuous opposition. These very devoted husbands are generally unruely under such a sentence."

I did not explain the hidden meaning of the exclamation that sounded to the man of medicine like the utterance of prudent submission to wise counsel; but my heart bled for the misguided being undergoing the agonies of an accusing conscience, that saw, in this exclusion from her presence in this fearful hour, a righteous retribution for his wilful neglect of her in the seasons of loneliness and debility, of trial

and depression, that had contributed to bring about this critical condition of reason and health.

Janetta Dalrymple, now that her illness no longer produced a sensation, and brought discomfort to herself only, had found it convenient to declare it at an end, and made sundry shy overtures of consolation and sympathy to her kinsman, all of which he swept aside as if he saw them not. The deeper fountains of his being were stirred, and in these she had no share. Slowly the beloved one struggled back to sanity and strength. She gazed, at first vacantly, then with loving anxiety, into the pale, sorrow-stricken face that now hardly left her bedside, day and night, more haggard by reason of the effort he made to smile, as he saw that he was recognized. Once more her tongue pronounced his name in fond, natural accents; her cheek was pillowed upon his breast, while great, scalding tears, he could not keep back, bedewed her hair. It was not a sight for other eyes, and I stole away to weep for very gladness.

I was still in my chamber, and hardly calm again, when a knock was heard at the door and Miss Janetta answered my bidding to enter.

"I looked in, upon my way to bed, to inquire how Leah—how Mrs. Moore is now."

"Better," I replied. "Much better, we think, and, at last, quite sensible."

"You are then more hopeful as to her recovery?"

"We are—decidedly!"

She had declined my proffer of a seat, and now stood before the grate twisting her bracelet—her cousin's gift—until the soft flesh grew red beneath the friction and pressure.

"It is your design to leave us in a few days, is it not, Miss Allison? I believe I heard you say something of such an intention, this morning, to my cousin Charles."

"Yes. I must go very soon. I have lingered already longer than I expected to do when I came, on account of Leah's illness."

"You are an orphan like myself, unless I am mistaken?"

"I am."

She turned slowly towards me and fixed her keen eye upon mine.

"And this was, in your estimation, a sufficient reason for the hatred you conceived against me before you had known me a day, which has manifested itself in innumerable persecutions ever since?"

I answered, in astonishment, that I had never persecuted or interfered with her in the slightest degree.

She interrupted me. "You have not scrupled to play the spy upon my actions, and to put the worst possible construction upon the most innocent of these; to slander me to Mrs. Moore, and arouse against me her enmity also; to sow the seeds of strife between husband and wife, and all that you might render this my only home, in the absence of my natural protector, as intolerable as it was once happy! Oh, you have done a good work in these six weeks—one that you have cause to be proud of! But I am not here to criminate, or to quarrel with you. I merely wished, as was but natural, to notify you of my purpose to thwart your righteous designs. So soon as Mrs. Moore is sufficiently strong to bear the excitement of the disclosure, I shall, in the presence of her husband, unravel the whole mystery of your iniquity; right myself in her eyes or leave the house. Not even your machinations have shaken *his* faith in me. You had best make your foundations sure before you leave your dupe. I give you leave and notice to do this. I never fight in the dark—never stab in the back. God defend the right!"

"Amen!" I returned, fervently. "You ought to know, if you do not, Miss Dalrymple, that there is not one syllable of truth in all you have said. I have never acted the spy or informer with respect to yourself or any one else. If I have seen much in your conduct that appeared reprehensible, according to my ideas of right and honor, Mrs. Moore is none the wiser for these impressions and opinions. If she has witnessed yet more to grieve and displease her, she has been equally discreet towards me. I do not expect you to credit this!"

She interrupted me again with her mocking, sneering smile—cool and deadly—the look poor Leah dreaded and disliked beyond expression.

"You are correct in the supposition. I see no necessity for a further interchange of compliments. We understand one another. I have the pleasure of bidding you good-night."

*Did I understand her? Had I then, or could I have any just conception of the motives, base and pitiful, that urged her to renewed efforts for the destruction of her unoffending victim's peace? And were this accomplished, finally and irretrievably, what possible benefit could accrue to herself from the consummate villainy, beyond the gratification of a senseless vanity and petty revenge? If she indeed loved Charles Moore in an unlawful degree, if he were separated, divorced from his wife and free to seek his would-be charmer's hand, public scorn and reprobation would be their portion; respectful*

*compassion surround Leah like a shield and halo. Was the girl mad, or dreaming? Silly or impetuous I knew she was not. She was safe in gratifying her spleen by the delivery of her denunciations against me to my face. I comprehended this, as she intended I should; knew that she appreciated my impotency as thoroughly as I did myself. Not to rescue my good name from universal ignominy would I have risked Leah's returning life and senses by ominous sign or speech. I must go and leave her in happy ignorance of the prepared mine; could only commit her to the Helper of the innocent, the Trust of the upright.*

The evening before my departure I went to her room, at nightfall, to sit with her until tea-time. I had heard Mr. Moore leave her and run down stairs, then out of the house, but a moment before, and surmised correctly that he had gone to procure some newly-thought-of dainty, wherewith to tempt her slender and varying appetite. He was continually recollecting "just the thing" to please her palate and "bring up her strength," and the result was a supply of delicacies, rare, rich, and delightful, that would have surfeited a well person. I moved quietly, not to disturb her, should she feel disposed to sleep, and when her weak, sweet voice broke the silence of the dim chamber, I supposed, for a minute, that she was speaking to me. The latter part of the sentence undeceived me. She was fondling the babe who lay upon her arm.

"We have had a dear, blessed visit from him this evening, haven't we, baby dear? Mamma thought once—yes, many times—that she would never be so full of peace and happiness again as she is now. We have won him back, my own heaven-sent blessing!"

By this time I had slipped out as noiselessly as I had entered.

I see that picture yet in my dreams, at times: the shaded bed, the faint, but expressive outline of the young mother's face bending lovingly down towards the infant; I hear the gentle tones, tremulous with joy as weakness, but I say no more to her hopeful assertion—"God grant it!" for mother and child seem always to be lying upon the crumbling verge of a precipice.

## CHAPTER V.

ONE sultry August evening, seven months after my visit to the Moores, as my brother and myself were seated at our quiet tea-table,

a servant brought the message that a lady wished to see me in the parlor.

"She came in a carriage, ma'am, and has brought a trunk," added the girl, following me into the hall. "And she seems very tired; had I better get her room ready?"

"By all means!" And anticipating a meeting with some cousin or aunt from a distance, I unclosed the parlor door.

A woman had sunk down into a large arm-chair, near the middle of the apartment, and upon her knees lay a child, apparently asleep. I had only time to make out this much in the dusk, when the drooping-head of the weary-looking figure was lifted, and a voice, familiar in spite of its strained cadences, said, with an outburst of hysterical laughter: "I have presented myself at your doors uninvited, you see!"

"Leah, my dear child! can this be you?" cried I, hurrying forward.

She laughed again. "I believe it is! I am not sure! He is asleep!" as I took the child from her lap. "I came off in such haste that I could not supply the place of his nurse, who is sick. Then, too, I wanted him all to myself for a little while, you know. I suppose they could take him from me as it is, couldn't they?"

"What an idea!" said I, cheerily, but with secret and growing uneasiness at her strange behavior. "Why, who would want him?"

"That is what I try to remember! Nobody would care to be troubled with the care of him, except the mother that bore him. And it does seem to me that mine is the best right. *She* never cared for children, and I hope he will let me keep my boy!"

"He is a noble fellow!" I responded, soothingly, while my heart throbbed so violently it seemed that it must awaken the little sleeper in my arms. "We will take him up to bed, and mamma must have a cup of tea immediately."

Chattering on about the heat of the day, the dust, my delight at seeing her—about everything that came into my head except the heavy, nameless fear that oppressed my spirit, I led the way to her chamber. There was a light there, and when I had deposited my burden upon the bed I went up to Leah, who stood by a window, and offered to remove her hat and mantle. Turning her wild eyes upon me, she whispered, motioning towards the servant who was unstrapping the trunk, "Send her out!" As the door shut behind the girl, Leah threw

herself upon my neck—"Oh, Maria, will you let me stay here a little while, until I die?"

An alarming fit of hysterics succeeded. It was two hours later when, lying pale and exhausted upon her pillow, her hand clasped in mine, she told me the story of her sufferings since we parted.

Janetta had not carried out her threat of complaint against and exposure of my "machinations," in the hearing of both husband and wife. She had never attempted to traduce me to Leah, nor was her conduct, throughout the convalescence of the latter, in the slightest degree offensive. She was gentle, respectful, almost affectionate to the woman she had tried so hard to injure; accepted gracefully her secondary place in the household. Her attentions transferred, for the most part, from the husband to the wife, were well-timed and skilful; her demeanor to Mr. Moore frank and free, kind and cousinly, yet evincing no desire for a prominent place in his regard, much less a monopoly of his affections. In the generosity of her lately-regained happiness, Leah was ready to consider much, if not all the misery of the past winter as the morbid dream of her imagination. Her husband had declared, in the most solemn terms, that she had misinterpreted many of his actions, and been misled by a diseased fancy in viewing others, and offered to renounce not only all intimacy but all intercourse beyond that of the coldest civility, with his cousin. To this Leah could not consent. It had never been her desire to interfere between him and his relatives. She felt real pity for the friendless girl, committed for a time to his guardianship, and expressed the wish that the mistakes and misunderstandings of the past should be forgotten, and the three form in future one united family. Nay, she went so far as to urge the propriety and kindness of this course upon Charles, when he hesitated to make the experiment, and doubted whether separation would not be best for all parties.

By imperceptible degrees affairs slid back into their old train. Janetta's manner lost its deference; covert taunts and open sneers, when Mr. Moore was not by, taking the place of the loving appeal and soft answer. Charles—never harsh or impatient in speech or look; generous to supply every expressed wish of his wife; watchful of her health and bodily comfort—nevertheless yielded, as formerly, to the exigent affection or vanity of his so-called sisterly kinswoman, and was, ere long, as thoroughly her slave as in the dark old days to which Leah had looked back with trembling; whose sha-

dow, she began to feel, was stealing fast after the doubtful brightness of the present. It was harder to endure in silence, now, than it had been then. Her illness had unhinged and enfeebled her nervous system. She was often irritable and peevish with her husband—conduct invariably regretted and apologized for by herself, and attributed by him to her health, when a more searching inquiry would have revealed to him a deeper cause in a tortured mind. Too proud to speak; ashamed to complain of the work whose beginning was apparently in her own imprudent confidence; aware, moreover, that such remonstrance would be met by the recapitulation of the license she had given, she resolved to bear on dumbly until the time for Mr. Dalrymple's return from abroad.

As if no drop were to be wanting in her cup of trial, there arrived by the steamer in which they had expected him to take passage a letter, announcing his intention of prolonging his stay until the autumn. His sister could either remain where she was, he wrote, or take up her abode for the summer in the family of another cousin, who resided in the western part of the State. It was like Janetta Dalrymple to put the letter and the question to be decided in Mr. Moore's hands, instead of settling the matter promptly for herself. She had less genuine self-respect than any other woman I ever knew. Of course Charles' inclination coincided with gallantry and hospitality in recommending her further sojourn under his roof. He was so incautious as to say as much to her before consulting Leah upon the subject, and was reminded sadly by his cousin that there might be an essential difference of opinion upon this point between the heads of the household. Thus artfully prepared to expect and resist an unreasonable show of opposition to his scheme, he sought his wife, and opened up the question in a tone that showed a foregone conclusion so arbitrary as to render the form of consultation a mockery. Her timid attempt at expostulation was met sternly, and her long and carefully repressed spirit arose in arms. She painted, with the burning emphasis of truth and feeling, the neglect and insult which had been, and were daily her portion, meted out by the hands of husband and guest; sketched the probable end of the entanglement that was constantly binding him more tightly, and was already the theme of slanderers' tongues, and closed by declaring that, if he chose to retain Miss Dalrymple as a member of his family, she would herself seek some other abode.

"The time has come when you must choose

between us!" were the words with which she quitted him.

How he broke the decision to Janetta she never inquired; but he informed her coldly the next day that she had written to engage board during the summer months with her distant cousin. The letter and its discussion were not named between Janetta and herself. In the process of time, the serpent in the house took her departure; and, in spite of her husband's lowering brow and marked depression of spirits, Leah breathed more freely. Strong in the night of her love, she believed that she could yet win him back; that, if the freshness and fervor of that early devotion, which is made up of faith and hope, were gone, there might still be in store for them a tranquil enjoyment of life, and the society of one another and their boy, that might take from memory its sting. After a time, the salutary effects of her endeavors after his comfort and pleasure began to be apparent. He recovered his cheerfulness; seemed satisfied and happy in her company, and there was, in the attentions he was never backward in rendering, an alacrity and soul whose lack she had felt most painfully while seeing them continually exhibited in his demeanor to another. If she suspected that he wrote regularly to his cousin, and received letters in return, she put the idea out of her mind as soon as possible, and concealed the hurt his silence upon this head caused her.

Four days ago, she went on to say, he had told her of important business which would call him away the middle of the month, and might detain him from home for a fortnight or more. He proposed, thoughtfully and kindly as it seemed to her, that she should spend the time of his absence with me. Thanking him for this considerate attention to her wishes, she promised to think over the matter, and they separated for the day. Court was in session, and he had to hurry off to be at his post in season. As she was passing through the upper hall in the course of the forenoon, she chanced to espy a waste-paper basket, which the housemaid had brought down from her master's study and left unemptied until her work in the chambers should be done. Upon the top of the disorderly pile of torn manuscripts, old newspapers, etc., lay an unfolded sheet of letter-paper, white and smooth, and evidently recently written upon. By a mechanical impulse of carefulness, prompting her to see whether this might not have been added to the refuse by the servant's blunder, Leah picked it up and glanced over it.

Voice and strength failed her. She drew a crumpled paper from her travelling satchel—crumpled and worn as by numberless readings—and passed it to me; then turned her face to the wall. It was an unfinished letter from Charles Moore to Janetta Dalrymple. "My own darling—my sweet Nettie," was the beginning. The purport of the communication was that he had made his arrangements to join the travelling party which was to set out the next week for a fortnight's tour, and accepted, with eager pleasure, her invitation to become her especial escort.

"And I warn you, my pet, that I will brook no interference from the 'handsome young collegian' of whom you try to make me jealous—you witch! The thought of having you all to myself for two whole weeks has almost set me crazy with joy. L. will probably pay Miss Allison a visit while we are gone. "I say 'we' to you, not her. You and I, my poor darling, have suffered too intensely from her absurd jealousy and prejudices in times past for me to run the risk of provoking the sleeping demon by revealing the direction of my journey, or in what company it will be made. I have sacrificed my inclinations and happiness to her so often during the last year, that I am surely justifiable in seeking something like heart-pleasure now. I shall count the moments until we meet—"

Here the delectable effusion had stopped. The date was the very morning upon which Leah discovered the waif. He had undoubtedly forgotten it in his haste when he found that he was behind time. She told me briefly by and by how she had heard him that evening inquiring of the servant whether she had taken a letter from his table, and biaming her, with unwonted harshness, for having, as she confessed, picked up one from the floor and put it among the waste matter, adding that it was well she had burned everything she had taken down, since there were papers in the basket he would not have meet other eyes for a thousand dollars. For two days she had to keep this terrible secret locked up in heart and brain; to act and speak as usual; to forego mourning over the love and hopes now indeed lost—buried forever; then she calmly kissed him "Farewell!" held up this boy for a parting caress, and, with tearless eyes, beheld him depart to happiness and her successful rival. Her own trunk was already packed, and she took the next train for the town in which was my home.

She poured out the story with a rapid inco-

herence that would have made me question the verity of certain portions, but for the unmistakable evidence of the letter. Smothering my indignation, I tried to persuade her to sleep, for her child's sake, if not her own.

"My boy! yes—I know! Put his cradle just here, where I can lay my hand upon it, and be sure the door is locked, please! They may try to rob me of him! He is all they have left me—everything!"

The fearful misgiving awakened in my mind by her first burst of emotion was too true! Her sorrow and its unnatural suppression had affected her mind. In this persuasion, I made an excuse of her apprehensions on her babe's account to insist upon remaining with her all night. She accepted the offer thankfully, and with an effort at self-command, that reminded me of the Leah of other times—when I had darkened the room and lain down upon a lounge, as if for repose—she closed her eyes and tried to compose herself to slumber. She had rested thus but a few minutes, when a low laugh, so hollow and desolate in its meaning that it chilled my blood, came to my ears.

"Maria, they named me rightly, did they not? We could hardly have blamed Jacob, had he deserted Leah entirely for the better-beloved Rachel!"

I would that I could obliterate from my mind as I can keep from my readers' eyes the scenes of the week that followed. After that fearful laugh and the accompanying words, there gleamed not one ray of reason upon her fevered brain for seven weary days and nights. She did not recognize her idolized boy, and talked to me as to a stranger. Oh! the matchless tenderness—the depth of woe revealed by the ravings of those dreadful hours! Wronged! deceived! deserted! thus arose the climax of woes upon which she had pondered until she had gone mad—and what wonder?

My brother wrote and telegraphed in various directions for Mr. Moore. His partner in business had been furnished, as had Leah, also, before Charles left home, with the names of two or three places where communications would be likely to intercept him, and there had arrived two letters for Mrs. Moore forwarded by the above-named gentleman to our address, but the postmarks upon these gave no additional clue to the wanderer's whereabouts, and, as we learned subsequently, none of our messages or notes reached him on the route.

Upon the eighth day, the sick woman awoke from sleep, sensible, calm—dying!

"I have dreamed of my mother, Maria!"

she whispered, a smile of holy peace illuminating her wan features. "Do you remember those words: 'As one whom *his mother* comforteth?' I do not die alone while you and she are here—and there is one nearer and dearer yet!"

The eyes, large and lustrous, looked steadfastly upwards; the lips moved without sound. There was no need of audible language in that communion! Then she asked for her babe, and, while he laughed in her face and cooed his gladness at seeing her again, she laid her hand upon his head and breathed a blessing.

"But for him, death would be all sweetness. As it is, I find it very easy!"

Even in that awful hour, my thoughts ran swiftly back to another night—three short years' before—when her full, happy tones had sunk with the weight of what I now read as fulfilled prophecy.

"God knows how constant and earnest is my prayer that I may make him as happy as he deserves to be! If the power is denied me, I shall find death very sweet!"

Oh, my poor, poor friend! She had not to wait long for the welcome guest, and his coming was painless as peaceful. Her last words were, "Give my love to Charles!" Of his infidelity and Janetta's vile treachery, she did not once speak. Already, before the weary sank to rest, the wicked had ceased to trouble her. At that very time, according to the testimony of a member of the travelling party, Charles Moore was waltzing with Janetta Dalrymple in the ballroom of a fashionable watering-place.

When he came to us, frenzied by the tidings that had met him upon his return to his home, his wife had slept in the grave for three days. I concealed nothing from him. I could not feel that he deserved mercy at my hands, although it was plain that his heart's blood welled at every stab. It was impossible for him to suffer as he had made her do, I reasoned savagely, yet half terrified at the sight of his horror of remorse.

"For pity's sake, no more!" he groaned, at last. "You will kill me! My poor girl! Heaven is my witness that I did love her to the end! I never dreamed of wronging her! If she had lived I could have explained everything!"

How, he did not say, nor did I care to inquire; but I imagine that he would have attempted a repetition of the arguments and assertions that had brought balm to her wounded spirit upon a former occasion. I suppose he assuaged

his torn conscience with these; purchased from it rest and forgiveness, as he would have hoped to buy hers, had she survived the blow he had dealt her, for he wedded Janetta Dalrymple in less than eighteen months afterwards.

I am thankful that, before this event took place, the sinless babe was gathered to his mother's arms, perhaps in answer to that mother's prayers. I am glad in the thought that in that high home of perfect peace, no knowledge or memory is permitted to enter that could mar the serenity of the tried and faithful, of whom the world was not worthy.

They say that Mr. Moore lives happily with his new wife, and it may be so. Justice and judgment are not of this life. I knew that when Leah died!

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### "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

WHEN the pearly gates of morning  
Ope and flood the earth with light,  
I arise, all foud and hopeful,  
From blest visions of the night,  
When I walked entranced beside her,  
And her hand was clasped in mine,  
And her voice of angel music  
Softly answered, "I am thine."  
But my bliss was bright and fleeting,  
As that dream of joy serene—  
While the dawning brightens upward  
Lone I weep, "It might have been."

Day by day I bow in worship,  
As she moves in beauty by,  
Grace enchanting in her motion,  
Love's warm splendors in her eye—  
'Neath her feet my heart is lying  
In its wild idolatry;  
But she turns from me unconscious  
Of my great love's misery;  
Every pulse that thrills my being  
Throbs for her my idol queen—  
But my youth is lost in sighing,  
Vainly now, "It might have been."

Once, with love's mysterious power,  
I allured her eyes to me,  
Quick they drooped with modest sweetness,  
My adoring look to see;  
Oh, I seemed at heaven's gate standing,  
When her tender, gracious smile  
Flashed a ray of glory o'er me,  
Kindling all my life the while;  
But a shadow darkened o'er me,  
Fate uprose our souls between,  
And I pierce the night with crying—  
"God of love, it might have been!"

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PRACTICE flows from principle; for as a man thinks so will he act.

## THANKSGIVING.

BY S. G. E.

MR. VAN LENNOR tells us that in the East they have no surnames. A worthy, turbaned old gentleman is content to be known as "Abdallah, the father of Hakim," and is so distinguished from the other Abdallahs of the neighborhood. Bachelors must be nobody under such a regime! What, too, becomes of family pride, driven from its stronghold in surnames? No doubt it has other fastnesses, where it will fight to the death for its existence. How well it would suit Young America to disown all connection with old-fogyish progenitors, and have the very "governors" reduced to being individualized only as the fathers of hopeful Bob, or Jim, or Orlando!

Mrs. Murray would have gone to the stake sooner than submit to such a subversion of the natural order of things. It is doubtful whether she would have been willing to go down to posterity as the mother of Washington himself. Not that Mrs. Murray was wanting in that affection which dignifies even the she-bear, and is the crowning beauty of the loveliest feminine character. Its true, deep current partook of the strength of her strong nature; but its flow was secret and silent as that of the ice-bound river. She kept her children in due or undue subjection. She had no idea of having her family tree turned upside down, so that the roots might develop into branches, and the branches take the place of the parent roots. No! no! Scotch on one side, and Puritan on the other, these were not the traditions in which she had been bred. She was the head of her own household now, no matter what may have been the case in good Mr. Murray's time, a period lost in the mystical past, and never referred to by the present self-sustained mistress of Oak Cottage.

Tall, stiffly-straight, pale, clear-eyed, well-featured, well-dressed, and "well to do in the world," Mrs. Murray was an admirable picture of a certain type of New England women. She affected no airs of youth. Her white lace handkerchief was folded over her bosom, and her muslin cap was free from taint of bow or furberlow. She wore human hair, smoothly brushed over her forehead, and no attempt was made to disguise or root out the silver lines which striped her bands of brown.

Just now Mrs. Murray was in mourning. The

village dressmaker had passed more than a week at Oak Cottage, and, on her departure, three new bombazines, three alpacas, and three black calicoes were left behind her as trophies of her skill. Not that Mrs. Murray had so profusely stored her own wardrobe. She had bought and had made suitable dresses for "the girls," Miss Minty and Miss Molly, the daughters of her house.

Tall, thin Miss Minty, and short, fat Miss Molly would never see their thirtieth birthday again; but their mother labored under a continual sense of their youth and inexperience, and cared as truly now for their wardrobe as when they had been "wee toddling things."

It was well that "the girls" had no share in choosing their mourning. Their eyes were so swollen with weeping that, give the scientific test-rub to the material as they might, they could not have properly scrutinized its fibre, and might have been alarmingly taken in.

The young brother, who had been their joy, had fallen on a distant battle-field, and found a lonely grave far from the home of his childhood. Mrs. Murray had shed no tears. She had rejoiced to see her favorite child offering himself for the service of his country, and when she received tidings of his death, she but grew more pale and rigid, and uttered not a murmur.

A few weeks after this bereavement, Miss Minty ventured to say: "I suppose we won't have any Thanksgiving this year, mother?"

"No Thanksgiving, child! Have we not enough to be thankful for? What do you mean?" was the astonished reply.

"No pies, I mean—no Thanksgiving dinner. I thought perhaps we would not keep the day just as usual this year," said Miss Minty.

"Pumpkin, cranberry tarts, apple, grape, mince, lemon, custard, and chicken pie, I ordered Melitable to get ready for, and we will go into the kitchen and make them to-morrow, girls. Is it any reason why we should cease to be thankful because the hand of the Lord has been laid upon us?" Thankfulness and pies seemed indissolubly connected in Mrs. Murray's mind.

Miss Minty gave a little sob, and Miss Molly disappeared through an open door. Neither of the girls was looking at Mrs. Murray; so

no one saw the quivering of her thin lips, and the moisture in her clear blue eyes.

Mrs. Murray stood with a pie well balanced on her left hand, while, with her right, she dexterously trimmed off the edges. Did her thoughts wander to the merry boy, whose delight it had once been to witness this part of the Thanksgiving preparations? Mehitable's apple-parings, skilfully left in one unbroken coil, did they remind the mother of the strong young arm, which had so often thrown over the shoulder these mystical auguries of marriage? To Miss Minty and Miss Molly, at least, such remembrances were ever present, and Mehitable was a perfect magazine of sighs, which were let off in volleys, more striking than sentimental.

A trio of fat chickens found a common grave in a well-covered chicken-pie, and Mrs. Murray put on that epitaph in sundry hieroglyphics of twisted slips of paste. Mince-meat was chopped, and seasoned, and tasted, and chopped, and seasoned, and tasted, till all the various blissful flavors were merged in the one, perfect, resultant, crowning flavor which pronounced the work complete. No little hard bits of apple, cold and crisp, no sudden surprises in the way of morsels undoubtedly from the animal kingdom, but a perfect chaos, without organization and subject to no laws of classification. What are mince-pies made for? What enemy of mankind first prompted their composition? What inventor of patent dyspepsia medicine brought into use these promoters of the disease he would pretend to cure? Mrs. Murray gave herself no trouble on this score. She held to mince-pies, as to baked beans on Saturday, as a fixed institution, not to be subverted by Carlyle, or Emerson, or any other destroyers of the old landmarks.

Of the pumpkin pies, we hardly dare to trust ourselves to speak, yet on them the good housewife expended her special care. They had been the favorites of her boy, and she seemed to have a kind of savage joy in making them the very quintessence of melting deliciousness, while she would not allow a single tear to tremble on her lashes at the thought of his pleasant "Another piece, mother; nobody can make pumpkin pies like you."

Poor dwellers in cities, who know only of ranges and stove-ovens, can never be properly thankful, according to Mrs. Murray's notions. Their eyes have never been gladdened with the sight of one of those antiquated, artificial caverns, as full of wonders to the eyes of childhood

as the Mammoth Cave, with all its array of stalactites and stalognites. We could never remember which of these white fingers of the past pointed up, and which down; but we well know that all the pies in Mrs. Murray's oven reverently looked towards the arching roof, the tarts with their wide open eyes, and the other gentry peering through the ocular slits, made in their covers for purposes known to Mrs. Murray.

The energetic mother always made a point of having Miss Minty and Miss Molly with her on these days of preparation, ostensibly to help her; but in reality they were as useless retainers as were Saladin's Arabs with their headless lances. Mehitable, one of those doubtful treasures, an old family servant, preferred to pare and chop, stone and grate, herself; and Mehitable generally carried out her own views, even in the face of Mrs. Murray. There was a legend of some former battle between these great powers, from which each retired with a respect for the other's prowess, and a determination to keep to the terms of the perpetual peace thereafter concluded.

No wonder Miss Minty and Miss Molly had never had a chance to be "grown up," with two such overwhelmingly depressing influences acting continually upon them. No voice, no will, no opinion, no mission, no sphere had yet been thought necessary for "the girls." They were unrebelling subjects under the most despot yet kindly will. Nature has her obstinate laws of growth, and shut out from her legitimate development, she will yet have free course in some direction. The fallen tree that dams the stream, but turns the swollen current to right or left, or makes a waterfall of the quiet brook. Wedge round the turnip seed with stones, and the poor struggling thing will make its way through the cracks, and its misshapen form will be as teeming with vegetable life as if it had had fair play.

Cut off from many an avenue of joy and usefulness, Miss Minty and Miss Molly had one path left them—a sweet, sunny path, which leads more surely to the Kingdom of Heaven than the beaten highway, where the self-satisfied roll in their gilded coaches.

Miss Minty and Miss Molly, unlike as they were in external appearance, had yet found a common outlet for their throbbing life. Their woman's heart poured itself forth in tender love to all the dead ones of the blood of the Murrays, and especially to the young brother, whose loss had plunged them in grief. How they inwardly shrank from this making of pies,

this "going on as usual," when the morning star had sunk in gloom!

Mrs. Murray was sitting "bolt upright" in her lawful end of the pew, listening to a Thanksgiving sermon. Think you the minister touched the tender chords of the human heart, and made them vibrate to a song of praise? Think you he cast an eye backward along life's journey, dwelling on the sunshine and the flowers, the little children and the singing birds, the loving companionships and the household joys, the blessings and the consolations, which every candid man must own have lightened his lot and cheered his pathway? Ah, no! A fierce, bold promulgation of his individual views of our country's "sea of troubles" was the sum and substance of the pastor's Thanksgiving sermon. Where he found his text we cannot say; doubtless he forced some bit of Scripture to preface a speech, which was anything but a Gospel message to sinful man.

There was nothing touching, truly, in this discourse, yet Miss Minty and Miss Molly had their handkerchiefs at their eyes more than once during its delivery. Not to the orator's eloquence were their tears a tribute. Unseen to others, to them, a dear worshipper seemed present beside them. The athletic form, the sunny eye, the soft brown locks, the manly air, every line of the loved brother's face, every movement of his figure, every tone of his voice was present to them with a vividness like reality. But one short year had passed since he stood with his hand on that pew-door, while the other held the very hymn-book on which Miss Minty's tears were now drooping.

Yet in the midst of their sorrow, the mourning sisters did not forget their cause for true thanksgiving. Their precious brother had early set his foot upon the narrow way. To them his young lips had talked of the glories of the Kingdom of Heaven. No word had come to tell how he met the King of Terrors, yet were they sure that through the "grave and gate of death" he had passed to a good resurrection.

Mehitable had not been at church—not she! She had been thankful in the midst of the blending odors of turkey boiled and roasted, crisping pig (of the Elia pattern), and chickens broiling of a tender brown—an atmosphere more suited to her taste than "sitting for two mortal hours, penned up in a meeting-house." We use her own words.

It was not strange, since so powerful a magician had been at work, that Miss Minty and

Miss Molly had barely time to substitute the alpaca for the bombazine (the latter being sacredly allied to the crape veil, and devoted to outdoor use) when dinner was announced.

Mrs. Murray's two married sons had been invited, as usual, to dine with their mother, and, as usual, their wives were understood to be included in the invitation.

There was stout Tom Murray, with his pretty silly little wife. There was grave Robert Murray, with his merry, talkative partner. All were subdued to uncommon taciturnity by this sad family meeting. These same people were by no means always gloomy at home and around their own table, in spite of that affliction; but being together, a stiff sort of solemnity was pitched upon by common consent, as the proper demeanor for the occasion.

Mrs. Murray took her place at the head of the table; Robert, the oldest son, assumed the foot, while the two wives were ranged opposite their sisters-in-law. *Vis-à-vis* to Thomas Murray was a vacant chair, placed there by Mehitable's orders, perhaps to make all balance, or, possibly, as a silent remembrance of him who had once been the life of these family gatherings.

Mrs. Murray folded her hands to ask the blessing. She had borne up valiantly thus far. She had been true to her theories. She had crucified her own feelings. She had checked all outward expression. She had made pies and been thankful, in spite of a sore and wounded heart. Now her lips quivered, and her voice trembled. She could trust not herself in the long grace generally deemed fit for such festal days. She could only substitute, "God help us, and make us thankful!"

Were those her own hands covering her two eyes? No! Those hands were withdrawn, and two strong arms were round her neck, and a brown cheek was pressed close to hers.

"Mother! dear mother! Did you really believe I was dead? And you tried to bear up bravely; but I heard your voice tremble! I did not know you loved me so!"

"Love you! I love you like my own soul! God be praised! You are safe!" exclaimed the mother.

The barriers were broken down; the flood-gates were opened. The mother had thrown off the mask. The true woman would speak now and evermore.

Ah, that was a Thanksgiving Day indeed! In that merry party none were more merry than the youthful soldier. As for Minty and Molly, they were almost wild with joy. They

left all other feasting to feast their eyes on that recovered treasure, and took more friendly liberties with their mother, and were more at ease than ever before in their mortal lives. Nobody blamed the papers for reporting one soldier as dead, who had only been taken prisoner. The happy seldom find fault. It is the sour and discontented who always have a "bone to pick with somebody," and, dog-like, growl over it.

Mehitable, long after this Thanksgiving Day, was wont to say: "Miss Murray was right. We ought to be thankful, and have our pies when the day comes round, no matter what happens. Suppose the Lieutenant should have come home and found no right sort of a dinner ready for him! That would have been a pretty 'How d'ye do!'"

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#### THE ORPHAN.

THERE is much to call forth our most tender pity in this word! A weary life must hers be. We, who know, and daily experience, the blessed comfort of a kind father and mother, cannot enter into her feelings; what a pang of desolation must shoot through her heart when she thinks she is bereft of a mother's anxious care, and a father's tender watchfulness: no bosom upon whom she can rest, no kind parent to whom she can confide her daily troubles; perhaps no sister into whose affectionate ear she can pour forth her thoughts. Providence has bereft her of all these earthly props; and sad it is, but alas! too true, that there are many who are thus let adrift on the ocean of life with not even *one* friend to whom they can flee in an hour of need; and not even a fire-side they can call their own. *Alone*, the orphan has to fight her way through this weary world, doubly wearisome to her: her path is oftentimes a very thorny one. She meets with no friend, no kindness, no sympathy! The remembrance of the past only increases her grief; and her eyes fill with tears when she thinks of her dear parents' admonition, and that the voice which spoke so many gentle, warning words to her is now hushed forever in the silence of the grave.

But, though the orphan is bereft of all her earthly friends, she has a never-failing Friend above, who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and that those who seek Him earnestly shall most certainly find Him. *Many*, perhaps, in the bitterness of their grief, are apt to think God has forgotten them; but however inexplicable His dealings may appear, we

should remember He chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of holiness; and in the midst of our sorest afflictions, remember that it is an all-wise Father who is laying His rod upon us; but let us, who are blessed with kind parents, be doubly thankful to Him who has spared them to us, and endeavor to do all in our power to mitigate and soothe the griefs of our fellow-creatures; but, whether our path here below be smooth or rugged, let us recollect that if we serve Him faithfully in *this* world we shall at the last day receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away; and "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glories which shall be revealed to us."

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#### PURPOSE IN LIFE.

In order to the accomplishment of any noble purpose, it is necessary to have a carefully-laid plan; for a rambling and desultory application, even with a virtuous intent will prove altogether inadequate.

It is a poetical assertion that "life without a plan serves merely as a soil for discontent to thrive in," and of the justness of this assertion the proofs abound. But if we would shrink from the idea of abandoning what was intended for a garden of fruitfulness and beauty, to the growth of rank and ungrateful weeds, we must lose no time, but begin at once to occupy the ground and lay down our plans.

Some point in view, some fixed object of pursuit, is a spur to the energies, and where that point in view is something really great and good, the influence it exerts is sufficient to inspire courage, and sustain the concentration of the powers requisite for its attainment. And, more than this, the influence of that great and good object upon which the mental eye is fixed, imparts to life a zest and earnestness which those who pass an aimless existence can neither understand nor appreciate. Yet this is no forced or fancied representation, but a plain statement of the contrasts of character arising from the presence or absence of an object, a plan, a noble motive, and a high resolve. May we never want these, and then we may give melancholy complainings to the winds, for we shall find that life is too short and too precious to spare any part of it for anything but its important work.

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God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

## THE STORY OF "FAIR MABEL."

BY BEATA.

Come hither, little daughter mine, and near me take thy seat,  
 And knit upon thy father's hose while I my tale repeat;  
 Of Mabel fair thou oft hast heard, and marvelled in thy heart  
 Why mystery and dark dismay made of her fate a part.  
 Now I will tell thee her short life, for thou art heedless too,  
 And ever prone to wander forth in search for something new—  
 'Twas thus thy cousin loved to roam, and household duties scorned,  
 But girls had better stay at home, by wiser counsel warned.

Now pretty near to Mabel's house uprose a castle grand,  
 The like was nowhere to be seen in all this prosperous land;  
 The mistress of this mansion fine had foreign countries seen,  
 And gathered in its spacious halls were wondrous things I ween;  
 The tales of all these wondrous sights had reached the maiden's ear,  
 And that she might admittance gain she sought both far and near.

It chanced one day—an audience day!—the gate she open found,  
 And, pleased her wishes to obtain, she entered to look round;  
 But scarce the portal had she cleared, when to her startled mind  
 A legend came she oft had heard—the park was so designed  
 That only whom the owner chose could tread the hidden way,  
 All others might for weeks or years disconsolately stray.  
 But daunted not, the maiden bold remembered one she knew,  
 Who for admittance to the house possessed the wished-for clue.

Fortune does often help the brave; she scarce ten steps had turned,  
 When Mabel saw the very friend for whom her bosom yearned.  
 Courageously she told her need, and threaded the vast maze,  
 Delighted with the objects new that met her earnest gaze.

At length they gained the stately hall: what wonders all around!  
 Flowers from distant climes were here, fountains with tinkling sound;  
 Statues and vases, works of art, are clustered without end,  
 And Mabel thanked over again her kind, obliging friend.  
 They reached at length the audience room, and what looked grand before,  
 Seemed but a dim reflected light from what the maiden saw.

Hangings and mirrors blazed with gold, and scarce she dared to move,  
 Lest all should vanish from her sight, some vast delusion prove;

Ladies were there in rich attire, whose beauty matched their dress,  
 And men of rank and high renown within the circle press.

But in one corner, quite alone, she saw what seemed a man,  
 And near, and nearer bent her steps, the strange, great thing to scan  
 An Ogre, 'twas ugly and grim—the sight near made her scream,  
 Though all did say the grand ladye held him in great esteem.  
 The guests she loved to entertain he never harmed at all!  
 On those who entered without leave with tooth and nail he'd fall!  
 When Mabel came beneath his eye she wished she were at home  
 (But these who follow every whim will oft to mischief come).

And now the ladye entered; was e'er such splendor seen?  
 All rose to do her homage, just though she were a queen:  
 At the first glance she saw a stranger in the crowd,  
 And calling her most kindly she praised her beauty loud;  
 And graciously she smiled. "My pretty friend," she said,  
 "I wish you to see every gem that here is gathered."  
 Then to her strange attendant spoke, "This fair one, I presume,  
 Would like to see our wonders all—take her through every room.  
 The pictures and the flowers, show them to her, I pray,  
 The sweetest flower must yield to her, so sweet, so fresh,  
 and gay!  
 But, when you reach some quiet spot," she whispered in his ear,  
 "Then eat her up—for I will have no interloper here."  
 (I wish thee to remember, child, the great are often stern;  
 Improve my story as it runs, and thus the moral learn.)

But how he swallowed Mabel up, and how she did implore,  
 I cannot tell with certainty, we never saw her more!  
 Some say she was not harmed. The ladye kept her there,  
 A pretty thing to look upon, for she was wondrous fair.  
 Girls of sixteen are silly things, but I may safely say  
 Mabel would gladly have been plain, could she get safe away.  
 But though her father stormed the house and begged for his dear child,  
 The ladye answered not a word, she heard and only smiled.  
 The great hall door was closely shut, the judge could not pass through,  
 And when the Ogre walked abroad his teeth were hidden too.

So, daughter, ever be content, and e'er it be too late,  
 True wisdom gather from the tale of Mabel's mournful fate.  
 Ogres are plenty in the world, and beauty is a snare;  
 And should one praise thy rosy cheeks, thy long and curling hair,  
 Then think upon thy cousin lost, and flattery beware

## FRIENDSHIP ENDANGERED.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(See *Steel Plate*.)

It was the scene and hour for confidence. The hazy twilight of a damp, warm summer day was creeping in with its cooling breath at the window of the "girls' room," one of the cosiest prettiest apartments that ever graced a country-seat; and near the window, seated one in the deep arm-chair, the other on a pile of cushions on the floor, were the girls—two as bright, sunny-faced, lovable specimens of the class as ever vowed eternal friendship, or exchanged heart confidences. The one on the floor, half sitting, half lying in her luxurious nest of cushions, was a graceful brunette, with large soft black eyes, and a profusion of the darkest brown hair, just verging on black. The other was a tall blonde, with soft golden tresses, and large blue eyes; and to finish the introduction in due form, the one in the chair was Miss Mena Lee; the other, Miss Martha Harris. And now, having drawn up curtain, set the scene, and introduced the characters, let the latter speak for themselves.

"I am so glad you like our room," said Martha. "When auntie first told me you were coming, she was going to put you in the spare room; but I petitioned for you to come in here with me, unless you objected very seriously."

"I could not be better pleased," was the cordial reply. "I am a sad coward about sleeping alone, though I have done so for years. I never had a sister, and my parents died when I was a wee baby."

"As mine did. We must be sisters to each other, dear Mena."

The fair-haired girl bent down, with an earnest look on her face, and a loving light in her eyes to seal the contract with a warm kiss and embrace.

"And now," said Martha, "let us commence our relationship by knowing something about each other. I am the hostess; so I will tell you my story first. As you came so unexpectedly to-day to find me sole occupant of the premises, I will tell you first of the people here. Uncle George is an old gentleman who can be described in one word—lovable. He has the kindest heart, the sweetest smile, the most cheery voice, and the heartiest laugh I ever heard. I don't think he ever spoke a harsh word, or thought a hard judgment in his life.

Aunt Mary is the dearest little bit of a blue-eyed angel that ever made a good man happy. Rupert, their only child, is now about twenty-three; tall, rather handsome, with a noble stock of talents, a frank, generous nature, and his father's kind love for all mankind. I come next. I am inaccurate in calling Mr. Loyd my uncle, he is really not related to me. His father married twice: Uncle George is the son of the first wife. My grandmother was his second wife, and was a widow with one child—my mother—at the time she married Uncle George's father. I have heard from members of the family of the devoted love between my mother and Uncle George; and when I was left an orphan at six months old, Aunt Mary took me to her heart and home, and I have never felt the loss of either parent."

"Then Mr. Loyd is in a measure your guardian, as he is mine. He takes care of your property, does he not?"

"A heavy charge!" said Martha, laughing heartily. "Why, Mena, two pennies would outweigh all the property I have in the world, yet I have never had a wish ungratified, or a whim crossed. And now tell me about yourself."

"There is but little to tell. When my father died, he left Mr. Willis and Mr. Loyd my guardians, and they put me at a boarding-school. Last month Mr. Willis died, and Mr. Loyd wrote to my teacher to send me here when my term was over. That is all."

But as the evening came on the flow of talk became more earnest. Mr. and Mrs. Loyd had gone into the city to transact some business, and were not expected home until morning, and Rupert was away on a shooting excursion; so there was nothing to break in on the long conversation. As the twilight deepened, and the night shadows trooped more thickly into the room, Mena slid from her chair to share Martha's impromptu couch; and so, locked in each other's arms, these two warm-hearted girls, full of loving impulses, with no thoughts to conceal, no secrets to restrain, opened their hearts to each other. It was but a trifling record to repeat stories of school life, of glimpses into the great world of society, of favorite studies and pet authors, of dear delicious hours

in country rambles, or blushing confessions at attempted poetry, or "some time to be seen" stories, suggested by this or that incident met on the highway of their quiet lives. But little for other ears to hear, but who is there that cannot recall some hour of such entire confidences when dear hands clasped each other fast, and the magnetism of entire friendship opened wide the portals of the heart.

Of course, in such confidential chat, it was but natural for Martha to allude frequently to her cousin, Rupert Loyd, the companion of her whole young life. From the hour when he had been allowed to make her a cradle of his boyish arms, he had been her protector, brother, companion, and nurse. His was the task to guide her baby footsteps, his the hand to teach her later to control her horse, his arm her support in all arduous walks, his voice ever ready to sympathize in all her joys and sorrows, and with the earnest zeal of a sister for a dearly loved brother, she described his every grace and virtue, till Mena's full share of interest was roused to see and admire this hero of Martha's affections.

The night had gone past its noon before the young girls went to bed, and early morning found them up, and sharing the pleasant labor of making ready for Mr. and Mrs. Loyd's return. The flower vases were to be refilled with fresh flowers, an extra dinner to be ordered, and dessert prepared by Martha's nimble fingers, and a thousand little dainty devices contrived to make the house look cheerful and homelike. Then fresh bright dresses and smooth hair, and the girls were ready for the arrival of the host and hostess.

When Uncle George's kind cordial voice bade her welcome, and Aunt Mary gave her a gentle motherly caress, and both poured out their earnest, loving desire to have her made comfortable, Mena felt that she had indeed found a home. Her soft eyes were full of grateful tears as she shared with Martha the "good-night" kiss of her kind hosts; and the talk that night was full of the kindness of both uncle and aunt. Martha's many stories of the loving care that had made her home so pleasant since her infancy were readily credited, and Mena's first impressions were as enthusiastic and warm as even the exacting love of Martha could desire.

It was not until she had been domesticated in her new home for nearly a fortnight that Mena first saw Rupert. During that time she had been winning with her gentle loving manner, her sweet low voice, and ready yet modest

intelligence, the love of all. Uncle George insisted upon having from her lips the same title Martha gave him, and Aunt Mary claimed the same privilege.

The days passed pleasantly in rambles, rides, music, reading, and the thousand little devices women always have ready in needlework to pass long summer days. The love that began so auspiciously on the night of Mena's arrival, still drew her affection to Martha to meet a warm return. They were inseparable; sharing the same room, interested in the same pursuits; from the hour when they bade each other "Good-morning" till they slept, locked in each other's arms, their days were passed in sweet intercourse. There was sufficient contrast in their dispositions to keep this love ever warm, and prevent any jar.

Martha, active, energetic, and impulsive, seemed the stronger nature of the two, and took the lead in even their most trifling pursuits; while the clinging fondness, the gentle submissiveness of Mena's character turned ever to her stronger companion for guidance and support.

They were in the parlor together, about two weeks after Mena's arrival, with no light but the silver flood the moon poured in at the open window. Mena was at the piano, while Martha sat half hidden among the folds of the window curtain. Mena was playing one of Grebbman's Nocturnes, with a movement that suited the hour. The notes trickled from her fingers' touch as water ripples over the stones in a brook, and rose and fell in waves of melody. They had been seated there for nearly an hour, when Mena felt a pair of strong arms clasp her waist, and before she had time to cry out, a moustache brushed her cheek, and a warm kiss was printed on her lips. With quick indignation she sprang to her feet, pushing the intruder from her, with a force her slight form seemed scarcely capable of.

"Why, Mattie, what's the matter?" The hearty manly voice, half laughing, was full of surprise.

"Mattie is here, Rupert."

He turned to the window, with a quick gesture; but instantly returning, said: "How can I apologize?"

"It is not necessary; I see the error," said Mena; but her quick breathing and trembling figure showed how she had been startled.

"And this is Mena Lee, Rupert, my newly-found sister," said Martha.

"Mine then as well, if she can forgive my

rudeness," he said, extending his hand to clasp hers with a cordial pressure.

"Look out in future for the difference between fair hair and dark," said Martha, "and Mena will no longer obtain my caresses."

"Where's mother?"

"The true boy question!" said Mrs. Loyd from the inner room that opened on the parlor. "Mother's here, and father, too. Come in, all of you, and hear our runaway give an account of his visit."

It was an account full of racy, sparkling interest. Stories of adventure by field and flood in search of game, all told with a lively grace that made the meanest words interesting. The tall, lithe figure in the rough dress suiting his late pursuits, graceful and animated, the dark eyes flashing, the white teeth gleaming as the handsome mouth poured out its fund of words, and the half-sancy, half-modest consciousness of being the hero of his own tales, all made Rupert very fascinating to the lonely orphan who had never before been in familiar intercourse with a gentleman; her only idea of the sex being confined to the white gloved youngsters she had met at the boarding-school parties, or the teachers of the institute. It was no wonder she was pleased with this long-expected hero, whose gentlemanly language and refined manners toned down his rough dress, and gave a grace to his wildest story of adventure.

This was the first evening.

All day, his holiday being over, Rupert was in town in a lawyer's office, where he was junior partner; but in the evening he invariably sought his sisters to, as he said, clear all the cobwebs from his brain. Music, conversation, company made these evenings the pleasant hours of the day to both Mena and Martha; but while to the latter they were but the resuming of a regular routine, to the former they were a delightful and dangerous novelty.

Thinking nothing of such danger, without the most distant idea of flirting, Rupert was to her a courteous, tender brother. As he treated Martha, so he began to treat this new sister; and as one shared his thoughts, so the other, too, soon became his *confidante*, sought for as every new device for enjoyment came to his mind, protected with the gentlest courtesy, and made a centre for every kindness. Both Rupert and Martha strove by every loving device to make the stranger feel her new residence indeed a home.

Unknown to herself, unsuspected by her companions, Mena was giving to Rupert the first love of her untried heart, learning to feel

his presence the sunshine of her life, his approval her surest guide, his affection her keenest pleasure. With such brotherly intercourse as his, there came no thought of jealousy to either Mena or Martha; both thought they regarded him as a brother, and he as blindly thought they were to him dear sisters—nothing more.

Two years passed, with their ever-varying panorama of pleasure and pain, and then a cloud gathered over this family, before so happy. Uncle George, the tender husband, the kind father and uncle, the placid gentleman, became slowly yet fatally altered. He absented himself from home for a whole day at a time—a thing, as he had years before retired from active business, that grew alarming as it became more frequently repeated. In the evening, returning from such absence, he was morose and sometimes even violent, angrily resenting any inquiry as to his business, and checking instantly any allusion to his absence. From looking with impatience for pleasant evenings, the family grew to dreading them as the time of restraint and fear. One night he did not return. After waiting until midnight, Rupert sought him in the city. His first inquiry was at the office of his father's lawyer, and there he found his father's corpse—a suicide! There was no time then for explanation; the fatal news was to be carried home, the wife's wild grief soothed, the whole burden of comforter to the three mourning women resting on Rupert's hands. His must be the head to keep clear for all arrangements, his the voice to direct, the mind to thrust out its own stunning weight of pain, and support the new burden of responsibility.

It was not until the funeral was over, and the house restored to that dreary quiet that follows a great shock, that Rupert again went to the lawyer's office.

"My task," said the old man, kindly, "is the most painful one of my life. I have known and loved you from a boy, Rupert, and your father was dear to me as a brother, yet I must—" He made a long, long pause while the young man waited, not daring to break the silence that was numbing him in its chilling terror. "Your father, Rupert, about two years ago, became interested in the new, absorbing speculations in western lands, and against my most earnest advice, plunged blindly into buying on a scale his income would not justify. I did not know until the day he died that he had invested Miss Lee's money as well as his own in this hazardous investment; but he

came here, mad with the intelligence that his stock upon which he was building most sanguine hopes was worthless. He confessed to me his falsity as guardian, and declaring himself unable to bear the shame and burden of his sin, stabbed himself here at my side. Your mother's property makes her independent, and you have your profession; your Cousin Martha will have something from your mother's will, and no doubt a home for life; Miss Lee is beggared."

Rupert tried to speak, but his voice was choked, and his parched lips refused to make a sound.

"Rupert, I am going to take a liberty that only your father's oldest friend may dare to take, when I advise you to marry Mena Lee."

A cry of pain burst from Rupert's lips.

"I know," the old man said, and his voice was tender as a woman's, "this sounds cruel and abrupt so soon after your great loss and my painful disclosures; but I know, too, it will be the dearest object of your life to keep your father's error a secret between you and myself. When your Uncle John dies, you are the heir to his property, and can replace Miss Lee's. Until then, unless you support her, she is penniless."

"But she can live at home with my mother, and I will lay every penny at her feet."

"She would not accept it; and your utmost efforts could not earn the income to which she is entitled. After she is your wife, you can tell her why she is poorer, and I leave you to judge whether she is likely to love you less when she knows you have married a beggar instead of an heiress."

"But—"

Rupert paused; that confidence just on his lips was too sacred to pass their portals. Suddenly, by the light of this new call upon him, he read truly his own heart—he loved Martha! And she—ah! he dared not now think of the thousand little acts he would once have recalled as proofs that he did not love in vain. All her sweet confidence, her thousand winning ways, might be but the outpouring of her sisterly affection, they might mean—. He tore himself shuddering from the thought.

He was young, enthusiastic, devotedly attached to his father, with an affectionate brotherly love for Mena; he was urged on by what seemed duty, the advice of the man second only to his father in his heart, and by his own keen sense of honor. What wonder then that he persuaded himself that he could *learn to love* (the very phrase mocked him) and learn,

too, to forget. Then and there, with his friend's encouraging voice in his ear, he wrote to Mena.

She was sitting in the library, thinking over the sad events of the past few days, and trying to form some plan for her own future. Martha was in her aunt's room, giving some directions about the mourning to be made, and trying to rouse the widow from her apathy of sorrow. When the servant opened the door to hand Mena the letter, she was thinking so intently of Rupert's grief and Rupert's loss that the envelope directed in his hand seemed only following out her train of thought. She opened and read it.

One short week ago every chord of her heart would have thrilled with rapture at the prospect of being Rupert's wife; but now the note chilled, half frightened her; it was a cold, formal offer of his hand, with but few words of affection, and those seemed forced. It was not even in the warm, brotherly style of his usual intercourse with her, and she sat, pained, wondering, and full of vague sorrow, looking forward with eyes full of sad, questioning wonder.

"Mena!"

Martha was beside her, holding in her hand the envelope she had just thrown aside. For the first time in all their long intercourse the friends met with the chill of restraint between them.

"Mena, why does Rupert write to you, when he sees you constantly? Mena—" oh, the agony of the tone! "there is no new trouble?"

"No, no, Martha! Rupert wrote to"—and the forming of the words turned her vague pain to pleasure—"ask me to be his wife."

"To-day! so soon! His father scarcely cold in his grave! Rupert!"

Then, as the full sense of the words came into her heart, then she, too, learned that her adopted cousin was dearer than a brother, that she, too, loved him.

It was a bitter, bitter day. Rupert bowed down under the weight of his knowledge of his father's sin; Martha vainly trying to make her woman's pride cover her woman's love; Mena, with the keen intuition of love, reading the constraint of Rupert's redoubled attentions.

Three long weary months passed, and still the cloud of restraint hung over all these young hearts. The warm, loving words that had become habitual between the girls were changed for the commonplace sentences necessary between inmates of the same room and house, while Mena grew daily more troubled and puzzled over Rupert's behavior.

She could find no fault. He was attentive

beyond the requirements of even a lover. Every hour at home was passed by her side, while he avoided Martha as studiously as she avoided him. Yet he was no joyous lover. Even his father's death could not account for the gloom that grew every day deeper; the pale cheeks that were becoming so thin and wan; the tone of sadness that marked even his tenderest words to her. If he pressed his lips to hers it was with the tender, self-reproachful pressure of one craving pardon for some offence, and his caress was as protecting as it was loving.

She was lying on the parlor sofa, half dozing, when the enigma was solved. Mrs. Loyd was in the inner room, reading, and Martha had gone to her own room when Rupert came in.

"You are late, my son," his mother said, as he sat down on a low stool at her feet to caress her hand; "the girls have gone to bed."

"Never mind! Let me be your boy to-night, as before the girls came."

Mena lay still, half dozing. She could not escape except by passing through the room where the mother and son were seated, and she was slowly learning not to seek Rupert's presence. From some anxious questions Mrs. Loyd put to her son, some comment on his pallid face, some motherly pleading for confidence, the whole story came from Rupert's lips. He had learned that day that his mother *must* know of his father's sin before long, and he had voluntarily undertaken to tell her all. From that to his own part in the sad affair, his own love, his more than suspicion of Martha's, all came from his overburdened heart to his mother's sympathizing ears, and to the involuntary listener, who heard her heart's death-warrant from those pale impassioned lips.

The blow proved too much for the widow. Before Mena could let Rupert know of her resolve to release him, she was called to assist in caring for Mrs. Loyd, sinking rapidly into a dangerous state of prostration, from which she never rallied.

Again we see the friends in the room where we were first introduced to them. The winter winds are sweeping round the house, and in the place of the soft white raiment of summer both wear deep mourning garments, and sat far apart—one near the window, the other by the fire. Mena was the first to speak. Leaving the seat near the window, she came to Martha's side, and bent over her in the old caressing way.

"Mattie, we are drifting away from each other day by day, till the old love is dying out of our hearts, and now, when I have my hardest

burden to bear, I have no friend to whom I can go for a word of sympathy, no voice to comfort me."

"What sorrow can you have?" Martha's voice was cold and hard.

"Rupert and I have broken our engagement. He does not love me—he—Mattie! look up, he loves *you*, and I am breaking my own heart to give him to you."

The ice barrier was broken. The fast pouring tears from Mena's eyes fell 'on Martha's bosom as she was pressed closely to it, and locked, as of old, fast in each other's arms—again the young girls exchanged confidences. All the story that Mena had heard she told Martha, that she might know how loving and loyal, how self-sacrificing and noble Rupert had been. She made no secret of her own love, only imploring Martha to help her in her resolve to conquer it.

Two years later, when Uncle John died, and Rupert replaced his father's violated trust, Mena returned from her position as teacher to again make her home with the sister she loved; the brother, for whom she had now the affection he craved, came back to the happiest home, the most loving couple, and the warmest welcome that the world could produce.

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### I CAN'T AFFORD IT!

BY M. M. BARRETT.

"I CAN'T afford it!"

"But, father, I'll do without the new bonnet you promised me; I can have my old one pressed, and it will do quite well, and—"

"You will have the new bonnet. As for the *Lady's Book*, it would just fill your head with all sorts of folly, and my daughter would become another Florence Dieaway. No indeed! I can't afford it."

"But she don't take the Book—never has taken it. It might put some ideas of taste into her head, if she would," was the thought that passed through her mind.

It was of no use to say anything more; for James Percy was, as one of the neighbors expressed it, "remarkably set in his way." He had formed the opinion that all reading of stories was a sin, and a fashion-plate an abomination.

Mary Percy was an only child; years before, her mother had been laid to rest beneath the wide-spreading branches of the willow. People called James Percy cold and proud; they did not see that his heart was ever filled with sor-

row for the early dead; nor did they see the tears that dimmed his eyes, as his gaze rested on his daughter, while she busied herself with household duties.

"Mary has got her mother's eyes!" Mr. Percy had let fall his hoe, and was wiping the large drops from his forehead. "She's got her mother's eyes!" and his gaze was fixed on the willow, whose long, sweeping branches touched the white marble. He resumed his labor; but there was a look of care upon his face, and he was evidently debating some question in his mind. At last, he said aloud, "No, I can't afford it. There's those horses of Nye's! I must get them; and the payment on the south lot must be made next week, and the barn wants a new roof, and—"

"Mr. Percy!"

He started, for so intently was his mind occupied with the thoughts that had just found expression in words, that he had not heard the light footsteps of the lady who now stood by his side.

"Mr. Percy, if you are not too busy, I would like to say a few words to you about Mary." And Mrs. Lee, the minister's wife, seated herself on the grass at the foot of the large maple tree, near which they were standing.

Mrs. Lee was a woman for whose opinion James Percy had a high regard. She was a practical Christian—one who would not forget the everyday duties of life in endeavoring to accomplish some doubtful or distant good.

"I am getting up a club for the *Lady's Book*," said Mrs. Lee, "and called at your house, thinking that Mary would like to subscribe; but she tells me you think you 'cannot afford it.'"

James Percy looked up with surprise. He had always supposed that the *Lady's Book* was an "institution" expressly for young ladies who wished to while away their time in light reading, or lighter work; but his false notions were suddenly swept away like the mist of morning. Before him was a woman who stood as the personification of all that was pure and excellent, and this woman was getting up a club for the book he so much despised. No wonder he looked surprised. After a moment's hesitation, however, he said:—

"Well, times have been rather hard for me. You know Jameson ran away, and he was owing me five hundred dollars, and there are considerable many things to be bought for the farm, and, the fact is, I would not mind the money so much, but I was afraid of the effect on Mary's

mind—afraid that she might get extravagant notions of life, and that she would not be the same contented little housekeeper that she now is. Do you think there is no danger of this?" And there was the slightest trace of hesitation in his voice as he asked the question.

"Its effects would be quite the opposite. I feel assured," said Mrs. Lee. "My mother was one of the first to subscribe for the Book, and every volume since that time is now in my possession; and you will not accuse me of egotism, if I say that I am confident I should never have been able to accomplish the amount of good which I have thus far, but for the influence that it exerted upon me in my early days; indeed I cannot tell you all that it has done for me. I have never offered to lend my Book to Mary, as I do not think it right; it seems like defrauding the publisher, for *many* will not take a magazine while they can borrow, and, at the same time, the borrower has to read with such haste, that half the beauties are unappreciated, while the numerous receipts and various other valuable items are not read at all, or, at least, not remembered in once reading. I have no doubt that, to Mary, with her good taste and noble fingers, the Book would be invaluable.

James Percy smiled; evidently the compliment pleased him, for he felt that it was a just one.

"Mary is a spry little thing; that's a fact. Just like her mother when I married her, twenty years ago next Thanksgiving." His mind seemed to wander back to the old days with strange pertinacity. "Well," he said, at last, "I think you may put Mary's name on your list." And thus was the prejudice of James Percy conquered.

A year had passed away. Mary was busy spreading the cloth for the evening repast. There was a look of refinement about her, and her dress, although of the simplest materials, was made with care, and harmonized with her complexion. A neat collar encircled her throat, and her black silk apron, with its delicate pockets, told of neatness and good taste. The farm-house, too, had improved in many of its arrangements. The table-spread in the front room was *appliqué*, and "father's chair" had received a new cover; a tidy was also added, and a lamp-mat had made its appearance. All these improvements had been made without neglect of other duties. Her father's favorite dishes still appeared upon the table, better prepared, as he had more than once said; for

now she had an unfailling guide in all cases of doubt, and could, therefore, economize both time and materials.

"Mary," said Mr. Percy, "is it not about time Mrs. Lee was getting up her club for Godey's? I think you had better send; in fact I don't see how we ever got along without it. I've been reckoning up some of the items that it has saved me during the last year. There's that table-spread and lounge-cover—those I should have had to buy; those other 'fixin's,' although not exactly necessaries, still are quite an improvement to the looks of a room; then I should certainly have lost my best colt, but for that receipt for bruises. Well, I am sure it has been worth more than a hundred dollars to me the past year, and hereafter I think I can afford to take the *LADY'S BOOK*."

### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

*Pearl the Elvewitch.—November.*

WHERE the brown squirrel stops and peeps—  
Where the field mouse in safety sleeps—  
And over stunted stubble heaps  
And down the wold NOVEMBER sweeps—

The sound of dropping nuts is hushed;  
The late, last flowers lie drooped and crushed,  
And every face we meet is flushed  
By the crisp breeze that o'er it rushed.

And o'er the face of nature spreads  
The hues that tell us how she treads  
The worn pathway of time, and sheds  
Both shade and sunshine on our heads.

There was a time, there was a time  
(Oh, sing it soft in sweetest rhyme!)  
When the bells rang a sweet Spring chime,  
And the world was in its youthful prime.

There was an hour, there was an hour  
(Oh, own the magic of its power!)  
When roses decked each wood and bower,  
And beauty graced the Summer's dower.

There was a day, there was a day  
(Oh, twine it kindly in your lay!)  
When Nature's bosom, flush with grain,  
Greeted the farmer's Autumn rain.

But now the recompense is past;  
The fleeting year draws near at last  
The goal so many reach so fast;  
Already is its shadow cast

Upon NOVEMBER's weary brow,  
And as we look, we ponder how  
We've seen the changing seasons bow,  
But not with feelings such as now.

The sadness of the fading year  
Reflects the sadness of the sphere  
Where mortals reign in constant fear,  
And sorrow steals on every cheer.

There are NOVEMBERS of the heart,  
Where memories alone form part  
Of actual being; shapes that start,  
And sounds that through the soul's realms dart

With premonitions of decay,  
And whose unerring echoes say  
Time, like the year, must end some day!  
Ere long death's curtain hides life's play.

### A DISCREET WIFE.

THERE is a large class of excellent female characters (observes Mrs. Hannah More) who, on account of that very excellence, are little known, because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste; they pass through life honored and respected in their own small, but not unimportant spheres, and approved by Him, "whose they are, and whom they serve," though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a color; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to them; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and, above all, they possess His favor, "whom to know is life eternal."

"A creature not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For simple duties, playful wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

### ERRORS.

THE little that we have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches us to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When we take the history of one poor heart that sinned and suffered, and represent to ourself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; we would fain leave the erring soul of our fellow man with Him from whose hands it came.

## MRS. VINING'S "HELP."

A STORY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

"WHAT we are to do, I'm sure I can't imagine! Cousin Fanny coming next week, and Lena taken down sick just at the time I need her most!" said Helen Vining, in a despairing tone, at the breakfast-table.

"We must get another girl, that's all, if Lena isn't able to keep her place," replied the husband, pushing back his chair.

"But I dislike to take new help so at any time, and especially just now, when Lena had learned our ways, and had begun to be such a good girl; besides, I wanted most of my time during Fanny's visit, to go about with her and show her some of the beauties of our western home, instead of spending it in the kitchen, irritating a stolid Norwegian, as I must if I have a new girl. You know I spent weeks over Lena, who was perfectly ignorant of our American method of housework when she came to us."

"I know it; but these things can't be cured, and therefore must be endured in housekeeping, Helen. Let Lena go—and I'll hunt up a new girl by to-morrow. As I go along to the store I'll order something for dinner that won't keep you long in the kitchen to-day," said Mr. Vining, rising.

"But I'm afraid, James, that you'll not find it so easy to obtain a new girl as you think," exclaimed his wife. "There seems to be a perfect dearth of help just now. I know half a dozen of our friends who are without; and only yesterday, Mrs. Doctor Webster and Mrs. Vail were in, and spoke of their having been deserted without any warning. I didn't dream then that I should be in the same situation to-day myself. If Lena were really ill, I wouldn't feel so; but it's only an ordinary cold, and I cannot prevail on her to take the simplest remedy for it. It's my opinion, James, that she finds we are expecting company, and so uses this excuse to get away from us."

"Ma, Lena can't be real sick, for her bean was here in the kitchen last night, when I came down after a drink of water!" upspoke Master Freddy, a bright boy of five years. "I guess she's making believe, and wants to play hokey, like the children do from school."

"Hush, Fred!" said Mr. Vining, repressing a smile. Then, turning to his wife, "Let Lena

go to-day, and I'll hunt up another girl," and he set off for his place of business.

Mrs. Vining—one of the pattern housekeepers and most lenient of mistresses—was correct in her supposition regarding her suddenly-ailing help. The Norwegian girl, who had come to her perfectly untrained and uncouth, and under her hands had been moulded into an efficient maid-of-all-work, was destitute of that sense of obligation which should have retained her; and, finding that the advent of company might probably bring to her additional duties, she had cunningly feigned illness. And, super-added thereto, possibly the persuasions of the "bean," to whom Master Freddy referred, a low-built, thick-set, flaxen-haired emigrant from their native North-land beyond the Ocean, had decided her to resign her situation as subordinate in another's home, and set up house-keeping on her own account in the little one story log shanty which Christian Newburger had built in the oak-opening on the borders of a fertile prairie country in southern Wisconsin. So, upon receiving her wages and the accompanying full discharge from the Vining campaign, the invalid rose with wonderful alacrity from her bed, packed up the wooden chest which had been transported in the emigrant ship across the deep, and departed, leaving her quondam mistress sole queen of the *menage*, from parlor to pantry closet.

Let not the reader infer, from the disappointment with which Helen Vining lost her "help," that that little lady was of the idle, inefficient, or, as Aunt Ophelia hath it, "shiftless" class of wives. Far from either was she; for, in her distant, pleasant New England home, Helen Scott had been trained by an excellent and judicious mother in all the housewifely virtues, and when she accompanied her young husband to their new home in the far West, she had expected to encounter privations, and had met them bravely, in the pioneer town which was then springing up on the borders of the wilderness; but, as increasing size in the town brought increasing business and, consequently, prosperity to Mr. Vining, while a troop of fair young children clustered round Helen's knee, many changes crept into their household, and additional "help" found their way to the

nursery and kitchen. Of late, however, three-year old Katy having retained her position as "baby" in the domestic circle, and harum-scarum, curly-headed, quick-tongued Fred having been promoted to the dignity of his first suit from the tailor's, and his advent at the school-room, the nursery-girl had been dispensed with, and a strong-armed maid-of-all work had been considered sufficient by the thrifty Mrs. Vining to officiate, under her superintendence, in the domestic department. But Norwegian Lena, fully imbued with the true spirit of the land of her adoption, scorned the idea of remaining a private in the great army of "domestic help" when she could attain the honors of a female Brigadier Generalship in another department; hence her resignation in the former, with the prospect of an immediate promotion in the latter, leaving poor Mrs. Vining alone, beleaguered by the contending hosts of multifarious duties pressing hard upon her.

Let us see how Helen Vining conducted her campaign, and if "reinforcements" arrived. "Let me see," soliloquized Helen, after the elder children, Alice and Henry, respectively of ten and seven years, and the curly-headed Freddy, had all been duly equipped and departed for school, the mother returning to the breakfast-table, still standing as they had left it—"let me see; here I have, indeed, a forenoon's work before me—the dishes to wash up, the house to put in order, and bread to set for baking! Dear me, now! why did I forget to send Harry over to the brewery after the yeast? and I can't go myself to leave Katy! The bread will have to go to-day; I'll send to the bakery for loaves; but let me see, I'll manage to find time to make a couple of loaves of nice fruit-cake, if I can. I may not have any more leisure to-morrow, even if we should get a new girl. Come, Katy, be a nice little girl, while mamma is busy!"

Disposing a variety of toys upon the floor to amuse baby, Mrs. Vining turned back the sleeves of her neat morning-wrapper, brought her little keeler of warm water, and dexterously dispatched the breakfast-dishes; afterwards regulating the pantry and china-closets, which wore a singularly untidy look that morning.

"Lena meant to leave!" ejaculated Helen, as she gazed at this evidence of the girl's carelessness, "and she didn't care *how* she left me. I won't have another Norwegian in my house, stupid and ungrateful things as they are! I'll do my cooking myself—but there! that's out of the question," she added, in a moment. "I

forget that we have a family of six, and one pair of hands aren't strong enough to do everything. I do hope James will be fortunate enough to find a *good* girl, to whom I sha'n't be obliged to learn 'the rudiments.' Come, Katy, let's go up stairs! Bring dolly, too!"

Grasping the headless trunk of her mutilated china doll, which had been the bosom companion of Miss Katy by day and by night for the past two weeks precisely, the child followed her mother up stairs, tottering from parlor to bedrooms, and all the while chattering most volubly in unintelligible baby-talk to her treasure. But at last the baby voice rose to a shriller tone, and the child began violently shaking the headless trunk, as mothers of violent scolding propensities are prone to do refractory children.

"Why, Katy, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Vining, in astonishment, pausing in her task of dusting the parlor table. "Why do you treat poor dolly in such a way?"

"Her won't mind! her real naughty! and I whip her hard, and scold *Norwegian* at her!" was Katy's quick reply, again administering sound corporeal punishment; all the while jabbering away in a ludicrous mixture of jargon, such as she fancied she had heard from the departed Lena's lips.

With an amused smile, Helen pacified the excited child whose precocious maternal cares so overwhelmed her. "There, there, Katy! that will do! Perhaps if dolly hadn't lost her head she could *understand* better, and wouldn't be so naughty. Poor thing! don't scold her any more. When Cousin Fanny comes, she will dress a nice new dolly for Katy!"

An hour afterward Mrs. Vining stood at her kitchen table beating eggs vigorously, while Katy strenuously insisted upon helping, by every now and then surreptitiously inserting her little hand into sugar bucket or fruit can. Filled with visions of the new "dolly," nothing could induce her to return to the old love, which now lay, quite discarded, and henceforth deemed utterly unworthy of Norwegian baby-scolding, upon the floor beside the table.

"When is Tuzzin Fanny tuming, mamma?" she suddenly asked, pausing in the abstraction of a huge lump of sugar and a sly pinch of currants.

"When my little girl leaves off eating things that will make her sick—to-morrow, perhaps!" replied her mother. "Run away, now; there's Freddy, come from school!" as the little fellow, with a whoop and bound that would have done credit to an original young Winnebago of the

Western State he inhabited, rushed into the room.

"O mamma, mamma! I *readed* best of all, and *setted* the *stillst* of any of the boys—and the teacher said so!" was his triumphant shout, swinging his cap aloft in triumph—"and now I want *two* pieces of bread and butter!" suddenly descending, in this closing request, from the exultations of genius to the cravings of mundane nature.

"O Freddy, Tuzzin Fanny is tuning to-morrow, and is going to fetch me a real nice dolly!" cried Katy, bounding to her brother's side, all aglow with the importance of her communication. "A'n't that nice?"

"Dolls a'n't nothing!" scornfully remarked Master Fred between his mouthful of bread and butter. "Maybe she 'll bring me a top, or bat and ball, or a big drum!" and then, with a toss of his curly head and a bound for the door, he vanished.

With the dinner hour came Mr. Vining, who met his wife's look of inquiry with the remark, "I have had no leisure to look about for a girl yet; but, as I go down town again, I will call at that Norwegian family's on High Street, which is a sort of general depot for them, and see what the prospects are for securing one."

"How I wish there was an Intelligence Office here, where one could step in and find a dozen good girls in waiting! But one can't find those outside of cities; and we, in country towns, are forced to take such help as we can get. I only hope, though, that I may not have to tator another raw girl!" was Mrs. Vining's comment.

At supper, Mr. Vining received his cup of fragrant tea from his wife's hand, and sipped it with evident relish.

"This is tea!" he exclaimed, "quite unlike that which Lena used to brew. It tastes like that my good old mother used to serve up to us as we gathered round the family table in the good old Granite State."

"Lena was a good cook after being with me awhile; but I never could learn her that tea should not be boiled like herb drink," was Helen's rejoinder.

"By the way, I had poor luck to-day about getting another girl," said her husband. "There isn't a Norwegian out of a place; and they told me that it would be hard finding one just at this time—as the harvest season is coming on, and they are so used to out-of-door work in their own country that they prefer going out on our farms till after harvest is over."

"There are two or three Irish families at the

farther end of the town, and perhaps we could hear of a girl there," suggested Mrs. Vining. "Mrs. Doctor Webster said she should try among them."

"I'll put an advertisement in the *Chronicle* to-morrow," said Mr. Vining. "That will probably be the best course."

"So it will; and we shall have plenty of applicants at our doors," was Helen's reply. "I can get along a day or two very well, or even this week out, if Fanny don't come; but next Monday will bring washing day, and I hope we shall be supplied before then!"

The advertisement duly appeared in the morrow's weekly paper, and Mrs. Vining purposely remained in doors for the two days following, expecting applicants; but, much to her surprise, none appeared. Friday came, and found her still without a single visitor of the class desired.

"What *are* we to do, James?" asked Mrs. Vining. "This is so unusual here in the West, where emigrants are constantly arriving. I did talk the first of the week decidedly anti-Norwegian; but now, I honestly affirm that I should regard the advent of even the most untutored specimen of the Slavonic race as a signal blessing. Here it is, about the end of the week, and no prospect of a girl!"

"I had a sort of an applicant to-day, at the store—one of my porter's asking the situation for a woman who was staying at his house, but who, unfortunately, had a frowsy-headed boy of five or six years, from whom she would not be parted; so *her* coming was out of the question."

"Of course," replied Helen; "but I do trust we may be fortunate enough to get help before to-morrow night!"

But Saturday came and passed, and Sunday also; and the advent of Monday—that "rainy spell" to housekeepers—found the Vining household still without any adjunct in the kitchen; while in the wash-room figured the tall, muscular, uncrinolined figure of the Widow Frisbie, who made weekly peregrinations from house to house among sundry families in Prairieville. All the long twelve hours, from 8 A. M. till the hands of the kitchen clock had revolved through their cycle to the corresponding figures at eve, did the quiet, faithful, but dreadfully "slow" mistress of the wash-board plod her weary round; till, late at night, she crowned her straight figure with a long, deep-caped Shaker, and betook herself to her own domicile.

And at the same evening hour Helen Vining

emerged from her kitchen, whither she had descended for a "reconnaissance" after bestowing the children safely in their little beds, and seated herself at her piano with a half sigh, mechanically taking up a sheet of music which lay upon the rack and repeating the *apropos* line from Longfellow's "Rainy Day":—

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

Too weary to strike a note, Helen then threw herself into her low rocker, and soliloquized: "And the Widow Frisbie must be here all day to-morrow again! Well, I realize the meaning of the command, 'Let Patience have its perfect work,' whenever I hire *her*! I shall be thankful when the ironing is over! I wonder why Fanny stays so long in Chicago?"

Next day brought a solution of Helen's question. Just at the mid-afternoon hour, when the elder children were at school, Katy taking a sound nap in her crib, Mrs. Vining in her low rocker sewing busily, and the dame of the smoothing-iron engaged in giving a fine polish to sundry garments damp from the clothes-basket, the depot coach stopped in front of the house, and a pretty, stylish figure, in a neat travelling costume, emerged therefrom. In another minute the cousins were in each other's arms.

"Why, Helen, is this great boy yours?" asked Fanny Waterman, divesting herself of her travelling-gear, and turning to meet Master Freddy, who had just come home at recess. "And this girl, too?" as Katy awoke, and appeared on the scene.

"Wait till you see Harry and Alice," answered Helen, smiling, and adding: "You forget that, while you have been keeping yourself a girl, I have been married these eleven years, and consider myself one of the pioneer mothers of the West."

"*Merci!*" cried Fanny, with a little French grimace accompanying the phrase, "you make me feel old, Helen! You are—how old, *ma chere cousine*, if I may be pardoned the query?"

"Twenty-nine, Fan; and just three years your senior, you know," answered Mrs. Vining, with a laugh.

"Which makes me just twenty-six, and past the first corner by a full twelve-month. I wonder if any crow's-feet have got into my temples, Helen?" And she advanced to the mirror, into which she gazed with an affectation of earnestness. "And will they take me for one decidedly *passée* out here in this great, young, growing country of the West? Say—Helen, that's a western word, you see, and I've got 'say' at my tongue's end already—

say, hav'n't you some 'right smart chance' of a western lawyer, judge, or professor picked out for me?—my tastes run to the professional, you see. They say at home it's quite time Fan was married!"

"Which 'they,' being interpreted, means but *one*, in the third person, singular, who shall be 'spoken of' by my own self, unless you forestall me," retorted Helen, archly. "How is the health of my prospective cousin—Squire Etheridge? Professional tastes, eh?"

"How did you know—that is, what do you mean?" stammered Fanny, stooping to caress Katy, and thereby veiling her handsome face with her rich brown curls to hide her blushes.

"Oh, nothing in the world, my dear; only I'm very grateful that you should have come out West to see us, prior to settling down in life. I can't imagine but one thing that would have reconciled me to your not coming at present—and that would be, having you come in the future with a *compagnon du voyage*. But I suppose you enjoyed your visit in Chicago?"

"Oh yes! I quite dissipated there. Saw all the sights, from the performing elephants, Romeo and Juliet, to ebony contrabands fresh from Dixie in gayest apparel; met everybody, from the Michigan Avenuers, on their native heaths, to German babies, fed, I am sure, on lager beer and sour kroust, in the omnibuses; inhaled all its native air, from delectable attar of roses at Grau's Italian opera to a cluster of wild violets plucked from the oak grove where sleeps the great departed statesman in his lone grave by Michigan's blue waters—and now I am come to you, in this beautiful June time, to catch a glimpse of freer western life, and to breathe the purer prairie winds that blow, uncontaminated, across the mighty Father of Waters. You see I've not permitted my powers of oratory to grow rusty," said Fanny, closing her speech with a gay, laughing "say."

"The same as ever—wild, witty, winsome!" exclaimed Helen Vining; "but, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, you behold me, on your first visit to the West, in a positively unpleasant dilemma. We are in great trouble, Fanny: our girl has gone, and I know not where to find another."

"Oh, is that all!" gayly answered Fanny. "Great trouble! Why, I thought all the children had got the measles, or James had failed up—stolen a store full of goods—been arrested by the sheriff, or something! No girl! that's very slight foundation for domestic misery. How long have you been laboring under this calamitous infliction, Helen?"

"For the space of just a week to-morrow."

"Ah! that accounts for your careworn look I noticed on my first arrival; hair slightly gray round your temples, and wrinkled brow! But now, *requiescat in pace!* You shall see presently what famous puddings, pies, and genuine New England doughnuts I can improvise—and, by the way, I hav'n't eaten one of the last named edibles since leaving home. To be sure, at a way station in New York State, on my journey out, my escort left his seat and presently returned with two immense specimens of this article of food, carefully folded in a large sheet of wrapping-paper, which bore about the same relation to the Simon pure as Barnum's fat woman does to Tom Thumb. 'What are these?' I asked, as we settled ourselves to our lunch. 'I bought them for doughnuts; but I thought I had secured a barrel of flour,' was his reply. And we positively nibbled away at those two doughnuts all the remnant of the journey through York State! I can see now the philosophy of the flour manufacture being centred in York State."

"How opportune that you came to us now, Fan!" exclaimed Helen, recovering her breath from laughter at Fanny's amusing rendition of her luncheon on the rail.

"Yes, indeed! I had a sort of warning that I should find my sphere here in the far West; and am delighted to know that it is that of commissary general. On the streets of Chicago last April, I heard a good old farmer remark, 'Wa'al, let the rain come now—I've got my wheat in!' But little did I suppose then that said wheat was to furnish me the staple of my occupation here in Prairieville. Oh, I expect to revel in goodies out here, Helen! fresh strawberries, picked by my own taper fingers, and all that sort of thing; and then I have a fancy for sleeping under the shadow of prairie-rose vines to dream of prairie wolves, gophirs, quails, snipes, turtle-doves, and similar domestic creatures, who, they tell me, do get up musical entertainments in your country."

"All such expectations, I trust, will be fulfilled," said Helen.

An hour or two later the family gathered around the table in the cool dining-room; and Mr. Vining and Fanny Waterman, between the pauses of their tea-drinking, exhausted the topics of queries and answers concerning dear friends in the far-off Eastern States.

"It really sets me longing for the old familiar faces and places to meet one from home," said James Vining, earnestly. "I would give a good deal for a glimpse of the old Granite Hills,

or a sound of the ocean breakers thundering along the sands of Hampton Beach this hot June afternoon. It is not often that I get a homesick spell, for I like this great, growing western country as well to-day as I did when I sought it ten years ago; and yet I believe that I shall some time go East again to settle down. And as for Helen, I suppose that the very thought of going home one day to live would set her crazy with delight!"—turning to his wife.

"Try me, and see. I think my sanity would stand the test!" was her reply. "I like the West quite as well as you, James."

"Oh, I had an answer to the advertisement to-day!" he said, suddenly. "Fanny's coming almost drove it from my mind."

"Did you? I hope you succeeded! Is she Norwegian?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"No; an ebony lady from Dixie: in other words, a *contraband* just from Memphis, who sports the gayest turban, and professes a knowledge of cooking, washing, and ironing, she having been a house-servant. She said she wanted a situation—somebody told her I had advertised—and I bade her call round to see you this evening. So if you like her, you'd better engage her."

"Black are usually the best cooks," said Helen; "and a great many of these contrabands are hiring out in the North. I shall probably take her." And regarding the thing as settled, she led the way up to the parlor, feeling as if a great load had been lifted from her shoulders.

But *l'homme* proposes, and *le Dieu* disposes. The evening passed, and the turbaned contraband did not make her appearance; and next morning it appeared that she had departed on the early train for the great Queen City, to congregate with the hundreds of her race whom the turmoil of the war had cast up there. The crowded city invited; and sable, gay-turbaned Cressy could not limit her ambitious ideas to a residence in the comparative quiet of Prairieville. And, doubtless, to this day neat-handed Cressy flourishes the duster or presides in the kitchen of a palatial mansion on "the Avenue" in common with her ebony sisters and brothers.

"Misfortunes never come singly;" nor did disappointments at this juncture to Helen Vining. The next claimant for the position of housemaid appeared in the person of Bridget O'Shannessey—a middle-aged, sour-visaged daughter of Erin, who faithfully stipulated to take her place in the kitchen on the ensuing Monday morning, and there perform her duties

for the sum of fourteen shillings per week. But, alas! for the veracity of the Milesian lady! Monday morning came round; breakfast was over; a large boiler of water steamed over the wash-room fire, and the week's wash awaited the coming of Bridget. But nine—ten o'clock arrived, and no Bridget; but in her stead one of those convenient cousins, with whom the daughters of Erin are always blessed, who brought the tidings that, "An' sure Bridget was taken on a suddint with the sore eyes, an' it wasn't she that would be able to do the worruk at all—an' sure it's sorry she was; but the matther of it couldn't be helped, and Mrs. Vining could be afther getting another girrul."

"Provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Vining, as she turned away from the messenger. "Her eyes, indeed! In my opinion, she don't want to live where there are children: she was so particular in her inquiries as to how many I had. If I had only known of this earlier! Well, I must send round again to-night for Mrs. Frisbie, and try and get her for to-morrow and Wednesday."

But this time the *role* of the washerwoman's engagements was completed up to Friday and Saturday; no other could be obtained; hence Mrs. Vining was forced to wait the turning of the wheel of events, and Saturday night came round ere she again looked upon a settled household. Meantime, it is almost needless to chronicle, that, when her Cousin Helen was engaged in the culinary department, Fanny Waterman kept good her threat of entering the commissary line; and very pleasant were the morning chats that mingled with the beating of eggs, the mixing of ingredients, and the various duties with which they busied themselves; while their evenings were given over to social visiting, music, or drives along the broad streets bordered with green cottonwoods, locusts, and oaks, or out on the wide-stretching, grassy prairies that skirted the town on every side.

Again the Star of Hope arose over Mrs. Vining's kitchen. This time it was in the shape of another flaxen-haired daughter of the laud of Vikings and Sagas, recommended by Mrs. Vail as the sister of the girl she had recently obtained.

"She has been over these five or six years; and, of course, must be excellent help now—very different from a fresh girl. I saw her last evening, when she came to visit Anna, and spoke of you as needing a girl; and, I think, if you will call round on me this evening, you may find her at our house. To-day she has gone out into the country."

That evening Mrs. Vining made it convenient to drop in at Mrs. Vail's, and soon had an interview with the desired "help."

At first sight, Helen was not favorably impressed. The girl's attire was quite too *à la mode* for her condition; and her whole bearing and mien savored too strongly of that manner whose mildest description is "independent," but which a lover of the plain English would have denominated "impudent."

"She will never suit me," said Mrs. Vining, mentally; but a thought of the deserted kitchen at home decided her to proceed in questioning her. "You are out of a place, I hear?" was her preliminary remark.

"Yes'm; though I might have stayed where I was, only the work didn't suit me!" replied the descendant of Thor and Woden, with a toss of her tow head. It was evident that a residence of six years in America had produced their indoctrinating effect of "equal rights" and genuine democracy."

"Perhaps mine might have the same result," said Mrs. Vining, with a quiet dash of sarcasm.

"Ma'am?" was the query, in a tone that showed that this remark was hardly understood in its full meaning.

"I am in need of a good girl," pursued Helen, unheeding her. "What wages have you had?"

"Fourteen shillings, always, ma'am; but nobody now hires out under two dollars. Things is riz these war times, ma'am. I can't work for less than two dollars in America."

Another glance at the gay, flounced valencia skirt, and the braided 'Garibaldi' valenced Helen that the sixteen shillings per week were quite necessary for the supplying of the Norwegian girl's wardrobe; but it was the girl's manner more than anything else to which she felt aversion. She did not make any remark for a moment or two; from which fact the girl, evidently deeming her position secure, and the lady's necessity her opportunity, took up in her turn the inquisitorial cue.

"Is your house convenient, ma'am?"

"Quite so. It has never troubled me much," answered Mrs. Vining, amused at the girl's thorough assurance.

"Have you good cistern water handy for the washing, ma'am?"

"Close by the back door," was the answer.

"Do you have plenty of milk? I like new milk, and always drank a good deal in Norway."

"We keep a cow. My children are fond of milk, too," said the lady, quietly.

"How mooch childrens have you, ma'am?" And, with this question, came the realizing sense that the Norwegian had an outlook for sundry small garments for weekly laundrying.

"Four," was the imperturbable answer.

"Babies, ma'am?"

"Our youngest is three," said Helen, beginning to bite her lips and curb her impatience; for she was growing to thoroughly dislike the girl's cool, *nonchalant repertoire* of inquiries.

"Then you are six in family, Mrs. Wining?" And the Norwegian rendition of Helen's surname came with a full, aspirated breath.

"Seven, just now," said Helen, with quiet malice. "At present I have a visitor stopping with me."

"Do you have mooch company, ma'am?" continued the girl, with stolid, imperturbable insolence.

Helen's moment had come. "As a general rule, no; and, if you should live with me, you wouldn't have much, either. But I don't think you would suit me at all," she said, with dignified, sarcastic manner, then quietly turned away, leaving the disappointed Viking's daughter to carry her wares of kitchen accomplishments to some other market.

"She would never do for my family at all, Mrs. Vail!" said Helen. "I know we couldn't keep her a week, so I wouldn't engage her. I like the appearance of her sister, your girl, far better. So I must be resigned and wait, like Micawber, for something 'to turn up.'"

The next day's sun revolved somewhat more auspiciously for Mrs. Vining. "Old Sauty"—so-called by the children of Prairieville, which corruption of name was very naturally derived from the cognomen bestowed by their fathers upon the one-limbed individual who came and went among their back yards in the occupation of wood-sawyer, more peaceful avocation than that his illustrious warlike antitype once flourished in ere he betook himself to his retreat in smiling Cuba—"Old Sauty," coming in from his labor upon a load of hickory at Mr. Vining's, communicated a bit of intelligence.

"I was over to Doc. Webster's yesterday a-sawin', and heern Mis Webster say she seen a notice in the paper as how your people wanted a gal ter work, and she must git time ter cum over to your place ter tell ye of one she'd heern on. Sez I, 'Mis Webster, ye kin send yer arrant by me to-worrow;' and so she said 'twas a Wisconsin gal, that lived with her own people out on Coon Creek—a right smart sight better nor a Norwegian, he reckoned."

"Thank you, Sauty. I'm much obliged to

Mrs. Webster and you, too," said Helen, going up to her parlor to communicate the intelligence to Cousin Fanny, whom she found deeply absorbed in some specimens of fossils sent in for her acceptance by the Geological Professor at the Prairieville College.

"I think I'm on the trail of a good girl now, Fanny!" she exclaimed, exultingly. "Out on Coon Creek. James must have the horses harnessed, and take us out there to-night."

"'Coon Creek'—soil, alluvial deposit—carboniferous formation—bed, washed by clear waters—underlying strata, the product of centuries—clay stones—tracks in stone—other fossils. Really, Helen, I'm quite geology-mad; and while you are treeing this kitchen goddess on the banks of the creek, I'll be fully occupied in taking an inventory of the features of the country." And again Fanny turned to her fossils.

At the tea-table the expedition to Coon Creek was broached to Helen's husband. "The ride would be too long for to-night," he said; "we should not reach there before dark; but to-morrow morning we will take the children in the great carryall, and go in genuine western style for Fanny's edification. I want her to see all these classic localities by daylight."

With the following day came the projected expedition. A large carriage, drawn by two spirited horses in stout harnesses, bore the party through the streets of Prairieville and out over the broad undulating ridges of land that stretched away due west. To Fanny, it was a delicious, exhilarating drive. "The incense of the dewy-breathing morn" was on the air; a thousand songsters—the scarlet-winged blackbird, the golden robin, the field-swallows, fluttered and screamed around and overhead; quail, snipe, and wonderfully-tame prairie-chickens hopped close to the carriage-wheels and under the horses' feet; then, when apparently within hand's touch, darted away. And all the while the carriage rolled on over the soft grassy prairie, studded with gayest flowers, golden buttercups, crimson Indian warriors on their long, pensile stems, and a few large, late violets, looking up with blue wonder-eyes from their clustering companionship on some low, damp spot of black prairie soil.

And when they struck a swift-flowing stream, gliding rapidly on, with a rushing sound, as all western waters do, down in the "river bottoms," belted by rows of green willows and the dancing-leaved poplar, the grass took on a deeper emerald richness; the meadow-lark, startled from her nest by the horses' hoofs,

soared up with a quick cry; the partridge's drumming was heard from out the wood; and the plaintive cry of the moaning turtle dove resounded on the air.

It was an experience never to be forgotten by Fanny Waterman—that ride across the western prairies; and the soft green richness of the soil, the delicious blue of the cloudless sky, the triumphant jubilate of bird-music, the blending of light and shade, and the loneliness of this region, far away from the city's turmoil or the bustling town, all combined to form a fair picture to be hung away in memory's gallery.

But the Ideal may not always hold us, and the Actual soon rose to our party's view. A little, log-built, one-story hut upon Coon Creek appeared in sight; and thither Mr. Vining turned his horses' heads. Long ere the carriage paused, a half score of frowsy heads protruded from the doorway; and then, after a brief reconnaissance, were as suddenly withdrawn, to be replaced by the comfortable figure of a matronly woman, who came out to receive the strangers.

The errand of the visitors made known, Mrs. Beals—for such was her name—returned answer.

"Oh, you want to hire a gal? Wa'al, Marier ain't home ter-day: she's gone over to the neighbor's t'other side of the bottoms; but I reckon she'd take the chance of going inter town ter hire out a spell. She ain't lived out much—Marier's only seventeen yet; and my old man, he kinder don't like the idear of any of our people workin' out. 'Siah's got a heap of pride and independence—too much, I tells him, for folks as ain't cleared the mortgages off of their farms; but, you see, Marier's gettin' to like new gowns and finery, and I tells her she must cut fodder for herself."

"You have several children besides Maria," ventured Mrs. Vining; an assertion corroborated strongly by the flax-headed troop that were peeping from the doorway and the one front window of the cabin.

"Lor' yes, a pile on 'em! Ten in all, and Marier's the oldest. I tells 'Siah I hopes the wheat crop will turn out good this year. They are all purty young. Now, there 're our neighbors beyond the creek—they hain't but three sons, and they 're all out fighting the enemy. I thanks the Lord mine is mostly gals in these times!"

"Not very patriotic, eh, Fanny?" said Mr. Vining, *sotto voce*.

"What 's the war news, Mister Vining? Is Vicksburg took yet?" now asked Mrs. Beals.

"My old man don't git hold of a paper oftener 'an once a week, and news is mighty scarce out on the bottoms here. We 're both strong Union, 'Siah and I; tho' I make him purty riled when he says he wishes we had some boys to send off to do some of the fighting, by saying it saves us a heap of worryment to think we ain't."

"No, my good woman. I'm sorry to say that piece of good news isn't confirmed yet. But we must be driving. You think your daughter will come to us without fail?" asked Mr. Vining.

"Yes, Marier shall come!" was the decisive answer, followed by the stipulation for said "Marier's" wages. "Mr. Hopkins, one of our neighbors, he's going into town to-morrow after some lumber; and he'll take Marier along. I reckon you'll like her a heap; she's a right handy gal about house, and 'll take powerful care of the children, being as she's been brought up with sich a pile on 'em. Good-day."

Pausing a little to quaff a drink from the pure sparkling water—which Fanny declared she must taste, since it flowed through a bed of limestone—our party again reiterated their parting salutes, and left Mrs. Beals and her "nine small children" to the silence of Nature and Coon Creek bottoms, arriving at home with sharpened appetites for dinner.

"Say, ma, I'm glad Maria Beals is coming to work for us to-morrow!" said Master Fred that night, as his curly head sunk on his pillow; and then he broke out, in his juvenile glee:—

"It must be now de kingdom coming,  
And de year of jubilow."

The morrow ushered in the Beals dynasty. A long, lumbering, farmer's wagon set down "Marier" and two handboxes at Mrs. Vining's. Said handboxes containing her wardrobe, aside from the bright pink calico and the Shaker bonnet she wore. "Marier" was a stout, good-natured looking girl, remarkably avoirdupois in dimensions, and with a certain slow, heavy kind of tread that would have done credit to an emigrant wagon rolling across the Plains, Californiaward. At first glance it was evident that, though she might be ever so willing, it was doubtful whether she possessed the qualities of a good, trained domestic.

"I shall want you to do the plain cooking, and the washing, ironing, and sweeping, Maria. My pastry and cake I always make myself. Do you understand cooking meats?" asked Mrs. Vining.

"O yes 'm!" answered "Marier," with ready tongue.

"I doubt her capacities very much," said Helen to Fanny. "But she is young, and I can train her. And then I think a good deal of having a girl kind to the children when I want to go out and leave them."

But how vain are the best laid plans! Under "Marier's" sway everything went astray in Helen's household. The coffee was thick and muddy; the tea was steeped to inky blackness; the vegetables were overdone or water-soaked; the bread was heavy; and the meats, which she had proclaimed her knowledge of cooking, were unfit for mastication; while china-closet and pantry partook of the elements of discord.

"How is this, Maria?" asked Mrs. Vining, one morning as they came to breakfast, and the dish of steak was set upon the table. "Hav'n't I repeatedly told you not to cook steak too much; and yet you always serve it in this manner! Really, Maria, you must not bring us anything like this again!"

But the obtuse girl seemed utterly regardless of directions. An ever-ready "Yes 'm" was on her tongue; but still she pursued the even tenor of her way, serving up overdone meats and underdone bread, till Helen was fain to spend a greater part of each morning in the kitchen in the performance of the culinary duties.

"If I could only teach Maria anything!" was her comment, in a tone of combined annoyance and mirth. "But she is so obtuse! No way tractable! Why, we shall all have dyspepsia if she remains a month longer. I must find another girl! Even if she proved useful with the children, I should feel encouraged; but I find she takes quite too powerful care of them, for, so sure as I leave Katy alone ten minutes with her, she comes up, crying that 'Maria hurts her.' And yet I don't think she intends to harm Katy; but the fact is, she is so ponderous and unwieldy in her movements that, when she, good-naturedly, attempts to amuse her, she is sure to either stumble over her or push her down."

"Which facts, viewed in the light of geological discoveries, confirm the supposition that 'Marier' of Coon Creek is an undoubted descendant of the race of mastodons, who, at an antediluvian age, inhabited these western regions bordering on the Mississippi; and who, stalking abroad in ponderous majesty, crushed out all creatures of a lesser growth. Another important item for my journal," said Fanny Waterman, with great gravity.

"Well, of one thing I am very certain," laughed Helen Vining, "and that is, that all the bread she has served up to us since she came has been either heavy as our alluvial soil, or veined with regular stratas of soda; while our eggs and steaks are perfect fossils in hardness. I think I'll send some specimens up to the College for the cabinet. But may the Fates bless me with a good girl before many weeks more have passed!"

And Helen's prayer was answered. The overruling deities who sit above the presiding Lares and Penates of the household, directed a new order of things to supervene. By the merest accident, Mr. Vining heard of a capable, faithful, and experienced American girl, who was seeking a place; and, without delay, he engaged her, and sent her to his house. At the first interview, Helen felt assured that she had at last secured a treasure in the newcomer; and now turned her attention to the disposal of the incumbering occupant of the kitchen. But this affair was taken out of her hands by the very opportune arrival of Maria's father; who came into Prairieville in hot haste to recall his daughter.

"The children are took sick—some on 'em—and the old lady, she ain't very smart herself, and we can't git along without Marier! Sorry to disappint you, Mrs. Vining; but you see Marier's powerfully handy round the house, and harvest is comin' on, and we shall have a heap of work to do this hot weather."

And so the two bandboxes were duly packed: the pink calico, and the new hat trimmed with bright pink roses, and a white blonde veil were quickly donned, and "Marier" received the balance of her wages, mounted the long lumber wagon, and accompanied her father homeward over the prairie toward the river bottoms.

"I feel as if all the Coon Creek country was off my shoulders, now I have got rid of that unwieldy Maria!" said Mrs. Vining; while Master Freddy just then made his appearance from the morning session of school, singing, with all the strength of his lungs, "The battle-cry of Freedom."

It perhaps seems needless to chronicle that, after this, the tide of domestic affairs ran smoothly with Helen Vining. The new girl proved all that she claimed to be; good, healthy viands were served at table; order and system reigned in the household; and Helen found abundant leisure, aside from her customary home duties, to contribute to the enjoyment of the remnant of her cousin's visit.

Several weeks passed delightfully to Fanny

Waterman, during which she met cultivated people, and visited interesting and pleasant localities; and when the autumn brought her again to her eastern home, she bore thither fragrant memories of the young, vigorous, and large hearted West.

A few months later, perusing a letter which bore the distant Prairieville post-mark, she smiled at a sentence which followed Helen Vining's congratulations on her approaching marriage with Dana Etheridge: "I hope, Fan, when you come to housekeeping, you will be spared such experiences with 'help' as I had at the time of your visit West."

## WIDOWS: PART VII.

### MINISTERS' WIDOWS.

Servant of God, well done!

Thy glorious warfare's past,  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last.—WESLEY.

The Church shall guard thy little ones,  
Thy wife shall be her care;  
Once thou for us didst labor here,  
We now thy burden bear.

HAPPEN into any church you choose on a Sunday morning, and you will find the mass of the assembly people who have come together for any purpose under heaven but to worship reverently, hear humbly, and then go their way to do good deeds. It is a strange institution (as the boys say) that men who do not seem to care a straw for religion, as far as their own practice is concerned, yet feel it a necessity to have a man to pray for them and preach to them, and a suitable place in which these offices may be publicly performed. They make a sort of compromise with conscience by sitting week by week in a building where somebody offers the prayers that ought to come from their own hearts, and then makes an effort to wake their sleepy old souls to the solemn realities of eternal life. This is not a Christian invention. Heathen nations have always had their priests, their temples, and their public assemblies. It is not strange that men who are content to do their religion by proxy, never care to pay largely for this indulgence.

With the coming in of a purer religion, the honorable, truthful, self-denying Christian minister goes to his work, with his hands tied, as far as the means of gain are concerned, which formed the wealth of his less scrupulous predecessors. He is to depend simply on the voluntary offerings, whether occasional or stated, of the people, for whose sake, and in whose

stead, he is to devote himself purely to a religious life. If there were no tares with the wheat, no bad fish in the net, if the church were made up of true and faithful Christians, then might the minister pray, and preach, and visit the poor and afflicted, without one care for his worldly substance. Willing hands would provide for him food and raiment; the rich would cast in of their abundance, and the poor of their poverty—glad offerings to him who stands in the place of his Divine Master, the Maker and Giver of all.

This is not the real state of things, as we every one of us know—we to our shame, and our pastor, probably, to his sorrow.

Say what you will about the large salaries of the few city clergymen, the parish priest is nevertheless the poor man among us. The talent and worth which give the city minister his position, would enable him in any other calling to be adding thousands to thousands in an ever-increasing capital, to belong to him and his heirs, without dependence on the good-will or pleasure of any number of men or women. That he is only a salaried man, is to him a great worldly sacrifice; put that salary at what figure you please.

As to the country minister, we need no words in which to explain his position. We all understand it too well. A gentleman by education and feeling, one who is expected to wear a reproachless black coat, and to have his hands free from the brown, stubby traces of hard work, he has yet to live upon less than the income of any thriving mechanic, or active counter-clerk. If he have a family, how on earth is he to provide them even with home-spun, and bread and butter? Let the author of "Sunny Side" answer this question in its length and breadth.

There is a sunny side to our hitherto sombre picture. The sacred profession is not with us a mere calling. It offers no temptations to worldly ambition. Our successors to the fishermen of Galilee, like them "know how to suffer and yet to abound, to be without all things and yet to be full." We are in no danger of that horror of horrors—a godless, pampered ministry.

But in our zeal for the purity of the church, we must not let the watchmen on our walls sink for want of food. Our soldiers *must* have their rations, or they, no more than others, can fight the good fight. A fair, ample support every congregation owes to its minister. But it is not of him we purpose specially to speak to-day.

Is it reputable, is it honorable for a church to half starve its minister living, and wholly starve his family when he is dead? The State has its pension for the widow whose husband has laid down his life for his country—an honorable provision, she feels it, a just tribute to the manly valor of the departed. Has the church militant no pension for the widows of her brave warriors, who oft "by the wayside fall and perish," worn out as much by the hardships of the march, as by the wounds of the stern conflict?

Those pale, earnest faces—they rise up before us to remind us of the band of young devoted soldiers of the cross, who have braved disease, danger, and death that they might win a harvest of souls. Theirs was not a wasted existence, though "few were their years and full of trouble!" Their crowns will be rich with stars, when the redeemed are counted in glory! But we turn to the young wives who mourn their loss. Has the church no hand of pity to stretch out to them? She has taken their best for her vanguard—has she nought for them but the dead bodies of their hero-husbands?

The hoary-headed saint has gone down to the tomb. More than half a century he has ministered at the altar; and now, full of years and good deeds, he is numbered with the dead. Must his aged partner toil with those trembling hands, and begin the struggle for daily bread? Is there for her no pension—no kind provision for this time of need? Must she leave the dear old parsonage, and go, she knows not where? Must she find refuge in some squalid boarding-house, and wipe the tears from her wrinkled face where cold, curious eyes may look upon her?

That eloquent, bold, effective preacher of the Gospel is smitten down in the midst of his noble career. Victory and death are sounded for him with one blast of the trumpet. His very dying words have power to startle the insensible from their dreams of folly or gain. Even as his life-blood ebbs away, his triumphant faith, with a clarion sound, proclaims the truth of the religion he has preached. The church mourns, the very world gives in its tribute of mingled sorrow and praise. This is well; but where is the provision for the fatherless children of the glorified saint? Who steps forward to pledge a support for the poor stricken widow? She will bear on bravely while she can, and feed her little ones by efforts that consume her own life. She will not linger long: toil and sorrow, with rough kindness,

will hurry her to that land where her husband awaits her. Whose, then, we ask, are those fatherless children? Those orphans have a claim upon the church, which she cannot escape.

We do not ignore the fact that there are scattered societies whose object is to provide for the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen. Such societies exist; but how are they sustained? How many families could be kept from utter starvation by their scanty income?

Scrimp, pinch, and stint your minister, if you must, but remember, even in open warfare, women and children are exempt from persecution. Be satisfied with making sure that your minister is not too well fed and clothed, and has nought whereon to feed his pride, or foster a love of luxury. Train him according to your own mean notions, but spare his wife and children the horrors of genteel poverty! Where is the rich widow who will give largely to establish a fund for the families of deceased clergymen? Where is the large-hearted, liberal man who would fain wipe the blot of which we have spoken, from the church of which he is a member?

Let it no longer be said that the private soldier, who dies unknown on the battle-field, is cheered by the thought that his country will watch over his dear ones, while the soldier of the cross must have his last hours embittered by the knowledge that certain poverty and possible starvation are in store for that widow and those fatherless children, whom the church should take to her bosom, and foster with tender, unwearying care.

#### A SIGH FOR THE ABSENT SPRING.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

A sigh for the absent Spring!

Ere wreeked by time's wayward hours!

A sigh for the hopes and joys which germed

In its bright, auspicious hours!

A sigh for the moments spent

In the vernal, perfumed bowers;

A sigh for the sweets which nature gave

To this beautiful world of ours!

A sigh for the heart-urned bliss

Ere wreeked by time's wayward hours;

A sigh for the dear ones borne away—

Life's sweetly breathing flowers!

Nay! sigh not for time gone by,

For the present day is ours;

Let's bask in the light of Hope's bright ray,

And feast in Love's sweet bowers!

And hope for a lasting Spring,

Beyond this drear world of ours—

When Sharon's bright rose forever casts

Its hues on immortal flowers!

## BROTHER RICHARD.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

MARGARET RIVERS looked thoughtfully, half fearfully at the little morocco pocket-book she held. She dreaded to open and count its contents, for she knew that the draft upon it for the removal of her mother and herself, with their scanty furniture from a distant city, and for the necessary expense attending their establishment even in that small, unpretending cottage, had been greater than she had anticipated. But it must be done. She must now look the future in the face, bravely if she could, fearfully if she must. The small, delicate hands nervously unclasped it. Five, three, two—ten dollars then was all she had in the world, all that stood between them and want. Ten dollars! It was a paltry sum. A month ago she would have spent thrice as much, without a thought, upon any knick-knack that caught her fancy. This month! it seemed a century to Margaret in the lesson, never till then set before her, never learned, but in that time forced abruptly upon her, of sorrow and trouble—the power, the use, the need of money! But the hour of trial brings out many an unsuspected energy and faculty, and Margaret had not been found wanting, young, untried though she was. What had she not endured, not done, in that short period? Her father's sudden death; the inextricable embarrassment of his affairs; her mother's violent illness, resulting from the sudden shock of these sorrows; decisions and plans for the present and future—all these trials and responsibilities fell upon her inexperienced head and heart.

Poor Margaret! She had felt braver, more hopeful in the sunlight. While busy with the arrangement of their few rooms, a dozen vague schemes had floated through her brain, each of which promised maintenance for herself and invalid mother; but now, with the twilight deepening around her, weary almost to pain with the unaccustomed physical exertion, taking them one by one and analyzing them, bringing to bear upon them probability and common sense, they seemed idle indeed, and the many became narrowed down to very few. For the first time she began to question if they had done wisely to leave the city, where at least they were known, although their influence had gone with their wealth, and where a variety of labor was needed; but how could she disre-

gard that one earnest pleading of her invalid mother, the only living thing left to her in the wide world. "Take me away from here, my daughter; let us go far away, anywhere, only let us go!"

Poor gentle invalid! Far indeed must it be to get away from that sorrowing heart from which she was trying to flee?

And Margaret, too, longed to get away from false friends, the scenes of her prosperity and adversity, and so they came quite by chance to this far-off village, unknowing and unknown. Was it wise?

Margaret gazed drearily round the small room, which was at once parlor, sitting-room, and dining-room; at its bare walls, save two or three pictures which would have brought nothing at the sale, and had therefore been retained; at the smaller room beyond, which served for kitchen; at the few plain, necessary articles of furniture within them, then sighed deeply, and with a feeling of utter despair she hid her face in her hands. With the movement the pocket-book fell upon the floor. It was far from weighty, but the fall sounded loud upon the uncarpeted floor. Accustomed all her life to carpets, in whose velvety richness and softness a footfall was never heard, she had not at first thought it possible to do without them; but necessity taught her better, and the last but one had been sold to furnish the means to come hither.

These two rooms were a contrast to the one adjoining, of which the door was partly closed, and which was set apart for her mother, where she could be free from all the labor and bustle which might surround the daughter. Not very costly, but very tasteful were the arrangements of that room, larger than either of the others. The affectionate daughter had retained all that was possible of her mother's favorite furniture and ornaments at the sacrifice of every personal *bijou* of her own.

Poverty might come near Margaret, might weaken, crush her, but never must it come near her darling, idolized mother, whose shattered mind and frame must ever throw all responsibility upon herself. Her regular, quiet breathing came to her through the half-open door, and she breathed a sigh of thankfulness that she at least was free from all anxiety. She

listened a moment as if the sound was music, though sad, then was again lost in thought. Her smooth brow was corrugated with its intensity.

She had already summed up what she could attempt to do with any probability of success. She could teach a school if one could be obtained; but friends and influence, which she had not, might be needed for success. She could teach classes, or single pupils in drawing, painting, and embroidery, but that was subject to the same contingencies as the former. Failing these she could do plain sewing, but she knew how laborious and precarious that must be. Failing all these—Margaret stopped there with a shudder! A gentle voice now called her, and soon, worn out with grief, fatigue, and anxiety, she fell asleep.

She rose early the next morning. All her life she had been waited upon by servants; now everything done in their little *menagé* must be done by her own inexperienced hands. It was a bright spring morning. The sun shone in the room warmly and brightly, the birds sang cheerily, and Margaret, with the elasticity of youth and health, wondered how she could have been so gloomy and despairing the night before. The cottage stood upon a rise of ground; she opened the door and looked abroad over the village. It nestled like some clinging, loving thing to the bosom of a beautiful spacious hill. Surely, when all seemed so wealthy, so flourishing, there could be found something to do! The cool spring breeze sported with the rich, wavy tresses of the young girl, and sent a deep healthy glow to the beautiful cheek, and swayed the mourning robes round the slender, graceful figure; but still she stood there looking, hoping, till the water in the tea-kettle boiling over upon the stove top called her suddenly within.

After their simple breakfast of toast and chocolate Margaret set out on her errand. She learned there was to be an examination that very afternoon of candidates for the situation of teacher of the village school. At the time appointed she presented herself. Her style and manners were not those of a village maiden, and she attracted notice and curiosity. She passed her examination creditably, and was subjected to some scrutinizing looks and questions; but the situation was bestowed upon a buxom-looking damsel of some thirty years, who without doubt would make the somewhat refractory pupils of aforesaid school "stand round," as the committee man expressed it.

Successively Margaret tried to obtain pupils

in either painting, drawing, or embroidery, but was unsuccessful in all, for unfortunately she had forgotten to obtain credentials as to her qualifications from her former teachers, and she knew not now where to address them.

Economical as she tried to be, it did not take long for her small sum of money to dwindle away. She succeeded finally in obtaining plain sewing, but was scantily supplied and poorly paid. She managed to obtain the bare necessities of life—that was all.

It was a summer of trial and distress to Margaret; with terror she saw the winter approaching. They had made no friends, no acquaintances. Poverty made Margaret haughty, unapproachable, while the manners of those to whom she had first applied for employment had not disposed her to regard the people of the village favorably.

While she was known to be proud and reserved, she was also known to be very poor, and people seldom forgive the two combined. There were noble people in the village who, if they had known Margaret, would have loved, respected, and befriended her, and whom she also would have regarded and esteemed; but it was no less true, and to their shame be it said, there were others who took advantage of her need to pay her but a tithe of the real value of her work, and Margaret, who, in her days of wealth, had always paid generously for labor of any kind, despised the meanness which took advantage of her poverty, while compelled to submit to it. The air of haughty superiority with which she received their niggard compensation galled her employers, and as the winter approached they grew less in number.

Margaret had casually noticed for some time that a portion of a spacious and elegant mansion, the grounds of which on the south adjoined that of the cottage, was being remodelled. Sitting at the window sewing from early morning till late at night, with only short interruptions, during which she prepared their meals, which now were forced to be very simple, she had carelessly observed it from time to time till its completion. For the last few days, boxes containing the most elegant and expensive furniture had been arriving, which she saw with a feeling of envy and covetousness which alarmed herself. Margaret loved the tasteful and beautiful; her eye for beauty and grace had been cultivated from infancy.

The next morning a plain but elegant travelling carriage drove up the carriage way to the mansion. An elderly, fine looking gentleman and a young girl alighted. The latter did not

immediately enter the house, but stood on the piazza, evidently surprised and gratified with the situation and prospect. Margaret saw her face distinctly. She was pretty, but not what one would call beautiful. She looked happy, merry, but her principal charm lay in the good, kind expression of her youthful face.

Margaret learned in time that the house was the recent purchase of Mr. Leigh, a man of wealth and social position, a widow with two children, a son and daughter, the youngest of which was Anne Leigh, the young girl whom Margaret had observed. In less than a month everybody "in society" in the village, unless incapacitated by illness, had called upon the new residents.

Meantime Margaret sat alone, unvisited and uncared for, sewing constantly, and growing paler and thinner. The day now often came that she, not her mother, had only two meals a day; sometimes—she tried to forget it—only one.

Annie Leigh had noticed the fair, pale girl in deep mourning who sat so constantly at the window; her graceful head, with its wealth of black hair put plainly back from the low broad forehead, bent perseveringly over her work and the ceaseless plying of the needle, and seeing that she was a lady in the true sense of the word, and knowing as little of poverty as Margaret once did, wondered how anybody could bear to sew so steadily. Sometimes she saw the gentle, delicate mother—for such Annie decided she was—leaning upon her daughter's arm, walking slowly round their small garden; once she saw the younger stoop and gather a cluster of snowberries, and fasten them on her mother's bosom, and the elder laughed gleefully. The daughter also smiled; but Annie thought it, even at that distance; such a wan, forced smile.

Annie Leigh's interest deepened; and one afternoon she inquired of two young ladies who had called concerning this beautiful girl and her mother. They looked at each other significantly, and then Rose Huntley answered:—

"Nobodies, of course, though we know nothing of them except that their name is Rivers, and they came here in the spring, and moved into that cottage. Where they are from nobody knows. She is a seamstress; but such airs as she gives herself! My! Miss Leigh, you ought to see! I took pity upon their destitute condition, and gave Miss Rivers some work; but she will have no more from me. If she were a born princess, she could not be more condescending! You would think *I* was the one

receiving a favor instead of her! They never receive any letters through the office, I understand; never go to church; altogether there seems something wrong about them."

"Perhaps," suggested Annie, "Miss Rivers cannot leave her mother, who is an invalid, I should judge."

"Crazy, rather!" replied Rose Huntley, in an unfeeling laugh. "At all events, I have done with them. Mamma is not willing that I should employ her longer; and if I withdraw my patronage, others will also, and I am sure I don't know what will become of them. Mamma says her pride ought to have a fall; that she never heard of such cool insolence to superiors as Miss Rivers is guilty of. And, as she has never seemed the least grateful, I cannot be expected to patronize her in preference to those whom I formerly employed."

"But, Rose, I thought you employed her because her terms were so reasonable," said her friend.

"Of course she could not expect to receive as much as those we have employed for years; but if she would work for nothing, I should not feel it right to encourage so much pride and impudence."

Annie Leigh gave a pitying look towards the brown cottage, and determined that she would take a piece of cloth to be made into sheets, shirts, or something that very day—no, it was Saturday; but the next Monday.

And Margaret on that night was to drink the very dregs of poverty. It was the middle of the evening. She had sewed from sunrise with scarcely any interruption, for she knew on the completion of that article depended their food and fuel for the morrow; but now she stopped. It was impossible to finish and return it at a seasonable hour. What should she do? She was out of food, money, credit, for she already owed the grocer, and he had rudely refused to credit her further. She had had but one meal that day, and felt faint and sick. Great heaven! Must they starve in a Christian land! Yes, she would starve willingly; this world was not so bright that she wished to stay in it. Better that this struggle, bitter as death itself, to sustain life were over! But her mother! Exhausted as she was with hunger and weariness, the remembrance nerved her. It was little at the best she had been able to do of late towards that idolized mother's needs, less still for her comfort; but the thin pale lips never complained. But that mother must not perish of starvation! Something for her life she *must* do! What? Should she ask for an advance

upon her work? She knew this would be worse than useless; she would receive insult with denial, for that work was Rose Huntley's. Had she nothing she could sell? She thought over their small stock of dress and furniture. In a city, she could have pawned many things; but that was not to be expected in the two or three stores of the village; but it was their only hope, and she must try.

There were her mother's furs—the last gift of her deceased husband. She had shrunk from parting with them for that reason, and because she had thought her mother would need them in the winter; but there was no choice now. They were costly, and almost unworn. Perhaps the grocer would take them in exchange for groceries, and in payment of what they already owed him. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and taking the box containing them, hastened to the grocer's.

A gay group of girls, in the centre of whom was Annie Leigh, a short distance before her, were going to the same place.

"Just let me tell you"—Annie had said, as she met two or three young friends—"what a splendid housekeeper I am. I thought it would be so nice, and begged papa to let me take the care all upon myself. Papa laughed, and said I might try it this week, and just think! here it is Saturday night; papa expected every moment, and we are minus butter, coffee, chocolate, soda, and a host of other things. I have got the list in my pocket. The worst of it is, Susan told me this morning that they were needed; but I forgot. I was so ashamed I determined not to send any one, but to come myself. Come with me, will you, girls?"

They entered the store together, and Annie had already given her orders to the obsequious shopkeeper when Margaret entered.

Annie Leigh heard the low request to Mr. White, to speak with him alone, and the gruff refusal.

"Can't—busy; say what you've got to say here."

Margaret hesitated, then made the request that he would take some furs, at the same time taking off the cover of the box, in payment for what she already owed, and the remainder for groceries.

He did not look at them, but pushed the box towards her. "Didn't want them. What could he do with furs? He couldn't wear them, and his wife and daughter were not so poor as to wear second-hand clothing!"

Margaret, with the calmness of despair, explained that they were costly furs, as he could

easily see by looking at them, and had been worn but a few times, and she mentioned the price paid for them.

He laughed incredulously and said, coarsely: "It looks suspicious, then, to say the least, for one in your circumstances who cannot pay an honest debt to have such expensive furs; but I want nothing of them whether they be yours fairly or foully."

The indignant blood surged to Margaret's cheeks, and the dark eyes flashed, while she drew herself up haughtily; but in time to check the impulsive, stinging words came the thought—her mother—their need!

She waited a moment, and though her cheek still burned, and her proud heart throbbed indignantly, she said, quietly: "They were my deceased father's last gift to my mother. If you will not take them, Mr. White, will you trust me for some groceries till I can sell them elsewhere? I shall be able to pay you soon."

He answered, roughly: "No, ma'am, I will not. I can't afford to support strangers, especially those who seem to take it as a favor to me. And, look here, the rest of that bill must be paid soon, or I shall take measures to obtain it."

The tone and words were such as admitted of no appeal. Margaret's hands were clasped for a moment, and a despairing agonized expression passed over her face, then she turned slowly, and with feeble, doubtful steps went out of the store.

Annie Leigh's bosom swelled with pity, sympathy, and indignation. She only had heard what passed. Her companions stood at a distance laughing and chatting merrily. Annie had longed to speak but dared not, and the tears started to her eyes as she marked the expression of Margaret's face at Mr. White's denial, and the slow, uncertain step.

"Mr. White, come here!" Annie Leigh spoke authoritatively.

The obsequious grocer came bowing to her word of command; the frown darkening his face for his poor debtor quickly changing to a smile for his rich but not more beautiful customer, but a trifle discomposed at the sharp, ringing tone that the sweet voice of Annie Leigh seldom took.

"Mr. White, send immediately to the house of the lady who just went out—Miss Rivers—a barrel of flour, keg of butter, some eggs, sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate (I know they must love chocolate, she said to herself), in fact, all sorts of groceries; then I wish you to make out your bill for those and what is already due

you. I will pay it; and say nothing about it to her or anybody," she said, imperiously, the deep flush of anger and excitement on her fair round cheek.

The grocer comprehended that he had in some way displeased Miss Leigh, but he knew better than to stop to try to mend matters. He with his clerk went busily to work, they suggesting, Annie deciding. Mr. White, however, after the groceries were gone, as he handed Annie the receipted bill of her own goods said, deprecatingly: "If I had only known Miss Rivers was a friend of yours, Miss Leigh, I"—

Annie interrupted him by handing him the money, and saying, coldly, "I believe that is right, sir."

Miss Leigh was not good company for her friends during their walk home. She was thinking of a fact that she had noticed and wondered at—that she had seen no smoke coming from the chimney of the brown cottage that day. Now she comprehended it all; they had no coal, no wood, and the weather so cold! They must have it, but in this she would need her father's aid.

Margaret, after leaving the store, dragged herself wearily home. Apathy came over her, the apathy of despair! Nothing now was before them but starvation or beggary; the first by all means. She was weary of life; it would not be suicide. She had taken all means looked upon by the world as justifiable and proper, to live. Had she not toiled and struggled till the flesh indeed was weary and the heart faint? She had failed! She had come to that state, poor, weary, way-worn Margaret, that even the thought of her mother sleeping in the next room failed to rouse her. Benumbed with the cold, but unconscious of anything save her misery and despair, she still remained in the same posture she had taken when first she came in, her arms folded upon the table, her poor weary head bent upon them, the rich, dishevelled hair sweeping the table. Was the proud and beautiful Margaret Rivers indeed fallen to this? And thus time passed.

There was a noise of wheels before the door! What matter? No good could come to them save death, and thank Heaven! no worse. There was a noise of something and somebody on the door-step, a knock at the door, then another and another. Margaret neither moved nor answered; but the door was not locked, and was opened, and a man appeared with a barrel of flour.

"Where will you have this put, ma'am?" But receiving no answer he concluded she was

asleep, and considerably placed it where he thought it ought to be, with as little noise as possible, then kegs, boxes, and packages followed. Before he went out, finally, he placed a folded paper softly on the table before Margaret. Life had been coming back to her during these minutes, though she had not moved, had hardly strength to do so. Hope sprang up afresh. The grocer had then relented—had perhaps concluded to take her furs! She dragged herself with difficulty to the dim light and opened the paper; she read a receipt from the grocer for the whole amount! She stared, and then the proud blood surged through her veins. Pride then was not dead, if life, and strength, and hope were almost extinct. Margaret Rivers an object of charity! It was only a momentary flash. Alas, Margaret's hunger conquered her pride.

She was searching—oh, vain labor!—if perchance a few stray coals could have escaped her eye, with which to make these things useful, when there was another knock, and a gruff voice asked "where she would have her coal put?" The receipted bill of that was also placed before her. On questioning the man, he only answered: "It was too dark to see; an' sure wasn't it yourself, ma'am?"

Later, when a cheerful fire diffused its grateful warmth over the chilly room, and her mother and herself sat down once more to a well-supplied table and partook of their favorite chocolate, she pondered over the matter, and tried to conjecture who their unknown benefactor could be. Who could thus have known all their need, and able and willing to relieve? Not a friend could she count in the village, much less one so generous and unselfish. Hardly able yet to believe it was not a dream, she glanced at their treasures. Yes, there were all sorts of groceries in large quantities, besides meat and poultry.

Margaret would not allow to herself that she felt humiliated at receiving what might be called charity. She said to herself that she did not, would not; that she felt relieved and grateful, and so she did; but, nevertheless, there was a little inward chafing, and a quickly formed determination that this unknown benefactor or benefactress must be discovered and in time repaid.

Monday came. Margaret had sat down at her favorite window to finish Miss Huntley's work, when there was a gentle tap at the door. She opened it, and recognized the pretty, pleasant girl who stood there as Miss Leigh, who, blushing, inquired for Miss Rivers. Having

entered, she introduced herself, then said, with pretty hesitation, looking eagerly, yet a little timidly, up at Margaret:—

"Can I get you to make some shirts for my father and brother, Miss Rivers? I shall be very much obliged if you will. There is no hurry about them." She had sat down quietly while speaking, and there was so much gentleness and goodness in her face and manners that Margaret unbent from her usual staidness, as she replied that she would be very glad to do them.

With a laudable determination to make it seem really a business matter, Annie Leigh inquired her price.

Margaret hesitated. "Miss Huntley pays me twenty-five cents."

Annie Leigh looked incredulous. "I must have misunderstood you. Did you say twenty-five cents?"

"You did not. It was twenty-five."

The indignant blood mounted to Annie's temples.

"I expected you to say a dollar, Miss Rivers. That is what we have been accustomed to pay for more common ones, and is the usual price; but I was going to say that I should not be willing to pay more than a dollar and a quarter for these, although they are to be quite nice ones. Father and brother Richard are so particular always about their shirts; so"—she added, laughingly—"be sure, Miss Rivers, not to put in more than a dollar and a quarter's worth of stitches."

Generous, delicate Annie Leigh! willing to seem to drive a bargain to hide her own generosity.

"Nay, Miss Leigh; while I have made them for Miss Huntley at the price I mentioned, I cannot receive so much from you."

"I will leave it to my father," said Annie. "He knows the standard prices, and wishes me always to be guided by them. We are very near neighbors, did you know it, Miss Rivers? I hope we shall be more neighborly than we have been thus far. You have not called, and I am the last comer in town. I should be most happy to see you."

Rose Huntley, had she been present, would have expected to see Miss Rivers painfully embarrassed by such condescension from Miss Leigh. She would have been offended and surprised at Margaret's courteous, calm manner, as if speaking to an equal, while she thanked her, but replied that "her mother's health and her own want of time precluded the making calls."

"Do you love flowers?" Annie questioned of Mrs. Rivers, noticing a few withered flowers in a vase on the table near her.

Mrs. Rivers answered in the affirmative.

"We have a great many in the conservatory, more than we know what to do with," Annie remarked; but she did not say she would send her any. Perhaps she feared they would be declined by Margaret. She had been gone scarcely half an hour, when a servant came with an elegant bouquet for Miss Rivers.

Annie made the shirts a pretext for coming in every day, besides she liked to be neighborly, she said, and she stayed longer each time she came, and was so merry, so artless, and kind, that Margaret's heart went out towards this good young girl, who on her side regarded Margaret with the most enthusiastic love and admiration.

Annie's friendship was of the active kind also. Her father's wealth and her own popularity gave her great influence. A word here, another there of the right sort and in the right place, and Margaret soon had plenty of work at a fair price. Rose Huntley had occasion to blush more than once with shame and mortification at her meanness with regard to Margaret, and it was well that she had. The lesson might prove profitable.

Margaret had locked both lips and heart upon the past, and Annie only knew from appearances that they had seen better days. This fact she never doubted. People with such manners and habits of refinement could not belong to their present position.

One morning when Annie was present, Mrs. Rivers, in going to a drawer to look for some article, took out a portfolio, and in doing so, its contents fell upon the floor. With characteristic politeness, Annie sprang to pick them up for her. Without intending to notice, she unconsciously did so, and exclaimed, impulsively: "Paintings! Oh, how pretty! May I look at them?" she exclaimed, with delight. Mrs. Rivers smiled assent. She looked at them eagerly, one after the other. They were pencil sketches, landscapes, and heads, both in oil and water colors. "How beautiful! Oh if I could only paint half as well! Who did them? I do so want to learn to draw and paint! I have been teasing papa; but there is no suitable teacher here; and we are so far from the city that he says no artist would be likely to have either time or inclination to come so far to give lessons. The teacher of drawing and painting at the Academy also has left, and they have not yet provided one to fill her place.

If they would only get one who could paint like this! *Do you know who did these?*" she asked, coaxingly.

Mrs. Rivers smiled as she answered in her low, sweet voice, "that her daughter, Margaret, did them long ago when they lived in the world, and *he* was there. Margaret was greatly admired then, and never did any sewing. Jane did all that for her. She wondered where Jane was now." And she called in a louder voice: "Margaret, will you send Jane to me? Where can she be so long? I want her to bathe my head," and the tone was a little querulous.

And Margaret, in the other room, instantly laid down her sewing, came to her, and said, soothingly: "Let me play Jane this time, mamma. I will do it very carefully." And she tenderly bathed the head, whose tresses, but a short time since a purple black, were now almost snowy white.

Annie, her face all astonishment, asked: "Did you do these, Miss Rivers?"

Margaret looked up at the question, saw the sketches. "Yes, soon after I left school."

Annie was silent some minutes; at last, she asked: "Do you like to sew? I should think it would be much easier to teach painting. I should much rather, if I knew how."

Margaret smiled a little sadly. "It would be easier and more desirable, certainly; but I was not successful in my efforts to obtain pupils when I first came."

"Oh, but they couldn't have known how beautifully you do it. There is—." But Annie interrupted herself. She had a plan in her pretty head, and after a few moments, took leave. That afternoon she was feverishly impatient for her father's return. But when he came, he was accompanied by her brother Richard, whom she was so delighted to see, after his long absence, that for some time she entirely forgot the aforesaid plan.

They were seated at the tea-table, and she had poured out the tea, and seen that they were helped to everything before she broached the subject which had so engrossed her since morning.

"I have made *such* a discovery, papa!" she began. "You remember how much I have wanted to take lessons in painting, and that you said there was no competent teacher here? And what do you think, papa? I was at the brown cottage this morning, and Mrs. Rivers happened to upset a portfolio, and I ran to pick up the contents for her, and so saw them—the most beautiful sketches, both in pencil

and oil! And, papa, she—I mean Miss, not Mrs. Rivers—did them all every one herself. Oh, so exquisite! and, papa"—she ran on, almost out of breath—"I want her for a teacher; and I want you to speak to the preceptor, or committee, or somebody, to get her the situation in the academy to teach drawing and painting. The teacher left last week. Mr. Caldwell told me so. *May* I—and will you? please, papa."

Mr. Leigh and his son laughed heartily at her enthusiasm and volubility for answer. The young girl looked ready to cry at this conduct, instead of the hearty response she had anticipated. Mr. Leigh, seeing it, said, kindly:—

"I have no doubt, my dear, but that your pet seamstress is a good little woman, and understands her business well, and is altogether very well for her position; but as for her skill in painting, remember, love, that your eye and taste are, as yet, uncultivated. It takes a great deal of time and money, as well as a natural talent, to make even a tolerable artist. Does it seem reasonable to expect that this favorite of yours could have commanded all these advantages?"

"I don't know about that, papa; I only know that I think them beautiful, and I am sure you will say so, too, when you see them. I borrowed them of Mrs. Rivers, without letting her daughter know it, on purpose for you to show to the committee. I know you will like them. Will you look at them, papa?"

Mr. Leigh smiled, indulgently. "Very well, daughter; after tea I will look at them; but I am afraid I can only call them daubs."

Annie, however, still looked confident. Her brother had listened to the conversation with much amusement. He was very fond of his little sister, and very indulgent, who on her part thought there was *nobody* quite so splendid as "brother Richard!"—And, in truth, Richard Leigh was a noble specimen of manhood, bodily, mentally, morally. He was tall, dark, erect, with a quiet consciousness of power in eye and bearing. He measured himself by a high standard, and, though he knew he had not attained to the desired height, he had willed that the distance should be gradually and surely lessening.

Annie ate scarcely any supper; she began to be a little impatient of the length of time her father and brother sat at table; who, in fact, had forgotten all about the matter directly after she had spoken, and the latter was describing some incidents of his journey, when, chancing to glance at Annie, he observed her

uneasiness and impatience. He stopped laughing. "But little puss, here, does not seem in a mood to appreciate my descriptions! What is the matter? Oh, I remember! We will waive this subject. The seamstress first, by all means," he said, good-humoredly.

Mr. Leigh echoed his son's laugh. "Excuse me, daughter, I forgot," moving back his chair. "Go and bring them. Come, Richard, you must share the treat."

Annie, looking a little ashamed of her impatience, went to get the portfolio; and, returning, placed it before them both. One could see at a glance that both the gentlemen felt that they were going to be bored, but wished to oblige the young girl. At the first, they both glanced carelessly as if desirous not to see defects for her sake; but the glance changed to a look of surprise, and, as they continued, to one of deep interest. Both were soon engrossed, passing encomiums here and there, with an occasional notice of some slight defect in design or coloring. Annie sat before them, silent with delight, and mischief sparkling in her eyes. She couldn't wait till they had quite finished. "Daubs! eh, papa?"

Mr. Leigh smiled. "Something more than daubs, my daughter; but this seamstress could not have done these. There must be some mistake, or she has deceived you."

"Papa, you ought not to say that, when you do not know her! I do." There was indignation and a good deal of dignity in the tone and words, which accorded ill with her childish face and lip, and her father's eye twinkled.

"Good, my daughter! Stand up for your friends—that's right. Well, if—mind, I say *if*—this seamstress really painted these pictures, I will endeavor to get for her the situation in the Academy. Whoever painted these is equal to that, if equal to anything."

"Thank you, papa, for all but the doubt. But I wish you would see about it this very night. You are not very tired—eh, papa? You see they may engage some one, and it would be such a nice place for Miss Rivers—so much easier than sewing; she gets so tired sewing all day. She never says so; but I know she does. Why, I should die, papa! Will you see about it this very night—that's a good papa!" And she put her arms round his neck, coaxingly, and kissed him.

"What would you do with this persistent girl, Richard? Would you indulge her? But you did not have the kiss; so perhaps you cannot judge fairly."

"If he says 'yes, that I ought to be in-

dulged,' I shall perhaps introduce him some time to the lady artist—mind, papa, not seamstress any longer; but he will be certain to lose his heart."

Why did Richard Leigh's lip curl? Was it at the idea of losing his heart to a poor seamstress, or of losing his heart at all?

(Conclusion next month.)

## PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

### SIXTH LESSON.

WE have now to consider the subject of "Outline," a most important one to a draughtsman.

A simple perfect outline is more valuable than an imperfect one, worked up with all the skill of a Vandyke, Wilkie, or Landseer.

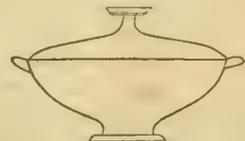
Many persons assert that the shading and filling up will hide some of the defects in a bad outline; but be assured that such advice is not only wrong, but highly injurious to tyros in the art of drawing; for opinions such as this are apt to undermine its right principles, and make beginners careless.

Outline signifies the contour, or the line by which any figure is defined, being, in fact, the extreme or boundary line of an object. It is the line that determines form. For example: the outline of an apple would not, if correct, convey an impression to your mind that it was intended for an orange or a pear; and if you look at Figs. 22, 24, and 25, you could not imagine that they were like the ordinary jugs in use.

Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Outline may be said to be the skeleton or anatomy of objects; at least, it bears the same relations to them.

Outline cannot be formed without the aid of curved and straight lines (see Lesson III.).

Of course, as you are now able to form lines of all kinds in any direction, and of reasonable length, you are already in possession of the alphabet of outline, and the rest depends upon yourself; for without constant application and attention you can never succeed.

*Never be absurd enough to delude yourself, while you think you are deceiving your relations or*

friends, by tracing outlines against a window. The practice cannot be too highly condemned, because it is contrary to art, honor, and good sense; and so long as you continue the system, it will be impossible for you to depend upon yourself.

All marks of lines that assist in expressing the character of the design may be considered as belonging to outline.

There are many methods of producing effects by means of outline, besides adhering to variations of form in the figures. For example, the lines used to express drapery should be flowing, continuous, and generally of variable breadth; those used for the flesh or for some kind of fruit should partake of the same character; hard substances, such as armor, statuary, etc., should be expressed by uniform lines of a fine character; and the foliage should be drawn boldly, with occasional dark touches, and with a tremulous lateral motion of the hand. The figure of Psyche will assist the pupil in comprehending our remarks upon drapery and flesh.

Fig. 26.



Never jag your lines by making them by fits and starts; let the motion of your hand be free and uninterrupted, so as to form a continuous line; for, if the pencil is removed from the paper, a line like a saw will be the result.

We need not remind our pupils that there are extremes of outline as in other things; the one is too great a uniformity of line, the other too great a variation of breadth of line. If the subject is intended to be finished in outline, the pupil should strengthen one side more than the other; and we recommend that the outline etchings issued by the "Art Union of London," which are excellent compositions, should be carefully studied and copied.

If the subject is to be shaded, the outline should be lightly, and not too firmly drawn.

We must remind the student in drawing that, to give a correct delineation of the human figure, it is indispensable to have some knowledge of muscular action. It is necessary that all the muscles, their purposes and functions, should be well understood; nor must osteology, or the bones of the skeleton, be neglected.

## THE FADED FLOWER.

BY FLORA.

It is gone! and the dewdrop which oft loved to find  
'Neath its half-folded petals a sweet resting place,  
And was proud on its bowed head thus humbly to shine,  
And laugh at the stars through the regions of space,  
Falls now on what once was that flow'ret so fair,  
Its dried leaves fast mingling with the dust that is there.

It is gone! and the zephyr which lingered to play  
With the soft velvet leaflets that decked the frail flower,  
And as it passed by steal its fragrance away,  
And bear it far onward from bower to bower,  
Sighs mournfully now o'er the lovely one's grave,  
And lingers in vain for the fragrance it gave.

It is gone! and the sunbeam which sped on its way,  
With warmth for its life and light for its hue,  
And loved still to remain at the close of the day,  
Lest the flow'ret be chilled by the dampness of dew,  
Comes now but to lighten the spot where it lies,  
And to mourn that, on earth, all that's beautiful dies.

It is gone! and the rainbow-winged humming-birds  
moan  
That the nectar they loved has forsaken its cup,  
That the fountain within with the flow'ret has gone,  
And the sweet honey drop is forever dried up—  
Alas, *disappointment* comes ever to blight  
The fondest of hopes and the purest delight!

It is gone! and the painter had chosen that flower,  
That his canvas might glow while its image he traced;  
It is gone, and its loveliness cometh no more  
His quick eye to please and his canvas to grace—  
He saw it had withered, that death had been there,  
And turned from the spot with a sigh of despair.

It is gone! and the poet thus bitterly spoke,  
For he loved oft to gaze on the flow'ret's fair face,  
While deep in his heart fondest mem'ries awoke,  
And his thoughts wandered back into sunnier days,  
Where warm, true hearts echoed the tones of his own,  
But the flower has faded—the memories have flown.

It is gone! and we turn from the wreck of the flower,  
As we turn from our hopes when they wither and die,  
When dark, heavy clouds seem above us to lower,  
And the bright bow of promise has passed from the  
sky—

To our aching heart's murmur this answer is given:  
"Treasures fade not which are laid up in heaven."

THE firefly only shines when on the wing.  
So it is with the mind; when once we rest we  
darken.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY K. L.

On last Christmas Eve I put on a large apron and went down to the kitchen to prepare a plum pudding for next day's dinner. The children, instead of being

"Nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,"

crowded eagerly about me, begging that they might be allowed to sit up an hour longer "just this once," and help me pit the raisins.

"We'll be so good!" pleaded Johnny, the youngest son of our house.

"And I can do them so nicely with my new knife!" said Tom.

"I'm not sleepy one bit, mother!" urged Kitty, looking up at me with distended eyes.

"Nor I, either! Oh, do let us sit up, mamma!" put in little Minnie, adding, in an earnest, injured tone: "I've never seen a plum pudding made in all my *whole* life!"

This settled the matter; for Miss Minnie was nearly six years old, and her pitiable case required attending to at once. Permission being granted, the children gave vent to shouts of joy that brought Aunt Mary into the kitchen.

"Hurrah! Hurrah for the pudding! Hurrah for mother! Hurrah for Aunt Ma—"

Aunt Mary laughed her pleasant little laugh and held up her finger. "Hush! you'll frighten Santa Claus's reindeers so they'll run away with him, and we won't get any toys tonight."

"Humph!" exclaimed Tom, drawing himself up with dignity; "we don't believe a word about Santa Claus. We know better than that."

"Yes," chimed in Kitty; "we believe in the Christ-Child; there isn't any such man as Santa Claus. Grandpa says he has left the country in disgust, because the children have taken such a fancy to Christmas-trees."

"Shure thin," said Biddy, who was preparing the bowls and dishes for the pudding ceremonials, "an' what'll be the good uv hangin' yer stockin's on the three, if Santa Claus is after quittin' yez all?"

"Hal ha!" laughed all the little ones. "Stockings on the Christmas-tree! Oh, Biddy!"

Order being finally restored, the "pitting" and "stemming" commenced in good earnest; and, as a consequence, in the course of three minutes Tom had cut his finger; Minnie had spilled her cup of raisins on the floor, and all

had their hands well besmeared, and their mouths full.

"Och, mum!" said Biddy, "where's the use? The children's fairly stuck together with the muss, and the flure's intirely spilled on me after all me scrubbin'." And Biddy despairingly threw herself into a chair by the range.

Anxious to make friends with her, so that they might not be sent to bed at once, the children crowded around her, and Tom, acting as spokesman, begged her to be good and tell them about Mrs. Maloney's pig, or something funny.

"Oh yes! do, do!" echoed all the rest, half smothering her with embraces.

"Och! Is it tell a *funny* story on Christmas Eve, now? Go 'long wid yez! Who ever heard of such a thing? It's the horrible kind, all about the ghosts and goblends, that belongs to Christmas, and they'd skeer the wits out of yez."

"Pooh!" said Tom. "I'd like to hear the story that could frighten *me*!"

"Would ye, now?" asked Biddy, with a wicked twinkle in her eye. "Pigs, indade! I could tell yez something about Mrs. Maloney, now, that 'ud stand ivery one uv yer hairs on end."

"Well, tell us!" cried the children, crowding more closely about her, all but Tom, who stood at the other end of the hearth, feeling very brave, indeed.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, "you might scare the girls, Biddy, but you couldn't scare *me*, never mind what you told us."

"Well," began Biddy, lowering her voice mysteriously, "yez must know that before Mrs. Maloney came to this country, she had a mighty hard quarrel, indade, with one of her payple. Did yez ever mind, now, a quare scar on the furhead of her?"

"Yes," whispered the children, all but Minnie, who was becoming rather sleepy.

"Well," resumed Biddy, "I'll tell yez more about that same in a minute. She had a mighty quarrel, I say, in the old country concerning the ownin' of the farm she was livin' on. Ye see Mистер Maloney—as fine a boy as ever lived, pace to his soul!—well, he left it all to his wife, and he hadn't been dead a month before his Cousin Mike came flusterin' around wid a law paper called a morragage, or something like that, and claimed the property hisself—the baste! And she—poor creature!—after payin' most everything she kud lay her hands on to the lawyers, was glad to

get shet of the whole business, and come over to this counthry, with nothin' but the clothes on her back, and one chist; Mike, he livin' on the farm like a gintleman, an' she a-washin' and scrubbin' here in Ameriky by the day. Yez mind, now, how hard she used to work here last spring, while the house was a-clanin', and how lovely she did the ironin' wake afther wake? At last, in the fall, jest about a month back, what should come from Ireland to her but a letter from Mike, telling how he had jest died, in great trouble of mind an' body—"

"What! from Mike?" interrupted Tom.

"Och, how ye bother me! from one of Mike's payple, then—where 's the differ?—and tellin' how he had confessed he had sold the farm, and that the paper he had got it by was all a lie indade, and he frettin' to the last becase he must die widdout Mrs. Maloney's forgiveness; and in the same letter they send her fifty dollars that Mike left her on his dyin' bed."

"That was good in him," suggested Johnny.

"Och, good!" exclaimed Biddy, wrathfully. "An' what good was it, an' he afther almost breakin' the poor crayture's heart afore that? Well, she was plazed enough to get the money for all, as she told me herself, indade, here in this blessed kitchen, for she said it would get her many a little convaynience that, barrin it, she'd a had to do widdout; and that same evenin' she came to ask would the mistress let me go stop wid her that night, for she felt kind ov skeered-like to be alone afther hearin' uv Mike dyin,' an' he worryin' afther her. Well, your mother was willin', and thin Mrs. Maloney asked would I go home with her at oncet, and mind the place for her, while she went to just a store or two to get some things she was afther wantin' over Sunday. The payple of the house where Mrs. Maloney was stoppin', ye see, was strange to her, as she hadn't had a room there more 'n about ten days. Well," continued Biddy, dropping her voice to a whisper again, "I went back wid her, and thin she lit a candle on the table standin' in the middle of her room, and told me if I would sate myself for a moment or two she would just take a run in the street for the things she wanted. But I tell you she wasn't gone ten minutes before I wished meself out of it again. There was the quarest creaking noises goin' on yez ever heard, and the candle began to flare back'ards and forrards—so," said Biddy, as suitin' the action to the word, she accidentally extinguished the candle on the table beside her, leaving the large kitchen quite din, except in the corner where Aunt Mary and I were silently working.

"Wait!" said Johnny, who was becoming rather nervous; "let me light the candle before you go on."

"Och, what 's the matter wid ye?" chided Biddy. "Be aisy, will ye, and kape yer sate till I tell yez. Well," she resumed, "the quare noises got worse and worse, and the candle kep' flarin' wilder and wilder, until at last it went out on me intirely, and there I stud in the dark. All in a flusther, I made me way to the door, and, belave me, if Mrs. Maloney—bad luck ter her!—hadn't locked it by mistake and taken the key wid her! So afther gropin' my way about the room, and knockin' over the things tryin' to find a match, I bethought me to knock on the wall and find if there wasn't anybody in the next room that would push me in a match or two under the door, when—the saints protect us!—if I didn't hear the awfullestest groanin' a-comin' out of the wall that iver a mortal heard! So I just whipt the shoes and frock off uv me, and was under the bedclothes in the wink of yer eye."

"Oh dear! I don't wonder you were frightened, Biddy," said Kitty, as the children huddled more closely about her, and even Master Tom drew a few steps nearer to her, and sat down.

"Do yez, now?" whispered Biddy, confidentially. "But the worst hasn't come yet. Well, there I lay all gathered up in the bed, tryin' to kape the groanin' out uv me ears, when I felt somethin' pullin'—pullin' softly at the bed covers, and thin if somethin' warm didn't kind uv brathe over me face. Just as I was goin' to skrame out, Mrs. Maloney came bustlin' in, all uv a flusther for kapin' me alone so long; and I felt quite comforted-like when I saw the candle lit again. After she was in the bed, she told me how she had bin persuaded into buyin' iver so many things more 'n she meant to, spendin' tin dollars in all. 'And do ye know, Biddy,' sez she, 'it puts me all in a shiver-like when I think how I've bin spendin' Mike's money, and he moulderin' in the grave, widdout me ever forgivin' him at all, at all?' 'Och, don't be silly, Mrs. Maloney!' sez I, tryin' to comfort her, though I couldn't help shiverin' meself when I bethought me of the dreadful groanin' I had heard; 'don't be botherin' yerself wid such notions; Mike's got other things to trouble him now, I warrant, besides the likes of ye!' And so we got to talkin' about one thing an' another, until at last we both fell aslape."

"And didn't anything more happen, after all?" asked Tom, quite disappointed.

"Wait till yez hear, and don't be spilin' me story," said Bidy, mysteriously, adding, as she looked nervously around her, causing all the children instinctively to do the same: "Well, as I was sayin', we both fell aslape, and I didn't wake up till the middle uv the night. The moonlight by that time was a-pourin' in the room, showin' all the furniture and everything distinctly, and there, in the corner, I saw the black thing a-standin' that must ha' bin pullin' me bed-covers, an' it a-lookin' at me with glarin' eyes; and the next minute if I didn't see a sight that made me almost lape out of the bed wid astonishment. There, on a chair close by Mrs. Maloney's side of the bed, was—yez may belave me now, for I saw it with my own eyes—a skeleton! A skeleton, stark an' stiff on the chair, a kind uv leanin' over forninst Mrs. Maloney; an' she sleepin', only fur the snorin', like a young baby."

"Oh, Bidy!" exclaimed all the children, in a breathless whisper, "what *did* you do?"

"Well, I hardly know how it happened, but I somehow fell aslape, and me lookin' at it. But after a while, the wind a-moanin', or the groanin' in the wall woke me up again, and—"

"Was it there yet?" gasped Tom.

"Indade it *was*—just the same as before," returned Bidy.

"Did it come to reproach her, Bidy?"

"Is it *spake*, ye mane? Shure, Master Tom, how could it spake widdout a tongue; and did ye ever hear uv a skeleton wid a tongue? But wait a bit till I tell yez. Well, there I was lyin' lookin' at it, for I couldn't take my eyes off uv it for amazement; anyway, when the room gettin' lighter with the comin' mornin', Mrs. Maloney giv a start, and riz straight up in the bed—"

"And hadn't it disappeared by that time?" asked Tom, trembling all over.

"Never a bit!" answered Bidy. "But Mrs. Maloney didn't seem to persave it at first; so she jumped out of bed, and asked me wouldn't I hurry and get dressed to go with her to early Mass? The words were no sooner out of her than she turned suddenly and *looked full at it*. The next minute her hand was upon the skeleton, a-raisin' it from the chair, and it a-tremblin' all over."

The children clung closer to Bidy, and Tom managed to gasp out: "Well, what happened then? Tell us, quick!"

"Happened!" exclaimed Bidy. "Why, nothing—only Mrs. Maloney gave it a shake or two and *put it on*; and a very fine skeleton it was! It had thirty springs to it, and made

Mrs. Maloney look mighty grand, I tell yez. But who'd a-ever thought of Kitty Maloney wearin' such toggery as that! But the fifty dollars had overcome her sinse intirely."

The children began to laugh, and Tom looked rather sheepish as he said: "Humph! I *knew* it would turn out to be something of that kind!"

"But the black goblin, Bidy, with the glaring eyes?" asked Johnny, not quite satisfied.

"The goblin!" cried Bidy, in mock amazement; "and did I say now it was a goblin? It was the black cat, ye silly crayture, that Mrs. Maloney kapes with her, in spite uv the torment that it is."

"And the creaking, Bidy, and the groans in the wall?"

"Och! sure I clane forget to tell yez what that was; that was a poor old soul in the next room a-rockin' in an old chair, an' a-groanin' wid the toothache."

"And Mrs. Maloney's scar," asked Kitty; "how did she get that?"

"Didn't I tell yez?" said Bidy, innocently.

"Well, that came from her tumblin' on the hot coals when she was a baby. But sakes alive! if it ain't strikin' nine! Go to bed wid yez, now; and you, Master Tom, don't be so aisy skeered with skeletons and such trash after this."

Tom was "missing" in an instant, and he confessed to me privately the next morning that he dreamed that night of a Christmas-tree full of skeletons, and Santa Claus dancing a jig around it, with a pipe in his mouth, and a funny hoop skirt hung about his body.

Bidy had her way for that once; but her "ghost stories" have been interdicted for the future.

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CHEERFUL MUSIC.—The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his Church Music was always of an animating, cheerful, and gay description. Haydn's answer was: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

NEVER suffer your children to require service from others which they can perform themselves. A strict observance of the rule will be of incalculable advantage to them in every period of life.

# NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER.

HEADRESSES, BONNETS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, SACK, WRAP, ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 1.—Coiffure for a ball. The hair is dressed with plaits and rolls. A tuft of field-flowers is arranged as a coronet, and a spray of flowers is arranged with the back hair.

Fig. 2.—The hair is arranged in a knot on top of the head, and falls at the sides and back in heavy rolls, through which are twined branches of flowers.

Fig. 4.—The Alexandra ringlets, as worn by the Princess of Wales.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 3.

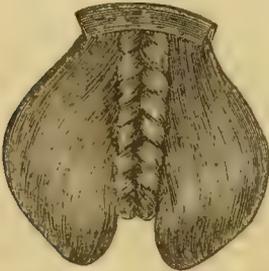


Fig. 3.—New style of waterfall, looped up in the centre by a braid.

Fig. 5.—Dress for a little girl from two to

Fig. 6.



four years old, of blue cashmere, braided with white silk braid. The corsege is made low and square, and intended to wear with a white muslin guimpe. The points round the waist are bound with white braid, and trimmed with white buttons.

Fig. 6.—Fall dress for a girl of ten years. The material is a Solferino poplin, bordered on the skirt with a black band, with a scalloped edge bound with velvet, and a white silk button on each scallop. The plastron on the corsege, the cuffs, and sash, are all of black, and

Fig. 6.



trimmed to suit the skirt. The corsege is half low, and worn over a white plaited muslin guimpe.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—Fancy apron for a little girl. It is of thin white muslin, trimmed with puffings, through which bright colored ribbons are run.

FIG. 10.

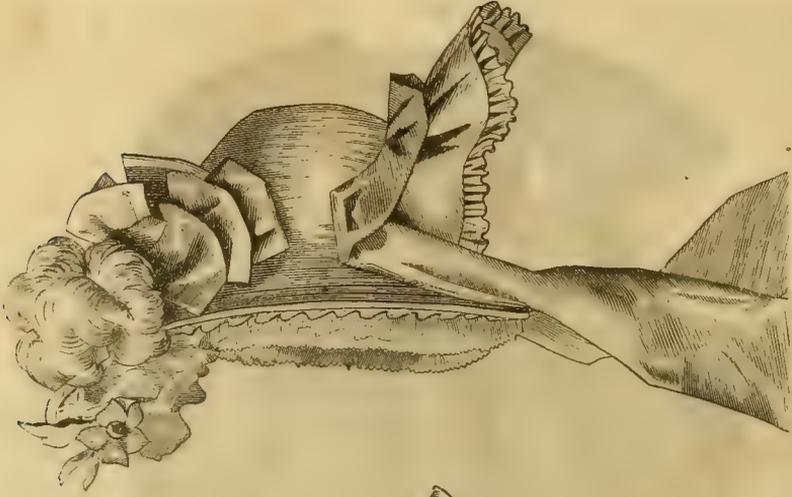


FIG. 9.

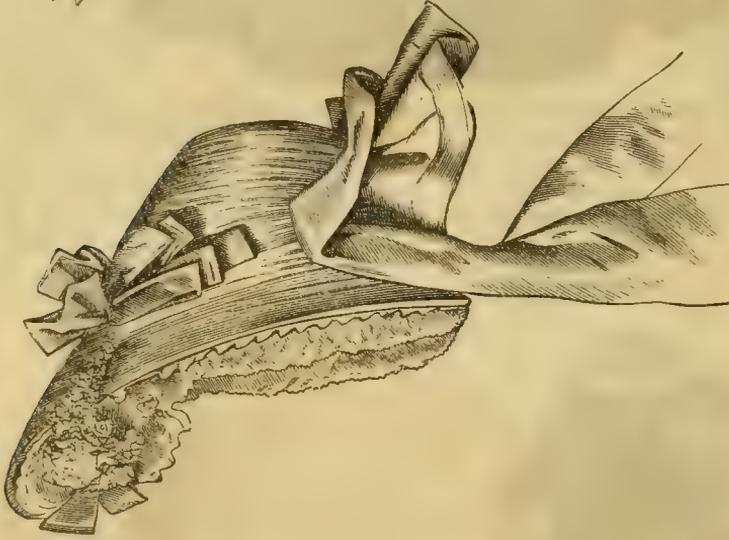


FIG. 8.

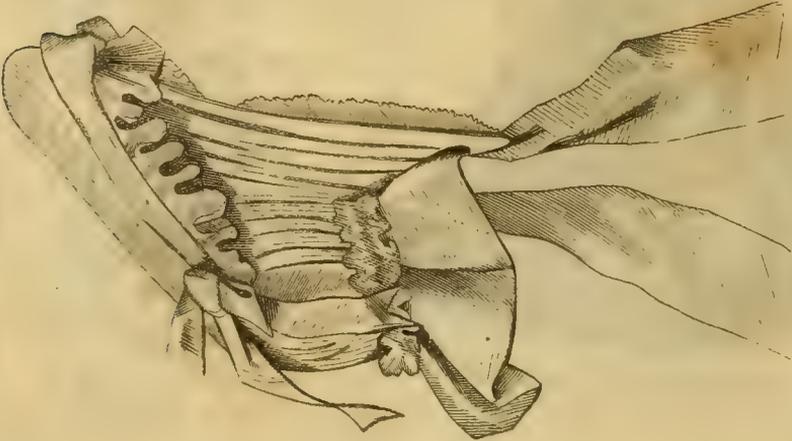


Fig. 8.—A bonnet of smoke gray uncut velvet, trimmed on the left side with a plaiting of bias scarlet velvet, which forms the inside trimming, and extends over on the outside of the bonnet to the crown, where it is finished with a bow and ends. A plaiting of scarlet velvet heads the cape, and the strings are of scarlet velvet.

Fig. 9.—Mauve velvet bonnet, trimmed with purple ribbon, as represented in our plate. The inside trimming is composed of loops of mauve and purple ribbon, and pink roses and buds.

Fig. 12.

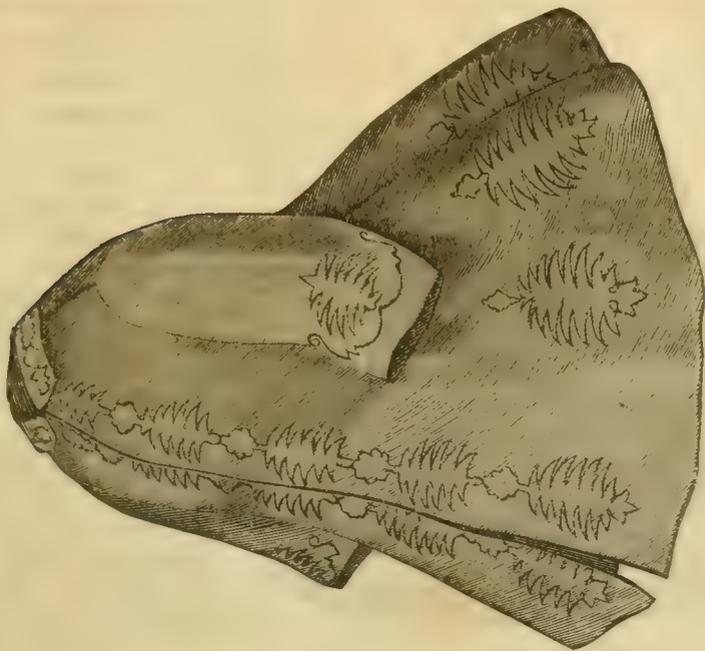


Fig. 11.



Fig. 10.—Bonnet of a dark shade of cuir-colored velvet, trimmed with a lighter shade of ribbon and feathers. The inside trimming is of azurline blue velvet and white flowers.

Fig. 11.—Paletot for a little girl. This is made of black or dark gray cloth, scalloped all round. A plaiting of pinked scarlet cloth is stitched on the inside of the coat, and forms the trimming both for the edge and front of the coat and the sleeves.

Fig. 12.—Fall wrap for a little girl. It is made of cuir-colored cloth, braided with black.

Fig. 13.—Fall sack for a little boy. This sack is made of gray cloth, braided with black velvet.

Fig. 13.



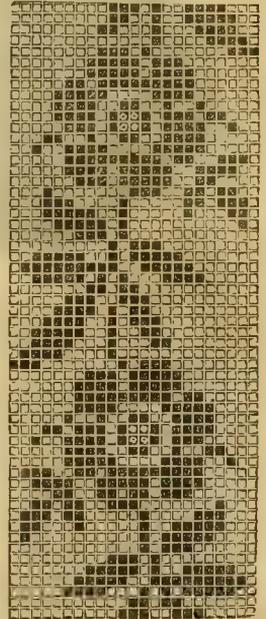
Fig. 14.



Fig. 14.—Home-dress of black alpaca. The corsage and skirt are in one, and the trimming consists of cuir-colored velvet buttons, and bands of cuir-colored velvet.

PATTERN FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.

BORDER PATTERN.



WHEN worked, this pattern will be found to be at once tasteful and showy. It is suitable for any piece of crochet or netting for which bordering may be required. For crochet night-caps it is very appropriate.

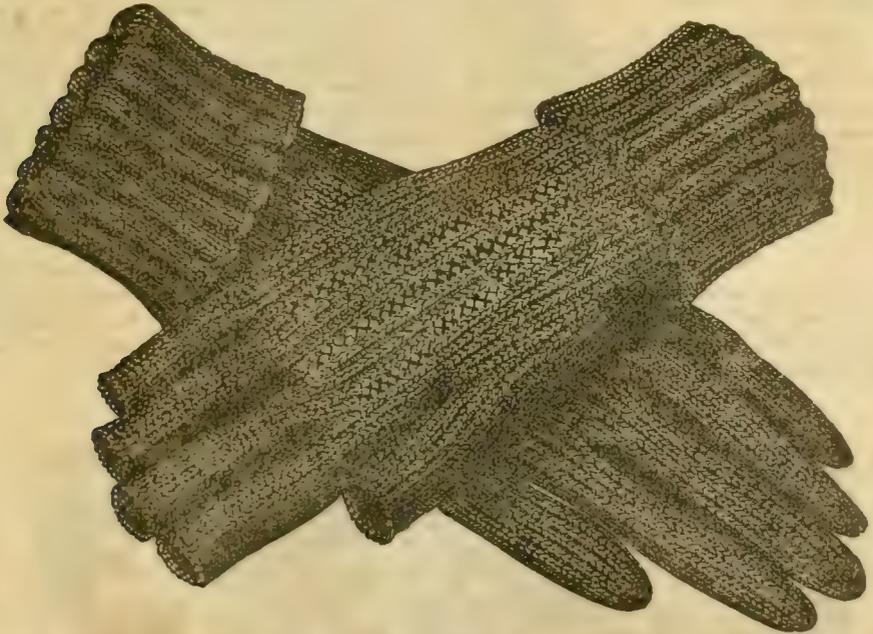
BRAIDING PATTERN.



## HUNTING GLOVES.

They are to be knit with steel needles, and, as the plate shows, the right-hand glove has no tips to the fingers.

Set up 76 stitches. Knit 2 stitches right, and two wrong all the way round; continue to do so until you have 60 rows. Half of this knitting is to be turned over to form the double cuff. After the 60 rows, knit 2 rows right and 2 rows wrong, 2 rows right, 2 rows wrong, 2 rows right; then begin the glove. It is like the fingers: knit 1 right, 1 wrong; but the stitches must be twisted as you take them up to knit. Work now 3 rows of 1 stitch right, and 1 wrong.



*4th row.*—Widen 1 stitch, knit 3 stitches, widen 1, knit the rest of the row without widening. Knit 2 rows, widen again at the same places; but this time you have 5 stitches to knit between the widenings.

Widen at the same places 8 times. Knit 2 rows between each of the first 4 widenings; then knit three rows between each of the rest. This widening forms the beginning of the thumb. Now knit the thumb itself. Take up the 25 stitches which are between the widening stitches. Divide on two needles, and cast 8 stitches on a third needle. Knit 3 rows, narrow 1, stitch on beginning and end of the 8 stitches you have set up. Knit 3 rows, narrow the same way. Knit 2 rows, narrow 1 stitch on

the end of the 8. Knit 17 rows, without narrowing, bind off.

Now work on again where you left the mitten, pick up the 8 stitches you set up on the thumb, and knit 4 rows, narrow 1 stitch on beginning and end of the 8 stitches; then knit 22 rows, without either widening or narrowing. Now divide the stitches for the four fingers, and begin to put all the stitches on two needles. Take another needle, knit off 10 stitches; take another needle, set up 12 stitches. Knit 10 stitches off from the second needle of the mitten, which you have not taken off yet. Knit these 32 stitches in a rounding. *1st row.*—Narrow on beginning and end of the 12 stitches. *2d.*—Narrow 1 stitch only on the end of the 12

stitches. *3d.*—Narrow on beginning and end of the 12 stitches. Knit 25 stitches. You have now 25 rows; then bind off. On the middle finger take the 12 stitches up first which you set up on the first finger. Knit 10 stitches off the first needle, the same as on the other fingers. Take another needle, set up 12 stitches; take another, knit off 10 stitches on the opposite side from it, and knit in a rounding (there are 44 stitches), narrow the first 4 rows on each side of the 12 stitches on beginning and end. Narrow 4 in each row; in 4 rows 16 stitches. This leaves you 28 stitches on the finger. Knit 30 rows without narrowing, and bind off the third finger.

Take up the 12 stitches you set up for middle

finger. Knit 10 off, set up 10, knit 10 off from the other needle. You have 42 stitches in this rounding; 4 first rows narrow on beginning and end of the 10th and 12th stitches. You will have 26 stitches left. Knit 23 rows, bind off.

For the little finger, pick up the 10 stitches you set up on third finger. Knit off the rest of the stitches you have on the other two needles, and narrow the first 3 rows on beginning and end of the ten stitches. Knit 19 rows, and bind off.

The left glove is knit in the same way, only the fingers must be longer, and have tips. On thumb of right hand you have 17 rows knit after the rounding.

On left hand knit 30 rows, then narrow off 6 times in 1 row. Knit 2 rows over, and end off the same as in a stocking. First finger, knit 36 rows, narrow off. Middle finger, knit 40 rows, narrow off. On third finger, knit 34 rows, narrow off. Little finger, knit 26 rows, narrow off. On the back of the hand work 3 rows of cross stitch in fancy colored zephyr.

### RUSTIC ORNAMENTS.

#### HANGING VASE.

PROCURE an earthen flower-pot five or six inches deep, that is not glazed on the outside. Just below the brim (with a shoemaker's awl, or something similar) make two holes exactly

opposite each other, that it may hang level. Find the length of cord requisite for its suspension, and fasten the ends into the holes by passing them through from the outside, and making a firm knot at the ends. It should be a strong scarlet worsted cord.

Spread upon the pot a thick layer of putty, and fasten the cones to it by pressing them into it. If there is a hole in the centre of the bottom, stop it up with the putty. Put a large pitch pine cone in the centre of the bottom and a row of acorns, or small cones around it. Put a row of large acorns around the top of the pot, with the points up; then a row of cups below them: another row in the same way at the bottom of the pot, but with the points downward. Now between these, half-way down the side, put round a row of large acorns, laying the point of each on the cup of the last acorn, and each side of these put a row of pine scales, laying the outside of them on the putty. These will form quite a wreath around the vase. Cover the remainder of the flower-pot with small acorns, cones, and scales. Give it two coats, or one very thick coat of furniture varnish.

When suspended in a window, with a myrtle or some other trailing plant growing in it, this vase makes quite a pleasing ornament, attracting the notice of passers-by as well as of those within doors.

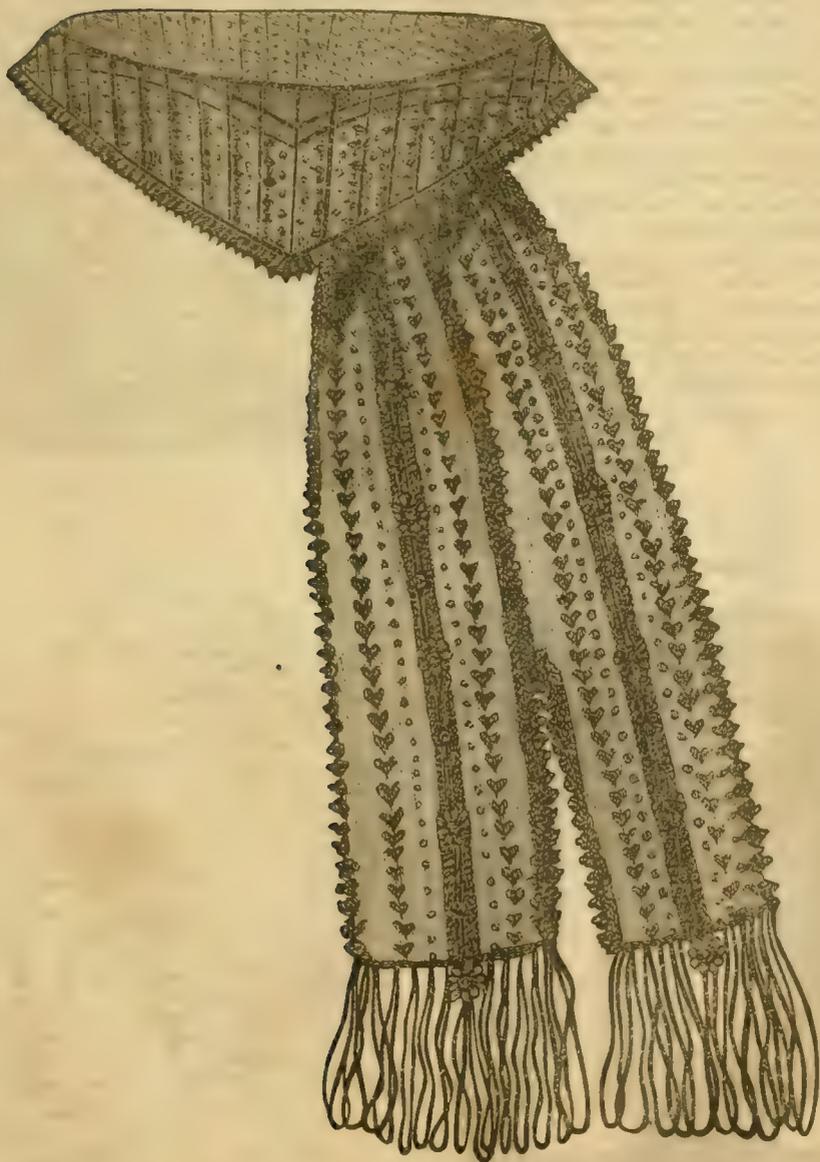
#### EMBROIDERY.



## CROCHET TRIMMING.



## A NEW STYLE OF GIRDLE.



This girdle forms a pointed basque both back and front, with long ends flowing from the left side. It is composed of black lace, trimmed

with chenille, narrow velvet, and a quilling of black ribbon.

CORNER FOR A HANDKER-  
CHIEF.

To be traced on the cambric, and worked with embroidery cotton, Nos. 50 and 60.

The outer wreath of this design must be worked in satin-stitch; the edges of the ribbon have the black lines entirely cut away, after the bars of overcast stitch and the English spots are worked. The small flowers are also in satin-stitch, as is one of the initials. The other is done in graduated eyelet-holes.

This design may be enlarged considerably, if desired.

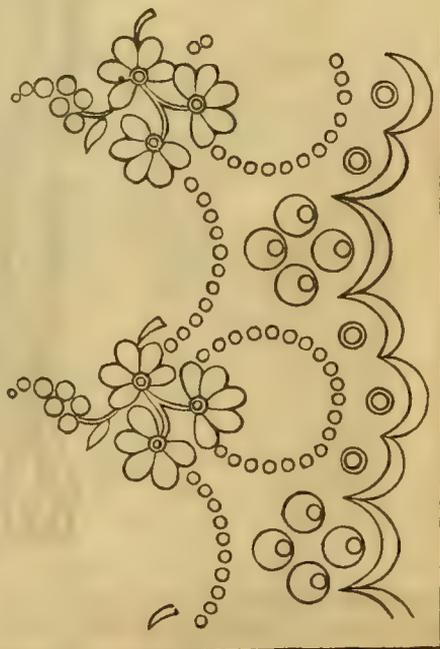
We may notice, *en passant*, that collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs, and every other article of lingerie, are now worked in Paris in scarlet, or other colored cotton; whether anything can ever be so pretty as white we may be permitted to doubt.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



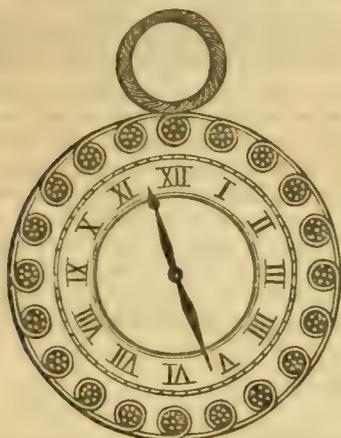
EMBROIDERY.



## THE WATCH PINCUSHION.

THIS pretty little article has much the appearance of a gold watch set with turquoise. It is made in the following way :—

Two rounds are to be cut out in cardboard, the size of our illustration. This is best done with the help of a pair of compasses, as it is necessary that they should be very exact. Then take two small pieces of maize-tinted ribbon, or gold-colored silk, and cut them round a little larger, so that they may well wrap over the edges of the cardboard; then fasten them on with stitches at the back all round, from one side to the other, so that they may be not only quite secure, but flat on the face, and smooth on the edges. Then draw in with Indian ink, the face of the watch, and sew on one



small black bead in the centre. The figures ought to be very neatly put in.

When the two rounds of cardboard have been thus covered, and the face of the watch drawn in, the turquoise beads are next to be arranged round the edges of both, as well as in the central ornament at the back. Then a gold thread is to be taken and carried neatly in and out, according to the pattern, round these clusters of turquoise. The best way of securing the ends is to make a hole with a needle just under one of the sets of beads, and putting the ends through to fasten them down on the wrong side. Let it be understood that it is only the centre of the back that is now to be finished off with the gold thread, and not the edges of the watch.

Then take a few thicknesses of flannel, and stitch them through and through, so as to make them into a compact form; and, having done this, cut them round very accurately to

the shape and size of the round of your watch. Be careful not to make this too thick, as it would spoil your work to have it clumsy, and flat watches are fashionable. Then take a very narrow ribbon exactly of the same color you have been using before, and sew it round the front of your watch; after which, put in your flannel, already prepared, and sew in the back exactly in the same way. The stitches should be very small, and a very fine silk ought to be used. It may, perhaps, be rather difficult to procure a good ribbon sufficiently narrow for the edge, as it ought to be rather less than a quarter of an inch in width; but it does quite as well to fold one in two, which makes it stronger.

When the watch pincushion is thus formed, it only remains to finish it off with what appears to be the gold setting of the turquoise. For



this purpose, the gold thread must be taken and carefully carried all round the little clusters of beads, and on from one cluster to another, covering the stitches round the edge. The beads in our pattern are very small, and of a bright turquoise color; but if there should be any difficulty in procuring them of the same size, and some a little larger are taken instead, then it will be better to use only five, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of the effect.

It now only remains to take a wire button the size of the ring of the watch given in our illustration, and having cut out the thread centre, wind the wire ring round and round with the gold thread as regularly as possible, fastening the ends, when they meet, with a needle and the maize-colored silk, and without breaking off, sewing the ring on to the top of the watch, having before taken care that the joint of the ribbon which forms the edge shall come in the same place.

POINT LACE.



16. Spanish Point. Fasten as many threads of soft cotton on your work as may be required for the design, to give the work a massive or raised effect; afterwards work from side to side with button-hole stitches, which must be worked close together and quite smooth. The edge may be finished as occasion requires, with No. 8 or 9.

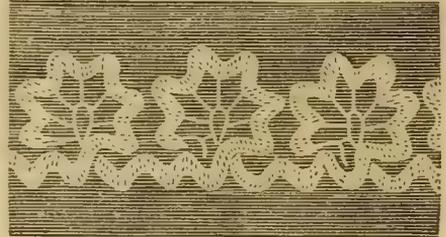
17. English Lace is made by filling a given space with threads crossing each other at right angles, at about the eighth of an inch distance; when all are done, commence making the spots by fastening your thread to the braid, and twisting your needle round the thread until you come to where the first threads cross each other, then pass your needle under and over the crossed threads until you have a spot sufficiently large; afterwards pass to the next one in the same way, until all are done. In filling a large space, they would look very well if the centre dot was large, and gradually getting smaller to the outer edge, or the reverse way.

18. Open English Lace is made in the same way as the last, with the exception that four

threads cross each other, and the spots are only placed where the four actually cross; this has a very beautiful effect if the horizontal and upright threads are considerably coarser than the other two.

EDGING IN WAVY BRAID.

This simple little edging is formed by working seven stitches of *point de Bruxelles* on seven points of the braid, returning the thread through



the loops of the stitches, drawing it up close in the centre, crossing the braid, and securing it with two or three stitches. Miss three points of the braid, work seven more points in the same way, repeating to the end; after which unite the points of the braid between each loop. The proper cotton for the *point de Bruxelles* is No. 20. The same pattern looks very pretty formed of a loop of nine points of the braid with the rosette lace-stitch worked in the centre.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR THE END OF A SILK OR MUSLIN TIE.



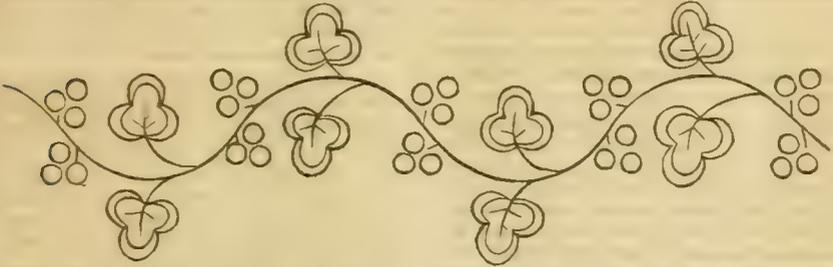
NAMES FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION.



BRAIDED SLIPPER.



This little slipper is made with straps, which is a very convenient style for children. The

material is scarlet cloth, and the braid can be either of black or gold color.

## Receipts, &c.

### MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**VEAL BROTH.**—Stew a knuckle of veal of four or five pounds in three quarts of water, with two blades of mace, an onion, a head of celery, and a little parsley, pepper, and salt; let the whole simmer very gently until the liquor is reduced to two quarts; then take out the meat, when the mucilaginous parts are done, and serve it up with parsley and butter. Add to the broth either two ounces of rice separately boiled, or of vermicelli, put in only long enough to be stewed tender.

**FRICASSEE OF COLD ROAST BEEF.**—Cut *very thin slices* of underdone beef; chop a handful of parsley very small, put it with an onion into a stewpan, with a piece of butter and a spoonful of flour; let it fry; then add some strong broth; season with salt and pepper, and simmer very gently a quarter of an hour; then mix into it the yolks of two eggs, a glass of port wine, and a spoonful of vinegar; stir it quickly over the fire a minute or two; put in the beef, make it hot, but do not let it boil; rub the dish with shalot, and turn the fricassee into it.

**WINTER SOUP.**—Take carrots, turnips, and the heart of a head of celery, cut into dice, with a dozen button onions; half boil them in salt and water, with a little sugar in it; then throw them into the broth; and, when tender, serve up the soup: or use rice, dried peas, and lentils, and pulp them into the soup to thicken it.

With many of these soups, small suet dumplings, very lightly made, and not larger than an egg, are boiled either in broth or water and put into the tureen just before serving, and are by most persons thought an improvement, but are more usually put in plain gravy-soup than any other, and should be made light enough to swim in it.

**SHOULDER OF MUTTON.**—May be dressed in various ways, but the most usual is to roast it nicely, and send it up with onion sauce. It is an unsightly joint; but the appearance may be improved by cutting off the knuckle, when it may be called a shield; it has more different sorts of meat in the various cuts than the leg. The bone may also be taken out, and the mutton stuffed; it is very good baked, and is frequently served upon a pudding.

**TURNIPS** should always be boiled whole, and put in much after either carrots or parsnips, as they require less boiling. When used in stews, they are cut into small pieces the size of dice, or made into shapes with a little instrument to be found at all cutlery shops.

They may be *mashed* in the same manner as parsnips; but some persons add the yolk of a raw egg or two. They are also frequently made into a *purée* to thicken mutton broth.

**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 are 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.

**BREAST OF VEAL.**—Cover it with the caul, and, if you retain the sweet-bread, skewer it to the back, but take off the caul when the meat is nearly done; it will take two and a half to three hours' roasting; serve with melted butter and gravy.

**SAUCE FOR ROAST BEEF OR MUTTON.**—Grate horse-radish on a bread-grater into a basin; then add two table-spoonfuls of cream, with a little mustard and salt; mix them well together; then add four table-spoonfuls of the best vinegar, and mix the whole thoroughly. The vinegar and cream are both to be cold; add a little powdered white sugar. This is a very fine sauce; it may be served in a small tureen.

**TO STEW ONIONS.**—Peel, flour, and fry them gently of a fine brown, but do not blacken them; then put them into a small stewpan, with a little gravy, pepper, and salt; cover and stew gently for two hours.

**BEEF COLLOPS.**—Cut the inside of a sirloin, or any other convenient piece, into small circular shapes, flour and fry them; sprinkle with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and shalot; make a little gravy in the pan; send to table with gherkin or tomato sauce.

*Or:* Cut thin slices of beef from the rump, or any other tender part, and divide them into pieces three inches long; beat them with the blade of a knife, and flour them. Fry the collops in butter two minutes; then lay them into a small stewpan, and cover them with a pint of gravy; add a bit of butter rubbed in flour.

**BEEFSTEAK PIE.**—Take rump-steaks that have been well hung, cut in small scallops; beat them gently with a rolling-pin; season with pepper, salt, and a little shalot minced very fine; put in a layer of sliced potatoes, place the slices in layers with a good piece of fat and a sliced mutton kidney; fill the dish; put some crust on the edge, and about an inch below it, and a cup of water or broth in the dish. Cover with rather a thick crust, and set in a moderate oven.

**VEAL AND OYSTER PIE.**—Make a seasoning of pepper, salt, and a small quantity of grated lemon-peel. Cut some veal cutlets, and beat them until they are tender; spread over them a layer of pounded ham, and roll them round; then cover them with oysters, and put another layer of the veal fillets, and oysters on the top. Make a gravy of the bones and trimmings, or with a lump of butter, onion, a little flour, and water; stew the oyster liquor, and put to it, and fill up the dish, reserving a portion to put into the pie when it comes from the oven.

**BUTTERED EGGS.**—Take three eggs, beat them up well, then add to them a gill of sweet milk. Place some butter (about the size of a large walnut) at the bottom of a pan, pour the mixture into it, and boil until quite thick. Pour it upon buttered toast, and grate some ham or beef over it.

### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**ALMOND CHEESECAKES.**—Blanch and pound four ounces of almonds, and a few bitter, with a spoonful of water; then add four ounces of sugar pounded, a spoonful of cream, and the whites of two eggs well beaten; mix all as quick as possible; put into very small patty-pans, and bake in a rather warm oven under twenty minutes.

**SPONGE PUDDING.**—Butter a mould thickly, and fill it three parts full with small sponge-cakes, soaked through with wine; fill up the mould with a rich cold custard.

Butter a paper, and put over the mould; then tie a floured cloth over it quite close, and boil it an hour. Turn out the pudding carefully, and pour some cold custard over it.

*Or:* Bake it; and serve with wine-sauce instead of custard.

**SOCFELES PUDDING.**—Take two ounces of sugar, four ounces of flour, two ounces of fresh butter melted, the yolks of three eggs well beaten, the whites also, but beaten separately, a tablespoonful of orange juice. Beat the whole together, strain it into a pie-dish, which must be filled only half full, and bake for half an hour in a very quick, sharp oven.

**SPANISH BUNNS.**—Take one pound of fine flour, rub into it half a pound of butter; add half a pound of sugar, the same of currants, a little nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon; mix it with five eggs well beaten; make this up into small buns, and bake them on tins twenty minutes; when half done, brush them over with a little hot milk.

**LEMON CREAM.**—Two ounces of loaf-sugar, in lumps; with these rub off the yellow portion of a large lemon, and dissolve the sugar in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water; stir it till it is cool; then squeeze the juice of the lemon and strain it to the sugar; stir these well together. Beat the whites only of six large eggs till to a froth, then strain these beaten whites to the mixture of lemon-juice, sugar, and water; beat it well together, and simmer over a very slow fire for three minutes; then beat up a glass of sherry with it, simmer again till it is slightly firm, then put it into jelly-glasses.

**ORANGE MARMALADE PUDDING.**—A quarter of a pound of marmalade, chopped fine; two ounces of butter, melted or creamed; two ounces of white sugar, sifted; two eggs (the yolks and whites), well beaten and strained; one pint of milk. Beat all these ingredients together with the milk, then crumble three spongecakes into it; line a dish at the edge only with puff paste, and bake an hour.

**KRINGSLES.**—Beat well the yolks of eight and the whites of two eggs, and mix with four ounces of butter just warmed, and with this knead one pound of flour and four ounces of sugar to a paste. Roll into thick biscuits; prick them, and bake on tin plates.

**BROWN CHARLOTTE PUDDING.**—Butter a pudding mould well, and line it with thin slices of bread and butter. These slices must be cut neatly, and the crust at the edges removed. Take some good baking apples, and cut them as for dumplings, fill the mould with them, putting in between the quarters some slices of candied lemon-peel, a little grated nutmeg, and some sugar. Cover it with bread on which there is plenty of butter, put a small plate on the top of the mould, and bake it for three hours.

**A CHEAP SEED-CAKE.**—Mix a quarter-peck of flour with half a pound of sugar, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a little ginger; melt three-quarters of a pound of butter with half a pint of milk; when just warm, put to it a quarter of a pint of yeast, and work up to a good dough. Let it stand before the fire a few minutes before it goes to the oven; add seeds or currants; bake an hour and a half.

**ARROWROOT PUDDING.**—Take two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, and two quarts of fresh milk, mix the arrowroot with a small portion of the milk, and when the remaining part of the milk has boiled, add it to the former; when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, three ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, and

a little grated nutmeg; stir the ingredients well together, turn them into a buttered dish, and bake for a quarter of an hour.

**A WELSH PUDDING.**—Let half a pound of fine butter melt gently; beat with it the yolks of eight and whites of four eggs; mix in six ounces of loaf-sugar, and the rind of a lemon grated. Put a paste into a dish for turning out, and pour the above in, and nicely bake it.

#### THE TOILET.

**HUNGARY WATER.**—To one pint of highly rectified spirits of wine put one 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.

**BANDOLINE FOR THE HAIR.**—Crush the pips of the ripe quince between two pieces of paper; then put them into a tumbler of cold water to stand all night, when the water will have become glutinous and fit for use; drop into it a small quantity of spirits of wine, and a few drops of essence of rose, jasmine, or any other perfume.

*Or:* Take half an ounce dried quince pips, pour on them one pint of boiling water, and strain when cold. Should it not be sufficiently glutinous, boil it again, and pour over the pips a second time. Scent with rose, bergamot, or any other scent.

**OIL OF ROSES FOR THE HAIR.**—Olive oil, one quart; otto of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm. Mix. It may be colored by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

**POT POURRI.**—To make "a perfume of sweet-scented leaves, etc., for fancy jars." Mix half a pound of common salt with a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, a quarter of an ounce of storax, half a dozen cloves, a handful of dried bay leaves, and another handful of dried lavender flowers. This basis of the Pot Pourri will last for years, and you may add to it annually petals of roses and of other fragrant flowers gathered on dry days, as fancy may dictate. By the same rule you may add, if approved of, powdered benzoin, chips of sandal wood, cinnamon, orris root, and musk. A very excellent Pot Pourri may be made in winter with a pound of dried rose petals, bought at a chemist's, mixed with four ounces of salt and two of saltpetre, on which were put eight drops of essence of ambergris, six drops of essence of lemon, four drops of oil of cloves, four drops of oil of lavender, and two drops of essence of bergamot.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**GOOD WRITING INK.**—Gall-nuts, pulverized, twelve ounces; logwood, four ounces; sulphate of iron, four ounces; gum arabic, four ounces; vinegar, two quarts; water, three quarts. Mix well for a week, and then strain. Five drops of creosote added to a pint of ordinary ink will effectually prevent its becoming mouldy.

**MAKING LARD.**—Cut the fat up into pieces about two fuches square; fill a vessel holding about three gallons with the pieces; put in a pint of boiled lye, made from oak and hickory ashes, and strained before using; boil gently over a slow fire, until the cracklings have turned brown; strain and set aside to cool. By the above process you will get more lard, a better article, and whiter than by any other process.

**TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.**—Choose a fine close cabbage for the purpose of pickling, cut it as thin as possible, and throw some salt upon it. Let it remain for three days, when it will have turned a rich purple; drain from it the salt, and put it into a pan with some strong vinegar, a few blades of mace, and some white peppercorns. Give it a scald, and, when cold, put it into the jars and tie it up close.

**CANDLES.**—Take of alum five pounds, dissolve entirely in ten gallons of water, bring the solution to the boiling point, and add twenty pounds tallow, boiling the whole for an hour, skimming constantly. Upon cooling a little, strain through thick muslin or flannel; set aside for a day or two for the tallow to harden; take it from the vessel, lay aside for an hour or so for the water to drip from it, then heat in a clean vessel sufficiently to mould; when moulded, if you desire to bleach them lay upon a plank by the window, turning every two or three days. Candles made strictly by the above receipt will burn with a brilliancy equal to the best adamantine, and fully as long.

**TREATMENT OF HICCUP.**—This may often be removed by holding the breath, by swallowing a piece of bread, by a sudden fright, or a draught of weak liquid. When it arises from heat and acidity in the stomachs of children, a little rhubarb and chalk will remove it. Should it proceed from irritability of the nerves, take a few drops of sal volatile, with a teaspoonful of purgative elixir. If it still continue, rub on soap liniment, mixed with tincture of opium, or a blister may be placed on the pit of the stomach, or sipping a glass of cold water with a little carbonate of soda dissolved in it.

**CREAM PASTE.**—Break two eggs in a stewpan, with a little salt, and as much flour as they will take. Mix in a pint of milk, and put it on the fire, stir it so as not to let it stick, till you no longer smell the flour; then put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut.

**GOLD FISH.**—These beautiful creatures, being originally from a warm climate, require to be kept in apartments of a genial temperature. The water in which they live should be changed daily, and should not be given in a cold state, but allowed to stand in a warm room for an hour before being put into the globe; this precaution may not be necessary in summer. The food given may consist of small crumbs of bread and small flies.

**TO CLEAN KNIVES.**—One of the best substances for cleaning knives and forks is charcoal, reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick-dust is used. This is a recent and valuable discovery.

**PAPERING ROOMS.**—Light-colored papers are best for bedrooms; they look clean and cheerful. Nothing that is dark and dingy should be chosen where light and cleanliness are so essential; and dark papers sometimes give the idea of dirt, when it is far from being the case. Closets, especially where dresses hang, should be papered; the lighter the color of the paper, the more easily are dust and cobwebs detected. In unpapered closets, chinks harbor spiders, and bits of mortar break away; but when papered, they are neat and clean.

**MAKING SOAP WITHOUT GREASE.**—One bar of common resin soap, one pound sal soda, one ounce borax. Dissolve the soda and borax in eight pints of rain or soft water; then add the soap, and boil until dissolved, when you will have, upon cooling, ten pounds of good soap, worth from eight to ten cents a pound, and costing only one cent per pound.

**CEMENT FOR THE MOUTHS OF CORKED BOTTLES.**—Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing-wax, the same quantity of resin, a couple of ounces of beeswax. When it froths, stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as it melts, dip the mouths of the corked bottles into it. This is an excellent thing to exclude the air from such things as are injured by being exposed to it.

**TO PRESERVE CELERY THROUGH THE WINTER.**—Get up the celery on a fine dry day before it is injured by frost, cut off the leaves and roots, and lay it in a dry airy place for a few days; then remove it to a cool cellar, where it will be quite secure from frost, and pack it up with sand, putting layers of celery and of sand alternately.

**ACCIDENTS TO THE EAR.**—In case of very little insects getting into the ear, they will be immediately killed by a few drops of olive oil poured into the ear. If a child put a seed, a little pebble, or any small body of that nature into the ear, it may often be extracted by syringing the passage strongly with warm water for some time.

**TO PICKLE GREEN TOMATOES.**—To one peck of tomatoes add a handful of salt and enough water to cover them. Let them remain in this twenty-four hours. Put them in a kettle (porcelain lined is the best), fill up with vinegar, and set upon the stove until the vinegar begins to boil, and then set away to cool. When cold, set the kettle again upon the stove, and bring it to the boiling point. Then skim the tomatoes, and put them into a jar, fill up with some new, cold vinegar, and flavor with mustard seed, allspice, cloves, &c.

The same vinegar first used will do to scald more tomatoes in.

**VELVET.**—To restore the pile of velvet, stretch the velvet out tightly, and remove all dust from the surface with a clean brush; afterwards well clean it with a piece of black flannel, slightly moistened with Florence oil. Then lay a wet cloth over a hot iron, and place it under the velvet, allowing the steam to pass through it; at the same time brushing the pile of the velvet till restored as required. Should any fluff remain on the surface of the velvet, remove it by brushing with a handful of crape.

#### CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

A NICE apple-pudding, and one very convenient to serve, is made by making small round puffs of pastry, and baking them on a fat tin; then fill with stewed apples, nicely strained through a sieve, sweetened and flavored. For about a dozen of these, take the whites of two eggs, beat them to a froth, sweeten with four ounces of sugar; flavor it with white wine. Have a dish filled with boiling water on the top of the stove, and pour on this, froth, and let remain a minute or two until it hardens a little; then take it off the water carefully, and spread it over the apple puffs to answer as sauce.

**TO WASH WHITE THREAD GLOVES AND STOCKINGS.**—These articles are so delicate as to require great care in washing, and they must not on any account be rubbed. Make a lather of white soap and cold water, and put it into a saucepan. Soap the gloves or stockings well, put them in, and set the saucepan over the fire. When they have come to a hard boil, take them off, and when cool enough for your hand, squeeze them in the water. Having prepared a fresh cold lather, boil them again in that. Then take the pan off the fire, and squeeze them well again, after which they can be stretched, dried, and then ironed on the wrong side.

# Editors' Table.

MRS. ALICE B. HAVEN.

DEATH! What is it to the loving, trusting Christian woman but a glorious life of bliss begun in Heaven, never to be shadowed, never interrupted, never ended!

"Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
*'He giveth His beloved sleep!'*"

Thus came to our thought the beautiful poem of the late Mrs. Browning, when the intelligence reached us that a sister spirit had departed from our sphere; and we felt that Alice B. Haven's pure soul had joined the innumerable company of the redeemed.

We have known and loved "Cousin Alice" since she came a child-bride to Philadelphia, known her in private life, and intimately in her writings; she has been an invaluable contributor to the *Lady's Book*, and her loss will be mourned in thousands of homes in our land where her name was a household word of joy; therefore, it is fitting that we give her memory an honored place in our Table this month; in the next number her biography will appear.

Mrs. Haven was a pattern of such perfect excellence in all her duties that goodness seemed her natural element of life on earth; to follow her Saviour's precepts and "do His will" was so evidently her delight, that even her genius seemed plety at play with childhood, rejoicing always in the happiness it conferred, not in the fame it gained. Among the many American ladies who have made literature a profession, or, at least, a recreation, there is no one whose usefulness and excellence can be more thoroughly admitted. Whether she wrote for the young or for the mature, Mrs. Haven always proposed to herself some principle to illustrate, or some lesson to teach; and this lesson or this principle was set forth with such clearness and kindness that no reader could mistake the meaning or resist the impression she intended to convey. At the same time her bright fancy gave an irresistible charm to the wisdom of her lessons, making goodness appear, as it always should be portrayed, beautiful and attractive in its influences on human life and happiness.

Mrs. Haven had that rare qualification—or rather special gift—of seeing and appreciating the beauty of simplicity. Her style was always free from imitations, exaggerations, and tinsel epithets. It was easy to understand her meaning, and yet her penetration of motives was wonderfully acute, and her delineations of character true to nature. She also knew how "to point a moral," without poisoning the arrow of truth; and her playful wit was never spoiled by any caustic bitterness of sarcasm in the humor. It was evident that she aimed to correct errors of opinion or faults of conduct, and yet not wound, personally, those who might feel the reproof. In all her writings the tenderness and hopefulness of the loving woman seem to have governed her feelings, while her steadfast faith in Christ exalted her genius, and the study of God's Word so enlightened her under-

standing that her productions have been eminently successful in their good influence on the popular mind.

Does it not seem an inexplicable Providence that Mrs. Haven should have been called away from this field of her great usefulness at the early age of thirty-five—a period when many distinguished writers have only entered on their career? But she began her work so early in youth that her laborious years seem like a long life.

In the varied changes in her lot, married, widowed, remarried, and the mother of five children, with all the joys, sorrows, struggles, disappointments, and successes which marked the brief period of her sojourn on earth, three qualities of character were developed that are only found united in the purest heroic natures: a well-balanced mind that can discern the right way, a conscientious soul that resolutely seeks to perform its duties; and a self-sacrificing heart that can find its own happiness in making the happiness of others. These qualities, or virtues, and their results are the sum of all that Mrs. Haven has done and won. She was discreet, faithful, humble; she had won a good eminence in this life, and, as we hope and believe, she has "received a crown of glory," laid up for those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and do His will.

Here, then, the worth and beauty of the life and writings of this excellent and lovely woman are made clear. All our young aspirants for literary fame would do well to study the example of a literary lady so gifted, yet so childlike in her unpretending simplicity, and so angel like in her ministry to those who needed her services of love.

The power of Genius is undeniable. The glory it confers on its possessor is a mighty incentive to the highest human efforts for good or for evil in this world. How important, then, that the conditions of this wonderful gift should be rightly understood! Is the highest glory of Genius won by its greater mental power, or by its better moral influence on character and humanity?

"Bring me the Book," said Sir Walter Scott, as he lay on his sick-bed, adding, "there is but one Book!" He had ransacked the literature of the world. "Be good!" was his dying summary of the duties of life, and the worth of all human endeavor. Walter Scott began his literary career at the age of thirty-five; he made it the aim of his great genius to exalt hereditary power while seeking to ingraft his own name and lineage on the favored class. All his hopes and efforts have proved as vain and deceptive as are mirages of refreshing beauty to the traveller of the desert. That he felt the vanity of his aims when he called for the BIBLE as the *only Book*, and exhorted his son-in-law to "be good," as the true way of life, can scarcely be doubted.

May we not, therefore, claim that right moral influence on character and humanity is of more worth to this world, even, and deserving of greater praise, than the highest glory of mental power when not exerted for moral good? And among American writers of genius may we not give a deservedly high place to the name of ALICE B. HAVEN?

## ANGLO-SAXON WEDDINGS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

In Thurb's "Anglo-Saxon House" we find some curious information respecting the customs and manners of the people in those old times very significantly styled "the Dark Ages." Not till the ninth or tenth century did women have the privilege of choosing or refusing their husbands. Girls were often betrothed in childhood, the bridegroom's pledge of marriage being accompanied by a "security," or "*wed*," whence comes the word from which is derived *wedding*. Part of the *wed* always consisted of a ring, placed upon the maiden's right hand, and there sacredly kept until transferred to the other hand at the later nuptials. From this custom came, no doubt, the fashion of wearing the *engagement ring* on the right hand, which even now prevails. At the final ceremony, the bridegroom put the ring upon each of the bride's left-hand finger's in turn, saying, at the first: "In the name of the Father"—at the second—"in the name of the Son"—at the third—"in the name of the Holy Ghost"—and at the fourth "Amen."

Then, also, the father gave to his new son one of his daughter's shoes, in token of the transfer of authority which he effected, and the bride was at once made to feel the change by a tap or a blow on her head given with the shoe. The husband, on his part, took an oath to use his wife well. If he failed to do so, she might leave him; but by the law he was allowed considerable license. He was bound in honor "*to bestow on his wife and apprentices moderate chastigation*." We have nothing to show the exact amount of chastigation held moderate by the Anglo-Saxons; but one old Welsh law decides that three blows with a broomstick on any "part of the person except the head" is a fair allowance, and another provides that the stick be no longer than the husband's arm, nor thicker than his middle finger.

Such was the rule of the Christian husband over his wife; the laws of men setting aside or ignoring the law of God as promulgated by the apostle: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it.—So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself."—*Eph. v. 25 and 28.*

## THE SIN OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

We have before us a letter, from a sensible and patriotic young lady, beseeching us to advocate "an elegant simplicity" of attire, instead of the prevailing expensive fashions of dress. Our course has always been in favor of the former, as the young lady would find if she had read the "Lady's Book;" the patterns and descriptions given, and the modes of industry and economy suggested are intended as aids to household economy, enjoyment, and improvement. Still we know that the love of dress and display is too much indulged; that "it makes our women vain, artificial, and ambitious" (as the writer of the letter asserts), "and has made many honest fathers and brothers turn rogues and heartless speculators," we have no doubt. Therefore we give the paper selected by the young lady as

## EXAMPLES WORTH IMITATING.

"English character and habits have an inherent dignity and solidity, which might be copied to an advantage in this country. They seem to have an aversion to anything like display on ordinary occasions, and find in simplicity a peculiar charm. American ladies are sadly deficient in good taste in dress. Many of them are never satisfied unless burdened with costly silks and jewelry for an outdoor costume, and foreigners are uniformly amazed at the promenade dress of our great cities. A recent visitor in England alludes to the habits in respect to dress and furniture which obtain to the first families there, and we know many husbands and parents who would rejoice if such habits provoked imitation.

"In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income, which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling than there is in the house of most our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since seven months in the vicinity of some of the lauded aristocracy of England, whose ample rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manner practised. Servants were much more numerous than with us; but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought of a dozen here. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine jewelry was reserved for great occasions.

"The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the family for several generations had possessed—substantial, and in excellent preservation, but plain, without any pretence to elegance. Even the carpets in many suits of parlors, had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another century. With us how different is the state of things! We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which, rigidly applied, would renovate the condition of the world, and humanize, civilize, and educate all mankind."

ENGLISH NOVEL-WRITERS.—This is the way British critics are commenting on their living novelists:—

"The same art which once glorified Fanny Burney into a celebrity all but historical, is now contemptuously treated by witty critics as a branch of female industry not much more important than Berlin wool; and it would almost be safe to say that, for every untiring pair of hands able to produce a Rachel at the Well, with pink lips and black eyes, worked in floss silk, you could find another equal to the achievement of a story in three volumes. This is what fiction has come to. Yet though we laugh at it, sneer at it, patronize it, we continue to read, or somebody continues to read, else even the omniscient Mudie would fail to crop the perpetual efforescence. Out of the mild feminine undergrowth, variety demands the frequent production of a sensational monster to stimulate the languid life; and half a dozen inoffensive stories go down in the same gulp with which we swallow the more startling effort. But even in its novels the English character vindicates itself. What is piquant on the other side of the channel is out of the question within 'the forty seas.' We turn, with a national instinct, rather to the brutalities than to the subtleties of crime. The horrors of our novels are crimes against life and property. The policeman is the fate who stalks relentlessly, or flies with lightning steps after our favorite villain. The villain himself is a banker who defrauds his customers; he is a lawyer, and cheats his clients—if he is not a ruffian who kills his man. Or even, when a bolder hand than usual essays to lift the veil from the dark world of female crime, we give the sin itself a certain haze of decorum, and make that only bigamy which might bear a plainer title. Ours are not the dainty wickednesses which are nameless before tribunals of common law. Even in his fiction the Englishman loves to deal with something which he can satisfy himself is an indictable offence. This peculiarity reappears in many a phase in the novels of the day."

GERMAN DRAMATISTS.—A German writer of celebrity (the author of "Debit and Credit") has written a treatise bewailing the want of a national drama, and showing the causes of this failure, which he seeks to remedy. He says:—

"There are not less than a hundred plays, probably, of a serious cast, produced every year in Germany, of which at least ninety perish in manuscript, without having ever been tried on the stage or printed at all. Of the remaining ten which do achieve a representation, there are not perhaps three that are capable of affording the spectator any real enjoyment. And yet among the numerous works that perish without having seen the light, if some are undoubtedly the feeble efforts of incompetent authors, many of them are the productions of able and highly-gifted men. This is a grave question. Has

the absence of talent become endemic in Germany, and is dramatic life every dead among us, sixty years after Shakespeare. A more genuine representation of the kind of work which has been done in these times of considerable power, but poorer culture, and more excited, material with a strange awkwardness of plot and action which is fatal to the drama.

Thus we find that play writing has sadly degenerated in Germany, while novel writing is sinking in Great Britain. It seems that "universal education" does not awaken original genius; the more people there are to read the poorer is the mental aliment offered for their growth and improvement in knowledge.

#### FAITH, NOT SIGHT.

I press my winding pathway home  
By faith, and not by sight,  
Through long and tangled mazes roam,  
From darkness up to light!  
But in a maze, in darkness still,  
The headlands of my hope  
Lift high for me no sun-capped hill,  
Nor shining southern slope;  
To beckon on my weary feet,  
And charm my waiting eyes,  
Earth shows no certain way-mark meet  
To guide me to the skies!  
But while I try the shadow-lands  
By ancient pilgrims trod,  
Faith comes to place my trembling hands  
Within the hands of God!  
And like a timid, trusting child,  
Led at his father's side,  
I brave the night so dark and wild,  
The world so cold and wide!  
And feel I shall not go astray,  
But singing holy psalms,  
Shall safely mount the shining way  
Into my Father's arms!

LILLIAN.

**TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.**—We have examined the last Report with much pleasure. One photograph of the Institution is all we have room for, but this is a deserved tribute to the Founder, which we must give.

"It is now fifty years since this institution first opened its doors to those young ladies who were desirous of receiving a generous culture, ere they entered on the duties of maturer life. In its inception it was under the charge of Mrs. Emma Willard, whose name is identified with it; and for one half the period of its existence it has been indebted to her watchful care and faithful efforts. For the remaining portion of its history, though not under her charge, it has still been an object of earnest and loving regard. It must have been with a pleasure, deep indeed, that she has watched its progress under her successors, who have conducted it since she resigned it into their hands. We trust she may long be spared to witness its continued success."

**NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.**—We have received a copy of the "Charter" of this new College, and find the names of many estimable ladies of New York City and State in the "Act of Incorporation." That it may be greatly successful is our earnest desire, nor will we doubt that those who have so generously begun the work will sustain it.

**TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.**—These articles are accepted, and will appear as soon as we can find room: "Maud" (the other poem not needed)—"Bird Songs"—(The article entitled "Short Stories" is declined)—"Grieving"—"Our Mother"—and "Sonnet."

The following articles are not needed: "Autumn"—"Lost Hopes"—"The Bride's Ruin"—"Song"—"Carolyn Lee" (too long)—"Weary"—"The Dead"—"All is not gold that glitters" (we should like to oblige the trio of our young friends, if the article was really worthy of their names; when they have finished their best story they will thank us for declining this)—"The Magic of a Name"—"Shells of the Ocean"—"The Dying Girl to her Mother (the writer can do better)—"Alice Lande" (too long; the author can have it returned by sending *five red stamps*: six cents due on the package)—"Looking Back"—"Thanksgiving Day"—"Retrospection"—"My first Interview with an Authoress"—"Over the River"—"First and Second"—"Two"—"At Rest"—"July Fourth"—"Angel Whispers"—and "Our Lily."

"Morning, Noon, and Night," by Zadie. No letter with MS., and therefore do not know the author's intentions.

Other articles are on hand and will be noticed next month.

Correspondents wishing replies to their communications must be careful to inclose *stamped envelopes*; also send *stamps*, if a return of rejected manuscripts is required.

## Health Department.

We take the following useful information, respecting a new and terrible disease, from that excellent work—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

#### DIPHTHERIAL DISEASE.

"Diphtheria is now a familiar household word; within a very few years, indeed, it had never been heard of by one in a million of the masses. Its fearfully sudden and fatal character, especially among children, makes it of the highest importance that those, at least, who have families should know something of its nature, its causes, its symptoms, and its cure. By examining a great many who have died of it, some general facts have been ascertained, which are of considerable practical interest. Neither chemistry nor the microscope has yet been able to determine that any particular structure of the body is uniformly invaded; nor have any characteristic lesions or destruction of parts been found. One thing, however, is certain: the whole mass of blood is corrupted, is diseased, is destitute of those elements which are necessary to health; it is of a dark, grumous, ugly appearance, filling up every vein and artery, stagnating everywhere, clogging up the whole machinery of life, oppressing the brain, and arresting the flow of nervous energy in every part of the system. No wonder, then, that it crushes out the life, in a very few hours, of feeble childhood, and of older persons who have but little constitutional force.

"The three most universally present symptoms of diphtheria in the child are: 1st, general prostration of the whole system; 2d, an instinctive carrying of the hand to the throat; 3d, an offensive breath.

"Children are almost exclusively attacked with diphtheria because it is a disease of debility—a disease which depresses every power of life—hence the weaker the subject is, the more liable to an attack. An adult has only to maintain himself, the child has to do that and to grow also; hence it has a double call for a constant supply of strength; and a very little deficit in that quality of the air which gives vitality to the blood, is

sufficient to make it a fit subject for a diphtheritic attack. The few grown persons who have diphtheria have invariably some scrofulous or other weakening element. Neither a man nor a child in really vigorous health is ever attacked with it; they only suffer who are at the time deficient in stamina—have not the proper resisting power against the inroads of disease.

"There is no evidence whatever that diphtheria is 'catching.' The matter and breath of it have been introduced in the eyes, lips, mouth, arm, etc., of physicians who have generously hazarded these experiments upon themselves, without the slightest ill effects whatever. When several members of a family are attacked, it is not because it is derived one from another, but because of similarity of constitution, habits of life, eating, drinking, air, and other surroundings. It has not as yet been established that a stranger, going into a family where there is diphtheria, takes the disease.

"The treatment is a well-ventilated room, sustaining nourishment, and strengthening remedies.

"Diphtheria is not inoculable; prevails in every climate, in all seasons, and is equally at home in the princely mansions which line the spacious and well-cleaned street, and in the houses of stenchy courts and contracted alleys. It has no fixed course, may recur any number of times, but only fastens on the scrofulous or those whose constitutions are impaired, or have poor blood; the immediate cause of attack being the breathing of a faulty or defective atmosphere."

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

FROM PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**SHOULDER-STRAPS.** *A Novel of New York and the Army.* By Henry Morford. The author of this novel has already attained considerable reputation as a pleasing and attractive writer of sketches. His present sustained effort will not, probably, detract from that reputation, though it can scarcely be said to have added much to it. The story is finely written in parts; but, as a whole, lacks in intensity of interest, notwithstanding it exhibits in its plot a strong tendency towards the sensational school. It is in this effort at sensationalism that Mr. Morford, in our opinion, has failed. His observations are shrewd and sprightly, if not always sagacious; his satire is keen and caustic; his sentiments frequently noble and well expressed; while his delineations of character are marked by skilful touches which give evidence of their having been drawn from nature.

**SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.** By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," etc. The fertile brain and ready pen of Mrs. Wood have added another romance to the number which already bear her name. This book is in no wise inferior to those which have preceded it, to which it, in truth, bears a strong family likeness. Though possessing no extraordinary merit, it is yet worthy of the attention of all who delight in light literature; and when once begun, its interest will carry the reader to the end.

FROM SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., Philadelphia:—

**THE YOUNG PARSON.** The writer of this book has

perhaps done well to remain anonymous. It is evidently a first effort, and there is a certain flippancy in its style which will not redound to the literary reputation of its author. The book pretends to no plot, and is simply a series of sketches of the first four years of a pastor's life in a country parish. Though there are many flaws in its excellence, it will not be found an entirely unprofitable book by such as choose to read it.

FROM GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

**THE LIGHT AND DARK OF THE REBELLION.**

One of the many books to which the present war is giving rise, and which never lack for readers. It is a collection of miscellaneous sketches, essays, etc., all relating in a greater or less degree to our national struggle. The author has evidently had an unusual opportunity for observation.

FROM J. E. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**O TEMPORA!** What amount of truth this pamphlet may contain one brief examination does not enable us to judge; we can answer for there being very little poetry in it.

**CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA.** A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 64 and 65. Only 20 cents a part for this most valuable work. The only Encyclopædia published with illustrations.

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

**ROMOLA.** *A Novel.* By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," etc. This lady author with a masculine *nom de plume*, has just completed her crowning effort. From depicting quiet scenes in English modern life, she has turned her attention to the past and produced a historical romance, in which figure some of the noted personages of the fifteenth century. Florence is the scene of action, and prominent among the actors is Savonarola, the monk and church reformer. Tito Melema, the hero, is an imaginary person, in whom, and in whose fate, is worked out the principle of that apparently harmless selfishness which attempts a life of ease, and avoids as far as possible all giving or receiving pain. Romola, the heroine, we scarcely expect to find greatly admired among common readers. There is a grandeur in her character which can only be appreciated by those who themselves approximate it, and which will, we fear, repel others.

**THE BIVOUC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland.** By George F. Noyes, Capt. U. S. Volunteers. This is a clear and concise narrative of its author's personal experience as a staff-officer in the Army of the Potomac, during the periods of its various operations, commencing with McDowell's occupation of Fredericksburg, in May, 1862, and closing with the celebrated "mud campaign" in December of the same year. As the writer confines its narrative to the relation of such incidents and events as fell under his own immediate observation, the reader need not look for grand battle pictures embracing complete views of those great contests which have rendered this portion of the story of the Army of the Potomac so memorable. Capt. Noyes, to use his own words, has sought "only to portray interior views of tent-life, common homely experiences, and the everyday personal incidents of camp and battle-field." In this he has exhibited a skilfulness that renders his volume one of the most interesting war books we have yet read.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—

VICTOR HUGO. By a Witness of his Life (Madame Hugo). Translated from the original French by Charles Edwin Wilbour, translator of "Los Miserables." The readers of "Los Miserables" will find this book a key to that remarkable work. Here are Marius and Cosetti identified with the youthful Victor and Adele, now M. and Madame Hugo. We are furnished with a faithful narration of incidents and events which we recognize as yielding material for Hugo's great romance; and other characters besides the two we have mentioned find their counterparts in real life. It is a book whose title will attract, and whose contents please.

HUSBAND AND WIFE; or, *The Science of Human Development through Inherited Tendencies*. By the author of "The Parents' Guide," etc. The subjects, arguments, and aims of this volume are such as cannot be justly considered in a brief notice. Their examination opens an extended field of thought and reflection, involving matters of the highest and deepest importance to the human race, morally, physically, and socially. We can, therefore, at this time, and in this place, only commend it to the careful and conscientious perusal of the fathers and mothers of our country, for whose enlightenment, warning, and instruction it is especially designed.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York:—

THE POOR GIRL; or, *The Marchioness and her Servant*. By Pierce Egan, Esq., author of "The Scarlet Flower," etc. We have not read this novel, yet we are sufficiently acquainted with the author and his style to justify us in saying that those who admire romances of the highest sensational order, but of third rate literary merit, will find something here exactly to their taste.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE AMBER GODS, and *other Sketches*. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. The stories embraced in this collection, and which originally appeared in a contemporary periodical, have already attained considerable popularity with a large class of cultivated minds. That they will ever become as "household words" with the great mass of readers is scarcely to be expected. With two exceptions, they are emphatically "art stories," deeply suggestive, rich in imagery, and gorgeous in coloring, but seldom attracting the healthier sympathies of our common humanity. The two exceptions to which we allude show very plainly that Miss Prescott can, when she will, give quiet-toned pictures of life and its incidents, which, though they may not enchain the fancies of erratic poets and painters, will nevertheless attain a wider and more permanent popularity with the great majority of those readers who, fortunately, or unfortunately, are not geniuses.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. A Dramatic Romance in two parts. By Henry Taylor. The thanks of those who love true poetry are eminently due to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for this fine edition, in blue and gold, of Taylor's exquisite masterpiece. It is from the sixth London edition, published in 1852, and contains its author's latest corrections.

From J. C. PLUMER, M. D., Boston, Mass.:—

WHY THE SHOE PINCHES: *A Contribution to Applied Anatomy*. By Hermann Meyer, M. D., Professor  
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of Anatomy in the University of Zurich. Translated from the German by John Sterling Craig, L. R. C. P. E., L. R. C. S. E.

THE MECHANICS, MECHANICAL ANATOMY, AND MECHANICAL DISTORTIONS OF THE BONY STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN FOOT. By J. C. Plumer, M. D. We recommend this and the preceding book to the special attention of shoemakers, as the vast majority of people will probably, to all time, wear shoes of such shape as the makers provide.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR NOVEMBER.—We may term this quite a sensation number, for we give what the ladies very much desire. Fancy balls have been all the rage again this winter, and patterns of fancy dresses will be much in demand. To meet this, we give in this number nine colored dresses and five uncolored ones; but with descriptions so elaborate that any one can make a dress from the illustrations, *fourteen* fancy dresses in all. In a French magazine you may find one or two; but Godey has selected from all the French magazines, and our subscribers have the result. Besides the fancy dresses we give our usual variety of articles for winter wear.

"Friendship Endangered" is a steel plate of great beauty of design, and admirably engraved.

Our humorous engraving—"A Quiet Place wanted for a young Gentleman." Does he not seem to have got into the very antipodes of quiet?

We have devoted a great portion of our illustrated pages in this number to articles for fall and winter wear, both for ladies and children. The greatest variety of dresses we have ever given in a single number.

OLD TERMS.—It will be seen by our advertisement that we have gone back again to our old terms. We were forced to make a slight advance during a portion of this year, on account of the great rise in paper, and of every article connected with our business; and although but little change has been made in the cost of the same articles still we return to our old terms, which have always been so well understood by the public.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—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. Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Magazine, one year, \$6. No cheaper club than this can be offered. Godey's Lady's Book and Holloway's Medical Monthly, one year, \$5. For Canada terms, see cover.

OUR CARD PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ALBUMS.—We are distributing these elegant pictures all over the country, from Maine to California and Oregon, and everywhere they are giving satisfaction. Why? Because they are of the finest quality: equal to anything produced. All orders are promptly mailed, and the cards selected with particular care. Liberal terms to those who buy in quantities to sell again.

SENDING SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—This business, to use a very expressive and common phrase, is about "played out." A party combines, and they get a whole year's numbers by sending for specimens. We have traced this matter up very clearly, and in future we send no specimens unless under peculiar circumstances.

**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.

**POSTAGE ON MANUSCRIPTS.**—Please take notice! Our announcement that manuscripts sent for publication at newspaper postage it seems was somewhat premature. The Post-Office department, with that *charitable* disposition that sometimes governs them, especially if the decision is in their own favor (and by the way we never knew a disputed point decided in favor of the public), have decided that it applies only to manuscript sent for *books*, not periodicals. Is not that a nice distinction? So let it be understood that all manuscript sent for publication must have letter postage paid on it, and stamps for the same amount sent for its return. This is the decision of the first assistant Postmaster-General, in answer to a postmaster's inquiry on the subject:—

SIR—In answer to your letter of the 21st inst., I have to state that, in the opinion of the department, Section 24 of the new law refers only to "Book manuscripts and corrected proofs passing between authors and publishers," and was not intended to cover manuscripts from contributors to monthly magazines, newspapers, etc.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—This very excellent and best of the \$2 magazines is the only magazine that can be introduced in a club in place of a copy of the Lady's Book.

**TAKE YOUR OWN PAPER.**—Let us still try to impress this upon our subscribers. Take your own paper before subscribing to any other; it is a duty you owe, and one you ought not to neglect. If you want the Lady's Book also, take that in a club with your own paper. You will save one dollar by the operation.

**ANONYMOUS INQUIRERS.**—It is useless to write, we do not answer.

#### OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

*The Musical Monthly.*—The tenth and eleventh numbers, for October and November, are now ready; and the twelfth number, completing the volume, will be published next month. The tenth number contains one of Theo. Oesten's new and charming melodies; a beautiful new song; and a new and sparkling polka. The popular song of Beautiful Valley, of which we hold the copyright, is given in the eleventh number, as also another of Brinley Richards' favorite compositions, worthy the author of Warblings at Eve, and Floating on the Wind. In the twelfth number we shall publish, among other music, the popular ballad of Poor Ben the Piper, as sung by Ossian E. Dodge, and other vocalists at their concerts. The high standard of the Monthly, it will be seen, is faithfully kept up, and on no account will there be any diminution of effort or expense to maintain the character it has already won. We shall begin the new volume with a grand double holiday number, of which we shall have more to say next month. The price of the three numbers issued as above is 50 cents each, or the three for \$1 00. Terms of the Monthly, \$3 00 per annum in advance, and all subscriptions must be addressed to the publisher, J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

*New Sheet Music.*—O. Ditson & Co., Boston, have just published a beautiful cavatina, with recitatives and choruses, Madre Pietosa Vergine (Mother, Merciful Mother), from Verdi's new opera, La Forza del Destino, price 40 cents. Also Letty Lorne, new song and chorus by Geo. Perren, 25. Keep this Bible near Your Heart, by the author of Annie Lisle, 25. We'll Fight for Uncle Abe, plantation song and chorus, by F. Buckley, 25. Wanted, A Substitute, a bagatelle that will no doubt hit the popular taste, 25. Within the Convent Garden (Die Nonne Von Umland) a song, the music by the great composer, Thalberg, 25. Also, The Lark, beautiful transcription of Heisser's melody, by Brunner, 25; and Merry Wives of Windsor Galop, by Alberti, 25.

Sawyer & Thompson, Brooklyn, New York, a list of whose popular publications we gave in the August number, has just issued another song, Mother Would Comfort Me, the words and music by Charles Carroll Sawyer, author of When this Cruel War is Over, etc., 25 cents. This also will, no doubt, become popular.

Brinley Richards' compositions are always favorites among piano-players. We have new editions of Floating on the Wind, Warblings at Dawn, and Warblings at Eve, by this popular composer. Each 35 cents, in colored covers, or the three for \$1 00. Also, Variations of When this Cruel War is Over, by Grobe, 50. Magdalen, brilliant new fantasia, by the author of the Maiden's Prayer, colored covers, 40. Les Cloches du Monastere, favorite nocturne, 35. Maryland, my Maryland, transcription, 25. La Priere Exaucee, answer to the Maiden's Prayer, 30. Marche Militaire, by Glover, 30. Musings at Twilight, nocturne, by Spindler, 30. Moss Basket Waltz, 25. Down by the Tide, song without words, 15. Masked Ball Mazourkas, 25. The celebrated Shadow Air, from Dinorah, 30. An Alpine Farewell, one of the most beautiful little nocturnes ever published, 25. Volunteer's Quickstep, 25. Starry Night Galop, 10. Ingle-side Mazourka, 10. Camp Polka, 10. Silver Lake Waltz, 10. Lily Leaf Polka Schottische, 10. Gilt Edge Polka, 10.

Any music named in this column, or in previous numbers, will be sent on receipt of price. Address, as above, J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

We give the following extract from the letter of a lady in Illinois.—

"I can never repay you for the weary hours beguiled while perusing your dear Book. It comes like an old friend, and a true one—the same in adversity, in sickness, and sorrow that it does in sunshine and prosperity. Bless you for making it 'the true friend to the ladies.'"

"When living in a city, I considered it a *perfect gem*; but living in a country, far from any amusements or advantages, you know not how highly I prize it. Some imagine that the Lady's Book is made for the wealthy alone; but I cannot agree to that at all, for I am not rich, yet I own that I love to be neatly and becomingly dressed. God made this world full of bright sunshine and flowers. He made all things beautiful, and I think it our duty to look as pretty as we can. I think, with the help of Godey, any one with a fair amount of taste can dress nicely without any great expense. I make my dresses, trim my hats, make headresses, and many fancy articles from Godey. I do not see how any lady in moderate circumstances, who does *her own work*, can do without it. I have read it a good portion of my life, and hope to take it myself the rest of my days. I have never borrowed a number yet, and do not wish to lend. Yet many more eloquent than my poor words have sung your praise—still none can be more earnest or sincere."

A YANKEE poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:—

I sing her praise in poetry;  
For her at morn and eve  
I cries whole puns of bitter tears,  
And soaps them with my sleeve.

S. P. BORDEN'S EXCELSIOR EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING STAMPS.—We have often called the attention of our readers to these beautiful stamps. They have become so popular and so well known through the country that it is hardly necessary for us to make comments on their merits. There should be a set in every town. Dress-makers and dealers generally will find stamping for braiding and embroidery a very profitable part of their business, and in fact every dressmaker and milliner should have a set. Send and get a few dozen. Price \$5 per dozen. Mr. B. furnishes (free of charge) all necessary articles of instructions, including inking cushion and pattern book.

All orders addressed to S. P. Borden, Massillon, Ohio, or his agents, J. M. Pickering, No. 96 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; Sylvia Harrington, Potsdam, N. Y.; J. M. Newitt, Chochope, Mass.; Grace Law, Dixon, Ill.; S. A. Childs, Titusville, Pa.; S. Adams, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. C. Shattuck, Aurora, Ind.; Mrs. Julia Bosnell, Alleghany city, Pa.; Mr. G. W. Pickering, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. N. H. Wellington, Kingston, Wisconsin; Mrs. W. Kohrke, New Orleans, La. Mrs. E. C. Borden is travelling agent.

INQUIRIES have been made of us who are the authors of the following articles: "John Broad," "Aunt Esther's Warming-pan," also the Charade in our September number. In most instances we do not know the authors, and if known we do not give the names without the author's consent.

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

We ask attention to our advertisement for 1864, 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-three 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.

We do not publish medical recipes, but the following we clip from an exchange. We are willing to publish anything that may be considered a remedy for that most horrid disease—hydrophobia. But do not let any published remedy prevent you from sending for a physician.

HYDROPHOBIA PREVENTED.—The *Progres*, of Lyons, mentions a new remedy for the bite of a mad dog, discovered by a German veterinary surgeon of Magdeburg, named Hildebrand, by which the painful application of a red hot iron is avoided. This remedy consists in bathing the place bitten with hot water. M. Hildebrand has ascertained by experience that hot water has the effect of decomposing the virus, and, if applied in time, renders cauterization unnecessary. In that case, all that is to be done, after well bathing the part, as stated, is to apply a solution of caustic potash to the wound with a brush, and afterwards anoint it with antimony ointment.

S. OTT, 726 Broadway, New York, has opened what he terms "New York City Purchasing and Information Agency." We can recommend Mr. Ott to our friends for making purchases and giving information. He is the agent for the celebrated Boardman & Gray's pianos, Abbott's Piano Stools, Fasold's Patent Chronometer Watches, Boatman's Piano Tuning Scales, and of a hundred other articles too numerous for us to mention. Send for one of his circulars.

AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN.—It is reported that the Princess Alexandra when asked by the Prince of Wales for her hand in marriage, proposed to grant it for twenty-five shillings, which, said she, archly, is equal, you know, to one sovereign and one crown in England.

NOT A BRIBE.—We thank the *Swampport News* for the following:—

"When it is considered that in no instance has a bribe in the shape of a premium been offered, it shows that the Lady's Book stands first in the heart of American ladies, who subscribe for the sake of the work itself, and not for the premium. The illustrations this month are magnificent, especially the double fashion-plates, which are continued regardless of expense. No wonder Godey is the ladies' favorite."

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.

## A LETTER FROM PARIS.

An unusual degree of animation marks this year the close of the gay season in Paris. At the Tuileries, the Monday family dinners of the Court have been resumed, followed by the Empress's *soirées dansantes*, at which social evening reunions the fair mistress of the mansion has latterly set an example of great simplicity of toilet, which the ladies invited have not been slow to adopt and emulate. On Monday evening last, the Empress appeared in a simple dress of white muslin of the finest texture, without other trimming than the long floating ends of a wide pale blue sash; her sole ornament consisted of eight rows of magnificent orient pearls round her neck, while branches of white lilac were tastefully arranged in her hair. Almost all the ladies present were likewise dressed in white tulle, muslin, or thulle; velvets, moire antiques, and heavier materials being wholly discarded, as well as such jewelry as savored too strongly of the heated atmosphere of the late winter's eute tainments. Instead of the gorgeous *parures* there displayed in such profusion as almost to fatigue the eye, flowers most suited to the season are now the sole ornaments admitted; and if a few sparkling diamonds do venture to show themselves, they must do so merely as adjuncts to the more simple imitations of nature, which it is the good taste of our fashionable ladies to patronize.

The last great display of diamonds and precious gems may be said to have taken place at the *soirées* given at Mme. de Megeendorff's hotel, where a series of *tableaux vivants*, representing some of the most celebrated *chefs-d'œuvres* of modern and ancient artists, had been organized for the benefit of the distressed weavers of the suffering cotton districts of France. As most of the well-known beauties of the season were to take a part in these artistic *soirées*, and as, moreover, great secrecy was observed as to who was, and who was *not*, to appear in such and such characters, not a little curiosity was excited, and demands for tickets came pouring in long after more than the admissible number the rooms could contain, had been completed. The result, as far as charitable purposes are concerned, was highly satisfactory; and so, no doubt, was the process of getting up for the *tableaux*, to the parties more immediately concerned. But in an artistic point of view, it must be confessed that something was wanting to satisfy the eyes; and one was reminded in a strangely ludicrous and almost painful manner, of a certain exhibition at Barnum's, the wax figures of which must be impressed so indelibly in all our infantine memories, and which the glare of the rich gems and the profusion of ornaments and draperies employed, somehow only served the more strongly to bring before one's eyes. A magnificent-looking "Judith," coming out from the tent, from Horace Vernet's famous picture, which ought to have elicited our feelings of admiration, from the complete embodiment of the painter's ideal by the lady who represented it, was, perhaps, one of the very pictures which most lent itself to this species of criticism. The face, attitude, gorgeous draperies—all was perfect, all, save that certain atmosphere which separates the gazer's eye from the picture he looks upon, and which serves to soften its crudities. A few gauzy transparencies might have done much to tame down this effect, and so an artist at my elbow whispered, had been suggested but indignantly rejected by the fair living models on the evening in question, who, having had to prepare long and arduously to be gazed at a few minutes, were evidently not inclined

to be only half seen, or have any of their charms, real or artificial, obscured. One of the prettiest pictures of the evening was Ary Scheffer's "Marguerite," whose *pose* and features were wonderfully rendered by the lovely Mme. Dollfus, the Prefect of the Seine's daughter. Mme. de Castiglione had, it was said, been invited, and consented to take a part; and as this lady is equally remarkable for her originality of costumes, and her beautiful form and face, much was expected from her appearance; but the spectators were destined to disappointment of more than one kind, for the picture in which she was to appear was withdrawn for that night, and it is said even for the succeeding one, without any apparent reason.

The second day of the races of Long-Champs was, if possible, more fully and brilliantly attended than even the preceding one; the tribunes, as on the previous occasion, being filled with well-dressed women, composed of the *élite* of Parisian society. The brilliant sunshine, the green coloring of the trees, and the charming scenery which surrounds the race-course, forming, as it were, a setting to it, of which the heights of Meudon, St. Cloud, and the picturesque Mont St. Valerien, are the most striking features, impart to the whole scene, thronged with gayly-dressed and beautiful women, magnificent equipages, and prancing and excited steeds, an animation and a magic effect, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in any other race-course in the world. The Empress was there; one of the most important prizes of the day being that called the Empress's prize. Her Majesty was dressed in a very pale gray taffetas dress, shot with blue, the *casaque* being similar to the robe, and the sleeves in front of the latter trimmed with narrow bands of the same material, edged with white, placed like brandenburghs, and terminated at the point of each narrow band with a white silk button, the whole costume having somewhat of a sporting air. The bonnet worn by the Empress was of the same shade of pale gray as the dress, in *crêpe*, very simply ornamented by a tuft of black berries or currants. Among the most remarkable equipages were those of the Marquis d'Agudo, and of the Duke de Morny, the latter of whom came up to the race course in a *d'Aumont* with four horses and postilions; the latter, as well as the *piqueurs* who preceded the carriages, wore bright scarlet liveries, slashed with gold, with white and gold embroidered caps, the whole effect being very gay and dashing.

Several toilets were remarkable for their originality, and all for the extreme elegance and good taste they displayed, giving the tribunes the aspect of an elegantly filled drawing-room, rather than of a public resort out of doors.

Mme. Rimsky Korsekow, the Russian *lionne*, wore an English alpaca, of the shade called  *cuir de Russie*, or leather-color, with belt and trimming of leather, studded with steel nails, with shining beads; a straw hat, with a feather matching the shade of the dress, completed a very rakish and altogether sporting-looking costume. Steel ornaments, and steel mingled with leather, both in the form of plain bands, of horse-shoe trimmings and other designs, is gradually creeping into favor, though as yet only ventured upon by way of being original. Some loose *casques* are to be seen in the shop windows, with a small leather pouch, studded with steel, hanging by a leather and steel chain at the side, the whole garment being edged with a narrow leather band, dotted over with steel, and on these is affixed, in large characters, the word *English*.

In the biography of Victor Hugo, just published, appears the following.—

A WOMAN BRANDED.—At Paris, in 1818 or 1819, on a summer's day, towards twelve o'clock at noon, I was passing by the square of the Palais de Justice. A crowd was assembled there around a post. I drew near. To this post was tied a young female, with a collar round her neck and a writing over her head. A chafing-dish, full of burning coals, was on the ground in front of her; an iron instrument, with a wooden handle, was placed in the live embers, and was being heated there. The crowd looked perfectly satisfied. This woman was guilty of what the law calls *domestic theft*. As the clock struck noon, behind that woman, and without being seen by her, a man stepped up to the post. I had noticed that the jacket worn by this woman had an opening behind, kept together by strings; the man quickly untied these, drew aside the jacket, exposed the woman's back as far as the waist, seized the iron which was in the chafing-dish, and applied it, leaning heavily on the bare shoulder. Both the iron and the wrist of the executioner disappeared in a thick white smoke. This is now more than forty years ago, but there still rings in my ears the horrible shriek of this wretched creature. To me, she had been a thief, but was now a martyr. I was then sixteen years of age, and I left the place determined to combat to the last days of my life these cruel deeds of the law.

ST. PAUL.

A SUBSCRIBER inquires in the September number how to clean black lace veils. I recently cleaned some in the following manner: Put the lace in a dish, and pour over it a mixture of two parts alcohol, and one part water, taking care to keep the lace entirely covered; then light the liquid, let it burn five minutes, extinguish it, and turn the lace; relight it, and after it has burned five minutes, take out the lace, and press it while damp. Can I obtain from you the February number for 1857, and for March, 1861? Please answer in the next number, and oblige

A FRIEND TO THE BOOK.

We can furnish the above numbers.

A SKEPTIC ANSWERED.—"Ah," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, here is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee nor others has not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see them?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

THINK OF IT, GIRLS!—Nothing can prevent an increase of bachelorism save an amendment in the code of educating women. When they learn common sense instead of broken French; when they learn some useful employment instead of beating the piano; when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coxcombry; and when men find woman is a helpmate, instead of a burden; then, and not till then, may we expect to find fewer bachelors.

A LADY wishes a receipt for cleaning white kid gloves.

It chanced one evening, at one of the great hotels, that a gentleman, seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room at a late hour, passed a young lady who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one. He took it and thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram. Luckily for the poet (for his epigram would otherwise have been quite pointless), the young lady was as handsome as she was polite:—

You gave me a candle; I give you my thanks.

And add—as a compliment justly your due—

There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks

Who could—if she tried—hold a candle to you!

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.

THE following we consider a little humbugous:—

HOW MRS. BONAPARTE PUTS ON HER CLOTHES.—A Paris correspondent thus gossips about the dresses of the Empress Eugène. He says it is universally conceded that she is the best dressed lady in Europe. She sets the female fashions for the world; and employs not only *modistes* but *artistes* to invent them. Her "department of ready-made clothing" is something immense. To say that she has a new dress for every day in the year would not begin to convey an idea of the extent and variety of her wardrobe. In the front centre of the ceiling of Her Majesty's private dressing room, there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above filled with "presses," each containing a dress, exhibited on a frame—looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these "presses" there is a little railway leading to the aforesaid trap-door, through which the dress is "descended" into the presence of the Empress. If it pleased her Majesty, the dress is lifted from the frame, and placed upon the imperial person; if not, it is whipped up, and another comes down in its place; and not infrequently another, and another, and another, so fastidious is the taste which gives the law to the world of fashion. In public the Empress never looks overdressed. A severe simplicity always characterizes her toilet, while everything, in material, fit, and color, is as complete in harmony as a sonata of Beethoven.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—"Out in this Terrible War." Words by Mary W. Jauvriu; music by H. T. Merrill. Published by H. T. Merrill & Co., Chicago.

PARISIAN LADY IMPROVERS.—A French correspondent notices a new academy in Paris: They have lately come to the decision that all elegant dames ought to wear the hair in the form of a *cortogan* descending to the waist, bound in the middle with pink, green, and blue ribbons, and curled at the extremity in five of those long curls which we call "cork-screws" in France. It may look pretty enough; but how can those ladies who are not blessed with an abundant hirsute crop manage the matter? Let me also whisper, as in duty bound, that hoops are worn in two ways; some are round, others oblong. Some dancing belles present to the admiring gaze a perfect circle—a geometrical figure, which the ancients regarded as the ideal of beauty. Others seem to walk beside their dress, and suggest the impertinent question which Beau Brummel once put to a duke, "Do you call this thing a coat?"

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We present our young friends with another of those choice illustrated hymns we promised them for their own department.

### THE SABBATH DAY.



It is Sunday evening now,  
Soon its hours will be no more;  
Have I sought this day to grow  
More like Jesus than before?

Have I loved the Lord's own day,  
As His pardoned children do,  
When I knelt with them to pray,  
Was my heart among them too?

What so sweet as prayer and praise,  
When from children's hearts they come?  
What so pleasant as the way  
Leading to my Father's home?

Happy Sunday—if we love  
Him whose holy day it is;  
Peace descending from above,  
Fills the heart that would be His.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT:—

WAYNESBORO', PA.

L. A. GODEY, Esq., PHILADELPHIA:

DEAR SIR: A little incident, additional to the many affecting stories of the late sanguinary conflict at Gettysburg, came to my knowledge a few days after the battle

as I was crossing the mountains from that town on my way to "the front" as a surgeon and delegate of the United States Christian Commission.

An accident to our vehicle forced us—my three fellow travelers and myself—to halt for an hour at a handsome dwelling on the road; the very courteous and obliging proprietor of which my companions entertained by exhibiting to him such interesting relics of the battle as they were carrying away. When they had done, the gentleman remarked that he possessed something that would rival all he had yet beheld; and he produced a miniature found upon the battle-field by a member of his family, which we all examined with mingled feelings of tenderness and admiration. It was a beautiful picture of three lovely children. Our awakened sympathy was deepened as the gentleman proceeded to tell us that the relic was found in the hands of a dead soldier. The fatal bullet had not killed instantly, but the soldier had expired slowly, in a sheltered spot, with consciousness vivid—how vivid!—to the last moment. He was discovered lying on his back. His hands were folded and resting on his breast, with the open palms, and the open miniature within them facing his glazed eyes. The soldier died gazing on the loved faces of his little girl and two little boys, far off in their southern home, whom he was to see on earth no more.

J. F. B., M. D.

MEANING OF NAMES.—The ancient mythologists indicated their love of nature by their transformations and appellations. Thus many of the names of the women and men were derived from various plants and flowers. Thus Barbara is derived from *barberis*, the barberry tree; Rosa, from the rose;

Laura, from the laurel; Lucy, from *lucus*, a grove; Rosamond, from *rosa mundi*, the flower of the world; Agnes, from *agnus*, a lamb; Melissa, from a Greek word, signifying a bee; Dorcas, a rose; Phillis, a leaf; Rachel, a sheep; Jacintha, a hyacinth; Galatea is milk; Cyuthia, the moon; Jesse, an engraft of a tree; Aurelia means a cotton wood; Margaret, a pearl and a daisy; Cecil, a heartwort; and Chloe, a green herb.

FOR OUR FRENCH SCHOLARS.—During the French Revolution a *ci-devant* applied for a passport under the name of "*Nis*." "*Nis*?" said the authorities at the passport office.—"*Comment nis?* Have you no other name?" "Not now," said the satirical applicant. "I used to be called St. Denis; but since you have abolished the saints, and forbidden the use of the prefix *De*, there is nothing left for me but *nis*."

The *Laporte Democrat* says:—

"We are in receipt of Godey's Lady's Book, and must speak for it a good word; indeed, we could not, had we the desire, do otherwise than speak well of it. One thing very remarkable about Godey is, that we never hear it mentioned but with respect."

**YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS**—Mrs Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The nineteenth session of this school commenced September 14th, 1863.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

**THAT IS TRUE.**—"We can always tell whether a lady is a reader of Godey by the way she dresses," says the *Lady's Net*. And he says still further: "The female portion of the inhabitants of our land of liberty have for the last thirty years been noted for their beauty and taste in the adornment of their bodies, and strange to say, they are still advancing. We know of but one reason for this, and that is they have been furnished the patterns and, indeed, all the information necessary for the accomplishment of this grand object by L. A. Godey."

**CURIOS EPITAPH.**—The following epitaph is to be seen on a tombstone in an Essex churchyard:—

Here lies the man Richard,  
And Mary his wife;  
Their surname was Pritchard,  
They lived without strife;  
And the reason was plain—  
They abounded in riches,  
They had no care nor pain,  
And the wife wore the breeches.

**Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston,** have for sale all materials for the different styles of **Painting and Drawing** taught in their book, **ART RECREATIONS**. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will furnish, post paid, the book for \$2.00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

An Indiana paper contains the following:—

"As an evidence that this Ladies' Magazine which we have so often spoken of, is somewhat thought of abroad, we quote the following from the *London Times*:—

"A friend has shown us a magazine published in the United States by Louis A. Godey. We have examined it attentively, and are much pleased with the engravings and literary matter, and such fashion-plates we have never seen in any publication this side of the Atlantic. How Mr. Godey can afford to give so much matter for about an English shilling we cannot comprehend."

If a young lady faints when you "propose to her," you can restore her to consciousness by just whispering in her ear you were only joking.

#### 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 EDITOR thus described in rhyme the patience of a husband with whom he is acquainted:—

"He never says a word,  
But with a look of deepest melancholy,  
He sat, like Patience on an ottoman,  
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."

#### 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. W. L.—Sent corsets by express, August 29th.

Mrs. L. W.—Sent articles 26th.

Mrs. S. L. T.—Sent zephyr 29th.

Miss J. A. R.—Sent zephyr 29th.

Miss M. E. C.—Sent hats by express 29th.

Mrs. H. L. D.—Sent braid 29th.

J. W.—Sent hair ear-ring 29th.

Mrs. A. H.—Sent hair pin 29th.

S. E. C.—Sent hair ring 29th.

Capt. J. W. W.—Sent hair ring 29th.

E. P.—Sent hair ring 29th.

Mrs. E. M. Z.—Sent articles by express September 2d.

R. T., Jr.—Sent hair chain and studs by express 4th.

Mrs. W. D. W.—Sent pattern 5th.

Miss E. C.—Sent silk, beads, etc., by express 5th.

Mrs. A. H. M.—Sent pattern 5th.

M. E. A.—Sent patterns 10th.

E. M.—Sent hair ring 10th.

S. E.—Sent hair ring 10th.

Miss A. S. F.—Sent hair charm 10th.

E. E. B.—Sent hair jewelry by Knolly's express 10th.

M. C. P.—Sent baby jumper, etc., by Adams's express 10th.

Mrs. W. A. B.—Sent embroidery stamps, etc. by Wells, Fargo, & Co., 12th.

Miss E. C.—Sent zephyr 12th.

L. G.—Sent braiding pattern 15th.

Mrs. D. S. P.—Sent braiding pattern 15th.

Miss M. E. L. C.—Sent netting needles 15th.

"Can you inform me the best way to renovate black crape, and oblige yours, truly, A SUBSCRIBER."

We have published several receipts upon the subject, but have not time to look them up. See Receipt department in former volumes.

To many Inquirers.—If we were to give full and particular description how everything is made, we would not be able to give more than three or four engravings. We give the pattern and the design. Every good workwoman can work from them, and bad ones would be no better off, no matter how long and particular the description.

To Correspondents.—We earnestly request that all our correspondents will kindly comply with the following rules, which are absolutely necessary to prevent confusion in the ownership of MSS., and the purposes for which they are sent: Firstly, to write their name and address either on the first or last page; and, secondly, to state whether their contributions are intended as free offerings.

What we consider almost impertinent is 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.

Lizzie H. will find the waterfall style of headdress in this number.

Sallie K., Baltimore, Md.—Your letter cost us six cents postage. You put an old stamp on the envelope, and an old stamp inside, both of which are worthless.

Miss W.—The ordinary way of wearing a locket round the throat is to attach it to a small gold chain or to some narrow black ribbon velvet. If the latter is used, the velvet is tied at the back of the neck, and the ends are left long. Narrow silk neck-ties, with embroidered ends, are worn; but the small white muslin scarfs are more fashionable.

Margaret.—It would be quite proper if he were about to escort her to any place of amusement, when a certain hour was fixed for the performance to commence, and it would not be improper in any case.

## 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. Godoy, 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.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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, in the background, is of the style of Charles 10th. A dress of mauve silk, made with deep train, trimmed with point lace and quillings of white satin ribbon. The corsage is cut square, and trimmed to match. The coiffure is composed of white plumes and mauve velvet.

Fig. 2. *Peasant of Alsace*.—This costume is composed of an orange merino skirt, with white cashmere waist, ornamented with blue and orange color. Round the neck is a muslin frill, with a band of black velvet. A white muslin apron is tied at the right side with a blue ribbon. The coiffure is a plain white muslin cap, with a band of muslin concealing the hair. The stockings are of a deep blue, and the shoes have high heels and large steel buckles.

Fig. 3. *Highland Dress*.—The kilt is of a bright wool plaid, laid in box-plaits at the waist. The jacket is of green cloth or velvet, and over this is a brilliant silk scarf thrown over the left shoulder and tied at the back. The pouch is of white and black fur. The bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with a band of plaid and two plumes with a fancy ornament in front. Plaid stockings complete the costume.

Fig. 4. *Lady of the Court of Elizabeth*.—Dress of plain-colored changeable silk, made with a very long train. The corsage is half high, and has a very full and deep box-plaited basque. On each plait is a band of gold gimp, which is also the trimming of the corsage. A frill of plum-colored silk, striped with gold braid, forms a cap or epaulette to the sleeves, which are of green satin puffed and trimmed with gold braid. The cuffs are of rich lace, the same as the high ruff on the corsage. The hair is rolled and puffed, and dressed with a large gilt ornament with bead pendants.

Fig. 5. *A Peasant Girl of Lorraine*.—A brown stuff dress, bordered on the edge of the skirt with a band of brilliant Magenta ribbon. The apron, which is very long and full, is of striped muslin, pointed on the edge, and bound with Magenta ribbon. The pockets are also bound with red, and round the waist is a long red sash. The corsage is of blue cashmere, with half short sleeves turned up with white cashmere, embroidered with black braid and beads. The brown stuff sleeve, bound with red, extends just below the blue sleeve, and the arms are covered with long white mittens. The corsage is cut out heart-shaped in front, and trimmed with black.

A white cashmere body reaches to the throat. A band of black velvet, to which is attached a jet cross, is tied round the neck. The corsage is a white muslin cap with fluted border.

*Fig. 6. A Fashion Lady of the 15th Century.*—The dress is of a rich golden *moiré*, with flowing skirt faced with ruby velvet. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with the same. A small plastron of white satin barred with black velvet is on the front of the corsage. An embroidered muslin bow is at the throat, and the sleeves are trimmed with a very deep row of Venetian point lace. Two rows of pearl beads encircle the waist. The japon is of emerald green satin trimmed with three rows of golden *moiré*. The coiffure is a fine muslin cap, covering only the back of the head, and finishing low on the neck with a large bow and ends, richly embroidered and trimmed with lace. The border of the cap is of lace, sewed on very stiff net, and plated to stand upright, as represented in our plate.

*Fig. 7. Court Jester.*—The skirt is of yellow silk or merino, trimmed with two bands of the same color, or black velvet. The upper skirt and corsage are of blue merino or silk. The skirt is cut in deep points, bound with white silk, and on each point is a gilt bell. A pointed bertha is laid over the blue corsage, and each point should be trimmed with a bell. The cap is of blue velvet bound with yellow, and the boots are of blue velvet turned over with white plush. Both the cap and boots would be improved by bells.

*Fig. 8. Andalusian Lady.*—The skirt of the dress is of black satin, trimmed with two rows of very deep chenille fringe, with a velvet and chenille heading. The corsage is of a brilliant gold-colored satin, crossed in front with narrow black velvet. Over this is a Figaro jacket of scarlet velvet, with small slashed sleeves, trimmed on the shoulders with large rosettes of gold-colored satin and drop buttons. The cash is of scarlet silk, trimmed with gold. The coiffure consists of a long and rich black lace veil laid in plaits on top of the head, and falling over a high shell comb. A spray of flowers is placed at the left side of the head.

*Fig. 9. Louis 16th Dress.*—A petticoat of white satin, trimmed with three rows of point lace. The rows are graduated in width, and headed by wreaths of roses with foliage. The dress is of sky blue corded silk, made with a Pompadour waist trimmed with a quilting of white satin ribbon and point lace. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, and trimmed with a quilting of the silk and a ruffle, also two deep rows of point lace. The skirt is made with a very long train looped up at intervals, so that it merely reaches to the top of the lower flounce. The hair is powdered, rolled, and dressed with a small wreath of roses on the left side of the head.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

It has been said of the English Empire that its morning drum-beat resounds around the world. But we have lately seen a little newspaper paragraph which has reminded us that there is an empire far more universal than the English—the empire of fashion.

The paragraph to which we allude describes the labors of a benevolent English lady named Rye, who has gone to New Zealand to promote the emigration thither of females. They are selected from the humblest classes, and sent out at the expense of Miss Rye and her friends. They readily find employment at high wages, and thereupon become forthwith willing subjects of

fashion. Miss Rye writes that the latest fashion magazines of Europe and the United States come out by each vessel, and on the streets of the principal towns, whose sites scarce a score of years ago were the abodes of savages, are now found the latest style of Parisian bonnets, and the finest flowers and laces.

We think we cannot render a more acceptable service to our New Zealand subscribers, as well as to those nearer home, than by telling them of the charming novelties in dress goods now to be found at Stewart's.

Few robe-dresses have as yet appeared. The principal ones are of a material called *Crotonne*, of French make, and resembling alpaca. These are to be had of all colors, and the engravings of several very beautiful ones will be in the December number.

Never has there been a more elegant assortment of cashmere robes *de chambre* than at this present season. The grounds are of the most approved colors, with gorgeous Persian borders formed for the robe; some having large bordered capes, and others jackets.

*Toile de Valence*—a poplin-like material, laine soie, and poplin soie are all new and pretty materials. Some are plain; while others have a silk ribbon-like stripe, which renders them very effective. Poplins seem to prevail; some are all wool, others cotton and wool, and others again silk and wool. There are, however, so many different makes of poplin, that, though the goods may be composed of the same materials, they have not a shadow of resemblance.

A very pretty style is what is termed *Pekin*, a rather low-priced material, and very suitable for travelling or school dresses. The grounds are of all the shades of smoke, cuir, wood, chevenx, gizelle, and other colors. They are striped in all sizes and styles, and the stripes generally black.

*Epingline rayé* is one of the most charming tissues of the season. It is plain, but of astonishing richness, and has somewhat the appearance of uncut velvet. Another article, called *Nouveautés*, is a poplin with detached figures, generally in silk, and though very pretty, yet without the richness of a plain material. Another style is an all wool poplin, with stripes in self colors, the stripe being formed merely of a thick cord at short distances. This is a novel and pretty style.

The most elegant, and probably the most expensive poplins of the season are the Irish. They are of all shades and colors, and particularly rich in quality.

Plaids are brought out in all the makes of poplins and other goods. They are from the simple half-inch size—suitable for children—to the large plaid a quarter of a yard in width. They are very brilliant, and comprise all the clan plaids, as well as any quantity of fancy ones. The blue and green combination, so fashionable a few years since, is again taken into favor, and is generally preferred to the gay plaids, except for children. Printed delaines and cashmere d'Ecosse, or printed merinos, striped, plaided, or powdered with small figures, are very pretty and suitable for children.

In silks there is nothing particularly new. Heavy solid colored silks, rich *moirés*, and plaids are the most elegant. Small figures, stripes, and such styles, which we have had for so long, have again appeared among the new goods of this season.

For evening dresses we saw a number of light ground *châliées*, small figures on amber, melon, mauve, sea-green, pearl, and cuir grounds; nothing different from what we have had in preceding seasons.

It is, however, early, and we hope yet to be startled

with a succession of novelties. The tints this season are in great variety, and very rich; but having in our eyes attained perfection last year, all we can say is that we think them quite as good as then.

In the Lingerie department of Stewart's we noticed that the collars were a size larger than last year's, and many had pointed ends in front. Sleeves are close at the wrist, but not tight (much in the style of the Religious which we described last year), and buttoned up at the side with five or six buttons. There are a number of different styles, many of them sufficiently large at the wrist to pass the hand through. Deep linen cuffs will be worn throughout the winter.

The fashionable style of glove, except for evening wear, is the gant de Sw. de, stitched with colors, and made to cover the wrist.

For fashionable bridal trousseaux we find the most elegant assortment of laces. We cannot enter into detail, but will merely state what may be had in this line at Stewart's. There are points intended to be worn either as shawls, or bridal veils, in point de Gaze, appliqué point de Venice, and other styles. Sets of bouances, tuniques, jackets, capes, also new and peculiar coiffures in both black and white laces of all the different styles; also the most superb assortment of handkerchiefs in point d'Alençon, appliqué, point de Venice, Valenciennes, and others. All exquisitely delicate fabrics, costly, it is true, but always valuable; indeed much more esteemed by age, and particularly appropriate for a bridal parure.

In search of novelties, we next visited Brodie's, where we had a rich treat. Such elegant cloaks we have never before seen. The trimmings this year are particularly elegant, and made in sets to suit the cloaks. They are formed of silk cable cord and mohair braid, arranged in the gimp style to form epaulettes, cuffs, and various other ornaments. The cloaks are of the *paletôt* shape, resembling a gentleman's overcoat. One—a rich black velvet—had a very elegant and elaborate ornament of this gimp work, consisting of epaulettes, cuffs, and oblong pieces for the back of the waist. The seams were covered by a *caché* point of narrow black gimp and beads, seemingly a trifling affair, but costing from fifty to seventy-five cents a yard. Others were trimmed with heavy chenille braces, fastened at the waist behind by large chenille ornaments, caught on the shoulders by epaulettes, trimmed with rich chenille fringe, and extending to the waist in front. Many were trimmed with chenille fringes and buttons. Graduated bands, richly finished and made in sets, was another pretty style for the fronts of cloaks. Many cloaks are slashed at the sides and back, and laced with heavy cords.

Heavy velvet cloths of all colors will be worn, particularly the rich blue, with new style of Zouave hood, kept in place by whalebones.

A fawn-colored cloak particularly pleased us. It was trimmed with brown and fawn chenilles, braided and laid on the cloak. We noticed that all the cloaks were fastened with hooks, and the buttons merely ornaments; the favorite style being a pointed button, with long pendants from the points. Scarlet is much used for the trimming of cloaks; and for children and misses nothing is more fashionable than a blue or scarlet cloak trimmed with black or white. Scarlet is also the favorite color for opera cloaks. Plain cloth cloaks of all colors are also to be had to suit the taste of all; but space will not permit us to enumerate all the different styles, as their name is legion.

From Mme. Tilman of Ninth Street, New York, who

has just returned from the celebrated Maison Tilman of the Rue Richelieu of Paris, we have the latest notes of fashion.

Bonnets and headdresses are what Madame particularly revels in; but she has given us information on fashions in general. Bonnets have changed but little in shape. In Paris the Marie Stuart is at present the adopted style, though it is not the universal one, as we see by our fashion-plates. The shapes are exceedingly long from the crown to the front; they droop, but are not bent down, and are very shallow at the sides. Jet is very much used in the ornamentation of them; also leather. The ornithological and the entomological fovers, which broke out last spring, will continue with increased violence throughout the winter.

A striking peculiarity for velvet and silk bonnets is rich velvet flowers, with green foliage and grasses. The taste for natural flowers in Paris, both for bonnets and coiffures, has caused the French artistes to almost rival nature, so that while walking through the show-rooms of Mme. Tilman, you can very readily imagine you are having a rare horticultural treat. Roses, lilies, mignonette, heliotrope, chrysanthemums, tulips, air and water plants, with mosses and ferns, are thrown together in rich profusion.

Parisian ladies are wearing round hats of velvet and other materials. We think, however, that this style will not be adopted in this country, as our climate is too severe, and the style too conspicuous to suit the American taste.

Coiffures are this season richer than ever; but it is quite impossible to convey an adequate idea of their gracefulness and piquant originality.

Some special commissions were shown us in the shape of dresses. One, a *moiré* of the new shade called Tourterelle, or turtle-dove color, had simply a quilted black ribbon on the edge of the skirt; the material being of itself so rich that trimming on the skirt would have been like attempting to "paint the lily, or add another hue unto the rainbow." The body was made with a Zouave, and vest of the same. The Zouave was cut away very much in front, rather deep at the back, and cut in three points, or rather rounded ends, at the back. The whole was trimmed with a narrow *caché* point of black gimp and beads. The vest was of the *moiré*, made quite long in front, with pockets and a rolling collar.

Another very elegant dress was of an entirely new cut. The back of the corage was cut in a jockey, and the ends in front were prolonged into two long sash ends extending half-way down the skirt, and trimmed with narrow fluted ruffles. The skirt was trimmed with three fluted ruffles set on in bunches, and separated at the distance of every quarter of a yard by three bands of ribbon laid on plain.

Another dress for demi-toilet, also made with basque and vest, was trimmed very prettily. On each breadth were bias bands of silk, with pointed ends, put on in the pyramidal style. The bands were about an inch and a half wide, and five or six in number. Zouave and sleeves were trimmed to match. In our next we will give more minute descriptions of bonnets, which, however, must be seen to be properly appreciated.

We hope fond mammas will pardon us if we wait until next month to describe some charming little hats at Genin's for children. We would willingly describe them now; but the cruel publi-her insists upon it that his readers require something besides our Chat.

FASHION.







CHRISTMAS





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# FASHIONS

FROM THE CELEBRATED ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & CO., OF NEW YORK.

1



2



# FASHIONS

FROM THE CELEBRATED ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & CO., OF NEW YORK.



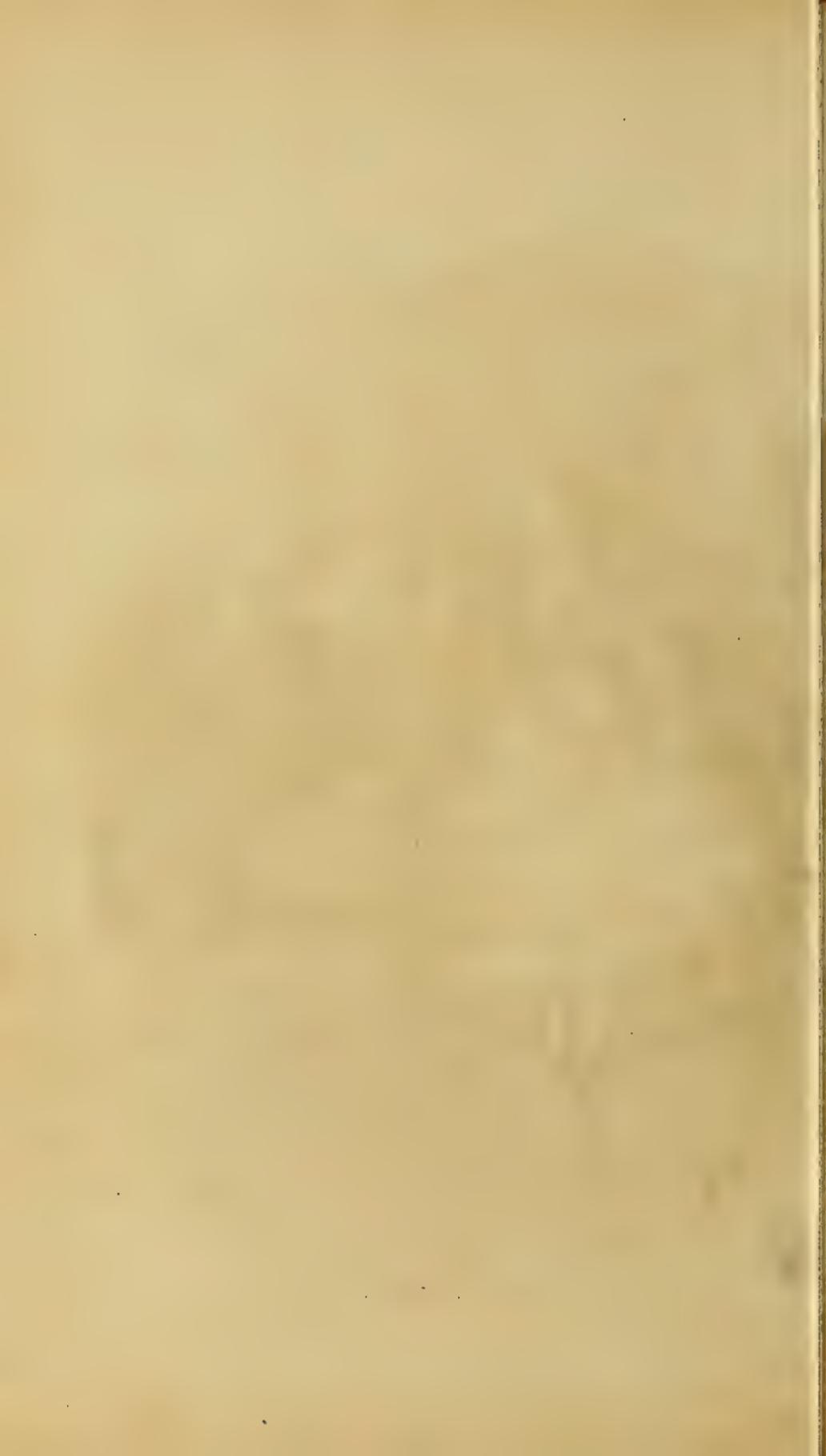




SPANISH OPERA HOOD.



A FALSE ALARM.



# SAFETY SKATING FRAME.

FOR BEGINNERS.



Our readers can see the proportions in the cut. The bottom of the runners being slightly curved, the frame is easily turned in any direction. The ends of the runners being turned up, enables the frame to pass over any reasonable impediment, thus saving it from stopping, and being thrown over forwards. The long tails would not allow it to be pulled over backwards. The skater's hands being placed on the hand rail, between its supports, prevents her from upsetting the frame sideways.

EMBROIDERY.

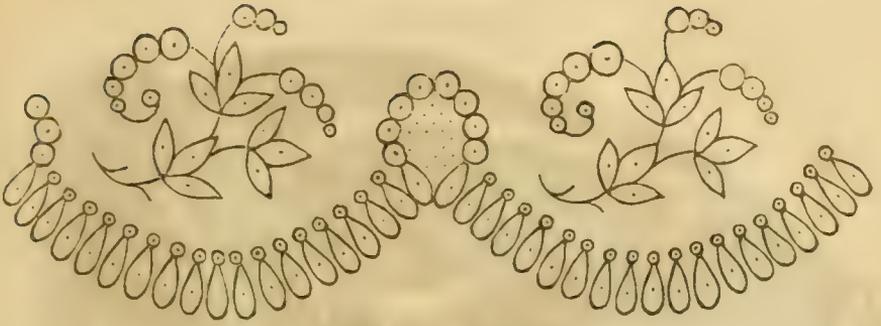


DRESS FOR A MISS.



Made of Waterloo blue poplin, and trimmed, *en tablier*, with bands of black velvet, with a narrow braiding pattern between.

EMBROIDERY.

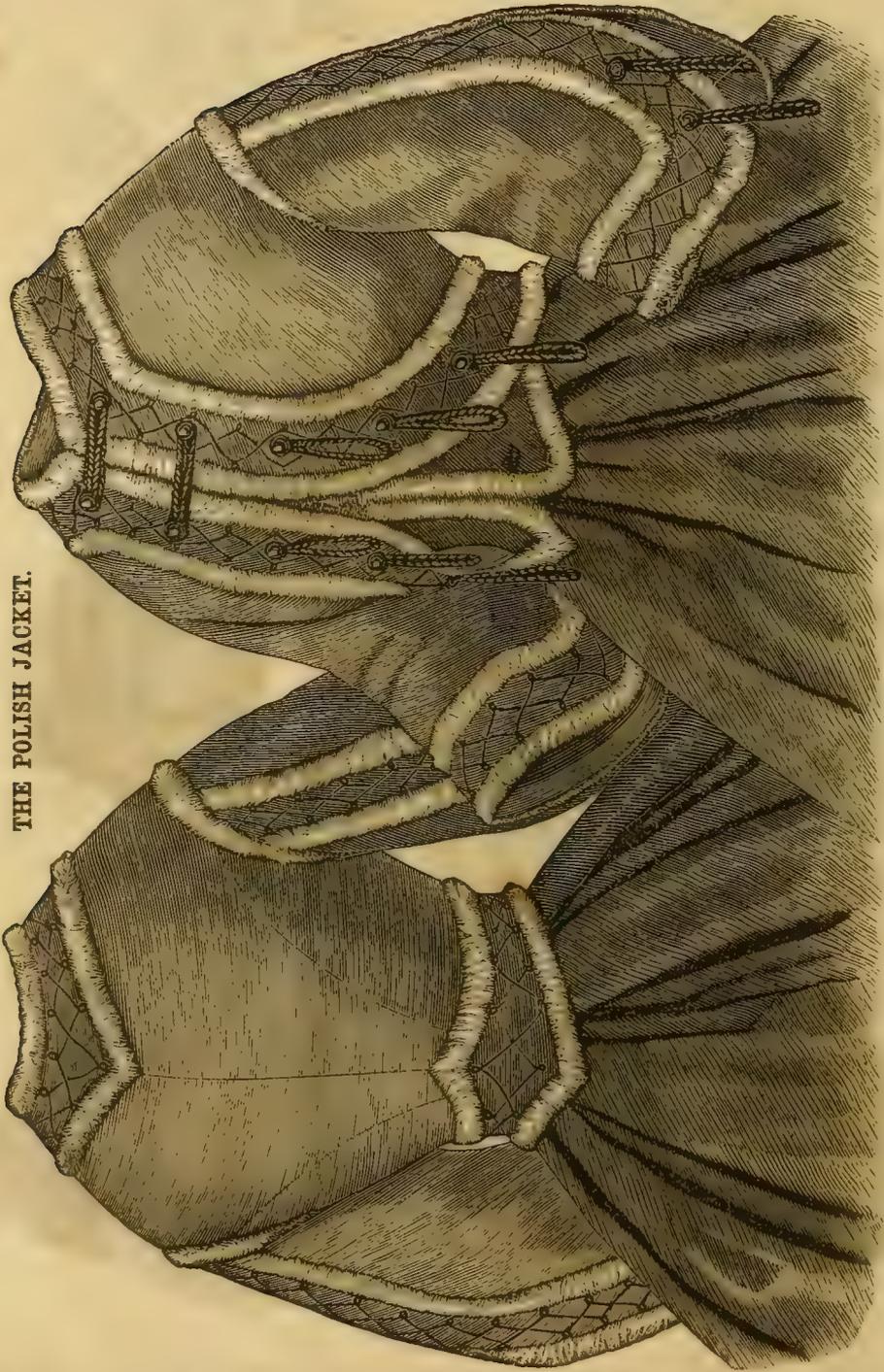


DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF TEN YEARS.



The material is steel-colored merino, with a bordering quarter of a yard deep, of a brilliant Solferino merino. The joining is concealed by a wide black braid, and a narrow braiding pattern is on each side of both. The yoke, cuffs, and sash are all of Solferino merino braided with black.

THE POLISH JACKET.



This stylish costume may be made of any material. We would, however, suggest black silk as a pretty contrast to the swans'-down with which it is trimmed. It is merely a pointed waist, trimmed with down. A braided band trimmed with swans'-down is then laid on to form the jacket and girdle, giving the lower part of the waist the appearance of a vest.

## THE CALPE.

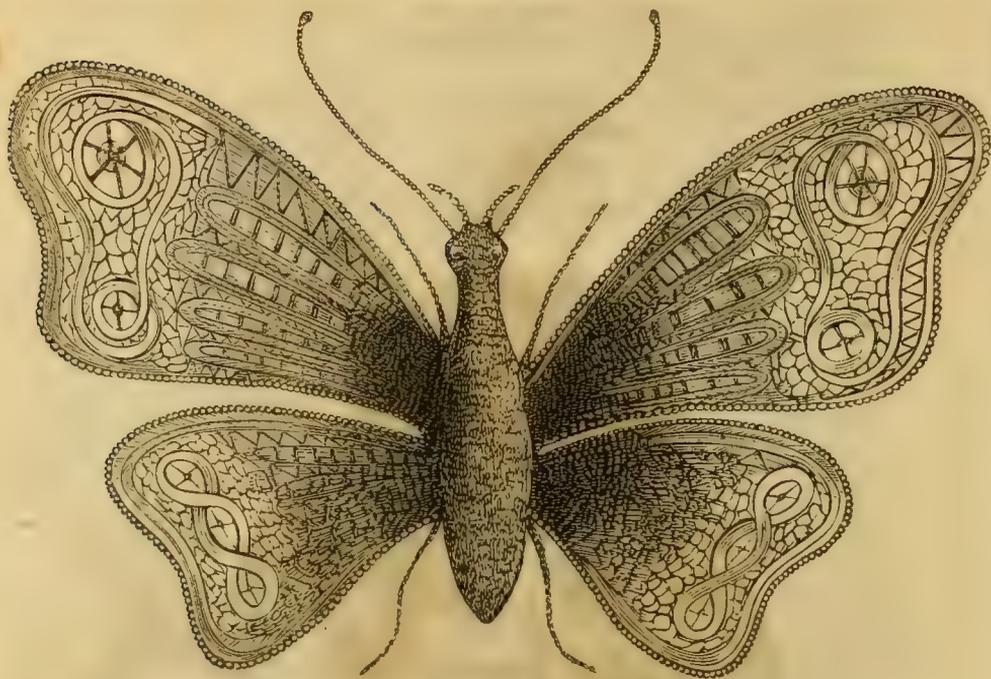
[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



This truly serviceable garment is one that for winter weather will prove a *ne plus ultra* style, while the beauty of the materials commend it to the eye of taste. The cloth from which our drawing is taken is called chinchilla. This cannot be represented in an engraving. It presents a fur-like appearance, and is well adapted to the fur trimming, which is of the chinchilla itself, although other furs may be employed with equal effect. For sleighing, or skating, this pardessus will probably become a great favorite.

**THE PSYCHE BUTTERFLY FOR HEADDRESSES.**

*(See description, Work department.)*



**SECTIONS OF WINGS.**





COIFFURE HORTENSE.



NAME FOR MARKING.

*Kate*

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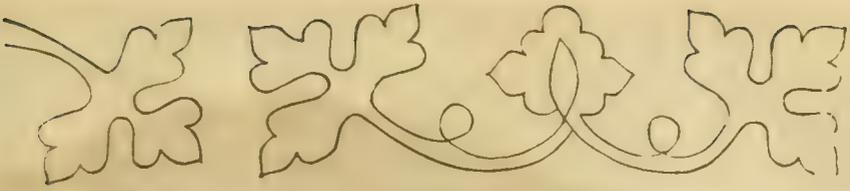
**KNITTED GAUNTLET, WITH PLUSH CUFF.**

FOR WEARING OVER KID GLOVES, DURING VERY SEVERE WEATHER.

(See description, *Work Department.*)



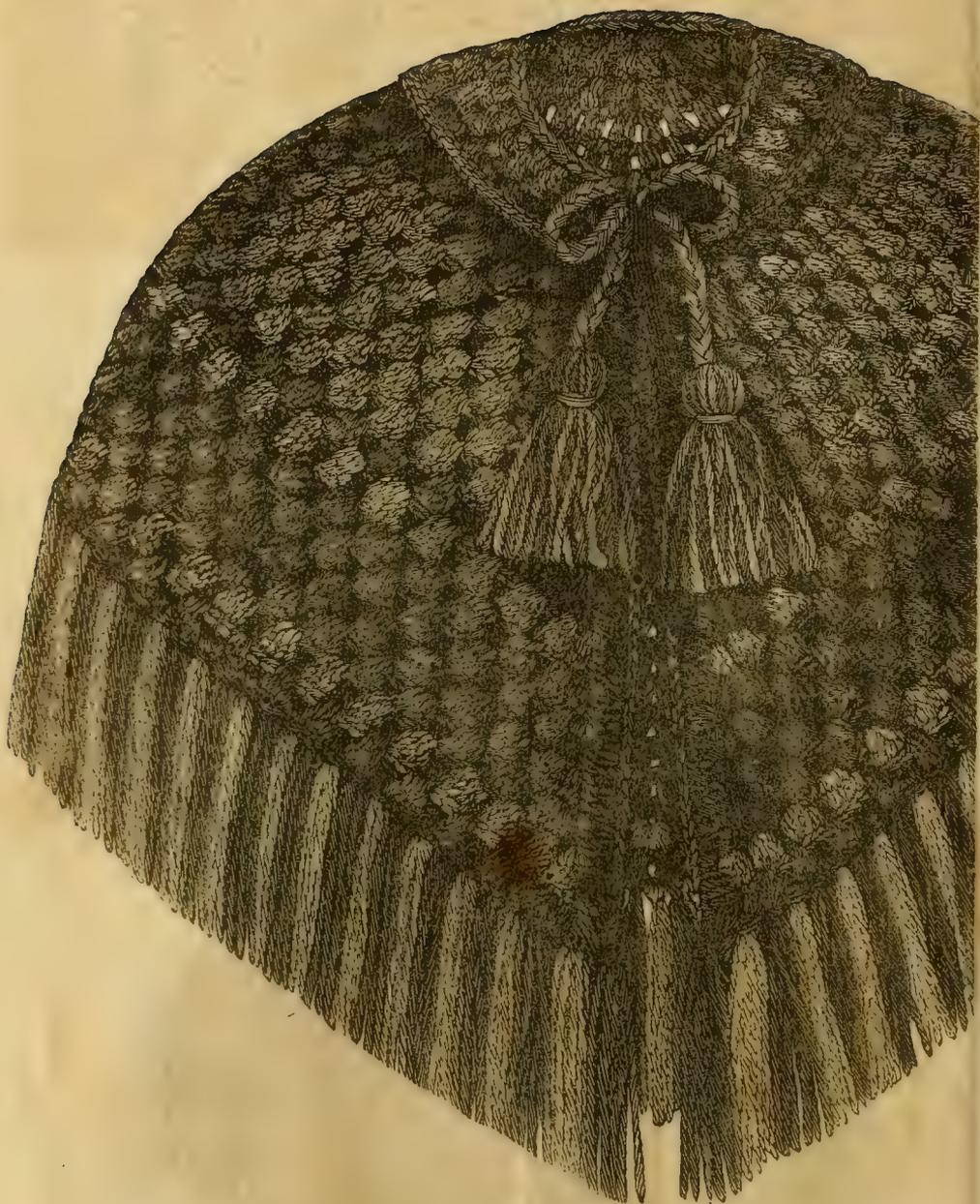
BRAIDING PATTERN.



GENTLEMAN'S DRIVING GLOVES.

(See description, Work department.)





**CROCHET PELERINE.**

FOR PUTTING ON UNDER MANTLES, OR FOR WEARING AS A WRAP WITH A FULL EVENING TOILET.

*(See description, Work Department.)*

INITIAL LETTERS. FOR BRAIDING.

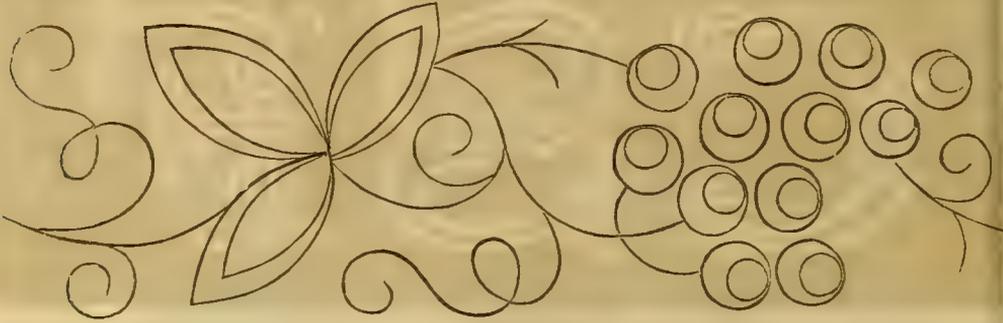


FANCY PEN-WIPER.

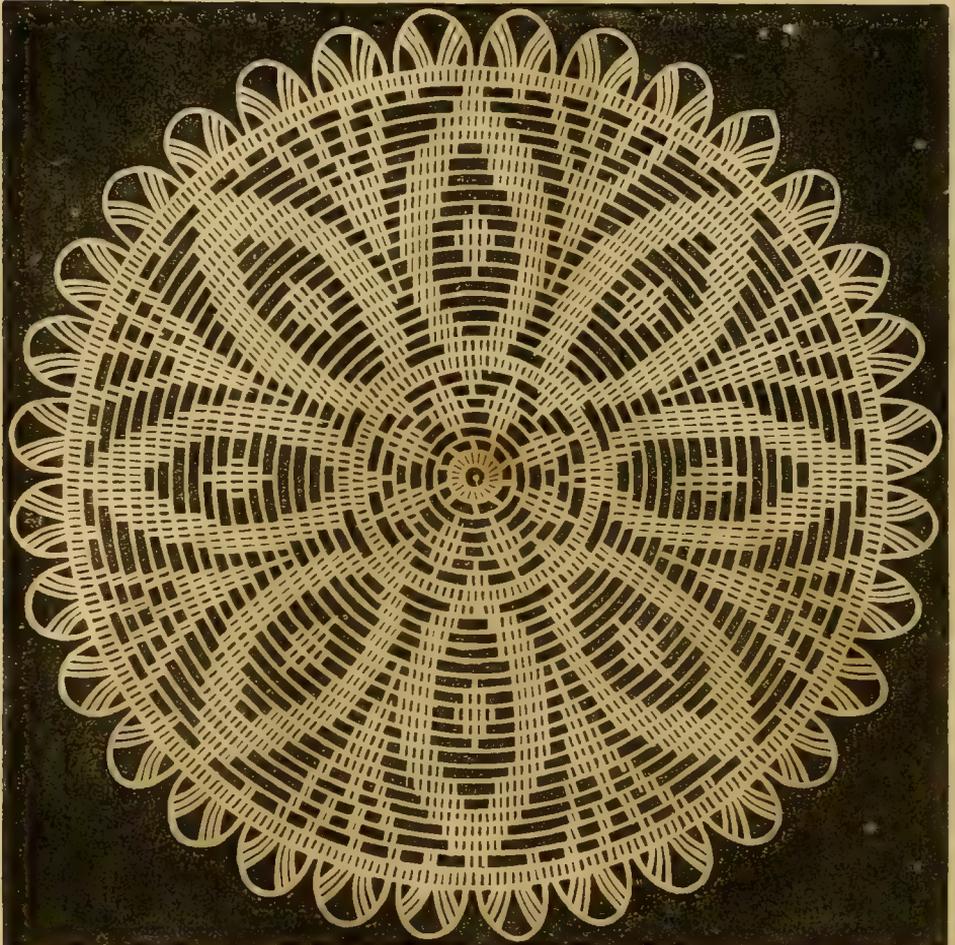


Use a doll's head and dress it, as represented in the cut, with pieces of bright cloth, worked with black, white, and gold beads.

BRAIDING PATTERN.

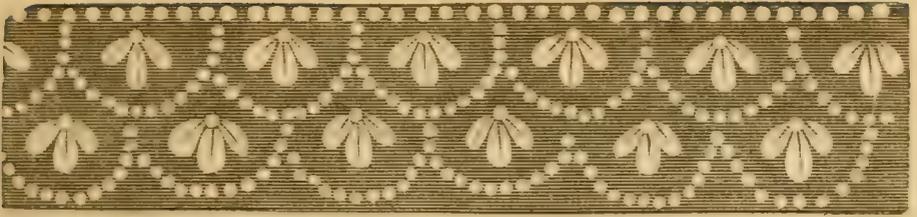


TOILET MAT IN CROCHET.

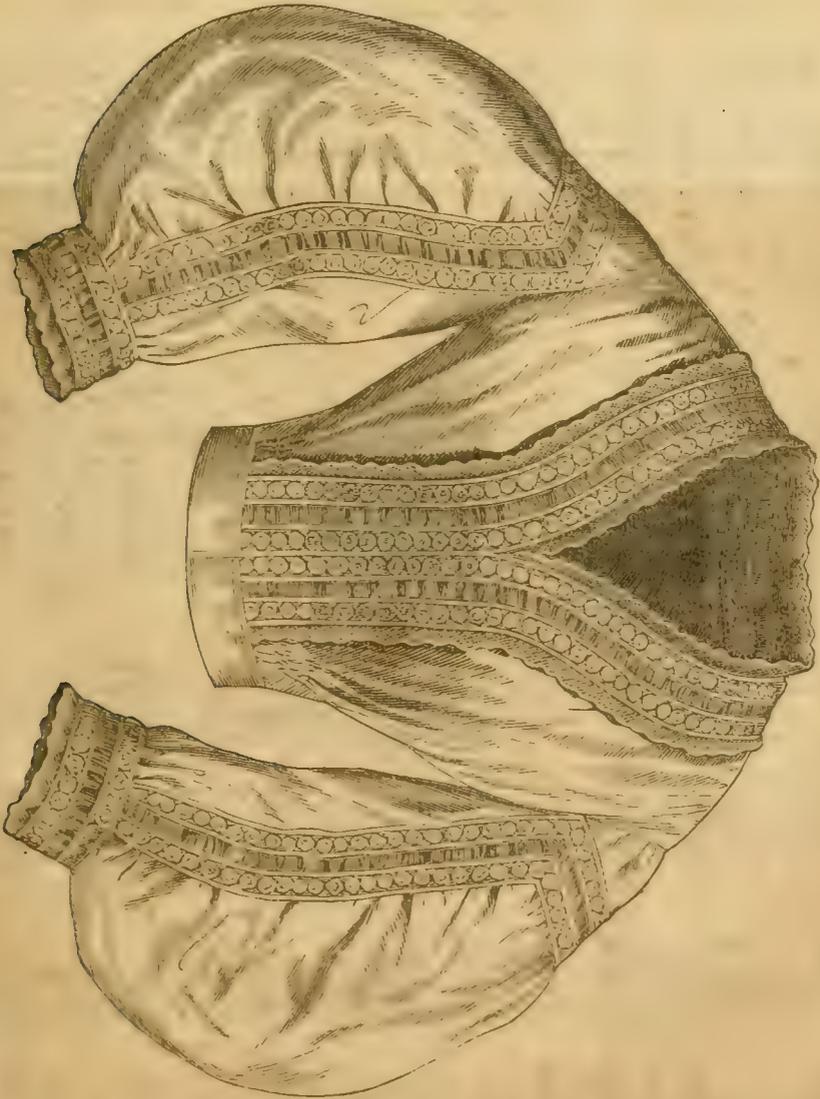


Commence in the centre, and continue round and round, the pattern being worked in every stitch, with the intermediate parts in chain.

INSERTION FOR SKIRTS.



FANCY SPENCER.



To be trimmed with putlogs, inserting, and lace.

# ESTAPPA MARCH.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

OP. 123.

8 va.....

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The upper staff features a melody of eighth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It includes a first ending bracket in the upper staff. The dynamic markings *pp* (pianissimo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are present. The notation includes triplets and various rhythmic patterns.

The third system of musical notation features prominent triplet markings in the upper staff. The melody continues with eighth notes and rests, supported by the bass staff accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a final melodic phrase in the upper staff and a corresponding accompaniment in the lower staff.

ESTAPHA MARCH.

See.....

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody in the treble with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

See.....

The second system continues the musical notation from the first system, maintaining the same melodic and harmonic structure.

See.....

The third system concludes with the word "FINE." written above the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the bass staff.

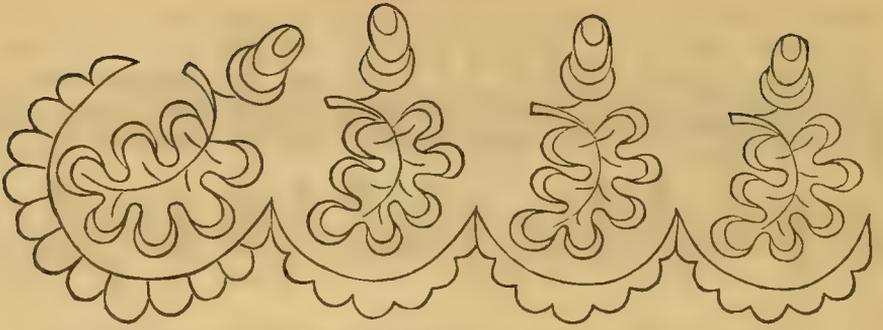
See.....

The fourth system continues the musical notation, featuring a melody with some longer note values and a steady bass accompaniment.

See.....

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic flourish in the treble and a corresponding bass accompaniment. The instruction "D.C. al. seg. S:" is written above the treble staff.

EMBROIDERY.



SHORT NIGHT-DRESS.



Made with a yoke at the back, and trimmed on the shoulders and down the front with rich embroidery.

# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1863.

### WHAT A JEALOUS MAN SAW ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

#### CHAPTER I.

PLEASANT parlors, comfortably and handsomely furnished, cheerily bright with the radiance of lamps on mantle and table, and a heaping grate of coals all a-glow, as was meet on a December night—an illumination that seemed to prefigure something of the hilarity of the approaching Christmas. Scattered through the apartments, standing, sitting, or strolling at will from *etagère* to picture, from music-stand to cabinets of minerals and curious varieties, collected to instruct and entertain, groups of young people of both sexes in couples, trios, and quartettes, chatted and laughed and listened with the ease and familiarity of a family party.

There was a marked preponderance of the masculine element in the little gathering, a disparity which would have appeared singular to the spectator, had he chanced to be a stranger to the town of Kingsville, and this his *debut* in the social assemblies that convened in its classic precincts; one, who did not know that as the seat of two old and eminently respectable institutions of learning—institutions which had furnished statesmen and divines for the country at large during three-quarters of a century—its society could boast not only of the large number, but the superior quality of the gentlemen who helped compose it. Mrs. Fay, the mistress of the hospitable mansion whose state-rooms we have thrown open for the reader's accommodation, was the widow of a deceased professor, who had held a distinguished rank in the college while living, and dying, had bequeathed to his family an honorable name, no mean position in the community where he had labored and ruled, and, withal, an ample estate. It was no matter of marvel, then, that the well-

appointed residence aforesaid should be the chosen resort of ambitious seniors, unmarried professors, and the better class of citizen beaux, and when the still comely and winning hostess and her two fair daughters were taken into consideration, this sequence became a palpable necessity—as clear a case of facts and laws given, and conclusions deduced therefrom, as could have been proposed and argued by the good-looking Professor of Natural, Moral, and Mental Philosophy, who was, at the moment we have selected as the starting-point of our story, busily and happily engaged in looking over a folio of loose music, mostly sentimental ballads, with "sweet pretty" vignettes, with Miss Kate Fay, the elder of the sisters, and his eyes said to others, as perhaps also his lips did to her, the more beautiful.

Twice had the Professor and his companion examined each sheet of the collection very deliberately, and, it is to be supposed, with a corresponding degree of care, talking all the while in a low, skilfully modulated tone, doubtless with regard to the object sought, when Ellie Victor, a tricky mischief-lover, paused in her wanderings through the rooms and her innocent flirtation with a smitten senior, to ask—"Can I help you, Katie? What have you lost? or don't you know what you are looking for, Mr. Martyn?"

"A piece of manuscript music," returned Kate, a slight flush rising to her cheek, but evincing no other token of having heard the significant last clause of this speech. "Mary!" she called to her sister, "you had it this morning. What have you done with it?"

"What do you want?"

Mary glanced up smilingly from her low seat

by the fire. She was about twenty years of age, with a sunshiny face, sweet, womanly, brown eyes, soft and lustrous, and a profusion of dark hair slightly curling away from a finely-shaped forehead. If Kate was handsome, her sister was as bewitching in her way. Just now, her lap was full of *bon-bons*, pink, white, and gilt, with all manner of fanciful devices upon the envelopes and embodied in the crystallized sweets. These were a present bestowed by the latest comer, a merry rattle of a fellow, an artist from the nearest city. He had, as he chose to phrase it, "run over with the evening train, for a draught of domestic delight, to be imbibed in haste and thankfulness;" had flashed into the room, like a meteor or a rocket, about ten minutes before, shaken hands all around with an air of boyish and gleeful abandon; asked twenty questions and paid twenty compliments in a score of breaths, and settled himself satisfiedly, it seemed triumphantly, to the enjoyment of the proposed refreshment, by drawing up a *brioche* close to Mary Fay's ottoman; throwing himself down upon it and pouring into her lap the contents of a little French basket, or box, which he had brought in his hand.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Mary, taking up the *bonbonnière*, a gay, graceful trifle of ribbon and straw. "Where did you get it, Bertie?"

"A fair friend of mine, late from Paris, was the donor. Do you see the inscription on the card attached to the handle—'Sweets to the sweet?' She sent it to me!" intensely complacent. "What are you all laughing at? She did! There was nothing ridiculous in her doing so that I can see, nor anything absurd in my transferring the gift—without her knowledge, of course—to Miss Molly, here."

"No one intimates that there is anything absurd or strained in the latter application of the motto," answered a gentleman near. "As to the original address of the card—" he finished the sentence by a shrug and a laugh.

"Never mind him!" said Mary, in reply to the pretended discomfiture and speechless indignation of her admirer. "You and I know better than—what did you say, Kate?" interrupting herself as her sister's appeal reached her.

"The song you were copying this morning for Cornelia Blythe—Signor Rossi's new composition. Did you finish it?"

"Nearly—so nearly that you can play it without difficulty. You will find it upon my desk, in the library."

Professor Martyn accompanied Miss Fay from the room to assist in the search, which did not

occupy more time than might have been expected, probably less than it would have done, had it taken place prior to Ellie Victor's attack. He, it was, who retained possession of the manuscript when the two returned to the company. As he arranged it upon the piano-rack with something of a flourish, another paper slipped from within the opened sheet and fluttered to the floor. Ellie Victor swooped down upon it like a swallow upon a fly.

"Here is a coincidence!" she cried, in her high, merry tones that pealed through the parlors like silvery bells. "This is the identical document I was telling you about, Mr. Beekman. I'll read it aloud. Silence—good people! please! The attention of this intelligent and discriminating audience is solicited to the following original, graphic, and slightly satirical stanzas. They are, we may be permitted to remark, the joint production of a pair of damsels at present unknown to fame, but who do not intend to pine in unmerited obscurity much longer. The poem is entitled, 'A Christmas Invitation,' and was designed as a bait to allure into our charmed and *charming* circle, a fair city belle—"

"Ellie!" ejaculated Mary Fay, darting forward with a suddenness that sent sugar-plums, comfits, and candied kisses flying in all directions, a carnival shower of confectionery, "are you crazy? Give that to me! Who gave you permission to exhibit it?"

Ellie whirled away lightly as a feather dances on a summer breeze, holding the paper tightly behind her back.

"Keep quiet, can't you, Molly? Nobody would have suspected your share in the authorship if you had not betrayed it yourself. Isn't the gem mine as well as yours, and do you think that I will consent to have it hidden from sight and knowledge forever? Stop her, there, some of you, or you will miss the rarest treat you ever had in your lives!"

And the flushed and eager pursuer found herself encompassed by a barrier of outstretched arms and locked hands, hastily formed about her; in the centre of which magic ring she stood, foiled and pouting, yet laughing still.

"The poem! the poem!" was the general acclamation.

There was one exception in the person of Walter Blythe, a young lawyer of Kingsville, tall and rather stately in figure, with a grave, intellectual countenance that had scarcely relaxed with amusement amidst all the uproar going on about him. Quietly undoing two of the links in the living chain, he approached

the prisoner, and said in a suppressed voice: "If you have any reason for disliking to have that read, I think I can prevent it."

"Oh, it is not worth a scene!" said Mary, in the same subdued key. "It is ridiculous farrago—a pack of nonsense, that is all! I meant to send it to Cornelia—your cousin. There is no great harm in it, silly doggerel though it is."

"Silence!" reiterated the self-elected reader, stepping upon the ottoman Mary had quitted. "I must preface the delivery of the 'poem,' as you are pleased to style it, by the remark that it is an impromptu—"

"Written for the occasion! Good! Go on!" cried the auditor, and she desisted from further preamble.

"Your Christmas will be dull, of course,  
I hear you say in gentle pity—  
I promise you that night could force  
Me, at that season, from the city,  
Spare your regrets—by us, I fear,  
Your kindly sighs will be unheeded,  
Though to our hearts your love is dear,  
And sympathy is sweet—when needed!  
But oh! what charming times we'll have!  
Old friends, new friends, and dear ones meeting,  
With merry hearts, and raiment brave,  
And frank, unfeigned, and joyous greeting.  
We are a merry group of girls;  
And first I place upon the list, her  
Of placid mien and glossy curls—  
Katie—our darling elder sister."

There was a pleasant, affectionate murmur of applause, and every eye turned to where stood gentle Kate—a sweet lily that was fast being transformed into a rose, as she bowed with involuntary grace at the unexpected allusion to herself. Professor Martyn looked radiant—a beam of satisfaction that was well nigh quenched in sheepishness, or what would have been sheepishness in a less handsome and more bashful man—when his turn came.

"And Laura next—over whose brow  
No cloud of grief or care is glooming;  
'T would glad your heart to see her now,  
Her step so light, her cheek so blooming."

Laura Elbertson—an amiable, sensible girl, to whom Nature's only gift of beauty was her frank, agreeable expression—smiled, not dissatisfiedly, at the adroitly truthful compliment.

"My blush comes in next!" the reader interrupted herself to say. "The audience will please give me due credit for strict adherence to the text, and a lofty disregard of personal feelings—mock modesty, and the like."

"Ellie—our bright and sparkling one—  
Whose sunny face so beams with gladness,  
That e'en the pearly drops that run  
O'er it, can leave no trace of sadness."

"The English prose of which is!"—explained Mary Fay—"that when she cries, it does not make her eyes and face red."

"Thank you!" rejoined Ellie. "And now comes the cream of the epistle!"

"You know I hate the so-called bean,  
A being born but to provoke us,  
Who thinks, to escape the apes below,  
We'll gladly here to *monkeys* yoke us!  
Our beaux are of a different sort:  
There's Martyn, rich in manly graces;  
Who by his whiskers is not caught,  
Won't fall in love with handsome faces.  
And 'Bertie,' with his ready wit,  
From a fount of spirits overflowing,  
Railing at those who sullen sit,  
Nor enjoy the world while it is going."

The artist executed a profound salaam, laying his hand upon his heart with an overstrained affectation of conceit and deprecation that was irresistibly mirth-provoking.

"And Morris, too, always the same  
True nobleman that Nature made him;  
Your coz, who honor does the name,  
The highest praise that could be paid him!"

Mr. Morris bowed, in response to the bright glance dealt him by the reader, a courteous and grateful obeisance. Mr. Blythe had retained his position by Mary's side, still dignified, still unsmiling; his whole appearance indicative of a species of contempt, if not of displeasure, at the frolic which the others relished.

"I ought to feel flattered, I suppose," he said aside to his neighbor, as the reading was resumed—four or five stanzas yet remaining before the conclusion of the "poem." "I should render very thankful acknowledgments for the notice bestowed upon so humble an individual as myself, although I am only designated as your correspondent's cousin, and the highest praise given me is that I am not unworthy to bear the same name as herself. Some people are born to shine by reflected light alone."

The girl looked up quickly into his clouded face. "You surely will not take offence at such a trifle! I can assure you that a compliment was intended, however awkwardly it may have been expressed."

"Undoubtedly! The writer is explicit in the declaration that all is said in my favor that could be adduced. I do not complain, nor do I claim for myself the possession of any one characteristic virtue or attraction, such as ready wit or exuberance of spirits, for example."

"I understand. That sarcasm, at any rate, is unworthy of you!" And Mary walked with raised head and kindling eye to the other side of the room.

The doggerel rhymes were all delivered during this little by-play, and Miss Victor descended from her rostrum, attended by the applause of her companions.

"But it was truly a joint composition!" Blythe heard her say in reply to an inquiry from some one. "That is, Molly wrote it, I, meanwhile, suggesting and criticizing. It does us credit, does it not?"

"Aha!" said Bertie Gwynne, meaningly. "That accounts for the otherwise unpardonable omission of Miss Mary Fay's name in the 'merry group of girls!'" He scribbled something upon the back of a letter. "In default of a more worthy mention of one who deserves the best that can be said of her, how will this do to supply the deficiency?"

Ellie read it with an exclamation of delight. "Here, dear friends, is a genuine, *bona fide* impromptu!"

"In turn, her of the glancing eye,  
Neither of smiles nor blushes chary;  
With trusting heart and fancies high—  
Our well-beloved, poetic Mary."

"Confound the fellow's impertinence!" muttered Walter Blythe between his teeth, turning away in ill-concealed disgust from the chattering throng, who greeted the reading of the interpolated stanza with the liveliest satisfaction, evidencing either extreme willingness to be pleased, or that the subject treated of by the "impromptu" was popular with all. "A forward, presuming puppy! What can she see to admire in him? To me, he is simply unbearable!"

In this opinion he stood alone, if one was to judge from the smiles and gay sayings that followed Gwynne's progress through the rooms.

"You know he is a privileged character," said Kate Fay, in mild defence of the saucy favorite, when Walter "wondered" to her, more pettishly than was consistent with politeness or amiability, "that she could listen patiently, much less admiringly, to the flippant nonsense that passed current as witticisms!"

"Privileges how earned, or by whom bestowed?" he asked, curily, and Kate only returned:—

"Oh, nobody minds what Bertie says! he is such a madcap, and, as we all know, has one of the best hearts in the world."

Clearly Mr. Walter Blythe was in an ill humor, and, like the malcontent prophet of old, he considered that he had a right to be angry. He was not naturally or habitually an unreasonable man, and, in extenuation of his present ungenial mood, it may as well be stated, at

once, that he was very much in love, and had begun of late to conceive that he had grounds for jealousy. He had been betrothed to Mary Fay for six or seven months, and while he may have failed to do justice to some of her finest traits, he certainly esteemed himself, and was esteemed by many others, a most happy and fortunate man in having won her for his own. General observers declared them to be a well-matched couple, and those who knew them more intimately did not demur at this verdict, although some hinted sagely at his stubborn prejudices, easily awakened and difficult to overcome; at his somewhat hasty temper and ultra-fastidiousness upon divers subjects, and others shook doubting heads over the flow of native gaiety that rendered Mary thoughtless at times, and the touch of pride which gave strength and impulse to a character otherwise facile to docility—child-like in its trustfulness and simplicity. As for the betrothed maiden, she had often said to herself that she loved Walter the better for the trifling differences in their temperaments and tastes. She was essentially social in feeling and practice, and loved fun as dearly as did the vivacious Ellie Victor, who was her own best-beloved comrade and *confidante*. Nevertheless, she confessed to a thrill of pleasure in the consciousness that she, and she alone, could beguile the grave scholar from his books and briefs, to become a pleased spectator, if not an active participant, in the innocent amusements and hilarious converse of "the set," in which she was a leader and prime favorite. She was secretly very proud of her conquest; exultation she had the womanly wisdom to conceal from him.

For four months the course of their love was ominously smooth and clear, and neither had a doubt as to the continued tranquillity of its flow. Then came the troubler in the person of Mr. Herbert Gwynne, an early playfellow of Mary's, and, as she laughingly owned, one of her girlhood's lovers; artist, poet, and musician, who, returning from a three years' residence abroad, pitched his moving tent for a few weeks, or months, or years, as his fickle fancy might dictate, in the neighboring city of P——, and straightway fell, or, as it seemed to Mr. Blythe's startled perceptions, rushed into the very reprehensible habit of running over to Mrs. Fay's two, three, and four times per week. From his first call, he was adopted into the family circle, for the sake of former days—said Mrs. Fay and her daughters—by virtue of consummate assurance, as Mr. Blythe decided inwardly. For a while Walter was able

to disguise, with very tolerable success, his irritation at the frequent and often most unwelcome intrusions of the "travelled monkey," as he pettishly dubbed him, upon the seasons hitherto consecrated to *tête-à-tête* interviews between the affianced pair. It was comparatively easy to endure these vexations, while he believed that they were as obnoxious to Mary as to himself. At length, he grew impatient of her smiling reception of the unceremonious guest, when a polite show of indifference, or the faintest tinge of annoyance in her demeanor would have sufficed to discourage a repetition of the offence. There was a point at which civility ceased to be expedient, and the beaming smile, the outstretched hand, and cordial word of greeting, which the young lady had ever in readiness for her old playmate, verged upon insincerity as viewed from her lover's standpoint.

One evening, after an unusually aggravating trial of this kind, Walter felt himself called upon to expostulate with his betrothed upon the unnecessary exhibition of gratification that had, beyond doubt, deluded the young painter into the persuasion that his coming was most opportune, and his society the most congenial that she could have enjoyed.

"Your kind heart leads you a little too far at times, my dearest," he said, tenderly. "It is very beautiful and amiable in you to exercise such self-denial, but, surely, in this case extreme warmth of hospitality is uncalled for, and attended with inconvenient results."

"But, Walter"—was the ingenious response, uttered in evident surprise and perplexity—"I was not hypocritical! I was really as glad to see Bertie as I seemed to be. His visits always bring me pleasure."

"Indeed! Then I beg your pardon for my mistaken officiousness," retorted the lover, in a hurt, icy tone.

"How have I displeased you? Is there any harm in my liking to see and talk with an old friend?" urged Mary, yet more puzzled.

"None, whatever. I do not presume to regulate your conduct, still less your feelings, in regard to this or any other matter. Only"—softening into the pathetic—"I was so vain as to imagine that there were times when my companionship was preferable to that of transient visitors, however entertaining they might chance to be."

"Such a supposition argues a moderate degree of penetration on your part, but no vanity," replied Mary, and her smile of arch affection

banished the cloud from Walter's brow, and hushed his complainings for the time.

The calm was of short duration. The next evening, upon presenting himself in Mrs. Fay's parlor at the early hour that generally insured him a brief period for uninterrupted chat with his lady-love before the entrance of other visitors, he was disagreeably surprised at finding the ground preoccupied. The room was lighted only by the fire—the ruddy, uncertain illumination which they, as is the taste of most other courting couples, preferred to more powerful and steadier gleams, and in the centre of the dusky glow cast by the blazing coals, sat Mary and Bertie Gwynne! Blythe knew him at a glance; the well-formed head and sweeping beard were seen in profile, bent towards his companion, in an attitude strongly and unpleasantly suggestive of confidential interchange of thoughts and feeling; or, as Walter's jealous fancy would have it, of love-making. Gwynne was talking in a low, earnest tone, and two words reached Walter's ear as the door opened: "Mr. Blythe—." The entrance of the person named prevented further speech.

He could not be mistaken, for they were uttered distinctly; nor could he fail to detect the momentary consternation betrayed by both at his appearance. Mary's voice shook perceptibly in wishing him "good-evening," and Mr. Gwynne's observation upon the chilly night was infelicitous, and rather *too* glibly enunciated, even for his rapid tongue.

"She will tell me all about it by and by, unless the fellow has been talking downright love to her." Walter tried to ease the pain at his heart by saying, "and I don't believe she would let him go so far as that."

Nevertheless he watched, with uneasy curiosity, her shaking fingers and crimson cheeks as she lighted the lamp, a task slowly and clumsily performed. He was doomed to wait in vain for the elucidation of the little mystery. Mary never afterwards referred to the matter, nor did he.

This was the inconsiderable nucleus of the gathering mass of doubt and fearing that gradually overshadowed the heaven of his trust in her; made his spirits variable; his language oftentimes abrupt and petulant; his perceptions untrue, and his conclusions unjust. Without guessing at the real cause of this altered behavior, Mary could not but notice and be grieved by it. She surmised correctly, from many unmistakable signs, that her lover had conceived a prejudice against her old friend, but that he

was, in point of fact, jealous of the position occupied by Bertie in her regard, and daily grew more uncertain as to his own standing in her affections, never occurred to her. Nor did she consider herself bound to avoid an innocent acquaintance, because, forsooth, Mr. Blythe happened not to admire him. She said to herself, that if Walter's dislike were not overcome by the time of their marriage, her pleasant intercourse with Bertie must, as a matter of duty, cease, or at least be greatly restricted and different in its character; until that date, she assumed to herself the right to select her own associates, and to mingle freely with her mother's guests. At heart, she was a little sore, and not a little annoyed sometimes, at Walter's coldness and brusquerie to her favorite. "He might be civil to him, if only because he knows I like him!" she argued, in her simple-hearted ignorance.

To-night she had let a sign of this feeling escape her; had spoken for the first time in anger to her betrothed husband; for the first time admitted and cherished an unkind thought of him. "Will he make me *despise* him in the end?" she said bitterly to herself, when she left him after her retort upon his sneer at Bertie.

Walter, on his part, was amazed, wounded, and indignant at the unlooked-for rejoinder; less displeased with her, however, than with the cause of this, their initiatory quarrel. The more he pondered upon his grievances, the more savage was his mood towards the unlucky rhymester. "Trusting heart and fancies high," indeed! What right had the jackanapes to know anything about her feelings and fancies? Was not the fact of his undertaking the delineation of her character an arrogation of his ability and the privilege to represent her properly before the less fortunate many who had not had his opportunities of studying her, this rare missal which he, Walter Blythe, would have had clasped closely from all touch and sight except his own! "Our well-beloved, poetic Mary!" Blythe's wrath waxed to its height as he rehearsed and dwelt upon this line. No other man should, with impunity, call his affianced wife, "well-beloved!"

"Have you any message for Cornelia?" he asked, coldly, when he prepared to leave with the rest at the close of the evening. "I shall be in the city to-morrow, I think."

Mary looked troubled. Never before since their betrothal had he neglected to avail himself of his prerogative to linger a few minutes, oftener a few hours, after the departure of other

company, to say over the "good-nights" so sweet to lovers' lips and lovers' ears.

"No, thank you," she said, trying to speak cheerfully—"or nothing but my love, if you see her, and mention that we cannot give up the hope of having her with us on Christmas-day."

"Mary! Mary Fay!" called out Ellie Victor's ringing tones. "Is your letter to Cornelia ready? Mr. Gwynne is waiting for it. He wants to catch the twelve o'clock train, so you must hurry!"

With the memory of a stern, reproachful face burning in upon brain and heart, Mary hastened to inclose the luckless doggerel in an envelope, and direct it to "Miss Cornelia Blythe, No. 70—Place, P—By Mr. Gwynne."

"I could have told him that Bertie had asked me to allow him to be the bearer, and I promised that he should, before I knew that he was going to the city," she thought, resentfully, as she put the packet with a smile no one could guess was forced, into her postman's hand. "But, if he chooses thus wilfully to misinterpret my motives and to sit in judgment upon every action, I will not stoop to set him right!"

Walter's hat and overcoat were so overheard by others that he was obliged to wait some minutes in the hall after making his adieux in the parlor, before the missing articles could be found and identified. He was still stooping over the commingled mass of wraps, and tugging at a sleeve, the lining of which seemed familiar, when he overheard a colloquy in the door-way behind him.

"On Wednesday, then, at the usual place!" said young Gwynne, softly, imploringly. "Do not fail me! You do not know how much my heart—"

Walter lost the rest of the sentence, but the answer was audible.

"Never fear! have not I as much at stake as yourself?"

He recognized the agitated murmur with wildly throbbing pulses. Careless as to whether they saw him or not, he seized his cloak and strode out, without waiting to put it on; his soul a seething chaos of suspicion, incredulity, and grieved love. What was the clue to this thickening mystery? What was he to believe? what to fear? His noble nature made one mighty effort to assert its supremacy in his last waking thought, as the dawn penetrated his chamber after a sleepless night. "Whatever else I may question, I must not doubt her goodness and purity, or her constancy to me!"

## CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER evening found Walter early at Mrs. Fay's. He was expected, as he perceived at a glance, upon entering the parlor. The lamp was turned down to a dim spark, like a drowsy eye indulgently winking at all tender scenes; the fire was merry and busy, a hundred tongues of variously-tinted flames leaping and quivering over the red-hot bed of anthracite; his favorite chair was drawn into its corner, and beside it was the cushion, whereon it was always Mary's choice to sit during their heart-talks. Mary herself met him midway in the room; gave him both hands, and lifted to his offered caress a face so expressive of deep, true affection and joyous welcome, that the legion of doubts that had beset him all the day—fight and reason with them as he would—fled away like mists before the glad light of morning.

"You do care for me, then, darling!"

"Have you ever dared to believe the contrary?" was the retort, saucily loving; then, more seriously, she added: "If you are not secure in the possession of my love now, dear Walter, I am afraid that you will always remain an incorrigible infidel."

Then, if ever, was the time for him to speak; to avow, without reserve, what had been his temptations, his misgivings, and tortures, but his courage deserted him. He could not mar the pure happiness of this hour by these details.

For a wonder, they were left to themselves all the early part of the evening. A drizzling rain was falling, that froze by the time it touched the earth, and other visitors kept away. Mrs. Fay was slightly indisposed, and had already retired to her chamber, and Kate's sympathetic heart warned her not to appear down stairs. They talked long, freely, and earnestly—the two who hoped, at no distant day, to share one united and indivisible life; talked with a fulness of confidence, an outgushing of feeling in word, look, and action, that neither had ever displayed before. Bertie Gwynne's name was not once mentioned. This might have been an accidental omission on Mary's part; with Walter it was, in the outset, a studied avoidance of an offensive topic, a dread of touching the sore spot; afterwards, he forgot the very existence of his audacious rival.

Eleven o'clock struck as Blythe arose to depart.

"I had almost forgotten that I have papers to prepare which must go to the city to-mor-

row," he said. "Work, for which I shall not have time in the morning."

Was it imagination, or did she start slightly as he said this? He could not determine, although his arm enclasped her.

"Did you not go to-day, as you intended?"

"No, I was unavoidably detained in my office."

Then ensued a silence of some length, and an awkward constraint that was not many removes from coldness. Whatever was its cause, neither appeared disposed to recognize its existence, but Walter remarked the assumed carelessness with which Mary ended it by asking—

"What train will you probably take?"

"The 8.20, I think; but my mind is not quite made up as to that. I must be early in town."

Another pause, and he put a question in his turn.

"Why do you inquire? Have you any thought of going yourself?"

"I! Why, you know I went over twice last week, and I am too busy to run about much more before Christmas. To-morrow is Wednesday, remember, and Friday will be the 25th."

Instinctively, Walter's arm fell away from her waist. He did not need to be reminded that the morrow was Wednesday. He had striven for twenty-four hours to forget that she had an appointment with Bertie Gwynne on that day. He believed now—and the thought gave him exquisite pain—that she was going to the city to keep this engagement, and that she was chagrined at finding that he would also be there. If Mary remarked his change of position, she did not attribute it to any altered feeling, for her next words were full of hope.

"I never before anticipated so delightful a Christmas. I was not happy last year. Do you recollect that we disagreed seriously about some trifling matter on Christmas eve?"

"Yes." He was looking moodily into the fire, and spoke abstractedly.

"And how we met at Mrs. Victor's, Christmas night, and behaved like a couple of foolish children, affecting not to be aware of one another's presence, except when we met face to face? You were all devotion to Laura Elbertson—only devoted swains do not usually look so savage and gloomy as you did, while trying to be agreeable; and I pretended, I dare say, with like success, to be interested and charmed by Will Beekman's syllabub chat. But my heart was aching all the while for one kind look or word from you. Oh dear, what hard work gayety was that night! And I had no

right to ask or offer an explanation, for you had not then told me the pretty story you rehearsed in my willing ears some months later. I wonder if we shall ever behave so ridiculously again!" She laughed lightly in saying this, and clasping her hands over his arm, as she leaned upon it, gazed up in his face with a certain wistful tenderness.

"I hope we shall never again have cause to do so," was the quiet reply.

"There was no cause then, except in our disordered fancies. After all, clouds and storms have their mission, no less than sunshine. I never knew, until we had that apparently unfortunate misunderstanding, how much I prized your society—what I then chose to call your friendship."

None but an obstinate, or thoroughly soured nature could have resisted this strain of artless reminiscence. Blythe was not proof against the sweet fascination of language and look. With a sudden, passionate impulse, he drew her to his bosom, and pressed his lips again and again to hers.

"My precious one! I wish you could never forget the lesson thus learned! It is the only thing in which I excel you, dearest—in the strength and fervor of my love!"

"You have no right to say that, Walter! You should trust me!"—

Here the door-bell rang with a startling peal, and they had barely time to withdraw to a respectful and decorous distance apart from each other, when Ellie Victor flashed into the room in all the glory of a full toilette.

"I stopped the carriage, as we were driving home, Molly dear, seeing the light in here. We have had a stupid evening at Mrs. Hoyt's; you may thank your stars that you stayed at home! and I thought it wise to leave early, that I might be fresh for our expedition. Oh, Mr. Blythe! I declare I did not see that it was you until this instant—coming, as I did, from the darkness into a lighted room! I called, as I was about to say, Mary, to ask if you had any orders for town. I am going over in the morning, at a barbarously early hour. Think of it, Mr. Blythe, in the 8.20 train! Why, I am seldom up at that time on other days!"

"Mr. Blythe will be a fellow-passenger," said Mary. "You see that others can be as industrious as yourself."

"You don't say so!"

Why should the lively sprite look suddenly non-plussed, and cast a quick, questioning glance at her friend? Was this fancy, also?

"I make no rash promises as to my move-

ments, should this dull weather continue," she said, recovering herself. "Ten to one I shall oversleep myself, after all. I must not keep the horses and my gallant escort out there in the cold. Mary, my love, take pencil and paper and write down for me the address—name and all—of that French woman who does up laces and muslins in such heavenly style. I can't trust my memory with such things."

The address was a long one, and taxed the memory of the writer, for she paused twice or thrice, reflectively, before it was completed. Walter, by the purest accident, caught sight of the slip of paper as it was transferred to Ellie. There were four closely-written lines upon it.

"All right! I shall not lose it!" Ellie tucked it into her belt. "Good-night, dearie! Good-night, Mr. Blythe! If you don't see me in the morning, you may conclude that the soporific draughts of small talk with which I have been plied this evening have proved too much for my resolution of early rising!" And she skipped out.

Mr. Blythe made it his business to walk twice through the train on the following morning, which, by the by, was clear and frosty, and ascertained, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Miss Victor was not one of his travelling companions. He could hardly have told why he was dissatisfied at the result of his search, or why he associated her non-appearance with Mary's secret errand to P——. Acute lawyer as he was, he had an uncomfortable impression that he was being outwitted by some one—he was not exactly certain whom; did not credit the theory of the effect of the drowsy draughts upon Miss Ellie's senses. He felt half assured, indeed, that she was quite too wide awake for him.

Business claimed his exclusive attention after he reached the city; banished from his mind all thought of personal vexations or wrongs. It was past two o'clock when he parted from his client, and took his way down the fashionable thoroughfare of the place in quest of a luncheon that might atone, in some measure, for his hurried breakfast. He was in a sunny mood, and regaled himself, as he strolled along, by the pleasing reflection that he had performed an arduous and delicate piece of business in a masterly manner, and gained, besides the praise of his employer, a handsome fee by the transaction. Supplied with this flavorful sauce for a dinner, he reached a restaurant, and walked in. The plate-glass windows of the establishment were crowded with Christmas emblems

and every imaginable dainty befitting that season. The central ornament was a pyramid of hot-house fruit, and Blythe stopped just inside the entrance to inspect it. Standing thus, his attention was diverted to a carriage stopping before the next building—an eminent jeweller's. A gentleman sprang from it to the pavement, shut the door behind him, looked intently up, down, and across the street, into the store itself, then unclosed the vehicle, and assisted two veiled ladies to descend.

The cavalier was Bertie Gwynne; his companions, in spite of the concealment of their features and their unremarkable attire, were as easily recognizable by the looker-on. Mary Fay and Ellie Victor!

A muttered exclamation burst from Walter's lips. Yet, why should he be surprised? Had he not heard the appointment for Wednesday? Was it not plain as daylight that Ellie's unseasonable visit of the preceding evening referred to this very scheme, whatever it was, and that Mary's pencilled note designated the later train by which they were to leave Kingsville, in order to avoid an inopportune meeting with himself?

"Tricked! duped! why not betrayed and forsaken as well?" was his comment, as he threw himself into a seat beside a table, a position commanding a view of the carriage. "It is high time that I examined into the meaning of this wretched plotting! Why am I selected as its victim?"

He was in no condition to consider the matter dispassionately; to arrive at any rational solution of the enigma; yet a less prejudiced, or less hasty man would, even if moved to an equal degree of anger, have suspended judgment until a further investigation of the case had proved the existence of evil in the mystery. There was nothing ignoble in Walter Blythe's character; still, he was hardly capable of exercising a lofty candor of opinion, or a generous charity, where his personal dignity was wounded, his private feelings outraged. He had grown to dislike young Gwynne; therefore, his complicity in these underhand dealings was peculiarly distasteful. He was almost convinced that Mary regarded the artist with undue favor; ergo, their partnership in a plan for circumventing himself, and securing each other's company, must mean mischief, and mischief only. One thing was sure—and to this he reverted again and yet again, in his angry musings—whatever design was in process of incubation, his betrothed had trifled with him unwarrantably: deceived him grossly

and deliberately; equivocated unpardonably! Moreover, was she not running directly counter to his known wishes in keeping up this clandestine intercourse with a man whom he could not abide? Did not this persistency of communication and association with him, carried on in partial secrecy, through fear, doubtless, of her lover's strictures, argue an infatuated fondness for the conceited puppy, an unconquerable relish for his society? And Ellie Victor—the pert minx! He ground his teeth at thought of her malicious enjoyment in the manœuvres for thwarting and outgeneralling him. She was just the girl to delight in the office of confidante in any intrigue, the more complicated the better.

There were few more discontented and unhappy men in the length and breadth of that goodly city on that twenty-third of December, than was the promising young lawyer, who sat gnawing his lip and pulling savagely at his whiskers while with knit brows he affected to read the bill of fare presented by an obsequious waiter. Choosing sundry comestibles at random, to rid himself of the man's presence, he dismissed him with the order and resumed his watch of the carriage in front of the jeweller's. He had to wait a long time—so long that his oysters were stone cold when he finally recollected that he ought to make a feint of swallowing them. At last, when impatience was almost desperation, and his indignant broodings were hardening into resolves as indignant, he saw Gwynne emerge from the store, and after going through the same ceremony of inspecting the streets, as had attended his arrival, he beckoned to his fair charges, and they joined him. He assisted them into the carriage, and as he did so, Mary's veil was blown or brushed aside, revealing a countenance, animated and happy, smiling upon her escort. Bertie placed himself upon the front seat, opposite her, looking supremely contented—the picture of delight, in fact, and the coachman drove on.

Well?

He had seen all that was to be gathered for the present; an "all" that may seem trivial and unimportant to the sensible, impartial reader, but which meant much, and weighed heavily with a proud, suffering, implacable man. Blythe looked and felt more like a judge prepared to try and, if need there was, to sentence a criminal, than a grieved lover, as he paid for the dinner he had not eaten and turned his back upon the restaurant.

He did not return until late that night, and it was eight o'clock on Christmas eve when he

presented himself at Mrs. Fay's door. In the parlors all was light, and mirth, and bustle. A tall tree stood in the arch between the rooms, and a bevy of girls were fluttering about it, like humming-birds, busy with streamers, gilt balls, and colored candles. He caught but a glimpse of the lively tableau, through the half open door, as he passed on to the library where visitors were to be received on this evening. Here he was left in solitude for several minutes, a circumstance he would not have cared for at another time, but which now aggravated the sense of injury under which he labored. Mary came in, by and by, smiling and rosy with exercise and pleasure.

"Excuse my tardiness!" she began, too excited to note her suitor's lowering brow, "but we are all busy with the Christmas tree. We had to get it ready to-night, in order to judge of the effect by lamp-light, and so much of the design was mine that the girls would not let me leave them until I had instructed them how to carry on the work. I wish I could give you a peep at it, but gentlemen visitors are rigorously excluded for the present."

At this juncture the door unclosed, and Mr. Gwynne appeared, his hands full of streamers.

"I beg pardon!" He halted in undissembled embarrassment. "I did not know that you were here, Mr. Blythe. I came to ask you, Mary, if you knew where the red candles were put. We cannot find them, high or low."

Mary colored brightly, as was natural, at his entrance, inasmuch as she was standing by Walter's chair, her hand upon his shoulder, and Bertie must see that he had interrupted a love-scene. Walter was not blind to their mutual confusion, nor backward in drawing his own inference from it. Having obtained the desired information, the intruder retired, without loss of time, inwardly execrating his luck for having forced upon him this awkward encounter. Mary drew a footstool to Walter's side and sat down, leaning lightly against his knee.

"I thought gentlemen visitors were rigorously excluded," he said, with a sardonic smile.

"I was about to add that Bertie was an exception," said Mary, innocently. "He met Ellie in the city, and volunteered his services for this evening. Having passed a winter in Germany, to which climate Christmas trees are indigenous, he is supposed to be more *au fait* to them than are we, to whom they are only known as exotics."

"Met Ellie in the city!" Further equivoca-

tion! Why not own that she had herself been one of the party?

"Mr. Gwynne is a fortunate individual," he remarked, sneeringly. "It seems only necessary for him to volunteer to act in any capacity, and he is accepted."

"He is popular, and is always willing to serve those whom he loves," rejoined Mary, firm in her friend's defence.

"Willingness which those who are so unhappy as not to belong to that class are apt to construe into meddling—disagreeable officiousness!" Walter pursued, losing control of his temper with each instant.

"The best of us are liable to be misunderstood," was Mary's answer, the rising glow upon her cheek contradicted by the calm dignity of her manner. "We had better not talk of Bertie, Walter, until you know and like him better. I am persuaded that you will, some day."

"You are over-sanguine as to an event which I am far from considering desirable; but let that pass for the present. It would be folly for me to attempt to disguise from you, Mary, the truth that my faith in you is no longer so firm as it once was; that the occurrences of the last few weeks have done much towards changing my opinion of your character." He plunged into the midst of the subject with savage abruptness, exasperated by the conversation that preceded it. "I believed you ingenuous, upright in thought and action, and faithful in your professed attachment for myself. I have been irresistibly driven to doubt all these things."

"By what circumstances, may I ask?"

Mary had turned very pale, and her clear tone was less steady than she would have had it, but there was a dangerous spark in her eye.

To his astonishment, Blythe's proofs were not directly producible. He thought he had them at his fingers' ends; but, "irresistibly driven" though he was, when he turned to summon the impelling forces, he found but trifles light as air. Mary's simple directness had put them all to flight. He could not, without a sacrifice, and an ignominious one, of his manliness, retail to her the petty occurrences that had been seized upon by his jealous imagination as evidence against her. A word here; a look there; now a whisper, accidentally overheard; then the unseen pencillings, which he chose to guess were treasonable to him; the recital would debase him in his own eyes and in hers. Yet the impression made by the aggregate of these was not removed; indeed, it

appeared to grow more powerful under the irritation he experienced at this unforeseen balk in his proceedings. But one thing remained to him of sufficient importance to be handled with effect, and he hastily dragged this forward, leaving the rest to follow as they would.

"Why could you not tell me that you meant to go to the city, yesterday?" he demanded, more roughly than he was aware of. "Why, when I inquired if this were your intention, did you virtually deny that you had any such step in view? Why change your hour for starting, upon learning that I designed taking the same train? Why signify this alteration in your plans to your accomplice, Miss Victor, under the pretence of writing the address of a laundress? What was the meaning of your secret appointment with your favored swain, Mr. Gwynne—an engagement which I heard him entreat you not to forget, and which you acknowledged was as momentous to yourself as to him? Why did you dread to walk the streets unveiled, yesterday, as is your custom, unless because of the consciousness that your conduct was blamable, and that your companions would be objectionable to some person? Was that one, myself—your betrothed husband?"

And having reached this climax in his examination of the prisoner at the bar, he paused for a reply with magisterial sternness.

"I am willing to believe that you do not insult me wantonly," said Mary, rising and speaking proudly. "But, if you desire an answer to any or all of your questions, your requisition must be made in a different tone and spirit. I deny the right of any one—much less a gentleman—to interrogate me in the strain you have seen fit to employ. It is unkind and rude. I could not respect myself, if I submitted to it. Tell me what you wish to know, what you believe to have been my sin, and I will reply."

If Walter's self-command were in peril before, it was wrecked now.

"An ingenious subterfuge!" he said, scornfully. "For Heaven's sake, let us make an end of clever evasions and double-dealing! They are foreign to my taste, congenial as they may be to yours. I have asked plain questions, and none that I did not conceive I had a perfect right to put to you—none that you need hesitate to answer, if your conscience is clear of the knowledge that you have practised deception upon me, if you are guiltless of premeditated perfidy."

"Premeditated perfidy!" repeated Mary,

meeting his accusing eye with a lofty disdain. "Dare you suspect me of that, Walter Blythe? Do you really mean that you doubt my fidelity to you? Do you accuse me of *perjury*?"

"How can I do otherwise?"—and, his evil genius urging him on, he added, insanely—"she who can be false in one respect, will be in another. The woman who can connive with others to deceive her lover, deliberately and utterly, even in so trivial a matter as the least of the instances I have enumerated, will not shrink from sacrificing her plighted troth, if the temptation offers."

"There! you have said enough! If such is your judgment of my character and conduct; such the suspicions you have let outweigh my solemn vows of affection and constancy, we are better apart. Our union would only insure the lifelong misery of both. I thought you knew me better, that you would believe me incapable of such sins as those you charge me with. I see now that you would never have understood me. We have made a great mistake—both of us—one that is best remedied by forgetfulness."

Before he could reply—before he fully divined her meaning, so misled was he by her seeming calmness, her unimpassioned tone and tearless eye, she had dropped her betrothal ring in his hand and was gone.

She went straight back to the parlor; replied with a smile and pleasant word to Katie's whispered exclamation of surprise at her speedy return, and Ellie's scoldings for having absented herself so long; picked up an unfinished wreath from the carpet, and, too sick and tremulous to stand, sank upon the ottoman in the corner while she went on with her task. Bertie Gwynne came over to her, directly, with evergreen branches and cord; knelt before her, and took up the other end of the garland. He worked silently and gravely, a novelty for him, but his quick sight detected her changing color, and the hard, bright look in her eye; he heard her irregular breathing; felt the shudder that shook the wreath as the front door clanged to after the retiring visitor, and, as her fingers moved among the stiff twigs, he saw that the pledge ring was missing.

Walter, in shutting the door behind him, glanced unconsciously in at the lighted parlor windows. The shutters were fast, but the movable slats of one were turned at such an angle that he could see plainly the interior, the little crowd of busy workers, and, withdrawn some distance from them, Mary, apparently as happy as the merriest there, with Bertie

Gwynne, as co-laborer, on his knees beside her!

### CHAPTER III.

LITTLE by little the truth with regard to the present relation of the two who were lately betrothed, leaked out, as the lapse of weeks found Mr. Blythe still an absentee from the house where he had formerly enjoyed such distinguished privileges. As to the causes of the estrangement, tongues were busy and opinions were various. Mary's mother and sister only knew that there had been a quarrel; that Walter had made demands which Mary deemed unreasonable, and that upon this issue they had parted. No one else was informed of even that much. Bertie Gwynne may have had his conjectures; Ellie Victor assuredly had hers, but neither dared approach the subject with Mary. If she suffered, she made no moan in mortal hearing, asked no help from human sympathy. The world saw in her the same cheerful readiness to contribute her share towards the general entertainment of her acquaintances; missed no gleeful cadence in her laugh or speech. Her friends recognized the purifying effect of sorrow only in her increased thoughtfulness for others' woe, her deeper pity and tenderness for others' sorrows.

Walter Blythe had never been eminent for his social qualities, but since the dissolution of his engagement, they were in danger of falling into total disuse. Too proud to betray his hurt by immediate seclusion from the scenes that had become irksome to him, he yet gradually allowed the claims of business to encroach upon the time he had once given to society. He worked diligently and successfully in his profession, and with added cares and honors came graver looks and more rigid lines in features and brow. All respected, some feared, few loved the lonely ascetic, who never complained of isolation, and had not an intimate friend upon the broad earth.

Some such bitter confession as this, he was making to himself upon what was now a dreary anniversary with him—Christmas Eve—two years after his parting with Mary Fay. The early tea of his bachelor boarding-house was over, and he had returned to his office; shut out the view of the illuminated street; the happy, important-looking faces that thronged it, with the sounds of merriment and congratulation that arose, in an inspiring hum, upon the night, and set himself down to work upon a dry and tedious law-case. What was Christ-

mas to him, more than any other winter night? Anniversaries and holidays were humbugs, frivolities fit for babies only!

"I have never before anticipated so delightful a Christmas!"

How well he recollected her cheery accent! her look of lively pleasure! how vividly came back to him the picture of that girlish figure, her attitude of confiding fondness as her head drooped against his arm; the very touch of her hand upon his—even the fragrance of the tea-rose in her hair! What spell was there in this season to invoke this apparition—to force him to face it while he struggled vainly against the tide of memories flowing in upon his soul?

"I wonder if we shall ever behave so ridiculously again!"

He had not forgotten a word that she said on the last happy evening he had ever known. How happily she laughed in saying it! how frankly and fearlessly she gazed into his eyes! *Had* he behaved ridiculously? Was he not rather doing this now in questioning the wisdom of a step so often reviewed—so often pronounced wise and necessary!

"Pooh! it is late in the day to talk of that!" His lip curled and his hand moved toward his pen.

"After all, clouds and showers have their mission no less than sunshine!"

Still that phantom on the hearthstone—still that voice of remembered music, plaintive now, borne as it was from the never-to-return Long Ago!

"Perhaps so!" he said, this time aloud and desperately, "and so has the tornado, but its mission is death, not mercy!"

His head dropped upon his breast; deeper gloom overspread his features. He was looking back upon the ruins of his heart's temple, the darkening, and storm, and destruction that had overtaken him in life's fresh morning.

"You have no right to say that, Walter! You should trust me!"—

The sweet, persuasive accents seemed actually ringing in his ears. How different would have been their relative positions, how altered his present surroundings on this evening, if he had continued firm in that trust—if she had proved worthy of its continuance!

He absolutely groaned aloud. The sound aroused him to a sense of his own weakness.

"Fool!" he muttered, angrily. "Dreaming, droning idiot! no more of this! What folly to regret the loss of one whose unworthiness was so plainly proved—of whose infidelity there remained not the shadow of a doubt!"

His hand sought the pen again—now, with a resolute grasp. It encountered the smooth, satiny surface of an envelope across which the pen had fallen—a sealed packet, which had been left there during his absence at tea-time.

"How heavy it is! an invitation to some Christmas fooleries, I suppose!" he said, opening it.

There dropped out two cards, tied together with white ribbon, and a third, single and larger. "Mrs. Victor. At Home, Monday, January 2d, 8 o'clock P. M." One of the be-ribboned bits of pasteboard bore the name of "Eleanor Victor;" the other, "Herbert A. Gwynne."

Walter leaped from his chair in the excess of his astonishment.

"Impossible!" then he sat gazing at the two names in blank incredulity.

Into this stupor presently crept a faint, but delicious sense of relief. Mary could never be his, but she was not to marry Bertie Gwynne! He had not known until now how he lived in perpetual dread of this event, how useless had been his attempts to school himself to the contemplation of it as a not remote certainty. After turning the cards over and over, and re-reading the title upon each, for perhaps five minutes, he espied a folded paper upon his knee, which he had drawn with them from their envelope.

Mr. Blythe will oblige me by calling here for half an hour this evening. I have something of interest to communicate to him.

ELEANOR VICTOR.

*Saturday, Dec. 24th.*

At almost any other time he might have hesitated to obey this peremptory summons; would assuredly have sneered at its tone of quiet authority, wondering "if that rattlepate flirt imagined that he had nothing better to do than to dance attendance upon her whims!" Now he looked at his watch, saw that it was already eight o'clock, huddled his papers into a heap, extinguished the lamp and went forth into the brilliant outer scene. Miss Victor was at home and alone in a private parlor. She received him with a grave cordiality, such as he had never observed in her before.

"It has been a long time since we last met, Mr. Blythe," she said, inviting him to a seat.

He murmured something, not very audibly, about "the pressure of business."

"A long time," pursued Ellie, reflectively, "and to both of us have come some changes in that period."

Walter regained his self-possession.

"Permit me to offer my congratulations upon

the very happy change to which you are now looking forward; I was ignorant that such an event was in prospect until to-night."

"Thank you!" responded the belle, composedly. "I fancied that you knew nothing of it. It is an attachment of long standing—an engagement formed more than two years ago, although not publicly acknowledged until within a few months."

"Is that really so?" Walter faced her quickly. "I thought—I believed—I was led to imagine!"—

"That Bertie was attached to Mary Fay?" finished Ellie, coolly. "This misapprehension was the cause of your separation. Am I right?"

"Your informant was, without doubt, acquainted with the facts of that unhappy affair," returned he, haughtily. "You need no confirmation from me, Miss Victor."

"I beg your pardon! If you allude to Mary Fay, I can only declare that she has never uttered a syllable to me with regard to the matter. I have been led to the conclusion I have stated to you by a variety of circumstances—chiefly by my woman's wit." She smiled here—the old gleam of irrepressible playfulness.

"But if you will give me your attention for a few minutes, I have a little Christmas tale to relate which may interest you. Two years ago—early in December, my friend, Mary Fay, made application through me to Mr. Gwynne to paint her miniature, he having acquired some celebrity in that branch of his profession. This picture was designed as a surprise-gift to you on Christmas-day."

"Miss Victor!"

"Listen until you hear all! No one knew of the plan excepting ourselves, her mother and sister, and we were all bound to secrecy. In order to give Mr. Gwynne frequent sittings at his studio, we were continually contriving visits to the city. I always accompanied Mary. Our final excursion was upon the twenty-third, when we went together to the jeweller's to select the gold frame for the miniature and to get a chain woven of her hair which she had ordered to accompany it. We knew that you were going to the city that day, and were in mortal terror of meeting you at this the eleventh hour. I never saw Mary so intent upon any other project as upon this. She was so joyous—so elate, when we were coming back that night—poor child!"

Walter's face was turned away, but she saw his hand steal up to his forehead, as if he would have smote it.

"It so chanced that I learned, a week later,

that you dined that day in the restaurant next door to our jeweller's. A friend of mine saw you there at the very hour we had chosen for our errand. I should never have thought of this circumstance again, but for a remark made to me yesterday by Kate Martyn. She called here on her way home from her mother's, where she had passed the day. She said that Mary was not well, and quite out of spirits; that she had said to her sister, more unguardedly than she is apt to speak now-a-days, that it was a painful anniversary with her; that she had once, on this day of the month, made herself very unhappy while prosecuting what she thought was a harmless scheme for another's pleasure. And then Kate further opened my eyes by asking me if I had never noticed how jealous you used to be of Bertie—Mr. Gwynne. So, Mr. Blythe, I collected these hints into a theory, which was, that Mr. Gwynne and I had been innocently the instruments of bringing sorrow to the heart of our dearest friend. It may seem like a betrayal of confidence on my part to tell you all this, but I could not feel content to enter upon a new, and—and—what I hope will be a happy life, without making an effort to repair the mischief. If I have erred in judgment, I hope you will appreciate my motive."

Before she had finished this sentence, Walter was upon his feet.

"Mrs. Gwynne—Miss Victor, I would say—you are an angel, and I am a fool—a besotted, miserable wretch! Heaven bless you! Good-night!"

While she was still rubbing the little hand, upon which his parting grip had left four red streaks, he stood at Mrs. Fay's door. It was opened by a servant, to whom he was a stranger.

"Yes—Miss Fay was at home. Would the gentleman step into the library, where she was sitting?"

Mary arose with gentle ladylike grace to receive the visitor. Every vestige of color forsook her face at seeing who it was. Walter advanced, with bowed head and averted eyes.

"Mary! I am not worthy of your love, but can you forgive me?" The prodigal's prayer was not uttered with more profound self-abasement, more lowly reverence.

Twelve o'clock rang out in solemn sweetness from a neighboring belfry before they parted. They ceased speaking to count the strokes, then Mary's uplifted eyes glittered with happy tears, and Walter's were full of moved tenderness in looking down into them.

"Peace and good-will, once more, darling! May it be forever!"

"Amen!" she echoed fervently. An instant later, smiles chased away the tears. "Wait here a moment!" and she flitted away.

Soon returning, she brought a small velvet case and laid it in his hand. "It has never been opened since that terrible night. Will you prize it the less because it caused us grief?"

Within was the long delayed Christmas-gift, the frame of chased gold surmounting and protecting a just and beautiful picture of herself, and attached to it was the chain of dark, silky hair.

"I do not deserve it!" Walter tried to say, but there came instead only a great sob, as he caught both portrait and original to his heart.

## THE SEASONS OF THE HEART.

BY FURBUSH FLINT.

Ah, how the changeful seasons of our lives  
Mock at the beautiful contrasts of the year!  
Chilling with frost the Summer's joyful prime,  
Or wreathing Winter's snowy head with flowers.

I saw a maiden, fair, and lithe, and young,  
With braided hair of dark and silken gloss,  
Pressing her rosy face against the pane;  
The snow was falling on the leafless earth  
And whitening all the landscape—and her eyes,  
Beneath the shadow of their half-dropt lids,  
Followed the floating mazes of the storm;  
And from her lips, with warm and fragrant breath  
There came a carol, merry as a bird's,  
Born in the summer of her careless heart.

I saw a man with silver-threaded hair  
Sit down upon a flowery bank of Spring,  
When nature all was musical and sigh—  
"Ah, woe is me! I may not live again  
The days misspent and blighted; had I died  
While yet the dew was on my morning path,  
It would have been a terrible thing to feel  
That Spring would plant fresh violets on my grave,  
And Summer shadow them with dancing boughs,  
And Autumn scatter there his dying leaves,  
And Winter cover all with pearly frost,  
And I be mouldering motionless and low;  
But I have loved, and learned that love can die—  
Have toiled for wealth, and found it brought not peace—  
Have sought for fame, and known that fame is air;  
And now, the flowery Spring, the Summer's glow,  
And Autumn, with his many-colored guise,  
Are but one solemn season of decay,  
Merged in the dreary winter of my soul!"

THERE is no condition so low but may have hopes; nor any so high that it is out of the reach of fears.

## BROTHER RICHARD.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

(Concluded from page 459.)

A FEW days passed. Meantime Annie exerted herself zealously, and one morning she broke into the cottage rather earlier and more abruptly than usual. They were at breakfast. She could not help noticing the table. The fare was frugal, but there was something in the arrangement, the snowy cloth, the antique china, the old-fashioned silver given to Margaret by her grandmother, that gave Annie a strange desire to accept their cordial invitation to join them, although she had already breakfasted. She thought she had never tasted chocolate so good as that in the small, ancient cup. Perhaps it was because she had so much happiness to impart that made her think so. She could not long withhold this good news.

"I hope I shall be able to take lessons in painting, after all, dear Miss Rivers. The Academy Committee have a lady in view to whom they will offer the vacant situation this afternoon, and besides, there is a class of eight girls besides myself who wish to take lessons. Do you believe she will be willing to accept? Dear Miss Rivers, it is yourself!"

A beautiful color stole into Margaret's cheek, pale from too great confinement and want of exercise. She leaned over and kissed Annie's fair, round cheek, which glowed with pleasure, for it was Margaret's first kiss. Margaret with wealth and position, had not lost a certain charm of manner which both impressed and flattered, and when she condescended to exert herself it was not possible to help being pleased.

"It is to you, then, my dear Miss Leigh, we are indebted for this good fortune. I need hardly tell you that I will accept the situation and the class gladly." Margaret's words of thanks were few, but they were given in a manner that made Annie's heart throb with pleasure.

Mrs. Rivers did not comprehend at first. "Yes, Margaret always liked painting. Is Signor Manzinni to give her more lessons? And your easel, where is it? I have not seen it of late."

The committee came in during the day, and an offer was formally made and accepted. It was a generous one, and was owing to Mr. Leigh, who was known to be a judge of the art, and who had spoken of her pictures in high terms.

And Margaret felt no fear of having undertaken what she could not perform; for she knew if she possessed any one talent, it was that for painting, and that talent had been assiduously cultivated.

No more sewing now for Margaret Rivers, after that in hand was finished—no more debts, no more suffering for food; her care and anxiety in a great measure were over, their heavy pressure on heart and brain removed, and she gradually became her old self—more genial, less haughty and reserved.

In the Academy, she gave great satisfaction to her employers, and her pupils loved her dearly. Annie, she was pleased to find, evinced great natural taste, and she took infinite pains with her, as the only way she could as yet show her gratitude.

There was to be a large party in the village. Annie was invited. It was the first large party to which she had received an invitation, and she was full of pleasant excitement in the anticipation. She was describing to Margaret her dress for the occasion—

"Oh, it is so lovely, Margaret (she had some time since dropped the formal Miss Rivers)! and it is becoming, too. It was made in the city, and came last night. There is only one thing I want to make my toilet complete, and that, it is impossible to procure here. If I only had some lace like that of Cousin Nell's; it is almost priceless, and is the one object of my ambition; and yet you would think it needed washing, sadly, Margaret."

Margaret smiled. She had seen more of such lace than Annie thought. She felt glad that she could now in some slight measure return Annie's kindness and generosity. She went to a trunk and from an inner tray took out some rare old lace.

"Dear Annie, you will give me pleasure by accepting this. I wore it once only—at the Queen's drawing-room—and shall have no further use for it."

"The Queen's drawing-room!" Annie looked up bewildered, then down at the elegant lace, but all other thoughts were absorbed in the pleasure of contemplating it. She started up, with eyes sparkling with delight.

"Oh, dear Margaret! can you mean it? But

I must not take it. Papa would not be willing, it would be such a costly present. It is far richer and more beautiful than Cousin Nell's."

"Annie, dear, I am glad to have had it, since you like it. You *must* take it. I did not refuse *your* generous present, that which came to us in our moment of greatest need," she said, with meaning.

Annie colored, but was too delicate to take further notice of her words.

"I want to take it so much; it is so beautiful. I will ask papa if I may. What will Nell say when she sees it? She is coming soon." As gay and pleasure loving as she was unselfish, Annie danced round the room. "I shall tease papa so hard to let me keep it. Thank you, thank you, dear, dearest Margaret. Good-by." And the gay, good girl ran home with her treasure, having first won a promise from Margaret to come in before she went to the party. "To come right into the library without ringing—she would be there."

Annie could not be quite so sure of being alone in the library. Her brother Richard had come home during the day, and that room was his favorite place. So that when she came down full dressed to await Margaret's coming, he was there, and though she did not want him, but to have Margaret all to herself, it was not the easiest thing to tell a dark, stately six-footer that he had better run away!

Annie was in the midst of an earnest dissertation to him on the merits of her laces—a costly present from Miss Rivers, but which papa had finally consented she might keep. Did he know that it had been worn at the Queen's drawing-room? Miss Rivers wore it herself! She meant to ask her all about it; she forgot to in her delight at receiving the lace." And he sat there amused, and looking much as he might look if she were speaking in an unknown tongue. A shadow darkened the bay-window that led into the room, and then appeared a slender, dark-robed figure. Labor and anxiety had taken away much of the life and coloring from the beautiful face, though now gradually returning; the heavy, wavy hair was put plainly back, and altogether she was a strong contrast to the bright, saucy-looking fairy, dressed in airy, fleecy robes, and decked with flowers.

"Oh, Margaret, I am so glad you have come! Come into the parlor!"—putting her arm round her and drawing her towards the door. "Oh, I forgot! My brother Richard—Miss Rivers."

Margaret had heard the name often from Annie, and as that of a stranger, but with that

glance of the deep gray eyes, a vision and a memory of the past came to her.

It was of herself—a gay, giddy, laughter-loving, somewhat coquettish girl, who, one summer, while visiting an aunt in the country, was one morning carrying a bowl of broth across the pasture to a poor old sick woman, an object of village charity. She was startled by the abrupt appearance of a youth who was boarding in the village during his college vacation, and who had shown unmistakable symptoms of an affection of the heart with regard to her. His appearance this morning was not prepossessing. He held fishing tackle in one hand, a basket of fish in the other; his collar and neck-tie were awry; his trowsers tucked into cowhide boots. Notwithstanding, in despair of finding another opportunity, he dropped fishing tackle and fish, sprang towards her, coloring up to the roots of his hair as he did so, grasped her hand, much to the peril of Goody Hill's soup, and dropping on his knees poured out some unintelligible rhapsodies.

For a moment she stood silent and confounded. But a second glance at the tucked-up pants, the upset basket of fish which were squirming in the dirt, the flushed face with great drops of perspiration on the sun-browned forehead; the small stream of Goody Hill's broth slowly trickling down her clean summer dress, and the ludicrousness of the scene was too much.

"Could you wait a moment till I set down this broth?" she asked, struggling still with her laughter. She set down the dish carefully, then came back. "Now, can I do anything for you, Mr. Leigh!"

The poor fellow, still in the position she had left him, with less enthusiasm, murmured some extravagant expressions of affection, and concluded by asking her to give him her hand and heart.

"No," she answered; "but she would give him some of Goody Hill's broth—maybe that would make him feel better." And then the silvery laughter, no longer in her power to repress, pealed forth.

He started, looked up one instant into the dark eyes, sparkling with mirth and mischief, with an expression which Margaret remembered to this day, and which was the only proof of identity with this Richard Leigh, and then rising abruptly, carefully lifted the dish of broth and politely handed it to her, saying, courteously and coolly—

"Pray excuse my mistake, and also my detaining you." And then he turned away

coolly, picked up the fish and fishing gear, and walked off.

She remembered that she had felt intensely piqued, and wondered what he meant by "his mistake." And she had looked for him after that both in her walks and at church, but had never seen him since till now.

Margaret remembered all this while Annie was leading her to the parlor, and busily talking; but her thoughts were absent during her stay.

Richard Leigh and Margaret Rivers often met. It was impossible to be otherwise. Mr. Leigh was only courteous at first, but as time passed on he became as kind as a brother. If Margaret could have forgotten that first glance she would have supposed that he recollected neither her nor the past.

Mr. Leigh was genial, rich, handsome, *distingué*, and was of course a great favorite in society. No company was thought complete without him. He was so good, so kind, so merry and sensible, every one felt the influence of his presence. He was in time almost as much at home at the cottage as Annie herself, and was always warmly welcomed by Mrs. Rivers, who now, with restored health, had recovered all her energies, weakened by sorrow and illness. Margaret, less demonstrative, was not uncordial.

"Annie looks upon you as a sister. You must let me be as a brother to you," he had said one day, when she had attempted to decline his offer of assistance in some matter which would take her to the city.

Margaret, who seldom blushed, did so now, then slowly paled. The word "brother" somehow struck her unpleasantly. She did not ask herself why.

He often saw her engaged in domestic duties. "Miss Rivers, I am quite positive that you have not rolled that upper crust large enough to cover the plate; follow my advice, make it larger; it will save your taking it off," he remarked, when Margaret had supposed him absorbed with some specimens of minerals which he was showing her mother.

She met his laughing eyes, and with mock seriousness turned to Mrs. Rivers:—

"Mamma, will you please require that gentleman's attention?"

Nellie Leslie and her step-sister, Florence Bell, had arrived on a visit to the Leighs. The former was lovely and artless; the latter, with much style, wit, and beauty, could hardly be called agreeable. She had taken a prejudice to Margaret from the first, perhaps because of

her beauty, and the estimation in which she was evidently held by the whole family; perhaps Richard Leigh had something to do with the matter, for Florence Bell had long since appropriated him for herself, and she was not one likely to look with favor upon a beautiful girl, associated so intimately with his family; and when she learned that she was only a teacher, she treated her with a reserve and haughtiness that made Annie very indignant. But Margaret had reigned queen too long in the world of fashion to be at all discomposed or rebuffed by one like Florence Bell, and her indifference and self-possession but irritated Miss Bell the more.

"How queer that you should treat as an equal a teacher of painting, and your some time seamstress!" she said, one evening, at a party at Mr. Leigh's, to Annie. "Is it the fashion in this village? Mamma's seamstress, I imagine, would open her eyes wider than ever yet if even invited into the drawing-room. Do you think it just the thing to make so much of a person in so inferior a position, Mr. Leigh?"

She looked up at him smilingly, and as if expecting an assent to her question, for one so courteous and gallant would not of course disagree with her.

The indignant blood surged in waves to Annie's cheeks, but before she could speak Richard Leigh, with his most courteous manner, answered with a smile; but nevertheless there was something in his tone that jarred a little on Miss Bell's ear.

"Miss Rivers is a lady by birth and education. I feel glad that my sister is able to claim her for a friend, for she has had advantages of position and society that but few American ladies can boast of, both at home and abroad, and her conversational tact and manners I should be glad that Annie should imitate."

"Was sewing or painting Miss Rivers' profession while abroad?" Miss Bell asked, with an innocent look, but with irony in her tones.

Mr. Leigh answered with a smile. "I am sadly afraid nothing so useful. I am not positive what she professed, but she was esteemed by others a belle and an heiress, and was admired and courted accordingly. Shall we dance this quadrille, Miss Bell?"

And the young lady was led off, feeling that she both feared and hated this ex-belle and heiress, and present teacher.

Margaret, during this conversation, had, in the changes of the cotillion, passed near enough to learn the drift of their remarks.

Yes, Mr. Leigh had defended her as a matter

of duty; but he had plainly felt no indignation at the young lady's unkind remarks, else would he have so promptly and eagerly engaged her for the dance, and appear so devoted? And with a feeling of jealousy for which she did not account, she watched them laughing and talking gayly.

In the next quadrille, Florence Bell was her *vis-à-vis*, Mr. Leigh being her own partner. Miss Bell dared not be impertinent to Mr. Leigh's partner, but, had she ventured, she would have found it impossible. Margaret, so cool, so stately, and beautiful, with an air which told that she was familiar with scenes like these, would have been impervious to any insults of Miss Bell's; and so the latter began to realize, and though she disliked her none the less, it impressed her. After this, though she would gladly have kept aloof, and had others to do so, it chanced that Margaret was often the centre of some group she particularly wished to join; for since Margaret had laid aside her reserve she had become quite popular, and of late had become as much noticed as she had formerly been neglected; and so Miss Bell chose to come in contact with her rather than stay out of the charmed circle. It was about this time that Miss Bell's and Richard Leigh's names began to be associated, and people confidently predicted a match.

The second day after the party Richard Leigh came to the cottage to invite Margaret to a picnic in the afternoon. She was at work in the garden.

"We have roses at home, quantities of them, but none of them seem to me so beautiful as those of yours. How do you account for it?"

Margaret laughed. "Because there are none prettier to compare them with, or to distract your attention from their particular merits, I presume."

"I am fond of roses, Miss Rivers. I suppose that hint is sufficient!"

"So was the rich man in the Scriptures of the poor man's one ewe lamb."

"Theoretically and practically a niggard, Mrs. Rivers," as the gentle mother, attracted by their voices, appeared at the window. "This young lady, who, I am sorry to say, is your daughter, refuses me just one of these roses, which at the longest will wither by to-morrow. Please command her, as a punishment for her niggardliness, not only to gather the very prettiest, but also to place it with her own fingers in my button-hole, which command, if she keeps the fifth commandment, she will do im-

mediately," and he turned his laughing eyes on Margaret.

Mrs. Rivers smiled. "I am sure Margaret will only be too happy to do so trifling a thing as give you pleasure."

"You hear, Miss Rivers?"

"But, mamma, we have only these, and Mr. Leigh has so many at home. He is only laughing at our meagre roses."

"Why, my daughter, I am astonished!"

"And so am I, Miss Rivers; never was more astonished in my life—to have such a modest request refused."

"And so am I, also, perfectly astonished at your covetousness! But since mamma wishes it, you may have just one. Which will you have?"

"Let me see—that one nearest the window. There, now place it in my button-hole; that will do nicely. Mrs. Rivers, I thank you with all my heart. Miss Rivers, always obey your mother. Good morning."

Thus it was given and accepted, but a pretty war of words followed, till Mr. Leigh reached the gate; then pointing triumphantly to the rose he had succeeded in getting, he bowed low and walked off.

The day was warm and pleasant, and the picnic took place in some grand old woods about a mile from Mr. Leigh's. About twenty young people were present. First, they had music and dancing; then they rested and had refreshments. Afterwards the youthful party separated into couples and strolled through the numerous shady and romantic paths. When at the time fixed upon for their return, they reassembled, it was found that two were missing—Florence Bell and Richard Leigh. They waited fifteen minutes, half an hour, three-quarters, and still they had not come.

"Time must be passing more quickly with our friends than with us here waiting," said one young gentleman, and he proposed to go in search of them. But just then they appeared—Richard, gay, laughing, careless as usual—Florence, looking flushed, triumphant, happy. Significant glances were exchanged among the young people, and low whispers. Two or three openly rallied them upon their long delay, to which Richard answered lightly and gayly.

"Oh, Margaret, do you believe what they say? that Richard and Florence are engaged? I don't see how he can like her; I never shall, I know. Isn't it too bad?"

Margaret made some answer, she hardly knew what, but meanwhile she grew paler and paler.

She said to herself that it was the heat—fatigue, but in her innermost soul she knew better. She had always said to herself frankly that she liked Richard Leigh, that no one could know his kind heart and noble qualities, and not regard him with the highest esteem; but then and there she first realized how far liking had gone, into what deeper feeling it had merged; and with this came the knowledge that the heart she had once scorned was now irrevocably another's, and that her own had been given unsought. How had it happened that she had been so foolish, so weak? He had been kind and brotherly to her, as to others, that was all. She could not remember a word or action that even savored of sentiment. How had it happened? Poor Margaret! poor, though the centre of the laughing group, talking gayly as the gayest, and though the proud heart throbbed rebelliously, defiantly.

Richard Leigh came to her. "You look pale and tired. Have you enjoyed the afternoon?" and he looked kindly down into her face, and drew her arm into his.

Margaret's eye flashed up at him. How dared he say she looked pale and tired! Was there anybody there who felt so little pale or tired, or who had enjoyed the afternoon so much? And so she told him, adding—naughty Margaret—that it was the most delightful picnic she ever attended or ever expected to attend. Ah, be careful Margaret! do not overdo, for Richard Leigh half smiles at your half-indignant earnestness!

Unconsciously there was a change in Margaret's manner to Mr. Leigh after this, although she heard nothing more of an engagement between Miss Bell and himself. He was as kind as ever—kinder if possible. He perceived this change, and wondered at it; but as it continued in spite of his efforts, he came to the cottage less frequently, and Margaret rejoiced, for oh, it was very hard, this constant guard over look and voice!

Annie Leigh every day expected either Florence or her brother to disclose their engagement, but not doing so, she took her brother to task one evening after all had retired.

"Brother Richard," she began, leaning over him, "I think it is real unkind of you to keep such a secret from your little sister."

He stared. "Secret, puss! What secret?"

"Oh! you need not seem so ignorant! my eyes were opened at the picnic, and so were Margaret's too; and though I don't want Florence Bell for a sister, still, if it is to be, I will try and make the best of it."

He looked both enlightened and amused. "And so you and Miss Rivers have got it into your pretty heads that Miss Bell and your humble servant are to be yoked for life? Much obliged, little sister."

"Well, brother Richard, to do Margaret justice, I believe I was the first to speak of it; but I know she thought so too, as well as all the others at the picnic."

"And so you wouldn't like Miss Bell for a sister," he said, slowly and meditatively.

"Well, my little sister, I should not like to give you a sister you did not like, for her sake, so perhaps I had better not think of marrying Miss Bell, beautiful as she undoubtedly is. Is there anybody you would like? I shall be glad to please you in this matter, if possible."

"Oh, there's only one person I want you to have—Margaret."

"Margaret," I suppose you mean Miss Rivers. Well, I have no objection; but perhaps she has. However, I can ask her, to please you," he answered, with a gay laugh.

Annie sprang up. "Oh, Richard, will you? I will love you better than ever I did in my life, if you will, and if Margaret will have you, I shall be so glad I shall eat her up."

"No, little sister, let me suggest that you had better not eat my wife up—I should have decided objections. Well, to please you, I'll think over the matter next winter when I have leisure, and let you know."

"There, Richard, I knew all the time you were laughing at me! I can't bear you! No! I don't want you to kiss me and make up! I do believe, after all, Florence is to be my sister."

Margaret Rivers sat at a window in the cottage, thinking over that scene far in the past, and half unconsciously, her fingers working out her thoughts, rapidly traced it on the paper. Presently she became absorbed with her work. A few more rapid strokes and the scene was vividly before her. She gazed fixedly at the sketch.

"Yes, it is like—very like," she murmured. "Can he be the same person? After all, he ought to forgive me. It was not in human nature to help laughing! But he never has forgiven—he never will!"

"And who is thus hard-hearted?" interrupted a voice, and the handsome head of Richard Leigh bent over her shoulder, his laughing eyes fixed upon the paper.

Margaret started up with an exclamation of dismay, and hastily endeavored to cover the sketch with her hand.

"Nay, nay, Miss Rivers—it is very correct. I recognized it immediately. Allow me to see it nearer."

Poor Margaret was the picture of distress. "Oh, Mr. Leigh, what will you think? How can I explain?"

"My dear Miss Rivers, why this distress? It is kind of you to remember the past; I thought you had forgotten. How very like I was something of a spooney in those days, eh, Miss Rivers? Help laughing! of course you couldn't and shouldn't! So I tried the tragic, did I?—like this!" dropping on his knees and seizing her hand in imitation of the picture. "Now what did I say? Something like this? 'Transcendent angel of my heart and dreams! Oh rapturous hour when first I beheld thy seraphic form, and heard thy sylph-like voice! take, oh take me—heart, soul, tucked-up trowsers, cowhide boots and all, unto your heart of hearts; and in return, give me your peerless, your enchanting, your bewildering self, and all your deepest, truest soul's affections! Oh, say yes, my angel, and then I'll pick up my fish and go home.'"

Margaret looked displeased, and drew herself up haughtily. His manner changed. His half-mocking tone ceased, and he said in a deep voice, agitated in spite of his efforts:—

"It should have been like this. Margaret, stay, we will have no rhapsodies now, but plain truth. I love you, Margaret, and have always, since I, a rough informed boy first met you, with all the capacity God gave me for loving. Nay, Margaret, lay aside that dignity. I am not trifling now. It is a serious matter to me; serious, for it affects the happiness of my future life. I love you, Margaret—do I need to say it again? Can you not feel that I speak the truth—do you love me, and will you marry me? Margaret, give me something better than Goody Hill's broth this time," he whispered.

Margaret, blushing and deeply agitated, for she felt this was no trifling now, turned towards him, but at his last words a half smile played round her beautiful mouth, and she said a little saucily as she drew a little nearer to him and put her hand within his: "But you know, Richard, you love broth, Annie says—"

"All a fabrication, Margaret dearest," he interrupted, drawing her tenderly to him. "I have never tasted any since that time. Now, Margaret, don't tease a poor fellow—tell me that you love me—no words, only silence—well, I shall take it all for granted, then, Margaret, my queen, my wife."

## THE FUTURE.

Who is there but fancies they would like to take a look into the future? And we think most people look forward to it as a happier time than the present. The man just starting in business sees it as the time when he should reap the reward of present labor; the school-boy, when he shall throw away his troublesome books, and go out into the world, and be his own master. And all through life the future is like the *ignis futurus*, continually before us, spurring us on, and helping us through present difficulties by the reward which it promises by-and-by. The gambler who has lost thousands still goes on playing and losing, but looks forward to the future when fortune will favor him, and he will regain all he has lost, and then leave off playing; but the future finds him where the past left him; and although, perhaps as he anticipated, he has gained more than he ever had before, still he must play a little longer. The speculator who has thrown all his money into some great but hazardous affair, expects in the future to be the possessor of immense wealth, which he finds to his cost was real only in his imagination. The young man just studying for a profession thinks, when he has mastered what appear to him now to be insurmountable difficulties, in the future he will benefit mankind, and be courted by the great; that then Fame will bring laurels and place on his brow, and fickle Fortune will come and cast riches into his lap. But the future to us all is clouded in dark obscurity; and very wisely so, for troubles in perspective are often much worse than troubles in reality; and those are the happiest who make such a use of the present that they will have nothing to regret in the future.

"Trust no future, how'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

## THE BROKEN LYRE.

BY SARA.

ALL shattered, low beneath her feet,  
The cherished lyre's thrown;  
The grief-wind o'er her soul hath swept,  
And all the music's flown.  
She's learned, alas, the bitter truth  
That all that's fair must fade!  
Although the morn is beauty bright,  
Still evening brings the shade;  
No path through life whose press our feet  
Amid the roses fair,  
But, all concealed within the green,  
Some briars, too, are there.

## META.—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY S. ANNIE PROST.

It was Christmas Eve. The air was full of chill winter winds, and snow threatened, though it did not actually fall. I had come in from my day's business, and was dreaming before my bright open grate fire. Dreaming of my youth, long past, of my scheme long abandoned, of my lonely life, which I had hoped to fill with loving hearts and ties. Dreaming as only a bachelor can, on an idle Christmas eve.

With my eyes fixed upon the vividly glowing grate, I saw far away in the past vista of years, two lads, cousins, who were brothers in love, sympathy, and pursuits; entering upon life's race, hand-in-hand, spurring rapidly through college, and leaving the Alma Mater, boys still in heart and hope, to spring into man's life and suffering by one agony of hope and terror. I saw them stand face to face, white with the discovery, each of the other's love. I saw her, Ellen Lee, with her fair, pure face, her soft, holy eyes, her gentle, womanly manner—saw her as plainly as when with one bitter wrench I tore my love from its sweet resting-place upon her heart, and turned my face away from my hope and rivalry to enter upon a new path alone. I knew of their marriage, I heard of their happiness, and sometimes even yet wrote and received answers from my cousin; but the loving brotherhood, the dream of a higher tie of love, these were sundered and shattered long, long before the Christmas eve when I sat dreaming before my coal fire. I had amassed wealth by untiring industry and perseverance, I had taken into my home, and under my care, the orphan son of my only sister; but I was, at forty-nine, a bachelor still, with no blithe voices to open my purse or heart, no warm kisses to touch my faded cheek, no loving caress to win me from memory's dream to the present reality of Christmas eve.

"A little girl, who wants to see yourself."

Margaret's harsh voice to recall my thought, her broad Irish face in the parlor doorway; these were my reminders of the present after an hour of regretful musing.

"Let her come in."

She came to my side with an earnest purpose in her full, dark eyes that annihilated all timidity and bashfulness. It took her but a moment to cross the broad parlor, but I see her now as she came toward me, her eyes fixed

on my face, her whole manner full of her errand. She was small, very small, thin and pale, with a face Nature had meant to be beautiful and childlike, trouble had altered to premature thoughtfulness and womanly purpose. With thin, pinched features, pale cheeks, even pale lips, her broad, white forehead, and large, dark eyes bore earnestness and resolve beyond her years, printed there by some pitiless hand of poverty or care. On that bitter night she wore a thin calico dress, a small faded shawl, a sun-bonnet of gingham, and old shoes bursting out where the upper leather joined the soles. She came up close to my chair, and put her hand on the arm—such a wee hand, so scarred with scratches and bruises, so red and chapped with exposure, that my heart ached strangely as I looked at it.

"Well, my child," I said, kindly, I hope, "you wanted to see me."

"Yes, sir; we live, mother, baby and I, at 27 Ruggles Avenue."

Ruggles Avenue, be it known, is a small court filled with the poorest kind of tenement houses, and by a recent failure I had assigned to me as part payment of a large debt the ownership of Ruggles Avenue. I had appointed an agent to look after the property while I owned it, and to sell it as speedily as possible, and so shifting the responsibility, I had actually forgotten the existence of such a spot as Ruggles Avenue.

"Well?" I said, looking down on that earnest little face raised to mine.

"We can't pay the rent, sir," and the face then was hidden, as the whole frame drooped under the weight of this confession. Long, black eyelashes swept down on the pale cheek, as the white lids veiled the earnest eyes.

"But, my child, Mr. Jones settles all this."

"He can't wait any longer."

"Oh, he can't!"

"No, sir, but Mrs. Davis, who lives next door, said somebody told her *he* didn't own the place since old Mr. Paul sold out, and she advised me to come to you and see if you can wait—it won't be very long, sir, only till mother gets about again, and baby gets to walking."

Some magnetism there was in those soft, earnest eyes, in the thrill of that sweet, musical voice, that was moving my torpid old heart

into a new and pleasant warmth and interest. So I drew up a large softly cushioned chair, and lifted the little girl into it before I spoke again, my eyes moistening as I saw how the pale cheeks burned, and the little frozen feet and fingers curled and stretched in the genial blaze.

"So, mother is sick?"

"Yes, sir. She has been in bed for four months, but she can sew a little, and she thinks she is getting stronger now. Then I can help more again when baby can walk."

"Baby is your brother?"

"No, sir, baby's a girl, sister Alice's little girl. Sister Alice died last summer, and that's why we can't pay the rent."

"How? Tell me all about it!"

"Mother used to be a teacher in the public school, and after father died, when I was a baby, she went to teach again until Alice was old enough to go. Then mother stopped because talking made her cough, and gave her a pain in her side. Alice got married, two years ago, in the summer holidays, and went away to Buffalo to live because brother Will was on a railroad there. Last summer she came back (mother was teaching again then) and wanted to go into the school again. Brother Will was killed last spring on the railroad, and Alice only stayed a few weeks at home before she died of a fever. Mother said she fretted herself into it. So we took the baby, Allie, until mother was sick too, and then everything went wrong. We sold our clothes and other little things, Alice's breast-pin, and mother's, but—" and here the brave, steady eyes fell again, and the lips quivered—"it took it all for medicine, and bread, and baby's milk, and we owe you four months' rent, sixteen dollars."

If it had been sixteen thousand, she could not have named the sum with more reverence and terror.

"And how will you pay me if I wait?"

"Mother is getting able to sew now, and as soon as Allie can walk I can go to work again."

"What work can you do?"

"Mrs. Davis works in a button factory, and she says she can get me the little girls' work, sewing the buttons on cards. I can earn a dollar and a half a week at that. Indeed we will pay you, sir."

She left her seat as she spoke to come again and rest the little hand on the arm of my chair.

"Suppose I go talk it over with mother. You and I will have a cup of tea, and then go and see about the matter."

She read faces quickly, this grave little child, for after one long, earnest gaze into mine, she bent her face to press her lips on my hand. I drew the frail form into my arms, and with the caressing touch, all her forced calmness, her overtaken quiet gave way. Large tears rolled down her poor, thin cheeks, and she sobbed till the little figure shook from head to foot with the hysterical throes. I did not check her. My smattering of medical knowledge, my instinct told me it was better to let the passionate burst have its way. But I bowed in spirit before the wonderful self-control that could keep such a disposition in grave subjection so long during such a trying interview. Had she come whining and crying, I might have released her from her debt and forgotten her by the next day. Now, I was inwardly vowing to shield her from some of the early trials that had matured her, and braced her young heart so early to meet life's rude storms.

By the time my tea-bell rang she had sobbed herself into quiet again, and was standing penitent and abashed before me. Edgar, my nephew, had not come in, so I put her in his chair, and ordered Margaret to pack a basket of dainty food, wine and jellies, in her hearing.

"For mother," I said, answering the questioning eyes, and stimulating her appetite.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"I knew your own supper would taste nicer if she was to have something too."

"But—" she hesitated with the instinctive delicacy of a sensitive nature, dreading to wound.

"But what?"

"Is it not begging? Mother would not like me to beg."

"No, it is a Christmas gift. I have no little folks to give Christmas presents, so you must let me give you one. You may eat it all yourself, if you wish."

What a gleeful laugh greeted this preposterous speech. She was a child after all, with all her grave ways covering the child nature.

"Come, tea is cooling, and mother waiting, so put off your bonnet and shawl and sit here."

Mrs. Rose, my housekeeper, rustled her black silk with an indignant gesture as she shook herself into her seat opposite to mine, but she did not say one word. I was master in my own house, and she knew it, so she swallowed her wrath at the insult of being forced to sit down with a beggar, and revenged herself by offering the child the weakest possible tea. I gravely emptied it into the slop

basin and handed the cup back, thereby crushing out the hinted rebellion and asserting my authority. I was jubilant as a school-boy over my little *protégée*, and determined to have her comfortably provided at the well-spread table. Quiet now, and grave again, she was neither shy nor awkward. She had evidently been accustomed to sit well, eat with due attention to table proprieties, and bear herself like a lady. And as I watched her, I could trace this refinement in her small hands, her delicately cut features, the shining gloss of her short, curling hair, and the graceful attitudes of her frail little figure.

"Do you know," I said to her, "that in all our long talk you have not told me your name?"

"Meta Burgiss, sir. It is mother's name too. Alice's name is Smith."

"What was your father's business?"

"He was an engraver, sir, and stooping killed him, mother said; he died in consumption nearly fifteen years ago."

"Fifteen years!" I cried, for I had set down twelve as the very outside limit of my visitor's age.

"Yes, sir, when I was six months old."

"Whew! Oh, here you are! Why, where did this manikin come from!"

And enter Edgar Hart, my nephew, aged eighteen. Margaret had a cup, saucer, and plate on the table before he could sit down, for my brave, beautiful boy, with his cheerful voice and sunny smile, is the darling of the house from the kitchen up. Even Mrs. Rose's frowns relaxed into smiles as she poured out his tea.

"Aint it cold? I've been treating six tambourine and singing girls to oysters and coffee for Christmas eve, uncle. You should have seen them eat, poor little tots not bigger than this little one, any of the lot."

"This is Meta Burgiss, Edgar, the daughter of one of my tenants."

She stood up to drop a grave courtesy; but Edgar reached his hand over the table.

"Shake hands, little one. We are good friends now," he added, letting his strong hand close over her little one.

She studied him for a moment with her wonderful eyes, then said, gravely: "Yes, sir."

And I, in my unprophetic blindness, did not even shudder at question or answer.

After tea, I took her home, her little hand clasped in mine, while the big, well-filled basket hung on my arm. I had proposed to put her into it, hoping to call out the merry laugh

again; but she evidently considered the basket a serious affair, and only assured me, gravely, that she could walk, as serious as if being carried in a market-basket was her usual method of locomotion.

My introduction to Ruggles Avenue did not prepossess me in its favor. At every door was collected a group of overdressed women and half-drunken men, enjoying (?) the holiday evening. Children were visible through the open doors, sucking oranges, or fighting over papers of cheap confectionery, while their elders laughed, flirted, or swore, as the case might be, at the doorway. In contrast to all this light and merriment, was the closed door and shutters of No. 27, the last house in the row. In the upper room, a light burned; but the curtains, of some thick green stuff, hid all inside.

Opening the door softly, my little guide asked me to wait, and went quickly up stairs. A moment later, she stood at the head of the staircase, holding a candle, to light me.

"Please come up here, sir. Mother is not able to come down."

So I passed through the little entry, and mounted the narrow staircase, and stood in the upper room of this little house. Two rooms above, two below, were all it boasted, but it was large enough for this family, had it been transplanted into purer air and broader space. Cramped up, as it was, in the heart of a great city, hemmed in by houses on all sides that overlooked and overshadowed it, shut out from all but the tiniest patch of blue sky above, Ruggles Avenue was a fair type of the narrow, foul streets where a city crowds her poor.

In the tidy but poor room, where my little friend led me, I found the mother and the baby, Allie. The first, pallid and weak, with the crimson spot that stamps consumption on her cheek, with hollow eyes and shrunken lips, looked already fit for the grave to which she seemed hastening; the other, sleeping calmly, was puny, too, and feeble. Altogether a scene to make the heart weep.

"I have ventured to intrude," I said, courteously, for my hostess was lady-like in attitude and appearance, "to escort my little friend here home, and—" here I hesitated. Sitting there, in her arm-chair, her grandchild in her arms, she looked, in spite of her poor dress and illness, so little an object of charity that I scarcely knew how to proceed.

"You are very kind," she said, holding out one thin hand. "Meta, set a chair for the gentleman, and then take Allie, dear."

The child obeyed, lifting the sleeping babe

with a womanly care and gentleness that would have made one smile, only it was touchingly sad, too.

"I have sent her away," said the mother, as the door between the rooms closed after the children, "because I want to ask your kindness for her, and for the baby. Only," she added, hastily, as I was about to speak, "that you will try to find them some asylum more tender than the almshouse." She paused for a moment, then spoke again: "I have not a relative to whom I can apply, and their father was an Englishman; all his relations are on the other side of the ocean. We stand alone! Meta has been my scholar from a child, and I have been a teacher almost all my life; as soon as she is old enough, she is competent to teach; if, in the meantime—" Here a violent fit of coughing broke the sentence. The inner door opened, and Meta came in.

"Who is your mother's doctor?" I asked.

She gave me name and address.

"I will call to-morrow, when you are stronger," I said to the invalid, when she was quiet again, "and tell you what I can do. In the meantime do not think of the rent, or let your thoughts dwell too despondently on the future. Good-night."

She tried to speak, but I hurried away. At the door, I dropped a kiss on Meta's forehead, a piece of gold on her candlestick, and started for the doctor.

His judgment only confirmed my own. For the mother there was no hope save in pure air, good food, gentle stimulus, and freedom from care; for the baby, the same; and my heart responded with a similar decree for Meta.

Christmas day was surely the day for deeds of gentle charity; so I drove out to the farm attached to my country house, and laid my plans for the trio. The little furnished house, where my gardener lived in summer, stood temptingly vacant, and I think no pleasure of my life lingers so pleasantly on my memory as the Christmas days when I arranged the home for my new tenants. Mollie Barry, the farmer's buxom daughter, was all interest and excitement, and readily promised to keep house for the invalid, and nurse the baby. Three days later, cleaned, warmed, and habitable, the wee house opened its doors for the new inmates. I gave Mrs. Burgiss a pile of muslin to cut and make for me, handkerchiefs to embroider with initial letters, linen for shirts, and silk for cravats; and so, having eased her delicate sense of unwilling dependence, I left her to Mollie and Meta.

We scarcely dared hope for her to live through the spring; but she did, and as the summer months brought roses to Meta's and Allie's cheeks, they came, too, laden with health-giving breezes for the mother. The thin cheek filled, and the hollow eyes took a more healthy brightness, the stooping figure grew erect, and the trembling fingers steady, while my conscience fairly groaned over the work the busy hands turned out. It was all in vain I urged that there was no hurry; the dainty stitches would turn the muslin and linen into shape, and fill the handkerchief corners with pretty devices.

Meantime Meta was roving, free as a bird, over the bright country. I moved out in May, Edgar being at school, and found my little pale friend growing fast into a rosy cheeked country girl, while wee Allie tumbled and tottered on the grass, plump as a partridge.

I could linger for hours over the memory of that summer; the memory of the mother's gratitude, the child's respectful love, the memory of long hours spent listening to Meta's clear sweet voice, as she poured out her child-like confidences to me, of her gentle, womanly care of Allie, of her mature old-fashioned household ways, her neat and careful arrangement of parlor and bedroom, her pretty interest in the sewing she did for me, the memory of Mollie's stories of her care for mother and baby, of her handy ways, her grave air over some household mystery, or ringing laugh when Allie called for her attention. Such memories are left me now to fill a void—well, well, it is an old man's story, let me tell it to the end.

Five long years passed away, and the little cottage still held its inmates, but in the place of a child's voice was heard a woman's tone; in the stead of a frail, child-like figure was seen a graceful woman's form, fully developed by health, freedom, and careful education. In the place of a man's protecting interest in the child, had grown in my heart the man's strong, tender love for the woman.

Ah, how I loved her! All the pent-up tenderness of my youth and manhood was poured at her feet; all the lonely longing of my mature years was filled by her presence, her voice, her touch. Her child-like freedom, her tender gratitude—all seemed to me the forerunners of the love I coveted, and hoped to win. I had sent Edgar abroad, under careful guardianship, the summer after the Burgiss family came to Oakdale, and having but little to call me to the city, had spent most of my time at the country

house. I had provided no masters for my darling, watching the mother's careful teaching, her refinement and care; but as my bud of promise blossomed, I saw the perfect womanliness and thoughtful love of the teacher duplicated and refined on the scholar.

It was on a hazy September afternoon, when I was dreaming over all these things and thinking I must soon let my child learn that the guardian had become the lover, when, without even the ceremony of a knock, Mollie dashed into my library.

"Oh, sir, if you please—Mrs. Burgiss—Miss Meta—oh, come quick—," and out she dashed again, sobbing and running, before I could ask a question. I followed quickly, found the cottage door open, and went up stairs.

Mrs. Burgiss had ruptured a bloodvessel, and lay on the bed, dying. Meta, pale as her mother, but quiet and calm, even in that trying hour, was washing the blood stains from the pale lips, and trying to quiet Allie's screams.

"Take the child," I said to Mollie, "and send John for the doctor. Quick!"

She snatched up the shrieking child, and ran off to obey me. Too late, I felt; but any action was relief. Even before she had left the door, the pale lips closed quickly, the eyes took one long loving look at the fair face above them, and then closed in death. She knew, she saw, felt the truth, but she neither screamed nor fainted. Gently, with tender reverence, she folded the dead hands, and bent to kiss the dead face. Then, reeling and shivering, she turned to me. I opened my arms, and like a child to a father, she came to me. No sob, no cry, only the shivering, shaking form, the cold hands and convulsive shudder, told of the agony pent up in her poor heart. In the bitter days that followed, I was her comforter, her protector, her stay—next the God to whom she had from childhood carried her whole soul. Sustained by her religion, comforted by my love, consoled by Allie's dependence, she bore her great trial with resignation and hope. And over the coffin where her mother lay, she stood beside me, her hand in mine, her head on my bosom—my promised wife. Knowing in that solemn hour my love for her, my desire to protect her from all life's ills, my ambition to stand in parent's as well as husband's place to her, she put her untried heart into my keeping, gave me her true, pure gratitude, thinking it love. I never blamed her: I do not now, my Meta, my own precious child.

All winter she lived with Allie in the little cottage, sewing, and teaching the child, and

daily I drew her close to my heart to renew my vow—to love, cherish, and protect her for all life.

In the spring I was to make her my bride. She had made her simple preparations, and we were to travel for months before she entered my house as its mistress.

Early in January, Edgar came home. He had grown from a merry-hearted boy into a genial, whole-souled man. A man full of noble impulses, warm, true purposes, and generous resolves. A man to fill with a glad pride the heart that loved him, as mine did. How his hearty voice and merry laugh made the lonely house echo, and my heart glad, can only be told by the contrast it made to the quiet of the years of his absence. I did not tell him of my engagement fearing it might prejudice him against Meta; but I made my will, leaving him half my property—as I had ever intended to do—and I trusted to time and Meta's charms to reconcile him to an aunt, and a half heirship. I watched his speaking face telling its admiration when I took him to the cottage. The graceful figure in its deep mourning dress, with the fair noble face crowned by its coronet of dark hair, was worthy of the low courteous bow, the gentlemanly greeting he gave, and my heart thrilled proudly over the homage my darling received.

Three months I passed, blind to the fate that was before me; then, with a shock, I awakened from my dream of love and hope. I never blamed her—never. The spring that was to have brought me such joy was just opening; the tender green buds just breaking the brown covering that had sheltered them from the winter's frosts, the sun-giving rays promised future warmth—all Nature opening and expanding in the coming of sunshine, when the sun of my life sank. I had started to take Meta to walk—it was early evening and moonlight—and as I went up the steps to the cottage door, I pictured myself forcing from willing lips a time for our wedding. As my hand touched the knob, I paused. Sheltered by the porch, I could, unseen myself, look into the little parlor, hear, through the open window, every spoken word. And the words that paralyzed my hand on the door were, in Edgar's voice: "Meta, my life, my love, hear me!"

What wonder I stood rooted to the spot? what wonder I could not move, as he poured forth, in the hot, hasty words of youth, the story of his passion, pleading for a word of hope, praying for a look of love?

Quiet, calm, pale as death, she stood erect

before him, till, exhausted with the force of his own eloquence, he waited her answer in silence. Her dry lips moved twice before she spoke; then, in an icy, constrained tone, she said:—

“Did your uncle never tell you I have promised to be his wife?”

He reeled back as if she had struck him. “My uncle’s wife! You, so young, so beautiful, wedded to him—”

“The noblest, truest heart on earth!” she said, warmly; “think what I owe him! My mother’s prolonged life, her comfort for years, my own happy home, Allie’s health and joyous childhood—all, all that I am I owe your uncle. God helping me, I will be to him a true, faithful wife!”

“But not a loving one. You did not know your own heart when you promised. Does your heart throb for him as it does for me? does your cheek flush at his step as at mine? does your eye light for him as for me? I am a coxcomb—a fool, if you will, to urge this, but you love me, Meta. As my heart tells me its own tale, it tells yours—you dare not be false to it. You love me, Meta?”

Oh, the yearning agony of the question, even my heart thrilled to it. What wonder, then, that she faltered and trembled—she, whose pure heart was an unconscious traitor to its vows. Yet strong and true, faithful even in that hour, she put back the temptation, and spoke, clearly: “You forget yourself strangely; go, I would be alone.”

Yet once again he urged his suit, kneeling to her, pressing his burning lips to her hands, pleading—praying out of his great love; but she stood firm through all, still and white, with those steady dark eyes looking reproof into his, defying her own heart to rebel, till maddened by her cold firmness, he suddenly dashed from the room, past me, into the air, rushing forward, blindly, recklessly. She stood for a moment where he left her; then, with a wailing cry of “Edgar! Edgar!” she threw herself on the floor, sobbing out the whole weight of that hour’s agony.

And I? Slowly, heavily, with laggard footsteps and a sick heart, I went my lonely way homeward. All night I lay heavily, wearing out the hours in bitterest agony of heart, with no ray of comfort, no gleam of hope. Morning found me again looking forward. This was but a boy’s love of Edgar’s, that could be conquered by time, mine was the hoarded passion of a long life—his was a transient love of three months’ growth, mine the well-founded attachment of years. I would send him away again

to forget, while she, she would return again to me were he absent. A fool’s dream, but I was a loving fool.

So when, pale and haggard, my handsome boy presented himself to ask for permission to return to Europe, I gave it gladly and promptly, and dropped no comment on his plans or altered looks. He took a sadly affectionate leave of me, left with a sick smile his farewell for his “Aunt Meta,” and left me.

I said no word to Meta of our nuptials. I saw by her pale face and added tenderness of manner how she suffered and how she blamed her own heart, but I only sought, by renewed kindness and love, to win her back to the old peaceful happiness, and link her heart with her hand to mine. All the long summer months, I saw her grow paler, but marked too how she battled her love. I knew she would be, as she had said, my true, faithful wife, but never my loving one. Such love as a child gives its parent, as a ward her guardian, she gave me freely; such love as a woman owes her husband, as I gave her, she could never return to me.

Slowly, reluctantly, I admitted this truth to my heart, striving against it every inch of the way. Was it not enough that once before, in the heyday of my youth, I had crushed my own heart to make way for another, exiled myself from the sunshine of my life that another might find life in its beams, but now, when my old age was creeping on me, I must go down to the grave lonely and uncheered, that a young heart might add my one hope to its overflowing cup of life’s treasures! The struggle was a bitter one. Early winter found me still undecided, but after one night of fierce temptation I wrote to Edgar.

Again Christmas was coming with its memories, and I asked my child if she would be wedded on Christmas eve.

She neither shuddered nor turned pale, only lifted her large truthful eyes to mine, and said, softly: “I will be your wife whenever you will.”

My heart felt ashamed for its selfish struggles, as it read the triumph this young girl had achieved over its temptation, but I only kissed the broad forehead and softly thanked her.

In the parlor of the little cottage, the pastor waited for the bridal party. It was Christmas eve, and Molly and Allie were the guests bidden to the wedding. I waited below for my bride. As she came to my side in her pure white raiment, the starry orange blossoms crowning her fair face, the long shadowy veil falling round

her graceful figure, I put back my passionate yearning to clasp her close forever, and drew her from the parlor door into the little room across the entry.

There, in some words I cannot recall, I told her of my unseen vigil on that April evening, of Edgar's constancy, of my own renunciation. I called him from his watch outside to clasp their hands together, to hear her sob of new, strange joy, and crush out the last hope of my heart. I heard the service that united them as a man hears voices in his dream, and when Edgar's voice thanked me for the Christmas gift that made them independent of my bounty in future, I could calmly and quietly wish them joy, while my tones sounded to me as if they came from miles away. I think she read something of this with her true woman's instinct, for her kiss on my lips was given with a reverence and awe that she had once as a little child accorded me.

And now the Christmas eve brings uncle with full hands to decorate a tree for Allie, and a wee namesake of his own, while his life is gilded by the love of two true, strong hearts, that keep his name in their prayers from Christmas to Christmas.

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## THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PAROR.

*Pearl the Twelfth.—December.*

DECEMBER'S mantle, fringed with icicles,  
On mother Earth has fallen; on her breast  
The white flakes in such close compactness lie,  
That in the embrace all nature lies as still  
As though the hand of the destroyer had  
Falls' fat laid upon it; and the sky  
Hangs dark and threatening upon the hills  
In dreary mison with food and food;  
The forests in their drapery of snow—  
The streams insensate in the arms of ice—  
Reveal the pulses of the Winter king  
Beating through all the arteries of life  
Sluggish, in token of the dying year,  
Whose footsteps, lingering on the shores of Time,  
Shall seek oftsoon the indelible shades  
Where dwell departed years, within whose realm  
The Past is King and Memory Queen crowned,  
Where all the years, from Adam's time to ours,  
In solemn conclave gathered, wait to greet  
Another brother from the mortal land  
Now made immortal as themselves, who wear  
The unfading laurels of eternity.

O Year!

Thou, in thy going, takest in thy arms  
Lips that with living, dying lips have met  
In close embrace; bosoms whereon life reigned  
In passionate pulsations; hearts whose tide  
Of love, forever surging down the shore  
Of true affection, casts its shining pearls

Upon the beach, for gentle hands to shrine  
In chambers where, enownd and enthroned,  
The soul eat all victorious!

O Year!

How many idols thou hast lifted up!  
Idols of Fame, Ambition, and of Gold;  
Idols of Love, of Friendship, and of Faith,  
Each on its pedestal by votaries crowned.  
And of them all, how many now lift up  
Their laurelled brows? The Parthenon of fame  
In ruin lies; the colossus of gold  
Lies prone in straits of fickle, fatal chance;  
Ambition's coliseum shattered stands;  
Love's orange-blossoms 'neath thy frosty touch  
Have dropped away, and Friendship's laurels drop  
Above the faded ivy vines of Faith.  
O Year! O desolate Year of Grace!  
Thy battle-fields have darkened myriad homes,  
And on our country's hallowed altar lain  
The best blood of her gallant sons; the land  
Is full of mourning; Rachel's weeping sons  
To manhood's stature grown, upon whose arms  
They hoped to lean in life's declining stage.  
O Year! thy shadow and thy sunshine kept  
Such close companionship, we scarce can name  
The victor in the contest. Life and Death,  
Hope and Despair! and Joy and Grief, each day  
Their votaries, and aye! their victims had.  
So in thy going, old, decrepit, weak,  
Burdened with memories, O dying Year,  
Take with thee this poor solace: thou wast sent  
Thy mission to fulfil, and thou didst but  
Work out the dealing the Master's hand  
Shaped out.

## L'ENVOI.

So finish we the casket of the year;  
Its pearls are strung, each with its history,  
And each a brief memento of the months.  
There are, whose eyes upon the earlier pearls  
Fell lovingly, that now, all quiet rest;  
The casket idle and the pearls unstrung;  
Gone hence to where the seasons never change,  
Storms never come, or shadows ever fall.  
God keep them in the fields where roses bloom  
And never fade, and where the lilies grow  
By streams within whose waters they who drink  
Eternal life shall find and never ending joy.  
There are, whose eyes have watched from first to last  
These twinings; near and far, known and unknown,  
We thus companionship have held, I trust,  
All pleasantly. Take, ere we part, the wish,  
All in my power to give: may coming months  
Bring more of sunshine than of shade to thee,  
Dwell in homes afar or near; upon  
The Atlantic slope, or where the Pacific's wave  
Washes the confines of the Western land;  
In quiet farm-house, by the sounding sea,  
Within the city or upon the plains,  
Or anywhere, in this sad world of ours;  
And so, and so, farewell, farewell, farewell!

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NEVER laugh at your own wit; leave that to others; nor trouble company with your private concerns, for yours are of as little importance to them as theirs are to you.

## MARGARET DARLING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I'm afraid you've gone a little too far, Maude," said Mrs. Woolcott, in a tone of *very* mild objurgation. "You may have broken the young man's heart."

I knew better. Of too healthy recuperative powers, too strong and muscular was the nature of Ralph Hoadley to be crushed, wrecked, because a woman had jilted him. Yet the blow would be a heavy one for all that. Of an intense, exclusive nature, fine and generous withal, this man had brought the treasures of his youth, its frankincense and myrrh, to the altar on which he had placed this girl, Maude Woolcott, and worshipped her.

I turned and looked at her as she sat by the window, about which the early June roses seemed kindled into live coals of fire, and thought she might exult, if she had the heart, in the power she had gained, in the pain, sharp and deep, she had wrought—a pain that must cost many a weary day and many a fierce struggle before it was healed.

Just then, the face of Maude Woolcott showed her consciousness of all this, and her triumph in the knowledge too, and it did not look fair to me then, though it held the red bloom in its cheeks, the lustre in its dark, brilliant eyes, the shade and glow in its hair, and, perhaps, most attractive of all, the half smile on the dainty, crimson lips. And with that glance the real moral lineaments of Maude Woolcott seemed to disclose themselves to me as they had never done before. I beheld that underneath all the brightness, and wit, and piquancy for which men and women praised and admired her, she was coarse, hard, selfish.

I have had hints and intimations of this before, but I resolutely shut my eyes to them. Now I would not ignore the truth or put it out of the way any longer, and my thoughts said to me: "After all, Ralph Hoadley, her 'No' has done you far greater grace than her 'Yes' would. You don't suspect it now, but sooner or later the truth must have cleared itself up to you, that this woman's soul was barren, meagre, superficial. There are in it no goodly chambers of gold and purple, as you have dreamed. Self-sacrifice, tenderness, endurance, all that makes the crown and glory of womanhood, are not there. She would never exalt your life with the sweet, persuasive influences

of a true and noble woman; she would never enter into your best and highest self, never sympathize with your truest purposes and movements; she would never have strengthened, ennobled, redeemed you in any wise, and there must have come a day and hour when the woman you had taken to wife would have disclosed herself to you, and you must have had forced on you, oh, Ralph Hoadley, her vanity, her self-indulgence, her ingrained selfishness, and all her weak, petty aims of living and doing; the very narrow orbit in which her being revolves. You wouldn't believe this now, and your heart will go courting the treasure it vainly believes it has lost, for you brought to your love all the heroism, all the loyalty that is in you; all the rare and beautiful dreams and faiths which went to make up your ideal of womanhood. In your heart are princely lodgings; and though you gave the key to this woman, it is well she dropped it from her fingers, else some time the shadow of her presence would have made their goodliest chambers desolate." So I stood demurely by the piano, guiding Clara, the younger sister of Maude Woolcott, through her morning exercise, while these thoughts arose in me. Their thread was broken by Maude's voice, saying, in a slightly injured tone, in which my intuitions, keener perhaps than usual, detected a little throb of triumph:

"I'm sure I'm not to blame if Ralph Hoadley's heart is broken. A woman cannot help it if a man falls in love with her, as I see, can she, Margaret?"

"I suppose not, if she consciously does nothing to win an admiration or affection to which she can never respond."

Maude turned and looked at me a little curiously, a little contemptuously, and yet not, on the whole, unkindly. I think she liked me as strongly as it was in her nature to, one of her own sex—a liking that always puzzled me, and that she probably never analyzed. Perhaps the total contrasts betwixt us refreshed her, and there was no room for rivalry or jealousy in my case; perhaps old child memories and associations still held her with a loose sort of bond, for Maude and I had been schoolmates and playfellows in our girlhood, before her father went to the city and built his fine house,

and added so many thousands to his already comfortable fortune.

"Do you really mean to say, Margaret, that any woman who has charms to win admiration won't be pleased with it?"

"Oh no, Maude; only that a woman of sterling principles will not debase those charms to draw a man into proposals which she has no thought of accepting."

This time the roses did deepen a little in her cheeks, and I was almost startled to find how closely my words had driven home. Had I thought twice, lack of moral courage might have prevented so straightforward an answer to her question, but Maude's laugh broke out the next moment; a bright, pleasant laugh it was, but somehow it grated on me this time.

"What a nice sentiment for a copy-book or a story, Margaret, but women—

'Not to bright and good  
For human nature's daily food'

can't exactly practise such sort of precepts; at least, very few of them do."

"The best women don't always get married," interposed her mother, in a tone which plainly showed she regarded a degree of goodness which lessened one's chances for matrimony as, at least, very unfortunate.

And again Maude's clear, bright laugh, with the little heartlessness that grated, preceded her words. "Well, I don't aspire to any of those superfluous virtues; indeed, I have such strong doubts whether I am good enough for anything better than matrimony that, if the right man came along, I should be very likely to accept him."

"But, Maude," interposed her sister, a bright outspoken girl of thirteen, "I heard Aunt Jane tell mamma that she thought it was shameful for you to carry on a flirtation with Mr. Hoadley, when you were engaged to Mr. Loring."

"Aunt Jane is an old maid," responded Maude, in a tone which showed she thought that fact settled the worth of her aunt's opinions.

"Girls are girls," said Mrs. Woolcott, evidently a little annoyed by her younger daughter's remarks, "and apt to be a little thoughtless. I do not suppose you intended to do anything wrong, my dear, but this will be a warning to you in future, and I hope no harm will result from it to the young man."

I looked at Mrs. Woolcott in a mixture of amazement and indignation. I knew that she was worldly, conventional. I knew her worship for what she termed "respectability," which included wealth, acknowledged social

position, and all the gods of this world. I knew, too, that she had tacitly encouraged the attentions of Ralph Hoadley to her daughter; that day after day he had received flattering welcomes to her house, that for months Maude had exerted every art of which she was mistress to win the admiration of this young man; that she had been absolutely certain of the state of his feelings for months, and had, in a thousand graceful and delicate attentions, led him to suppose that she reciprocated them, and this at last enticed him to disclose them.

And all this time she was the betrothed wife of another man. And Mrs. Woolcott, who always talked such proper sentiment, who prided herself on her immaculate deportment in all respects, had looked with smiling complacency at the sin and shame of her daughter's conduct! So, not willing yet to believe such weakness and wrong of those I had esteemed, I caught at a last hope.

"Maude," I said, almost appealingly, "it isn't true what Clara says—you haven't been engaged all this time?"

She played daintily a moment with the roses in her hands, that seemed to run like a red flame along the broken branch. "Well," she answered, complacently, "I don't know but I am, with certain provisos, you see, which allow me a door of escape if I choose to avail myself of it."

"Don't know but you are!" said my bright, spoiled pupil. "You know that you expect to be married next Christmas, just as much as I do not."

Mrs. Woolcott came to the rescue. "Clara, Clara, don't you know that family secrets are not to be alluded to in that open fashion?"

I put on my bonnet with a kind of sickness of heart, that morning, and I bade the elder and the younger lady "Good-by," with a feeling that I would not have their sin on my soul for all the wealth and pleasure that surrounded them—not even for that which seemed much greater in comparison, the love of Ralph Hoadley. Not that I was enamored of this young man; nothing like it, but I knew him for a generous, manly soul, a little enervated, it might be, by over-prosperity—a nature that probably needed a little of the reasoning and toughening which a hard battle with the world and some of its rugged realities would have given him, but a brave, tender, true nature for all that, loyal to his highest convictions of truth and goodness, always. I cannot go into the particulars of all that made me cognizant of Ralph Hoadley's character. Suffice it, I had

been daily at the house since the Woolcotts came, early in the summer, to their country seat, for I had given up my school that term, and Mrs. Woolcott was desirous that Clara should make rapid proficiency in music. So I had been thrown much into the society of the young people, and while Ralph Hoadley was hardly conscious of my presence, so absorbed was he in the society of Maude, I had, as you see, reached certain conclusions respecting the essential character of the man.

I, Margaret Darling, was the daughter of a clergyman, who had been dead several years, and left his widow and only daughter the memory of a life fragrant with deeds of love and self-sacrifice, and about as much worldly goods as clergymen, whose lives, even, are not insured, are in the habit of leaving their families.

My mother was an invalid. My father's parishioners were kind, but dependence is galling to some natures. I happened to be of this sort. So, as I could not leave my mother, for any pecuniary considerations, I obtained a situation in the village academy, where the salary was small, and the work arduous, but we managed to live on it, and the parish generously allowed us to retain the little parsonage, under whose roof so many sweet and tender associations concentrated.

Several weeks after the conversation transpired, which I have recorded, I met Mr. Loring, the gentleman whom Maude was to marry the coming Christmas. I did not like him, although he was a polished, courteous gentleman. He was a good many years her senior, a man who had made a large fortune, and evidently considered this his chief claim to consideration; a shrewd business man, not lacking in intelligence, and with a sharp eye always on the main chance; but faith, heroism, self-sacrifice for truth, or principle's sake, this man had nothing to do with these things—would have counted them all as vagaries.

I think Maude sometimes felt the contrasts betwixt these two men, and the woman in her experienced some want, or loss, that the rejected lover's devotion had supplied. I overheard her say once to her mother, in a slightly ennuied, dissatisfied tone, "Mr. Loring is very proud of me, and all that, and when I am his wife, I shall be indulged in every luxury to my heart's content, but he isn't half as handsome as Ralph Hoadley, nor his society half as inspiring. I sometimes think I should have done better if I had married him."

"But you know, my dear, that you have a certainty to depend upon now, while Ralph

Hoadley had only expectations from a crabbed, capricious uncle, who was liable to take offence at his nephew for any whim, and cut him off without a dollar."

"I know that, mamma, and I've acted the wiser part in not letting my tastes subvert my judgment; and yet, if Ralph Hoadley's fortune had rested on half as secure a foundation as Benjamin Loring's, I should not have hesitated betwixt the two men."

It was not my fault that I once heard this passage of the conversation betwixt mother and daughter. I tried in various ways to assure them of my presence in the ante-room.

It was spring once more, and I was out in our front yard, among the crocuses, plucking a few of the purple, and yellow, and white flags, and thinking how the sad eyes of my mother would kindle at the sight of them. The earth was drenched in the sunshine of a New England May. The wind came over the hills in vagrant currents spiced with sprouting fern, and sassafras, and all sweet forest scents, and the robins sang for joy as they built their nests among the branches, where the young leaves made a line of green flame. It was a day sent of God, at once a witness and a prophecy. I, Margaret Darling, rejoiced in it, and was glad. I had few deeper outward sources of happiness than days like this. My life certainly had very little of the warmth and color which are the right of youth, and I was young yet, just beyond my twenty-fourth birthday.

It was hard sometimes to feel the years slipping away from me, with so little color or fragrance in them. It was hard, and grating, and bitter sometimes to go through the same dull routine of school duties, and little home cares, to be just able to keep the wolf from the door, and no more than that. It was hardest of all to look in my mother's sad, tender face, and comprehend the pity, and regret, and yearning that I knew for my sake lay always at the core of her heart. But, with God's help, I tried to carry my soul patiently, faithfully through much of craving, of restlessness, and baffled aspiration.

That morning, though, I was glad, as glad as the birds on the leaves through which the spiced vines shivered, because the linens of snow were all rolled up; no fringe of them was left in the darkest hollow: and I was singing some fragment of an old household tune, when a voice reached me from the gate, a soft, tremulous voice, with some fear or pain behind it.

"Miss Darling?"

I looked up. At the wicket stood a young, pretty face, with roses in it, somewhat blanched now; and the eyes, which had the purplish blue of harebells, held tears in them.

Susan Crofts, a former pupil of mine, in the middle of her teens, was a pretty girl, remarkably intelligent too, considering her advantages. She lived with her grandmother and young brother in the little red house just beyond the tow path and the old mill. I saw at once that the girl was in trouble, so I hurried toward her, showering along the path, in my eagerness, the purple and yellow crocuses.

"Susan, my child, what is the matter?"

Her voice struggled for the words and lost them. They were choked, drowned in a sob.

So I drew her into the house, and across the hall to the pleasant little sitting-room, where mamma sat in her easy chair by the window, cicatrizing a very small rent in my best lace collar.

I made what brief explanation the case demanded. "Mamma, this is Susan Crofts. She is in some trouble, and I have brought her in here to share it with you and me."

Mamma's sympathies were in her face, as she took the brown plump hand in her thin, soft fingers. "Let us know what this trouble is, and if we cannot help you out of it," said the soft, persuasive voice of Mrs. Darling.

But the tears had first to clear a way for the words. Then they came with a vividness and pathos that gave to the sad little story a power and meaning that my pen never saw.

Susan Crofts had neither father nor mother. Her grandmother was bowed with the infirmities of age and rheumatism, and the small family was mostly dependent for its subsistence upon the services of Susan's brother, Lucius, a bright, active youth, a year his sister's senior. The boy cultivated the acre or two of land about the house, and has always had plenty of work at harvest time: but the year before he had met with a serious fall while clambering up a precipice, and had been totally incapacitated for exertion.

The doctors feared for awhile internal injuries, but the recuperative forces of his healthy youth triumphed at last, and the boy was now on the road to recovery. But in the meantime the family resources had entirely failed, and the long illness of Lucius had superadded many expenses. But their creditors had been very considerate, and the heart of the little household had not failed, until Squire Hoadley, who owned the little homestead, had sent them a message stating absolutely that he must have

the rent, or they leave the premises within two weeks.

They had no other home in the wide world. Lucius was not able to leave his chamber, and it would certainly be the death of the old woman to go out from the roof under which she had dwelt for so many years. And the girl concluded her story with another storm of tears. Surely they were in bad case.

Mamma and I looked at each other. One thought was in the heart of both, and that was, "Somehow we must help her."

But we could not discuss the ways and means in her presence. She had come to us as her only friends, and we did not send her away without comfort. We told her to keep heart for a day or two, and we would see what could be done in this matter. She was in the right to trust us; we would not fail her in this thing. And the blushes that were so natural to them came back to the girl's cheeks, and there was hope in her heart and face when she went out of the door.

"Now, mamma, the question is, What is to be done?" I said, so soon as we were alone, pacing up and down the sitting-room.

"Your question stares me in the face, Margary, and I don't know how to answer it."

"But we must not let this old woman, and that sick boy, and helpless girl, be turned out into the cold of the world, without a roof to shelter them. I could not rest a night in peace, thinking of it. And yet fifty dollars is a great deal of money for people like us to raise. How are we to do it?"

"There's my watch," faintly ventured mamma.

It was my father's. I knew what it would cost her to part with this. She should be spared that pang at all events. My decision was a rapid one.

"No," with a little deprecatory gesture, for the very thought cost me pain also. "You must never speak of parting with that. I must save this money out of my next half year's salary. It may require some new lessons in the practice of domestic economy, but it can be done."

"But, my child, you will have to see this cold, hard man, Squire Hoadley, yourself, and pledge your word to secure him his rent, or he will not consent to the arrangement."

This was a most disagreeable part of my duty, which I had not counted on, but there was no getting aside of it. I must go up to the silent gray stone house on the hill, and have an interview with its owner, that stern, inflexible

old man, of whom very few in the world spoke well.

But it is not in my nature to put off any disagreeable work when I have made up my mind to it, so I said: "I will go this very evening, and have it all over with before I sleep."

It was a little after sunset when I started for Squire Hoadley's, a pleasant evening, into whose arms the golden day was dropping softly. Its pulse thrilled with the strong life of the awakening spring, the springing grass perfumed the air, but somehow the sounds and pictures of earth and sky failed to win my thoughts. They went back nearly two years before, and anchored among those days when I gave Clara Woolcott music lessons. The family had not made a visit to their country-seat since that time.

Maude became Mr. Loring's wife at Christmas, and I have a long letter from my favorite pupil describing the bridal festivities, with cards and a dainty box of cake.

As for Mrs. Loring, she was now, doubtless, leading a life of fashionable gayety in New York.

Then my thoughts recurred to the nephew of the man I was seeking. He had sailed for Europe soon after his rejection, and had not returned since. I wondered if the young man had found the Lethe he sought in that foreign tour, and if time and reflection had not revealed some infirmities in the lady of his worship.

I remembered, too, that I contrasted the uncle and the nephew in my thoughts, the one rigid, pompous, exacting, with but one spring of tenderness in his heart, and that was for his nephew; and the other—what I have described him, and I wondered at the difference betwixt these two, so closely allied.

And so wondering, I reached in the twilight that gray stone house that stood in the midst of its dark shrubberies about a mile from my own. I had not come on a pleasant errand, and it cost me a little struggle before I could go up to the front door and pull the bell.

In a moment I was ushered into a large sitting-room, whose dark, massive furniture seemed in some fine sense to harmonize with the face and figure thereof. There he sat, a large, heavily framed man, with the frosts of seventy years in his hair, and under that a hard, resolute face, whose expression concentrated into an iron rigidity about the lips. The deep-set eyes were dark and shrewd, and gleamed with a stern kind of brightness far under the iron gray eyebrows.

The one aim and purpose of this old man's

life had been to make money, and he had succeeded; and yet something in his face bore witness that the success had cost too great a price—that for gold this man had defrauded his better nature, its sympathies, its tenderesses, all its sweetest and noblest impulses, and anchored him at last in a hard, bitter, loveless old age. I introduced myself as the old man rose up, with his eyes seeming to pierce my face: "Miss Darling, sir, the daughter of the late clergyman with whom you were somewhat acquainted, I believe."

Squire Hoadley bowed, and offered me a chair with a somewhat stately courtesy, and something in his manner showed him a little surprised or puzzled at my visit.

I was not long in explaining its object. "I come in behalf of some humble friends of mine, who are your debtors—the Crofts family." The iron face darkened, and settled into absolute denial or defiance. I saw at once that this man suspected I had come to make some appeal to his sympathies. As soon should I have thought of calling on a rock to hear and have pity. I hastened to assure him here. "I do not come to seek any charity on your part for these people; I come simply on a business matter, and to give you my word that you shall have the rent in a couple of months, if you will wait so long."

"But who is to raise the money, and how am I to be certain of it?" asked the hard, dry voice of Squire Hoadley.

"I am to raise it, as soon as my salary is due. If you have any further hesitancy, the trustees of our academy will hold themselves responsible for this sum, I am certain."

There was a little pause. This rich old man, whose god was his gold, looked at me from under his iron gray eyebrows. "I will take your word," he said, at the last; "I will wait a couple of months for my rent."

My errand was done then. I rose up. "Thank you, Squire Hoadley," I said; "you do me, as well as your tenants, a very great favor."

I have never known what prompted the old man's next remark. It may have been a slight curiosity, for I suppose that rich men and misers are not always without this feeling. "I cannot understand, Miss Darling, how my decision is to be of service to you?"

I turned with an impulse to reach, if it were possible, that old man's conscience—to find some words that should strike down through that hard arid nature to some regret or conviction of his soul.

"You will do me a service, Squire Hoadley,

because the thought of that old woman and her helpless grandchildren, turned out in the world without a roof to shelter them, will haunt me no longer; and because the knowledge that I failed at any personal sacrifice to save them would, it seems to me, follow me through life, and bear witness against me one day before God."

My words had struck home. I saw the old, stern face falter, and then the gray eyes seemed to grow lurid with anger, but I did not wait longer; I bowed, and passed from the room, and so my first interview, and my last, with Squire Hoadley was over.

I had some little difficulty in unclosing the front door, and while I stood there a voice spoke suddenly at my side—"Allow me to open it for you, Miss Darling," and looking up I confronted Ralph Hoadley.

These two years of travel had changed him somewhat. They had bronzed his cheeks, and added new strength to the lithe slender figure; but I could not mistake the rare smile in which the eyes now seemed to do keener service than the lips.

"Thank you," I said; "I was not aware you had returned."

"I got back in the last steamer, and have only been here twenty-four hours," giving me his hand and regarding me with more earnestness than he had ever done before.

I wondered, as I went down the tow-path to the little red house by the mill, whether Ralph Hoadley had heard the conversation which had transpired betwixt his uncle and myself. He came out of an adjoining room, so it was not impossible; and if so, how keenly he must have felt that terrible greed of gold in his nearest relative on earth, and in one, too, who, though cold and hard to all the world beside, still loved him. One thing was certain, however, he had quite recovered from the blow which Maude Woolcott's refusal had cost him. One could see that, looking in his face, and Mrs. Woolcott's fears need never have existed.

But all speculations regarding Ralph Hoadley were abruptly terminated, when I reached the dwelling of the Crofts, and revealed to the little family the result of my interview with the Squire. How boundless was their joy and gratitude! and how abundant, "pressed down and overflowing," was the measure of reward which that hour meted out to me!

Into the last of May there came suddenly a cold, dreary rain, as though the year had forgotten itself, and wandered back from all its warmth, and joy, and thrilling life into March.

My walk from the Academy home was a long one, and fierce gusts of wind threw the cold rain in my face, and whirled and beat the small umbrella which I carried, and which proved so ineffectual against the double storm.

"My umbrella is large enough for two. Won't you come under its roof, Miss Darling?"

I knew the voice, which overtook me in the lane, before I looked at the owner. I could not choose but accept the invitation, and it was a great comfort to receive the new protection and support which Ralph Hoadley's arm and umbrella afforded; for I never would have fought my way unaided through the storm; and if I could not find words at the moment to thank the young man for his courtesy, I am certain mamma did, when she came to the door, and he resigned me to her care.

After this, vastly to the surprise of both of us, Ralph Hoadley called occasionally at the parsonage. I think his visits always left some light behind them, and then he used to fill my long-starved spirit with stories of the world he had seen. He had a marvellous gift of word painting. On that canvass of speech would arise and glow in all their stateliness, and warmth, and splendor the cities he had seen, the fair lands he had visited. I would seem to see landscapes among the tropics, throbbing out from his words with all their wonders of sky, and mountains, and foliage. Birds of marvellous beauty would flame along the air; the cries of wild beasts would shiver like a living terror through the stillness of the lonely jungle; then the desert, vast, and gray, and awful, would stretch away to the hot, dead sky. And so picture followed picture of grace, grandeur, or savage splendor; but this was not all.

Ralph Hoadley had grown, what every traveller should, a wiser and a better man. He had learned lessons not only from nature, but from humanity. His faith, his charity, his love for God and man had deepened and broadened. I felt this. He had needed the sorrow, the struggle, the change, to strengthen and ripen his character. Would any influence of his be able to reach the hard old man who dwelt in the gray stone house on the hill, and who, of all the world, loved only *him*?

I heard from the Crofts occasionally. Ralph Hoadley had been there, too, with his stimulating presence and kindly words, that always gladdened the hearts of the poor, and he had sent the sick boy presents of early peaches and grapes from the hot-houses, but he never alluded to the debt they owed his uncle, and they fancied he did not know it. I had my

doubts, but I did not reveal them. I never paid it, however.

Somewhere in the early June, Squire Hoadley had tidings that a rich house in the East Indies, with wide commercial relations in every part of the globe, had suddenly failed. In this house the Squire had embarked full half of his large fortune. The knowledge of its ruin proved too much for him. Anxiety and agitation at last brought on convulsions, and these ended in an attack of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. Have I not said that gold was his god?

So one morning, when the earth came out of the night in a fresh anointing of June sunshine, the air thrilled with the song of birds, the bell tolled, and the stone house on the hill was hung with black, and old Squire Hoadley was dead!

Ralph Hoadley left Stoneham, immediately after the funeral, and I did not see him for nearly five months.

One afternoon in November he suddenly appeared at our house. The Indian summer had come at last, trailing its golden skirts along the very borders of winter; the soft air was seasoned with the breath of perishing leaves; sky and earth together wore that smile of tender pathos which is the year's last, which goes out in the cold, and darkness, and storm of December.

I stood by the open window dividing my attention betwixt the day outside and an antique china vase, which I had just filled with late golden pears, bordering the margin with sprays of dark green leaves and crimson berries, that flashed among them like gems, concentrating in their burning hearts the lost summer's warmth and heat. Mamma loved bright colors and vivid contrasts, and the antique vase had been her mother's. I was preparing a little surprise for her; suddenly a voice called my name near the window. I looked out. There was Ralph Hoadley, with those deep, gray eyes that were like his uncle's for brilliancy, but *not* like them in the kindly smile they borrowed from his heart, looking at me.

"Is it your fate, or your fault, that you always come with a surprise?" I asked, as he lifted his hat; and then I went to the door to meet him.

He came in, and sitting down by the open window, our talk touched a variety of commonplace themes, such as the weather, the lost summer, my vase of fruit. At last he made it a little more personal.

"I did not intend to be absent so long when

I left Stoneham, but I found my uncle's affairs in a great deal of confusion. Contrary to my expectations, however, nearly half of the fortune which he spent his life in amassing will be saved. Poor Uncle Stephen! He was a good friend to me from the time that I was left fatherless and motherless in my boyhood." And I knew what the sigh and the "Poor Uncle Stephen" meant.

In the pause which followed I said, knowing that my embarrassment betrayed itself in face and voice:—

"Your uncle's estate has a small claim against me, of about fifty dollars. I should have settled it before, if the Squire's death and your leaving had not deprived me of an opportunity."

Ralph Hoadley looked at me, after I had thus spoken, with a look that I could not analyze. His lips smiled faintly, but the smile seemed only a flickering light which floated on an ocean of deeper feeling, an ocean which was stirred and troubled now. At last he spoke. "I understand you," he said. "I was in the next room, and overheard your interview with my uncle."

My suspicion was confirmed now. I tried to speak, but instead of words came blushes burning into my cheeks.

And then Ralph Hoadley took my hand. "Margaret, little Margaret," he said, "you have no reason to blush for that time."

He had never called me by this name before. The words were strange enough, but stranger still was the tone in which they were set. What did that unutterable, appealing tenderness mean! I could not look up in Ralph Hoadley's face to answer me.

"And Margaret," said the voice once more, "from that evening I began to know and to love you. The vision of the sweet, pale face, that I used to meet so often, with only a passing glance because of that blind folly, that mad worship of my youth, wholly outlived, sorely repented of—that face came back to help, to gladden, to inspire me. Ah, Margaret, it may be that I needed that lesson, bitter though it was, to learn what a true woman must be in tenderness, and self-sacrifice, in faith in God, and help for man, help for all times and circumstances, for all weal and woe, sweet, tender, enduring to the end, about his life. Lo! such a woman have I found—Margaret, little Margaret Darling, must I go away from her?"

What my answer was, dear reader, or whether I made any, I surely cannot tell. But, an hour later, I carried out to mamma

a present, not the antique vase of china piled with golden fruit, around which the red berries flamed like jewels, but another, *her future son-in-law, Ralph Houdley!*

LEGEND UPON THE INVENTION OF LACE.

BY MRS. H. C. COVANT.

I MET, the other day, with so pretty a legend of the modern invention of lace, that, in the absence of all other specific information on the subject, I have adopted it as the true one. It gives a kind of consecration to the favorite ornament of women, baptizing its infancy in the gracious font of womanly kindness. In the middle of the sixteenth century there lived in the Saxon Erzgebirge a noble lady, Barbara Uttman by name, the wife of a rich mine-owner, of the district. By birth she belonged to the distinguished Elterlein family of Nuremberg. The heart of this good woman was devoted to the interests of the poor of the rough, barren, mountain region where lay her husband's property, who were reduced at this time to great straits by the decline of the mining business, which had furnished their chief support. The culture of their sterile soil was wasted labor; and utter, hopeless poverty was creeping over the once comparatively thriving community. In this state of things the kind soul of Barbara Uttman was incessantly revolving plans for the relief of these wretched people. One day, accidentally entering an old shaft which had been recently re-opened, her eye was caught by a long stretch of ancient spider-webs, of fantastic and complex patterns, glimmering against the moist wall in the early sunlight which fell into the aperture. An inventive thought fell, at the same instant, like an inward ray, into the brain of this daughter of Nuremberg. With "the prophetic eye of taste," and with the woman's eye, we may add, she saw in the delicate product of the insect-weaver the suggestion of a charming addition to the cumbrous richness of a medieval attire, and already beheld in fancy the airy web relieving the gorgeous brocades and damasks in which the patrician families of her native city delighted to array their goodly persons. "Why cannot human hands," thought she, "do what the spider's hands have done?" She mused and mused. Day after day she returned to the old shaft to study the work of her little teacher, and then experimented at home. The result, in due time, was the pillow and bone, the simple but effective instruments,

not yet supplanted by modern improvements, for the fabrication of lace by hand. She taught the art to the village maidens. Specimens of their work were carried to the fairs; the beautiful novelty at once caught the public taste, and the disheartened peasantry of the *Erzgebirge* found themselves in possession of a profitable and permanent branch of industry. From them it spread into other countries; and hand, or thread, or bone lace, as it is variously called, became thenceforth one of the chief birthrights of the industrious poor. It is pleasant to know that from the date of this invention it has not ceased to be a flourishing business in the place of its birth, and that at the present time it gives employment, in that little district alone, to not less than twenty thousand people. Some fifty years since, the grateful inhabitants erected in the churchyard of Annaberg, where Barbara Uttman was buried, a monument to her memory. It represents her as sitting, the cushion in her lap, while an angel crowns her with a garland, and bears the inscription: "In the year 1561 she became, through the invention of thread lace, the benefactress of the *Erzgebirge*."

"ALL ALONE."

BY LILY LEA.

LIFE-LEAVES dead, and brown, and sere,  
Round the threshold, lone and drear,  
Rustle in the autumn breeze;  
Rain-drops slowly fall and freeze!  
Soft lips hushed,  
Young loves crushed,  
Bright hopes scattered,  
Harp-strings shattered!  
Withered flowers, and vines, and tears,  
Cover graves of earlier years!  
Threads of song no loved one sings,  
Faded garlands, broken rings,  
Treasured locks of waving hair,  
Snatches of some yearning prayer;  
Many a token  
Of deep vows broken:  
Ling'ring gleams  
Of olden dreams;  
Grief in every wind-harp sighing—  
Living on, yet ever dying!  
Gloomy days and weary nights—  
No blessed ray the spirit lights;  
Haunting phantoms come and go—  
Shades of bitter wrong and wo!  
Torn heart bleeding,  
Ever pleading,  
Sad, deprest,  
For peace and rest!  
Still one prayer, one wish, one moan,  
Life-long, sighing, "All alone!"

## THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

(See Steel Plate.)

BY MARY FORMAN.

"HERE I am, dear mother, a finished article!"

She was standing in the parlor of the cosiest little cottage you ever saw, and as she spoke she drew herself up, and with a supremely ridiculous burlesque of importance, she suddenly dropped a low, graceful courtesy. Upon the floor at her feet stood a large trunk, and as she spoke she rapidly pointed out the objects she mentioned.

"There's my French classics, over which I have pored till my hair felt prematurely gray; there's my geometry, every question and answer within its covers being painted indelibly upon my memory; there are my drawing tools, my music, my slate, grammar, histories, and in short all the mine of learning which I have been working for the last eight years, and last, not least, here is dear Mrs. Grey's letter of recommendation!"

"But you will not want that just yet. You are to rest for a month or two. Come here, and let me look at you."

The young girl tossed down an armful of clothes she had just lifted from the trunk, and went to her mother's side, gravely standing erect for inspection. With a quick perception of the joyous happiness of coming home that lighted her child's eyes and brought the rich glow to her face, her mother said, scanning her critically: "Tall, good figure, well carried; fair complexion, plenty of color, dark, curling hair, huge black eyes, good features, pretty feet and hands. Well, Miss Watson, I think you'll do!"

Too impulsive and too happy to keep a grave face long, Miss Watson was already on her knees, her face resting on her mother's breast, her voice trembling with its burden of love.

"You darling! I am so glad to come home, though Mrs. Grey was very kind, and there were lots of nice girls in the school. I have studied hard, and now we will have a real cosy, lazy time till I find a situation."

"Lazy! You could not be lazy if you tried. There, you are off again!"

"To get this mess out of the parlor. Ah! here comes Maggie!"

The mother's welcome was scarcely more cordial than that of the middle-aged respectable servant, who now came to welcome the

young girl home. She had been to the village for some little luxury for tea, in honor of the occasion, but she let the basket go, and gave her "dear child" both hands in welcome.

"Maggie, you shame us all with your roses," said the dear child, kissing her heartily, "and you are ten years younger than you were last holidays."

"Always at your fun," said the gratified woman; "now you just sit down by your mother, Miss Bertha, and I'll unpack your things. Dear, dear, here's all your pretty things, no use at all."

"Oh, they keep," was the answer, as Miss Bertha looked at the colored dresses in the trunk, and then at her own deep mourning. "I suppose I ought to be quieter in this dress, mother."

"Why, my dear, I don't see how you can feel your grandfather's death very much. To be sure he left you a ring, and enough to buy our mourning, but he has never been to see me or you since your father died. He did not like your father's marrying an American, and never felt very cordial to me. Still he *was* your grandfather, and so we will wear this dress for a year, though we can scarcely say we mourn for him. Your Uncle Rodney was here yesterday."

The pucker in Bertha's face did not speak of any enthusiastic love for the uncle in question, but she began a history of her last quarter at school, with all the lively grace and wit that characterized her descriptions.

Bertha Watson was the only child of an English officer, who died when she was a wee baby, leaving his widow nothing but a pension for her support, and the baby Bertie for her comfort. She was an American lady, of good family, and one of several daughters, whom he had met while on a pleasure trip to the States, and won to accompany him to his European home. There was not much romance in the story, but after Captain Watson's death, his father had rather ignored the widow and child, sending them occasionally some game or fruit from his country seat, and allowing them the use of their cottage rent-free, but otherwise holding them as rather beneath his notice. Rodney, his eldest son, was his favorite, and

having never married an American lady, but, on the contrary, patiently accepting the rich wife his father himself selected for him, he had centred all the love left from his money bags on his heir.

As Bertha grew from infancy to childhood, her grandfather offered to defray the expenses of her education, that in time she might be able to teach for her own support, and placed her, when ten years old, in a first class boarding-school, with all the "extras" at her command. Graceful, animated, and intelligent, the child soon won her way to the hearts of her teachers, and for eight years studied faithfully, striving, as she grew older, to win praise and prize at each half-yearly examination, till at eighteen she was returned home, having passed through the school routine creditably, and with more than an average share of honor.

Warm-hearted, loving, and cheerful, she was not one to pine over the prospect of being a governess, or to bring a whine or sigh to grieve her mother, but with the ready pencil of youth painted such a life of toil abroad, and love at home, as made the mother's heart throb exultingly over her only, darling child.

They were still talking over past and future, content to let the present rest in the fact that they were together, when a quick, heavy tread on the frosty ground outside, made Bertha's fair forehead contract in a frown, and her mother give her a half-laughing, half-reproving shake of the head.

"Now for a lecture, mother," whispered the young girl, as the step came up the wooden steps, and into the entry. "How are you, Uncle Rodney?" and she submitted to be kissed by the portly, red-faced man who entered the parlor.

"Well, my dear, so you are at home again! Tired of school, eh?"

"Not particularly!"

"Humph! Glad of it, for you will begin to teach on Monday!"

"Monday!" cried both mother and daughter in dismay.

"Yes, Monday!" was the emphatic response, in a very gruff tone. "One of my clients came to me to inquire about a teacher, and I recommended you."

"Who is it, Rodney?" inquired Mrs. Watson half peevishly, for she thought he was taking an unwarranted command of Bertha's affairs.

"Mrs. Loulan, the General's wife: she was Miss C——, the rich banker's daughter."

"The large brown house on the road to P——. Why, Bertie, that's only half a

mile from the village; you can often come home."

"Come home every evening: she is only wanted for a daily governess."

"How many children, uncle?"

"Six! All little girls except Harry, the only son, who is about four years old; the others run up to Hattie, who is fifteen and the oldest. You are to teach them everything, and the salary is good, £50 a year."

"Enormous!" said Mrs. Watson, bitterly.

"Quite enough for comfort, with your income. I will try to meet you Monday, Bertha; if I cannot, you have only to introduce yourself as my niece, and you will find it all arranged." And having accomplished his errand, Mr. Rodney Watson inflicted a second kiss on his pretty niece, and walked off.

"Well!" said Mrs. Watson, as she watched him out of sight, "if his majesty has any other commands!"

"Now, mother," said Bertha, "don't get angry. See how nice it is. Instead of being off in some remote corner of England, or perhaps in London, a resident governess, here I shall be near you, at home every night, and can commence with all my studies fresh in my mind, instead of waiting till they get all mixed up with other matters, and I don't know a German poem from a French essay, or a minim from a semibreve."

Spite of her brave speech, there was a little fluttering at Bertha's heart as she recalled all the dreary stories of governess life that she had read or heard, and pictured the tall girl of fifteen with purse-proud insolence, or worse, dull stupidity. As she knelt by her bed that night the prayer of thanks for her safe and happy return home was followed by a most earnest petition for guidance and strength to meet her new responsibilities; and the mother, peeping in later at her newly recovered treasure, saw a face as calm and peaceful as a sleeping infant's.

Monday morning was by no means so cheerful a one as could carry encouragement to the young teacher. It was the first Monday of the year, and the snow fell thickly, while a sweeping wind threatened to carry daring pedestrians off into the clouds. Mrs. Watson wished to keep Bertha at home, but she laughed at the idea of a daily governess minding the weather; and with stout boots, a big umbrella, and her music well protected in a leather cover, started out. The walk was a long one before she reached the stone posts that rose up heavy and tall beside the gate, and she looked vainly up

and down the wide road for her uncle. He had evidently determined to leave her to find out her new position alone.

"Now I wonder," she soliloquized, eyeing with a half comical look the two bells that adorned the gate, "if I am a servant or a visitor. Dubious! I don't like to be snubbed on my first entrance for presumption, and yet I am not inclined to place myself on the footing of a servant. I'll guess!" and, letting the white eyelids fall over her dark eyes, she put out her hand, groping till it touched a handle. Then she opened them. "Servant!" she said, laughing, and gave the bell a pull.

She had not long to wait before the footman strode down the avenue and opened the gate.

"Mrs. Loudan! Oh, you are Miss Watson, are you not? This way. Why"—and he stopped short—"why didn't you pull t'other bell?"

"I will to-morrow," she said, blushing under his gaze of respectful admiration.

"Miss Watson!"

The door of a cozy sitting-room was thrown open, and Bertha came into the presence of her new mistress.

"My dear child, I never thought of your coming in this storm. Come to the fire!"

This was her cordial greeting, and looking in her face Bertha met a pair of kindly gray eyes, a sweet, motherly smile, and such a look of kindness without condescension as made her heart throb with grateful affection.

"I am not very wet," she said, cheerfully, shaking down her skirts; "the snow was dry. I expected to meet Uncle Rodney here."

"He called last evening to tell me you were coming; and the children are very anxious to make your acquaintance, I assure you. Sit down there, in that arm-chair, till you are rested and warm, and I will tell you all about them before you go to the schoolroom."

Long before the mother had told the young teacher all the little traits of character, the talent, the dislikes and partialities of her children, Bertha had inwardly given Heaven thanks for her pleasant lot. The perfect ease of manner, the motherly kindness that was as far from patronage as it was from insolence, the evident consideration for her comfort as well as the children's welfare in the arrangements, were too grateful to be unnoticed, and the return home in the evening brought such a bright face to Mrs. Watson that she wondered.

"Such pretty children, mother; and Hattie has a great talent for music. She plays almost as well as I do now. Harry don't know his

letters, but he is such a dear little lump of good nature that I am sure I can soon teach him. Now don't laugh, please. I know all my geese are swans, but I don't want to make you think they are six paragons. They are well behaved, obedient, and respectful, and surely for a foundation no teacher can ask more."

With but little variety save that the snow storms were replaced by budding trees and summer sunshine, a year glided past, and the winter returning found Bertha still taking the walk from the cottage to the Hall morning after morning; but often walking beside her, his head bent low, his tones eager or cheerful as the mood moved him, her cousin Rodney was her frequent escort. They had been good friends and playfellows in all their holidays, and now, when he was at home studying his father's profession, they were friends and companions still.

He was a tall, shy man, just attained to his majority, awkward in company, reserved in speech, but full of chivalry and love for his pretty cousin, whose most fascinating amusement was to torment him. They were walking home one dark evening, when Bertha had been kept to dinner at the Hall, and there was some impatience in the young man's tone as he conversed.

"Then you won't tell me this mighty secret that is laughing in your eyes and quivering round your lips."

"What a pretty speech! Really, Rodney, I think you are improving in constant intercourse with me!"

"Pshaw!"

"Here we are at home. Now come in, Rodney, and you shall hear the wonderful secret. I must tell mother first."

"After you have had tea?" said Mrs. Watson.

"No, now! Come, sit down. My little pupil, Hallie, is going to have a birthday next month!"

"Well?"

"Well, Mrs. Loudan is going to have a grand party, and a whole troop of young cousins from London are to come down the week before to help get ready, for, this is the delicious part, we are going to have charades, and I am to write and act in them. Won't it be splendid?"

Rodney only grunted, but Mrs. Watson could not look at the beaming face claiming her sympathy and withhold it. It was a busy evening. Bertha would plan out all her scenes, and forced Rodney to promise to copy out the parts, while the cottage rang with her merry laugh over her mother's attempts to fit words to the scenes.

For a whole week before the party, lessons were entirely neglected, and the schoolroom was the drill room for fifteen of the merriest young folks who ever formed a dramatic company. Captain West, the young soldier cousin of Hattie's, who was in the Horse Guards, would make fun of all Bertha's attempts at slang, and altered his part till the fair authoress declined to run it at all, and his romping sister Jennie made the young teacher write her a part that her brother declared was perfectly "horsy!" Mr. Jarvis Loudan, another nephew, declared nothing but an Irishman was suited to his genius, while Mollie, his sister, wanted to try a real American negro. So the short days were lengthened into pleasant evenings, and the gallant Captain was only too happy to be Miss Watson's escort to the cottage, where animated discussions of posture and costume often detained him till late into the night.

And Rodney watched bitterly all this gayety, holding himself aloof from any part in it. In vain Mrs. Loudan urged her kind invitation to him to form one of the *corps dramatique*, he was too shy, too well aware of his own deficiencies in figure and fluency to venture within the bounds of the gay party, so he moped jealously, half inclined to wish there was no pleasure in the world if it threw a bar between him and Bertha.

The eventful night came at last, and our heroine found herself dressed for her part, waiting behind the scenes for her cue. The Captain was already on the stage, with Hattie playing fine lady to his dandyisms, and Bertha, in a pretty peasant's dress, was waiting for the country cousin's cue to appear. Excitement had tinged her cheek with a deep crimson, her eyes were dark with a feverish light, and her dress heightened every charm. From the soft, floating curls, to the tiny slippers, she was piquant and bewitching. The arch grace of her acting drew down the approbatory applause of the audience, and the wit of her dialogues found an able interpreter in their representatives. As the last charade was guessed, the authoress was called for. She was standing in the dressing-room, just ready to mingle with the guests, when the Captain knocked at the door, and told her of the compliment.

"Oh, I can't, indeed!"

"But you must. Everybody expects it."

"But to face all those people."

"You have been before them all the evening."

"Oh, that is very different; I was not before them in propria persona."

"Come, hear how they are calling."

And she found her hand prisoned, and herself led away. The curtain rolled up, and she was standing, blushing, before the well-filled room. Somebody was audacious enough to call for a speech, but the gallant Captain, with a few well-chosen words, closed the scene and rescued the heroine.

The curtain fell with a heavy dump, and they were alone behind it.

"Thank you," said Bertha, holding out her hand, "you got me out of that scrape nicely."

To her surprise, he clasped her hand tightly, and leaning over her, said in a low, passionate tone:—

"I wish it were my privilege to stand between you and all trouble and annoyance, Bertha!"

And here a chorus of merry voices announced the arrival of the whole company, and she sprang from him with hot cheeks, and a nervous laugh to meet the congratulations of her friends.

Again the daily routine of life was resumed, and the merry week was like the memory of a dream when the London party returned home. The Captain tried in vain to secure a parting word in private, and could but blame his own impetuosity for the chilling farewell that Bertha accorded him. And Rodney was growing pale and morose over Bertha's change of conduct.

Some finely strung chord of the young girl's heart had answered the Captain's passion, and she knew that she had learned the woman's lesson of love. No longer the same thoughtless, merry child, she was becoming a cheerful but more sedate woman. The gay laugh that had mocked him so often fell but seldom on Rodney's ear, and he marked well that Bertha was no longer the frank, sisterly friend of old. He had seen, even before Bertha learned it, the Captain's love, and now his absence accounted for all this change. So he avoided the cottage, and tried to believe he did not worship madly his cousin Bertha.

And now, over the whole island there rose a farewell cry. The Crimean war was opening, and the lounging dandies who had drawled out their word of command to lazy guards, woke to the manly soldiers whose deeds made the world admire. The guards were ordered off, and the Captain came to bid farewell to Bertha. To bid her farewell, but to tell her his manly love for her, and to crave her promise to be his

wife when he returned. It was a painful interview, for she could grant him nothing of what he asked, and when he stood before her trying to give her a brave smile, her eyes were full and her lips quivering with emotion.

"You will give the soldier a prayer sometimes," he said, bravely.

"Always, and a sister's loving interest," she said, letting him take both her hands in his.

"Little sister, then God bless you, and farewell," and he drew her to his arms, printed a kiss on her forehead, and was gone. And Bertha looking up, through her blinding tears, saw her cousin Rodney in the doorway.

"I have seen," he said, hoarsely, "God grant he is worthy of your love, Bertha. I—I—" and then it burst from him impetuously, "I cannot bear it," and he turned quickly from her and strode down the road.

Day after day she watched for him, as she trod her lonely walk, but the quick tread echoed no more on her walk, and she looked in vain for the tall, stooping figure. Two long weeks passed, and then: "Bertha," said her mother, "your Uncle Rodney was here to-day, to tell us that your cousin Rodney sailed last night for the Crimea."

The room spun round her, and for the first time in her young, active life Bertha Watson fainted.

Can I write of the months of agony, the weary pain of watching, the bitter loneliness that fell over her once bright life. Misunderstood, blamed perhaps for coquetry, she waited in vain for a word or line of love and forgiveness.

And far away on the plains of Alma lay Rodney Watson, while kneeling over him, pale and anxious was Captain West, who spoke:—

"For me! Oh, Lieutenant Watson, it was a mad thing to do, but you saved my life."

"For Bertha," whispered the fainting man.

"Bertha!" the frown gathered on the handsome face, but then the chivalry of the English soldier beat down the unworthy feeling, and bending low he told Rodney the truth.

Bertha's face had grown pale, and her dark eyes sad, her step listless, and her manner gentle but weary, when the news of the return of Rodney met her. She was coming home from her day of teaching, but she passed the cottage with quick steps, and gained the big house that owned her uncle, master.

"Aunt Belle! Rodney!"

"Yes, dear," said her aunt, kindly; "he has lost his right arm, and his breast is badly

wounded, but the sea air has done him good, and the doctor says he will do nicely! You are not going?"

"Yes, I wanted to know—" the tears were dropping fast.

"You know, dear," and the mother took her in her arms, "he has told me, Bertha, how he loves you. You will see him! Come! Think how long it is!" And her heart sighed.

"Long! Oh, it is a long, long time since he went."

And so, his mother's arm around her, she went to his sofa, to kneel down beside him, and whisper loving words of comfort, to combat the generous impulse that would not burden her young life with a crippled husband, to hear with a glad heart, his tale of faithful love, and promise to come to his home, to take her place there as his honored, loving wife.

But Mrs. Loudan thinks it is all in vain to try to quite fill the place of her Daily Governess.

## WHY DON'T HE COME?

BY CATHARINE MITCHELL.

WHY don't he come?

Bright Phœbus, now enrobed in golden light,  
Has curbed the fiery spirit of his steeds,  
And stay'd his chariot wheels: his journey done,  
He bids the world adieu with radiant smile,  
And sinks to rest behind the western hills;  
His crimson canopy is drawn around,  
And he is lost to view. In dread suspense  
I watch the tints of the empurpled clouds,  
Till the last faint tint expired, and day is gone.

Why don't he come?

Dim twilight's shadowy form now floats in air:  
The lowing herds now homeward bend their steps;  
The bleating sheep are shut within the fold,  
And my Canary sings his vesper hymn,  
Then 'neath his downy pinions hides his head,  
And in his willow cage in quiet sleeps.  
Night's sable mantle, too, envelops all;  
The azure vault above is spangled o'er  
With twinkling stars; the silver moon is up—  
A holy silence reigns, and all is calm  
But my poor throbbing heart, alas, alas!

Why don't he come?

In bitter grief I've watched the moon go down;  
Nature is hushed save when I heave a sigh—  
The whispering winds give a responsive moan,  
My soul is sick, my misery is complete.  
Why does he leave me thus in dark despair  
To mourn and weep alone?

Hark, 'tis the midnight chime!

No, 'tis his step I hear—thank Heaven he comes!  
Begone, reproach, be calm each beating pulse;  
My fluttering heart be still, away my fears—  
What ecstasy thrills there! my trembling frame.  
Come, rosy smiles, play o'er my blanched cheeks,  
No crystal teardrops shall bedim my eyes,  
For now at length when hope had almost flown,  
To cheer my heart he comes.

## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MELLICENT IRWIN.

ANNIE MERRILLUS sat industriously stitching away on an article which, when finished, was to be the embodied expression of her "merry Christmas" to "dear Fred." Annie Merrillus had been two years a happy wife. As she sat with busy fingers and as busy thoughts in her pleasant sitting-room, a comer-in from the keen, frosty air would have had a charming picture before him. The bright glow of the anthracite coal, which diffused a friendly summer warmth; the stand of flowering plants, and glimpse of a golden pair of canaries through a half-open door; the polished piano with its rich spread and uncovered keys, and a few beautiful pictures on the wall, were some of the surroundings of the tastefully attired little woman, sitting in her low rocker, and working so busily with the bright colored materials lying in pretty confusion about her. Whether a crimson here and a drab there would harmonize best, or a black or a brown be a prettier contrast, were reflections which were interruptions now and then to loving thoughts, and a cheerful retrospect of these same last two years which the pretty lady was indulging in. Presently she worked more slowly, laid aside her needle, and held up her work with a perplexed air; then resumed it, set a few more stitches, and finally, slowly and with care not to injure the fabric, took them out again.

"I cannot trust my eye! I must have a pattern for this vine surely! It looks stiff in spite of me! Fred was saying something about impression paper when I was finishing Ellen's pattern—that there was some in the secretary, I believe. I shall have to make a pattern. I will see if I can find it." Thus thinking, still surveying the refractory vine with her head critically and not ungracefully on one side, she came to the above conclusion.

"Fred" had furnished a room in his boarding-house days, and "the secretary" had been one of the articles of furniture of his bachelor time. Mrs. Annie opened one drawer after another in quest of the desired paper; the taking out of stitches reminded her the Christmas was at hand, and brought a thought, too, of the long evenings when the gift work must be banished, for Fred as seldom spent his evenings from home as in the first glad months of their married life. She looked in vain for

the impression paper her husband, in his habitual thoughtful interest for her convenience in whatever she might chance to be doing, had suggested as a help in tracing. She was on the point of giving up the search. "I wonder if this isn't a drawer, or what the space is left for," thought she as she was about to turn away. A little exercise of ingenuity did indeed discover a drawer, and within it, neatly made up with taste and care, was a package of letters. She recognized her own handwriting. "My old letters!" she exclaimed. "Fred has kept them like precious things indeed," and the pretty lady took them in her hand, and looked at them through a sudden tear mist in her soft, brown eyes. "Stansbury! these were dated while I was away on my visit last fall; and these—Hopeton Burns—are of the old, old time; dear Fred! and dear home!" and her head was bowed for a moment, and a little shower of pearly tears—as old time memories at sight of her girlish hand came clustering back, pearly drops refreshing as a summer shower, the sun shining through all the time—fell thick and fast a brief moment. She had been such a sheltered flower all her life long, she had not learned the need, and so the habit of self-restraint.

Mrs. Merrillus put back the dainty package. As she did so, a folded paper and a picture-case met her glance. A tress of golden-brown and curling hair the folded paper disclosed to view; and daugerrotyped before her, when she had unclasped the case, was a lovely girlish face, with flowing curling hair. She looked upon it in mute surprise.

"Fred never had a sister—he has told me I was first and only in his love;" and she sat and gazed upon the soft contour, and conjectured in vain. The eyes at length seemed to look into hers in a strange familiar way, as though she had gazed into their sweet depths of serenity in dreamland, but now again they began to look mockingly at her; the mouth too seemed to frame mockingly the words "first and only love!" And Annie Merrillus sat and gazed.

"With my letters, my letters! in a secret drawer I was never even told the existence of," at length she exclaimed. As she bent her head and turned the picture in a better

light, a coil of hair that had been unloosened fell to her shoulder. She compared its dark shade with the gold-brown curl the original of the picture had undoubtedly parted with to give.

"I wonder if she died," said Annie; and then—"It was sweet to be first and only; yet had Fred but told me—could I but have felt he was still ingenuous with me—I could have borne to have been not first. What need that he should have deceived me?" Her voice died away on the word "deceived." "Oh, Fred! I thought you soul of truth!" Another kind of tears were very near coming here. I think it would have been better for her to have let them have their way. But her mind returned to the reflection, "With my letters too, and so carefully preserved!" and this she did not, would not do. From all the tenderness of the afternoon's retrospect, from the little surprise of the carefully cherished letters, there had found and sprung up in some congenial soil—though it would but half support it—a little root of defiance; the proper name perhaps would be pride. There are many different kinds of pride. Pride is very good for us sometimes. It gives, like stimulants, an artificial strength that serves to carry us safe through trying places. At the same time, pride may be sometimes very much out of its place. I think it is.

Mrs. Merrilus had lost all inclination for needle-work. She passed an hour or two rather wretchedly. But this would not long do. It was not her habit. She began practising vigorously an exceedingly difficult selection from an opera she had never liked; a piece which had been presented by a person who was no favorite of Mr. Frederick Merrilus, though that gentleman always treated the obnoxious individual—there being in his conduct nothing morally wrong—sufficiently well to justify through him the compliment to his wife. Mrs. Merrilus was really too well-bred at heart to admit any justification of "the sulks" *per se*; nevertheless, it was in vain when the evening came her husband made kindest inquiries for her health, and when he found attempts at conversation useless, tried to find a clue to her changed manner. He cut the leaves of a new periodical and read aloud. He began, too, with the utmost humor narrating a laughable experience of the day. Annie felt she should laugh in spite of herself, and then alas for her resolution! There is something that breaks down all cobweb barriers in a downright hearty laugh. She knew, at least

felt this. She commanded herself sufficiently to appear to suppress a yawn, and interrupted the narration with something about retiring for the night, though it wanted yet a half hour of the usual time. As she turned away she blushed for her rudeness, which, however, seemed unnoticed save by renewed inquiry if "she were sure that she felt indeed quite well."

The next day was no better; embroidery had no interest. The heart-strings were too much out of tune for music. She was obliged to make exertion to appear herself to callers the afternoon brought in with smiles, and news, and pleasant chat, and in the very effort she felt the mist breaking away; but when the necessity was gone for acting as though they were not, sitting down idly, she called them all back again, and enveloped herself in them for her husband's return. Mr. Frederick Merrilus began to be seriously troubled.

"I've been trying every day for a week, Annie, to get time to come up and take you out for a drive. And now, these two days past, I am sure you have needed it. Staying indoors too steadily is not good for anybody. I feel it myself, since Alden's being away from the office has kept me more confined. Dear wife, you must not get sick; and I'm sure you are not well, though you keep back one complaining word."

This, the second morning, why did not Annie answering tell him what it was that was casting a shadow in their bright home. At one moment, when she had thought of it, she had feared to give him pain by—as she said in her mind—"reviving associations perhaps long buried;" at another, it is possible there may have been a shade of satisfaction in the contemplation that when she should reveal her knowledge of his withholding of the truth from her, thus bringing to mind the falseness of his deliberate assurance, he would, though differently, feel as keenly as she had done. I say it is possible she may have derived a moment's satisfaction from the passing reflection. But now in that pleasant breakfast-room, with the broad sun shining so cheerily in, and with her husband's trust-compelling eyes beaming down upon her—in answer too to his cheerful tones, "Dear wife, you must not get sick," and "I'm sure you are not well, though you keep back one complaining word"—how could she? and she did not, and he was gone again.

I think, on one point, however much in the dark he may have been on others, Mr. Frederick Merrilus was very much in the right. I

think his wife had stayed indoors altogether too much. To be sure, those exquisitely made shirts and sundry other articles might not have been in such a beautiful state of completeness had the glad sun and clear air successfully invited her out to their healthful influences; but neither, I venture to say it, would too close confinement in heated rooms, no less bad in its influence on mind than body, have unnerved and predisposed to unhealthy action. The knowledge of her husband's character, and of his uniform tenderness, might have lifted itself in opposition, even in the very face of "proofs" so considered; to heart suggestions cherished of Mrs. Merrilus.

However, the days went by—the days, too, of the Christmas greening of the chapel. Very tasteful and dexterous in the twining of the wreaths, the design of the sacred beautifying of the altar was entrusted to Mrs. Merrilus. Gentle thoughts and holy feelings, no stranger guests at any time to her loving nature, came, breaking away the unhealthy vapors. Mr. Merrilus was called from home during the process of the work; otherwise I think Annie might, in her gentle way, have led him to speak of that which was exaggerated in her mind by the apparent secrecy thrown about it. I think, as it was, she might have done so when he was at home again, had it not been that, unfortunately, the very day of his return, having occasion to go to the secretary, other feelings were revived again.

"I'm so glad you are come, Aunt Annie!" little Kitty Meyers exclaimed, one day, when Annie entered the house. And she noiselessly closed the door that no tone might by any means reach mamma's ear. "You know my curls I had cut off," proceeded the little girl, "they're all in a box just as they were cut; and don't you think I could make a cushion of them some way with black lace, and have them show through, for mamma, you know, for Christmas? Make it round, I think, and have one curl in a kind of ruche around it, and a fall of lace; couldn't I *some* way, Aunt Annie?" and the eager, animated little face looked up with a whole brace of interrogations in her bright eyes. "I began a collar long ago, but it is so much work I cannot finish it now, and arithmetic is so dreadfully hard I have to study out of school, and I don't get any time. And mamma thought so much of my curls, you know. And you make things so pretty, dear Aunt Annie; won't you help me?"

Annie Merrilus kissed the eager face, and

promised aid. And in the evening she sat planning Kitty's gift, making the work ready for the inexperienced fingers that gave Kitty so much trouble in not being competent to execute half the designs of her busy little brain.

"Are you not too tired with all day at the chapel to be at work this evening, dear?" said Mr. Merrilus, drawing a chair near her work-stand. "I'm glad to rest," he added. "What pretty work are you at now, wife!" and he took up one of the long golden curls.

"They are beautiful," he said, when Annie had told him of Kitty's design. "It's a long time since my admiration first awoke for curling hair," he continued, lifting an intelligent glance upon her as he spoke. "I remember curls; they were not so golden as these"—he went on musingly, with light, almost caressing touch smoothing the bright tress—"not so golden as these. I was little more than a mere boy then"—

"Don't, Fred! you're *spoiling* it!" exclaimed Annie, in an apparent quick, sharp petulance, that, in his surprise, nearly made the gentleman drop it. Her cheek crimsoned at the jarring sound of her own voice. Such a tone had never passed between them before.

Mr. Merrilus walked to the fire. Setting in silence a few minutes, he presently recollected he had a little commission to execute, and might as well attend to now as any time, put on his overcoat and went out, conjecturing within himself "what it was that ailed Annie!"

The lady was rather chagrined at her own want of self-command, and wondered "what would Fred think of her!" If she had only waited, when perhaps he was about to speak of the very subject so near her thoughts. She was very miserable from a variety of views of what had just passed between them. She worked busily, biting her lip nervously at the thoughts that would come, and finishing her part of Kitty's present retired early before her husband's return. When had he ever been out before, and she had not waited his return?

The next day was a busy one, in that it had for its to-morrow the Christmas. Annie Merrilus was again at Mrs. Meyers. The ladies had been schoolmates and friends, and the pleasant intimacy had scarcely had an interruption.

"I must show you the photograph Edgar has had taken for mother," said Mrs. Meyers. "It is more perfect I think than any he has had taken before. What improvements have been made in picture art, Annie, since your and my remembrance. I wonder, by the way, if Fred has that old daguerreotype of yours, taken so

long ago. Do you know if he has?" and not waiting for an answer—Annie's face wearing an unmistakably inquiring expression—"I wonder if he never told you about it?" And then "Do you think these tassels are the right length? I declare, there are so many finishing things to do to all these articles for the tree! Did you say they were long enough? do you think so?" And the opinion being duly given, though rather mechanically, perhaps—"Did you really never know before you were married Fred had that picture? I wonder if you would know it was your own if you were to see it now!" and the lady laughed merrily. "It was that summer vacation I spent with you, you remember. Father and mother being gone to see Frances, and home not like home, your kind mother made me so happy by her warm invitation to spend the vacation with you, or at least the part of it that should pass before their return. What a dear delightful time that was! what a blessed home yours was! Dear Annie, much as I loved you, and happy as I always was with you, when the Goldings told me that your relatives were Friends, I had so different an opinion of them from what my after experience justified. I was a little afraid to venture. And when I found every one so kind and thoughtful for my comfort and enjoyment, the only check to my delight was rather a remorseful fear lest I had been unjust in thought towards those I had never seen. The one instance, when my private individualism came into any antagonism with the views entertained in your dear household, was, when your good grandpa was so grieved because you wanted to give me a daguerreotype of yourself I was so anxious to have taken." Mrs. Meyers looked up from threading her needle in time to catch the mystified yet absorbed expression on the face of Annie Merrilus. The lady laughed. "This reminds me of old story-telling times when we were children, and each turned narrator in turn for the other's edification. But don't you remember, Annie, how shocked grandpa was? how he said 'it all came of your being sent away to a fashionable school; things were turning out just as he had prophesied!' Your curls, too; you know after your long illness your hair came in so fast and curling, and I could not bear to see them gathered up, though it was only seldom I prevailed upon you in letting them fall their own free way. I'm afraid grandpa thought my influence rather bad over you. Though I remember when his talk, as we were together in the garden or he sat on the porch in his easy chair, was rather

a reflection on my light-hearted follies, as he termed them, he would conclude with "Ellen, I believe thee to be a good girl at heart, my dear!" But when grandpa learned by the children's talk that we had gone to the new Daguerrean's to have our pictures taken, it was so much of a grief to him that your mother sent us word down to the artist's rooms not to have them taken. It was a little too late, however; you had set for the picture. You ordered it should not be finished. And this I suppose you thought the end of it. But not so. As I could not have your picture I determined I would at least obtain one of your curls, and as your mother proposed you should have them cut—Oh, Annie, I was rebellious then!—I selected a beautiful one, though you could arrange the others so as to hide the deficiency, and just having secured my treasure displayed it to Fred as I met him on the stairway.

"'Divide with me, Ellen!' he said, with a trepidation quite unlike his usual manner, 'give me part of this curl, and I will tell you what a daring boy I have been!'

"For Frederick I could do much, and I separated the curl. He had been to the Daguerrean's, he told me, and as he had hoped, the impression had not been effaced, and he succeeded in getting the picture. 'Ellen, I confess,' said he, 'I have some scruples about obtaining it in this manner, and as Annie's friend, I submit to you whether or not I may consider it as mine. I assure you it shall be sacred from every eye but my own. And as to my motive, my wish for its possession, I would not startle Annie's blessed little heart for the world, nor justly incur her parent's disapprobation by one premature word, but'—and you know Frederick Merrilus' look, dear, when he has made up his mind—"if little Annie Snowden is not my wife at some future day, no other woman shall be.'

"Frederick," continued Mrs. Meyers, "would have obtained a duplicate for me had I wished, but I knew I should have to keep it secret from you or betray Fred, and beside it seemed not quite right, and I preferred to wait till some time when your father might be in the city. The curl and the picture we never either of us alluded to after. How much darker your hair has grown since then, Annie! Ah, baby is waking! he's had a beautiful nap, and my work is just finished." And Mrs. Meyers left Annie, to appear again in all a mother's fondness with the little fellow in her arms.

Annie Merrilus was very glad to occupy herself with Master Eddy, to talk to the young

gentleman in as unconnected a style as might chance to suit her feelings, and in making him the central object of interest, withdraw notice from herself as much as possible. All which pleased the little gentleman very much, and was in no way disagreeable to his devoted mamma. Altogether I think it was very opportune for Master Eddy and all concerned that he chose to take that particular moment to wake up in.

Fred came and took tea at Mrs. Meyers'; he remarked the change in Annie.

"Ellen, I believe Annie has not had half enough of your society lately. She has drooped for it. She has not looked as well in weeks as she does to-night. You have 'done her good as a medicine.'"

A sweet festival indeed was the sacred and beautiful service of the evening. The joyous chaunts and deep quivering organ tones bore Annie's glad and softened spirit into purer, clearer, higher atmosphere. And if we do not intrude upon the quiet home hour after church, there were truer picture element there than in the easy room when we first looked in upon it.

When Annie had told her husband something of what had been passing in her mind; when she had cleared up all those misty mornings and cloudy evenings to his mental vision; he did not call her "foolish little puss," nor yet laugh, that though he had heard of being afraid of one's own shadow, he had never known till now of the little woman that was jealous of her own picture. Though he smilingly looked into her eyes in rather an amused way when they talked the matter over, and those early days, yet he did none of these things.

"And so you went to Ellen with it!" he exclaimed, "the very person, since you chose to be unwilling to come to head-quarters, who could—"

But Annie interrupted him. "To Ellen! indeed no, my husband! Do not suppose I could ever go to a third person, however truly a friend, with anything affecting or relating to our perfect confidence in each other."

Which interruption gratified the true feeling of Frederick Merrillus very much.

In the beautiful light of the Christmas morning, Annie stood by a beautiful white rose tree, rich in abundant bud and bloom, one of her husband's Christmas gifts. She displayed the bright blending colors of the elegant trifle yet unfinished, she had intended for presentation this same day. "I am so sorry," she said, and a conscious blush overspread her features as she remembered how it was it had not been

completed. "I am so sorry I did not get it finished for to-day."

"It is beautiful as it is, dear Annie; and if it were possible for it to be yet prettier than it is, and if it were finished, I should ask for a more precious gift still than even the exquisitely wrought piece of your always faultless handiwork. You have given me back yourself, given me what for a time I did not know how to find. I felt as though with you yet before me, in some unaccountable way I had lost you. Now give me a Christmas gift of *perfect confidence*, never again to be withheld. Do not conceal from me anything, whether of moment or however trifling, which gives you one moment's disquiet, and which by any possibility I could remove or explain. And I promise you the same. Concealment, or want of perfect ingenuousness is one of the most fruitful sources of dark hours and misapprehension, and in some cases may prove one of the greatest wrongs that could come between two loving hearts. And now, since I've been so bold as to make my own selection of Christmas gifts, dear wife, may I have it?"

#### A PENSIVE ODE FOR PENSIVE HEARTS.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SWEET is the voice of morning—sweet  
The mellow notes that evening greet,  
And sweet the song that noontide pours  
From the recess of June-clad bowers;  
Sweet to the warrior's ear the clank  
Of marshall'd lists, as rank on rank  
With thund'ring tread they seek the fray  
That ends with life—or victory!

To hearts unbackney'd in the phrase  
Of flattery, how sweet the praise  
Of good men's homage, as it falls  
Like sunlight on timeshatter'd walls!  
And oh, the deep impassioned thrill,  
That doth the yearning bosom fill,  
When years of doubt, of toil, and shame,  
Are blazoned on the scroll of Fame!

Yet neither morning, noon, nor eve—  
All, all combined—a song can weave  
As sweet as that which Friendship pours  
Along life's joy-deserted hours!  
Nor warrior's clank, nor trumpet loud,  
Nor shout of hearts with glory proud  
Can move the soul like Friendship's tone  
As whispered to one ear alone!

The blazon'd scroll of fame may be  
An altar of idolatry!  
But that, nor praise however sweet,  
With friendship's love can e'er compete—  
That voice so blest! that love so rare!  
Thank God! has been my lot to share  
Through storm and tempest, pain and grief,  
That heart's pure sunshine! brought relief!

## SKATING FOR LADIES.

BY J. M. L.

### WHY LADIES OUGHT TO SKATE, AND WHY THEY DO NOT.

Learn to skate, and the ice will give you a graceful, sweet, and poetic motion.—*Emerson.*

I LEARNED to skate very early ; I cannot now remember my precise age, but I know that about the time I mastered the "spread-eagle," and the "outside," my Latin grammar was the most serious difficulty of my existence, and I used to wish I could skate through it. Since that time—it is several years ago—I have seldom failed to use my skates on at least one day during each sufficiently severe frost to make sound ice. To my skates I am indebted for many a day's enjoyment—days that might, but for them, have been dull and uninteresting. But this is the least of the advantages I have derived from them ; confidence and strength are among the others. Emerson says, continuing the passage from which I have quoted above—"The cold will brace your limbs and brain to genius, and make you foremost men of time." A "foremost" man himself, and a great lover of skating and all motions and exercises that give grace and strength, he sets upon skating its real value—a very high one. I remember a good doctor saying—"Cricket-balls and skipping-ropes, skates and hoops, are the best physicians in the world if used with moderation, and early enough." He was right. If the people of a country are effeminate, it arises from the luxuries and restraints that are practised, and it is only necessary to extend the circle of outdoor exercises to counterbalance these. This brings me to the consideration of my subject—"Skating for Ladies."

Personally speaking, I have always regretted that more ladies do not skate, and considered that ladies ought to learn, because there are really so many reasons why ladies should skate, that I cannot decide which is the most important and entitled to the place of honor ; let me therefore select the one which will admit of no refutation, and is most agreeable—let me say because it is a pastime in which they would greatly excel. I am not quite sure that my regret has always been of the most disinterested kind. In cold Christmas weather, when a merry party was gathered in my father's house, it would have been much pleasanter not to have had to leave the young ladies at home

while we went to the pool. Does the dear reader say, "Then why go at all?" I answer, "because the opportunities for skating are few and precious." How had the ladies used to beguile those hours that were so merry for us ? Let me draw you two pictures.

It is a bright, keen winter morning. Those of us addicted to the wholesome cold-water bath have to break the ice in our bath-tubs. Little Charlie has to breathe on the window-pane a long time before he can disperse the pictures of Arcadian dells and rough mountain passes which the fairy Frost has traced thereon in the silent night ; and almost before he has looked out the business of a new picture is commenced. The postman brings up the letter and tells us, "Yes, the lads are on the pool, and it would bear a wagon loaded with hay, or an army." The important business of breakfast is speedily dispatched. Skates are rubbed, and, gimlet in pocket, off we go, with—forgive us ladies—an impatient answer to your questions: "Is it quite safe? and how long will you stay?" "Stay? why, till dark, if the ice is good, of course."

After the warm breakfast-room the air is keen and sharp ; but it has a delicious freshness all its own, a briskness unknown to other mornings, that imparts itself to us as we anticipate the delights of a day on the ice. The trees are all draped with lace, to which the most exquisite manufactures of Valenciennes or Nottingham are nothing. The fieldfares and blackbirds are congregated in them, chattering as they make a scanty breakfast on the few frozen hips and haws that remain. The larks start up in a huge flock from the stubble, and utter their winter notes over our heads ; we remark that they have probably had no breakfast, the frost has robbed them of their food ; but then it has made the pool bear. This is to us sufficient, and so we pass on, feeling—if we are not in too great a hurry to reach the pool to feel—that, after all, it is Nature's doing, and not ours, if they are robbed of their breakfast.

At the pool we find the lads from the village, and not a few girls, too, sliding bravely up and down the smooth surface, and greatly exhilarated by the motion. Our skates are soon on, and ten minutes after we are "all a-glow," and in the enjoyment of the most delicious motion

I know. A graceful succession of circles or semi-circles, made with scarcely an effort, to which all the waltzes in the world are "as moonlight unto sunlight." The morning wears on, in the happiest way, and the delicious movements set every generous and pleasurable emotion vibrating.

Meanwhile, how does the morning wear with the ladies whom we left at the breakfast-table? They cannot ride; it would be cruel to the "poor feet" of the horses, to say nothing of the danger of slippery roads. They read and write letters, they gather around the fire and indulge in "small talk"—I beg pardon—or they knit, crochet, or embroider. I am not going to say one word against these pretty occupations. (I may remark, *en passant*, that therein ladies have a great advantage, being able to make nimble and good use of their fingers while carrying on the most animated conversation, whereas the most gentleman can, or, at least, the most they do do, under similar circumstances, is to smoke.) But are these the best occupations ladies can have on bright winter mornings? All days and nights answer for the purpose of embroidering; how very few afford an opportunity for skating! Do the fingers never grow tired, and is not the warmth of exercise out in the bracing air more pleasant than the artificial heat of burning coals? Ladies, try it.

I am drawing these pictures from a real experience; for me, the ladies, and the pool, and the frosty mornings to which I have referred, quite incidentally, and by way of illustration, have a real and tangible existence, and some of those ladies are now my happiest skating companions, and look, on a frosty winter evening, when the sun is setting, up to the church vane with as much interest as I do, to see if the wind is still easterly, and the frost likely to make sound ice.

It seldom happened that after luncheon they did not pay the pool a visit, and, thoughtful and charitable as ever, bring some pretty bags well stored with sandwiches. It was then that I felt most keenly what a great loss of pleasure ladies suffered by not skating. To me the cold air was exhilarating, delightful; as they stood upon the banks, it was to them painful, and they hurried back to the fireside for the remainder of the bright day. Perhaps an old arm-chair with runners—say a superannated rocking-chair from the nursery—was produced, and they, in turn, enjoyed being pushed before me round the pool. Still, that was not self-motion, not the airy, joyous, graceful exercise that dispersed the blood rapidly over my frame.

It was after such a visit that I determined to teach my sisters to skate. They tell me now that making a figure of 8 is the pleasantest occupation and the most enjoyable amusement that the whole year brings them. Clara says: "Walking is like prose, skating is like poetry," and really on the ice one does seem to move in rhythmical numbers. I never had a day's skating that I did not feel benefited mentally as much as physically, and, I believe, morally, too, for the action produces vigorous health, and a new, strong current of generous emotions.

There is no danger in skating, always providing that due precaution is taken relative to the soundness of the ice. Of the difficulties of learning, which by the way are always greatly exaggerated, I shall have more to say anon. The only real ones are the first step—perhaps I ought to say stroke—and the access to a place suitable for learning. I think I shall be able to show that neither of these are obstacles of sufficient importance to deprive ladies of what I am sure they would find as delightful an amusement as dancing, with this advantage, that the one would add to their strength and health as much as the other, by the late hours at which it is practised, impairs it. If I can do this, and can induce ladies generally to follow the excellent example set by a few of their number, I am confident they will be thankful for the addition to their somewhat limited number of amusements, of one of the purest and best sports practised by men. Experience has proved, in cases where ladies have adopted skating, that in it, as in dancing, they greatly excel, and are, if less adventurous than their brothers, far more graceful. But it is not only as an amusement that skating would benefit them, but as a wholesome and highly profitable exercise, which offers itself at a time when others cannot be had, and which will develop their strength and powers of endurance.

Ladies, then, ought to skate. Let me now proceed to consider why they do not.

I shall first of all deal with the weakest objection raised against it; but it is one, though puerile and paltry, which I feel to be very general. Paterfamilias objects to his daughter's skating, because he thinks it is unfeminine. This is one of those deplorable notions with regard to "proprieties," and what women may and may not do—

That seem to keep her up, but drag her down.

Is it unfeminine for ladies to be healthy, good walkers, with an upright gait, and a frame that is physically able to endure as much watching

and working, if need be, as they are willing to undergo? Nothing I know is more conducive to these qualities than skating. Yet, say how many fathers, it is "unladylike," and the very same men do not object to their daughters dancing till long after midnight. When the skipping-rope has become too childish and hoop-bowling has lost its charm, there ought to be some substitute found that will do their work, and for the winter days a pair of skates offers the very best.

The real difficulties are the access to a sufficiently private place for learning, and the friendly initiation. It is, for obvious reasons, very desirable that a lady's first day on the ice should be only in the company of some few friends upon a pond not frequented by others. To ladies residing in provincial towns and villages, this difficulty is but slight. Half an hour's walk, at most, will bring them to some suitable place—some little pool (a large one is not required) where they may practise. The railways, too, offer ladies residing in the metropolis itself almost as great facilities. A day, aye, even the first day upon the ice will be delightful; and the second and third days will bring with them a degree of proficiency that will afford a new and pure enjoyment, and the cold weather will have a charm it has never had before. An occasional fall during the early days—and by no means a violent one—is the very worst that is to be anticipated by a lady who has a brother or friend, used to the ice, to accompany her. I have known ladies so attended learn without falling at all, and make fine, dashing figure-skaters in an almost incredibly short space of time. *Confidence* is the most essential quality; and here is another reason why the first attempts should not be made on crowded ponds, for it is impossible, where skaters are darting about, and many people are looking on, that any one should have confidence unless it has been acquired by experience. I have known strong, sturdy schoolboys so talked to about the difficulties of skating, and the falls they would have to undergo, that they have been timorous on the ice for days, and consequently tumbled about in every direction. This ought not to be. Another mistake is that it needs strong ankles. That is all nonsense; there is more stress upon the ankle in ten minutes' dancing than in an hour's skating.

Another reason why skating is not general among women is a natural objection each one feels towards taking the first step. That is, the first step among her own circle of friends.

A few, a very few, ladies do skate, and have done so now for many years. I have said that the pool to which I have referred has a real existence. It was there I first saw ladies skate, and they were, without exception, the best skaters I ever saw.

I would earnestly exhort fathers to buy their daughters each a pair of skates, and their brothers to teach them how to use them, with the full assurance that they will ever after be their pleasantest skating companions, their *vis-a-vis* in many an eight. It is a great folly, to say nothing of the positive wrong, to narrow the straitened limit of out-door amusements in which ladies are privileged to indulge. Here is one, offering a graceful occupation for days that are spent by them at the fireside, offering itself at a time when riding is generally impracticable, and walking insufficient for warmth; embrace it, and the interest of the scenes of our ponds and rivers during the frosts will be greatly increased, and skating will have a greater attraction, and be productive of more good than it ever has been in England.

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### MY CASKET OF GEMS.

BY MRS. WOLVERTON.

For thee I'll ope my casket lid,  
 And thou shalt view my treasures hid;  
 Here's thought, and feeling, fancy fair,  
 And rich experience folded there.  
 And memories too, in golden hours—  
 Some woven were 'mid dreaching showers,  
 Look closely down and thou wilt see  
 Each raindrop wove a pearl for me.  
 And roses fair, and mossy stone,  
 I gleaned them o'er a pathway lone;  
 So bright they seemed amidst the gloom,  
 My casket gave them welcome room.  
 And sunny hopes to cheer the way,  
 When through the dark my feet must stray;  
 And faith and trust, by angels given,  
 To light me through the doubt to heaven.  
 And gentle words for those I love,  
 Sweet as the speech they use above;  
 And friendship's smile, affection's tear,  
 And pity's tone are garnered here.  
 And happy love, so true, so bright,  
 'Twould break the darkest, deepest night!  
 By many friends the chain was twined,  
 Around them all my heart-strings wind.  
 They share my tear, my smile they claim,  
 Each joy, each grief to me they name;  
 'Mid sorrow dark upon my breast,  
 They soothe the aching heart to rest.  
 Yes, true, to me are treasures lent,  
 To weave of life the sweet content;  
 And one has said, "Where'er you go,  
 Along your way you sunbeams strew."

## NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER.

SACQUE, DINNER DRESSES, WAIST, ETC.

FIG. 1.

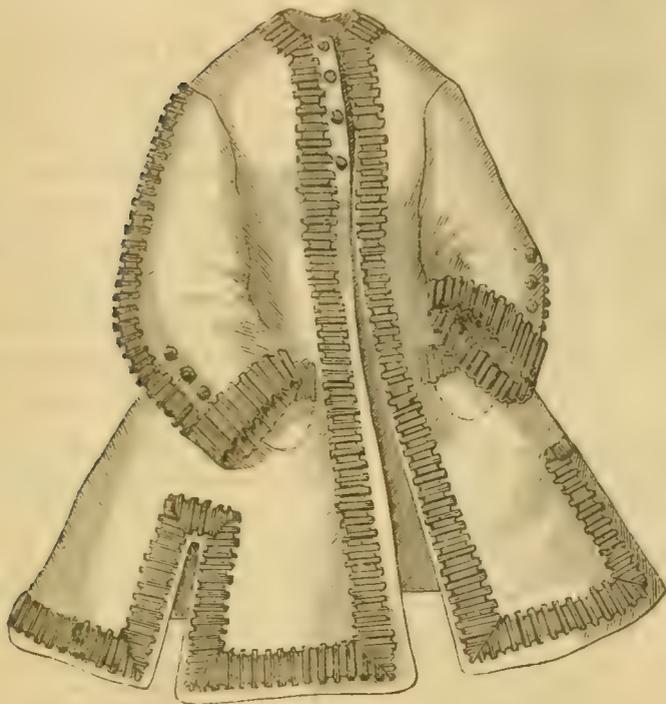


Fig. 1.—Fall or winter sacque. This style of wrap is very pretty for misses. It can be made of silk, or of any kind of cloth. It is trimmed with a ruching of velvet, silk, or cloth, either of the same shade as the material or darker. The latter has the more stylish appearance.

Fig. 2.—Dinner-dress of cuir-colored silk, made square both back and front, and trimmed with bands of black velvet, edged on each side with quillings of cuir-colored ribbon. Tassels of black chenille are placed both on the back and front of the corsage, as well as on the sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Dinner-dress of mauve silk, with a pelerine and plastron of black guipure, edged with a ribbon quilling. The sleeves are open from the elbow, and caught together by bands.

Fig. 4.—A new style of white muslin waist. The front has the appearance of a Garibaldi shirt, and the back is trimmed

FIG. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

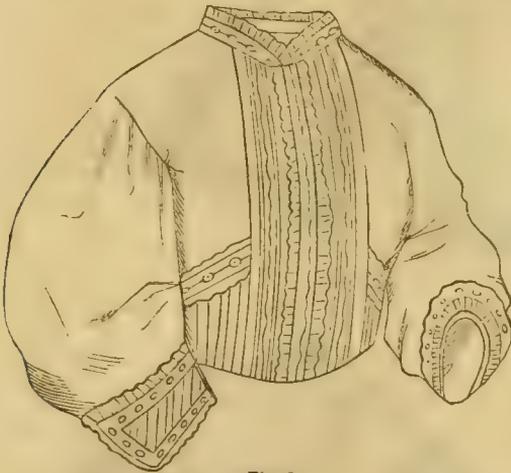
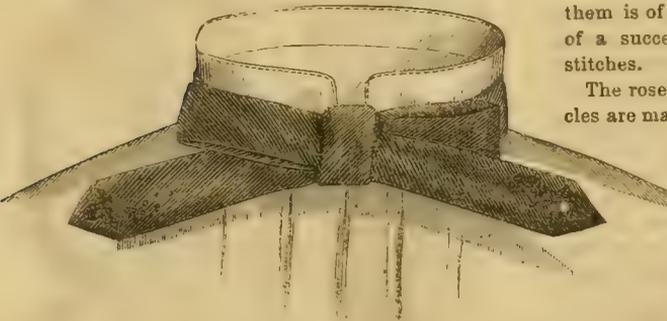


Fig. 5.



to resemble a jacket. The cuffs are composed of tucks, fluted ruffling, and fancy buttons.

Fig. 5.—Amazon collar, made of white linen, with one row of stitching on the edge. The tie is of black silk, doubled, with the ends embroidered in the new color called *Blé de Turquie*.

### THE PSYCHE BUTTERFLY.

(See engraving, page 510.)

*Materials.*—Three yards of narrow gold braid, a skein of fine gold twine, one yard of gold spiral wire, and a skein each of white, light blue, and cerise fine silk.

This elegant ornament is now much used in ball-room costume, either as a headdress, when it is attached to the hair in the centre of the forehead, or on the left side of the head nearly at the back; it is also placed on the skirt of the dress to loop up the tunic or drapery, and it may be applied to a variety of articles, as pen-wipers, paperweights, screens, etc.

The sections of the wings are given, one showing the braid outline only, and the other the stitches, which are worked to attach the braids together. The wings and body are made separately, the latter being formed of plain crochet.

Commence by tracing the braid outline of one of the sections, and with a fine sewing-needle and thread tack the gold braid on the outline. These stitches should be taken across the braid, and not through it; then, with the blue silk and a sewing-needle, begin at the narrow part of the wing, and run the silk across the braids, darning it in and out of them eight or ten times; then work up the braids, joining them with rows of hem-stitch. The network above them is of the cerise silk, and formed of a succession of open button-hole stitches.

The rosettes in the centre of the circles are made of white silk, and to form them see the braid pattern in the preceding direction; the space between the two straight lines at the edge should be filled with blue silk.

When the work is finished, sew the gold wire round the edge of the braid, using the cerise silk, and at each side leave about two inches of

the wire to form the legs. Commence now on the body.

**THE BODY.**—Work with the gold twine and Penelope crochet needle, No. 3. Commence with 4 chain stitches, and work a single stitch in the first chain to make it round.

Work 2 plain stitches in each of the 4 stitches, then 2 plain both in one stitch, and 3 plain in successive stitches, 8 times; it will now be 16 stitches round. Work 80 plain; stuff the work with a little piece of wool. Decrease by taking two stitches together and working them as one stitch; then 5 plain, and decrease again, 8 times; and for the head, work 2 stitches in 1, 5 times; then 6 plain; and for the antennæ, take 3 inches of the gold wire, and, leaving half of it in front, place it along the last round, and work it under for 3 plain stitches. Leave the other end in the front, work 4 plain, then 4 single, take 2 together 5 times, miss 1, and 1 single, 3 times; then 3 chain, miss 1, and 2 single on it; 3 chain again, miss 1, and 2 single on it, 1 single on the head, and fasten off. Sew two beads above the antennæ for the eyes; then sew the wings to the sides of the body, leaving the wire for the legs.

### MUFFATEE.—DIAMOND PATTERN.

#### KNITTING.

**Materials.**—Half an ounce each of scarlet, black, and white single or double Berlin wool, according to the thickness required; a pair of knitting pins, No. 15 Bell gauge, measured in the circle.

With the black wool cast on 39 stitches.

**1st row.**—Make 1, by bringing the wool forward, slip 1 and knit 2 together; repeat to the end. This stitch is used throughout the pattern. Every three stitches form one rib. Join on the scarlet wool, and for the

Scarlet half diamond, **2d row**, make 1, slip 1, and knit the 2 stitches which cross together; repeat 5 times more, that is 6 ribs; turn back, leaving the 7 black ribs on the other pin.

**3d.**—Knit the 6 scarlet ribs.

**4th.**—Knit 5 ribs, turn back, leaving a scarlet rib.

**5th.**—Knit the 5 ribs.

**6th.**—Knit 4 ribs, turn back as before.

**7th.**—Knit the 4 ribs.

**8th.**—Knit 3 ribs, turn back.

**9th.**—Knit 3 ribs.

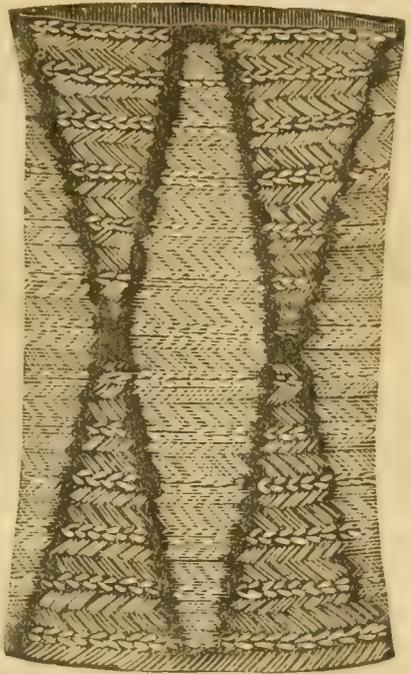
**10th.**—Knit 2 ribs, turn back.

**11th.**—Knit 2 ribs.

**12th.**—Knit 1 rib, turn back.

**13th.**—Knit 1 rib.

**14th.**—Knit 1 rib, then knit each of the 5 ribs



left at the end of the previous rows, and on the black row knit the 7 ribs; then, commencing again at the 2d row, work to the end of the 13th row, so as to make a second half diamond at the other side. Join on the black wool.

**15th.**—Knit all the 13 ribs.

**16th.**—As the last row.

**17th.**—Knit 1 rib. Join on the white wool, and for the centre diamond knit 11 ribs; turn back, leaving one black rib.

**18th.**—Knit 10 ribs and turn back, leaving another rib; knit 9 ribs, turn back; knit 8 ribs, turn back; knit 7 ribs, turn back; knit 6 ribs, turn back; knit 5 ribs, turn back; knit 4 ribs, turn back; knit 3 ribs, turn back; knit 2 ribs, turn back; knit 2 ribs; then knit the 4 white ribs which were left at the previous rows. Join on the black wool, and knit the remaining rib.

**19th.** Black.—Knit all the 13 ribs.

**20th.**—As the last.

Join on the scarlet wool. Commence again at the 2d row, and repeat the pattern until 5 or 6 diamonds are made, according to the size wished: then cast off, and sew the first and last rows together.

## KNITTED GAUNTLET.

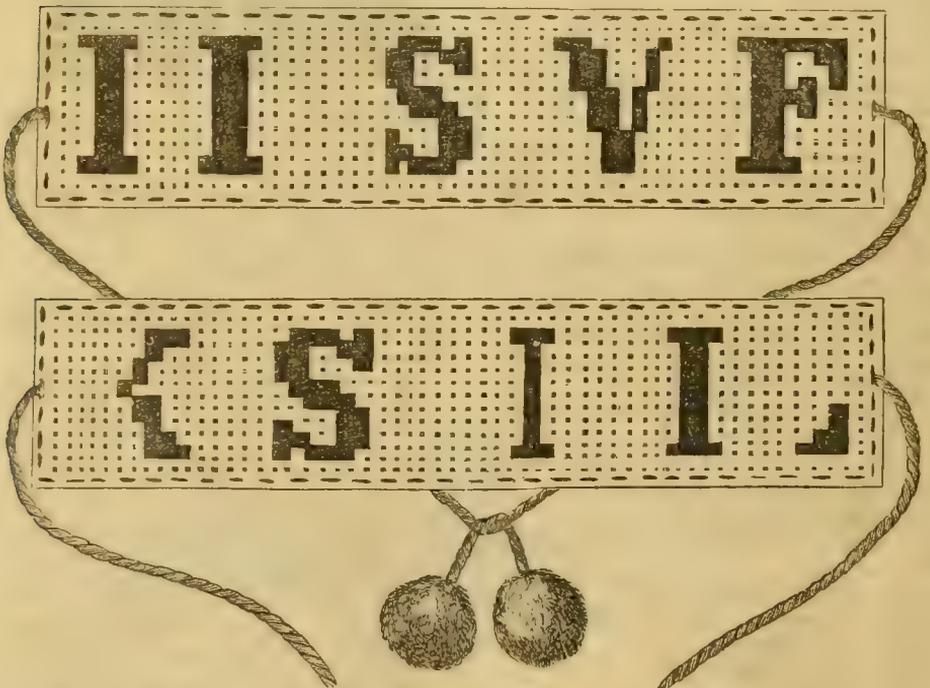
*(See engraving, page 512.)*

*Materials.*—Some single Berlin wool, of any shade that may be preferred; one-eighth of a yard of plush; one-eighth of a yard of silk for lining; one yard of ribbon.

The season has now arrived for making these useful articles, which are so comfortably worn over a pair of kid gloves, when the weather is intensely cold. The portion of the gauntlet that covers the glove is knitted, and the gauntlet is made of plush, lined with silk and wadding, ornamented with a bow and ends of ribbon. Having only the glove to knit, a pair of these gauntlets would be quickly executed. The glove is knitted backwards and forwards (not round) in the following manner: Cast on 62 stitches. *1st row.* Slip 1, \*make 1, purl 1, knit 1, repeat from \*, knit 1. *2d.* Slip 1, \*make 1, purl 1, knit 1, repeat from \*, knit 1. It will thus be seen that the stitch that was purled in the preceding row will be knitted in the next, and so on. After having knitted 30 rows in this manner, the thumb must be com-

menced. This is made by casting on 10 stitches at each end of the knitting, making altogether 82 stitches. Fifty rows are required to make the thumb; and in knitting the extra 10 stitches at each end they must be diminished every now and then by knitting together the 4th and 5th stitch at the beginning and end. This diminishing must be done gradually, and at the end of the 50 rows there should be on the needle the same number of stitches as was commenced with; 20 more rows have now to be knitted, and the mitten is finished. The thumb is neatly sewn up, leaving the small opening at the top seen in the illustration. Our model is further ornamented on the back of the hand with 3 stripes of embroidered silk. This is very easily accomplished by taking 2 ribs of the knitting and working over them in coarse herring-bone stitch. The depth of the plush cuff is 4 inches, the length round 14 inches. This cuff should be shaped a little towards the glove portion, to suit the size of the bottom of the knitting.

## FANCY PATTERN FOR PERFORATED CARD-BOARD.



WORK according to the patterns on perforated card-board, with split zephyr of any bright color. The first letter is "K," half of which is worked

on one piece, and half on the other. After working each piece, join them back to back. Make two small cords and tassels of your

zephyr, and place one in the centre of each end. By turning these cords quickly in the fingers, the words "Kiss Me" will appear."

### GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING GLOVES.

(See engravings, page 513.)

*Materials.*—Black or white worsted, and seven knitting needles, Nos. 13, 14, or 15, according to the size of the hand. (The seven needles are used only in making the fingers.)

CAST on each of these needles 16 stitches, and close them into a round; after which, do one and a half or two inches of ribbed knitting, alternately knitting two and purling the same number. Do one plain round, and begin the pattern. *1st. round.* \* knit 3, purl 1, \* all round. *2d.* Plain knitting. *3d.* \* knit 1, purl 1, knit 2; \* all round. *4th.* Plain knitting. By continuing to work these four rounds, as directed, the purled stitches will always come over each other, at the distance of every fourth round, every *alternate* stitch being quite plain throughout the glove. After eight rounds, begin to raise the thumb, thus: purl 1, knit 1, bring a thread through and make another, purl 1. Continue the round as the others, observing that these purled stitches are always to be purled, and the increase for the thumb made between them. Increase at first every third round, then every second, finally every round, until you have got to the separation of the thumb, when you should have fourteen on the thumb, within the two purled stitches. Put all but these fourteen on three needles, and leave them, so as to finish the thumb; divide the stitches on two needles, and cast four on a third; form into a round, and knit round and round (in the pattern) until sufficient is done. Then gradually close and fasten off. Take up the edge of the four stitches cast on, and add to the rest for the hand. Knit about one and a half inches in depth, from the thumb, then the fingers. The little finger has twelve, and four extra cast on to come between it and the third; knit round the needful length, and close. The third finger must have five stitches from the front, and the same number from the back of the hand, with four also that were cast on for the little finger, and five to be cast on between the back and front, next the second finger; this, of course, must be longer. The middle finger has seven stitches from the back of the hand, and six from the front, with the cast-on stitches between it and the third, and also five fresh ones, next the forefinger: this is the longest of all. The forefinger has the re-

maining stitches, with those cast on between it and the middle finger; and when finished, it completes the glove. The ends are drawn in, and darned down on the other side. The pattern must be maintained throughout; and to make the gloves set well the stitches cast on at the separation of the thumb must run up the front of the forefinger. Sew wash-leather on the thumb and forefinger of the right hand.

### CROCHET PELERINE.

(See engraving, page 514.)

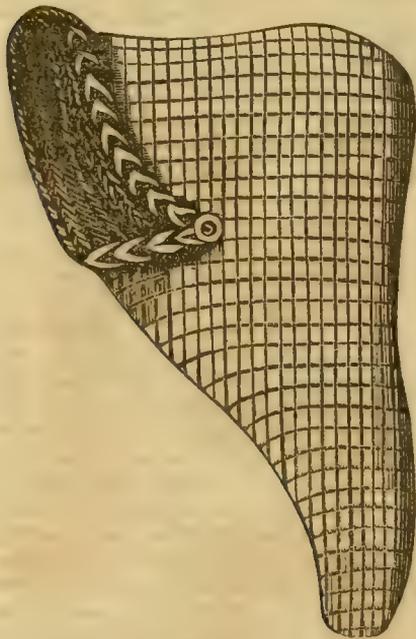
*Materials.*—One-half a pound of white Berlin wool; one-quarter of a pound of blue ditto; two ounces of speckled wool.

WE can recommend our subscribers to make themselves one of these useful pelerines, as they will find them a most convenient and comfortable addition to their wardrobe. They are extremely easy to make, and form a pleasant occupation for the long winter evenings. These little pelerines reach to the waist, and close at the throat, and are worn underneath a mantle out of doors; or they make an exceedingly comfortable wrap, on a cold winter's evening to put on in coming from a theatre or place of public amusement. Being arranged *without sleeves*, they are easily put on and taken off. Our model is made of blue, white, and speckled wool, arranged in stripes; and the manner in which these stripes are crocheted, whether broad or narrow, must, of course, be left to individual taste. It would be superfluous to give directions for working every row, as the stitches are all the same, and the shape of the pelerine is formed by increasing in every row down the centre of the back, and on each side of the front, as will be seen on referring to our illustration. Make a chain rather longer than the size of the neck (as it diminishes in the working.) *1st row.* 5 chain, \* 2 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat from \* until the middle of the row is reached. Into this stitch make 4 treble instead of 2, with a chain between, and work to the end of the row. *2d.* Turn, 3 chain, 2 long into space of previous row. We may here mention that all the treble stitches are worked into the spaces, and *not* into the chain of previous row. 1 chain, 3 treble, until the middle of the row is reached, when work a double quantity of treble stitches, then 1 chain, 3 treble, to the end of the row. *3d.* 3 chain, 2 treble, into the space of preceding row, then 1 chain, 3 treble, to the end of the row, increasing as usual down the centre of the back. From the description of these 3 rows, it will at once be seen how the remainder

of the pelerine is worked, always bearing in mind to increase at the commencement and in the centre of every row. When the foundation of the pelerine is crocheted, a row should be worked all round, consisting of 1 chain and 3 treble; this finishes off the sides neatly and nicely. A small collar may be added, if liked (this is, however, not necessary), by crocheting into the foundation round the neck, and working 3 or 4 rows, in the same manner as the pelerine. This little collar is finished off round the edge with a row of double crochet worked into every stitch. The fringe which ornaments the bottom of the pelerine is easily made. It consists of lengths of partridge and blue wool, knotted alternately into every space and treble stitch of the bottom row. A piece of plaited wool, with a pair of tassels at each end, is run round the neck, with which the pelerine is fastened. The arrangement of color in our model is as follows: 10 rows of white, 1 row of blue, 1 row of speckled, 4 rows of blue, 1 row of speckled, 1 row of blue all round. Fringe, blue and speckled.

#### CARRIAGE BOOT.

*Materials.*—Three skeins each of black and scarlet double Berlin wool, and needle No. 9, Bell gauge.



Commence with the black wool and make a chain of 50 stitches.

1st row.—Miss the first chain stitch, put the

needle into the next chain stitch, take up the wool on a needle and draw it through in a loop; \* keep the 2 loops on the needle, put the needle into the next chain stitch and repeat from \* until the 50 loops are raised.

Work 9 rows more the same, changing the colors at each end throughout the boot, so that all the loops are raised with black, and worked back with the scarlet. The work should be tight, so that this piece measures 11 inches in length.

Work 5 rows more the same, but decreasing a stitch in the centre of each row. To decrease, two black loops should be taken on the needle and worked as one stitch.

16th row.—Decrease the first two loops, raise the rest, and take the last 2 loops together to decrease; work back.

17th.—Plain, but increasing a stitch in the centre. To increase, the needle should be inserted in the scarlet, between two black stitches, and the wool brought through in a loop as usual.

18th.—Decrease the first 2 stitches, raise the rest to the centre; then increase a loop as before, raise the rest, decreasing the last 2 loops; work back.

19th.—Plain, but increasing a stitch in the centre.

20th.—As the 18th row.

21st.—As the 19th row.

22d.—Decrease a stitch at the beginning and end of the row.

23d.—All plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows until it is decreased to 24 stitches, which finishes the boot; and, it being made on a new plan, it is as well to state that the last row, when joined, forms the toe, the two slanting sides the front, and the first row the back of the boot.

To make up the boot, it will require a pair of cork soles bound with ribbon, and a half yard of scarlet silk or flannel. Cut the flannel the shape of the work, allowing half an inch for turnings.

Double the foundation row in half and sew the sides together, drawing about 6 stitches in the centre close, to form the heel; then sew up the toe.

To join the slanting sides which form the front, commence at the toe with the black wool, and work a row of single crochet, thus: keep the wool at the back, put the needle into a stitch of the right selvedge, and then into the left selvedge, bring the wool through them and also through the loop on the needle; repeat. Then round the top of the boot work 6 rows of plain crochet backwards and forwards very

loosely, working 2 stitches in the first stitch of each row; and for the last row, work 1 scarlet and 1 black stitch alternately, continuing the same down the sides of the black rows, and ending at the first stitch of the row. Fasten off.

Turn the boot on the wrong side, place the lining over it, and slightly quilt it to the work; then turn it on the right side, and sew on the sole. The plain rows at the top should be turned down over the boot, and the points fastened with a button.

work one double, in each stitch, and in the centre work 2 stitches in one, work 16 rows, always working 2 stitches, in the centre; work 2 rows of each color.

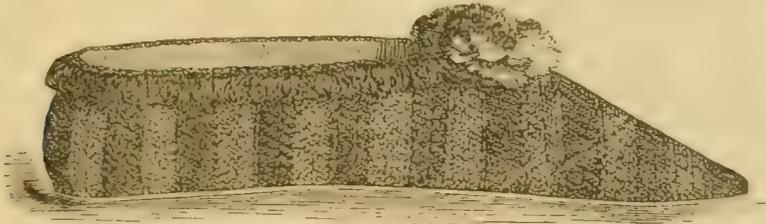
Commence for the sides on the 11th stitch, and work 44 rows, 2 rows of each color; join the 11 stitches on the other side of the front. Work 1 row in single-crochet, with 1 chain, between each stitch, all round.

Make the fringe in black wool (thus), pass the wool round the mesh, and work 1 single stitch, then 1 chain, pass the wool round the mesh, and repeat, until sufficient is made to go round the shoe, then sew it on.

Cut a piece of silk, the size and shape of the shoe, for the lining, turn the edges down, and sew neatly all round; then sew on the cork sole, turn the shoe to the right side, and run

A WARM OVER-SHOE, IN CROCHET.

*Materials*—1 ounce of black double Berlin wool, 1 ditto scarlet, 3 yards of narrow scarlet ribbon, a pair of cork soles 10 inches in length, a flat mesh half an inch in width; bone crochet-hook, No. 13, Bell-gauge.

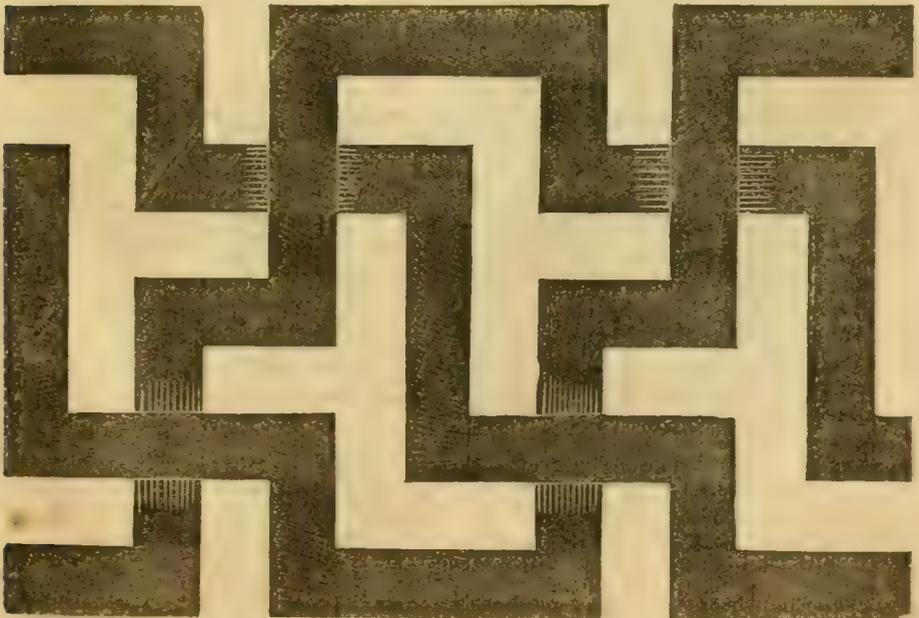


The shoe is worked throughout in double crochet.

in a piece of the ribbon under the fringe, to draw it in a little, make the rosette, and sew it on the front.

Make a chain of 16 stitches, miss 1 stitch, and

BRAIDING PATTERN.



## ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

FURNISHED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, BY W. CAMERON,  
No. 228 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.



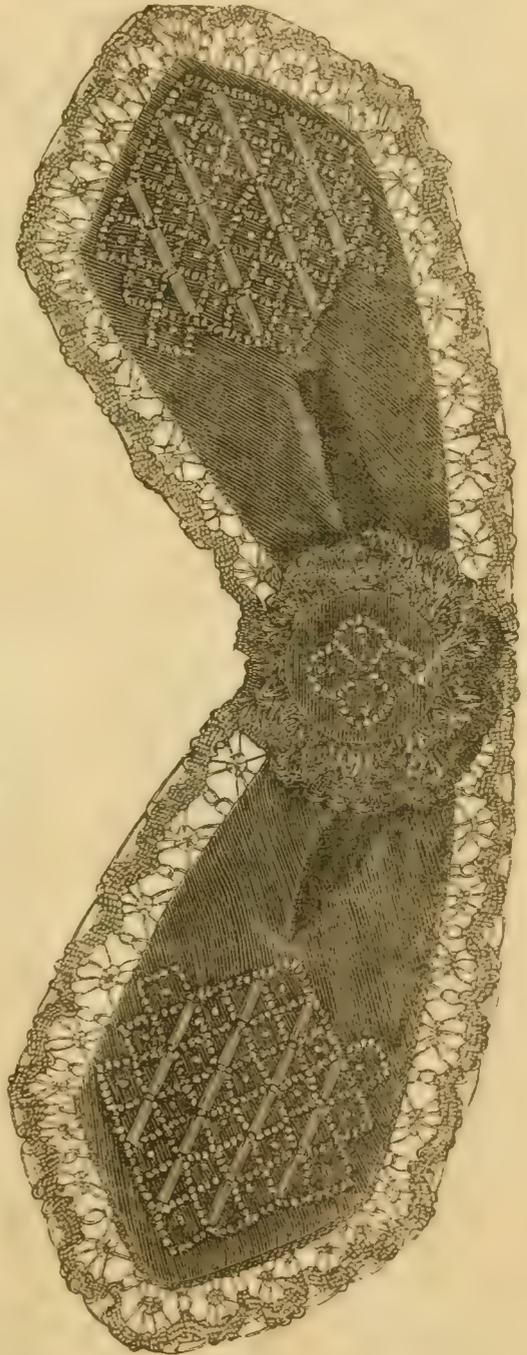
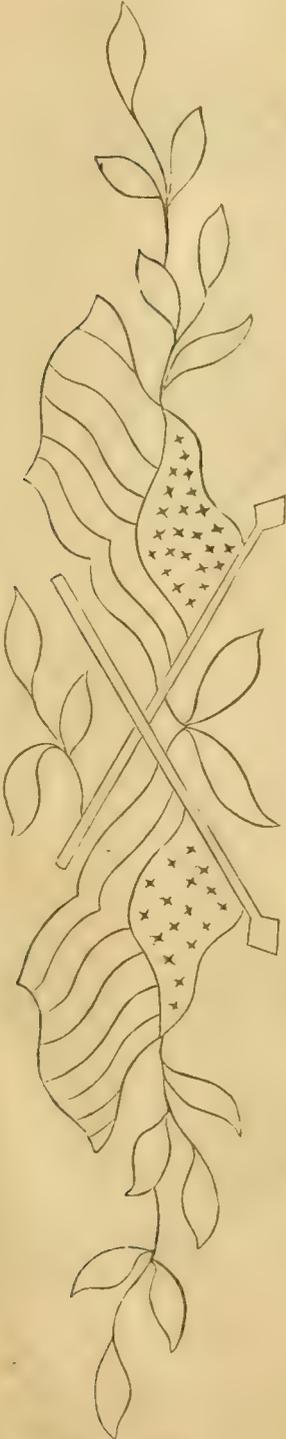
EMBROIDERY FOR CORNER OF POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERY FOR FRONT OF A SLIPPER.

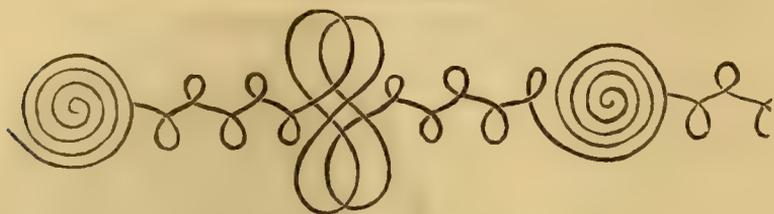
FANCY BOW FOR A CHILD'S HAT.

EMBROIDERY FOR THE SIDE OF SLIPPERS.



This bow may be made of any color velvet or silk. It should be embroidered with jet beads, and trimmed with black lace.

## BRAIDING PATTERN.

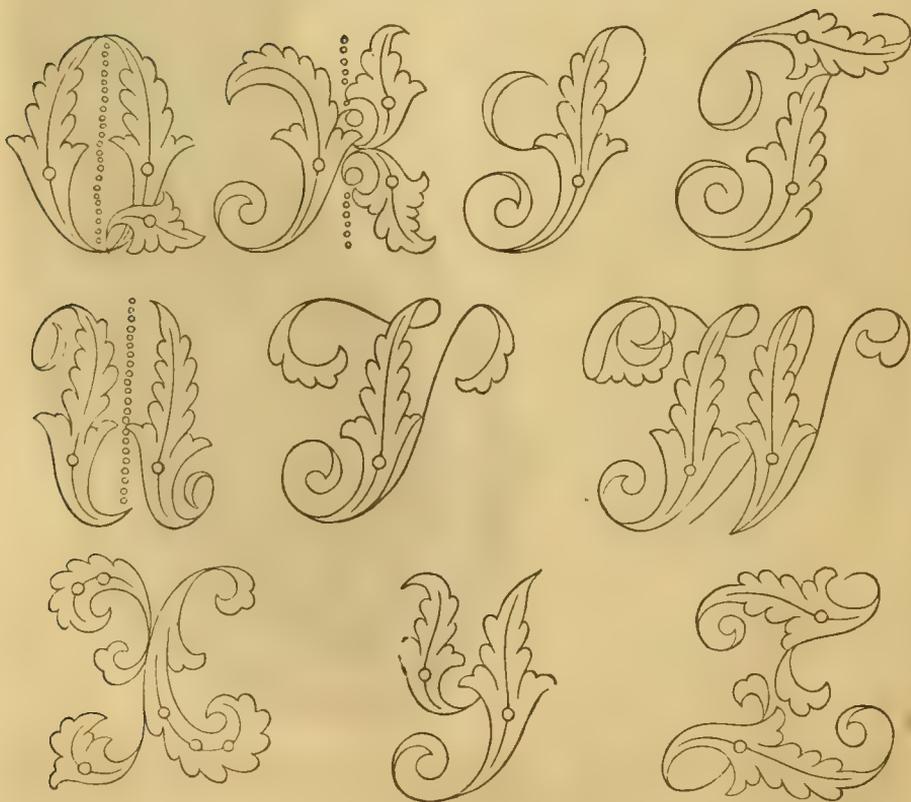


## EMBROIDERY.



## ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

(Concluded from November number.)



## Receipts, &c.

### PLUM PUDDING AND OTHER RECEIPTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

We give a number of receipts for puddings, pies, cakes, etc., that will be of great use to our lady friends during the Christmas holidays.

**A CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, WITH OR WITHOUT EGGS.**—Take two pounds of bread crumbs that have been well sifted through a colander; two tablespoonfuls of flour; half an ounce of ground allspice, and one pound of brown moist sugar; rub these ingredients thoroughly well together; chop one pound of suet very fine, and thoroughly mix in with the other things. Wash well in tepid water a pound and a half of raisins, and stone them, or two pounds of Sultan's raisins, which require no stoning, and are equally good, though more expensive; chop these, not too fine, and well mix in; then a pound of well-washed currants, and a quarter of a pound of candied peel, cut into lumps, *not slices*. Having mixed all this together well, make the whole sufficiently moist with a little milk; well butter one or more large basins; well press the mixture into the bottom of each (or they will not turn out in good shape), and when filled to a trifle above the brim of the basin, spread some flour on the top, and tie the basin down with a well-wetted cloth; place the pudding in boiling water, let it boil up rapidly, and so continue for four hours; then take it up, remove the cloth but do not turn it out of the basin. The next day, or when wanted for use, put the pudding to warm, with the basin still on, for two hours, in a moderately warm oven, then take it out, turn it from the basin on to the dish in which it is to be sent to table. With the handle of a teaspoon, or the blade of a fruit-knife, make incisions in different parts of the pudding, and pour on some sherry wine, then sift powdered sugar over. It is obvious that this pudding must be made the day before it is required for use, and it is much better for being so. Eggs are not necessary to give either richness or flavor, or to "bind the pudding;" the milk and the flour will do that. Eggs render the mass thoroughly indigestible, but if they must still be had—and *re-again, put that they are not needed*—eight eggs, well beaten and strained, can be used instead of the milk. Great care is necessary in all puddings of the kind, not to make them too wet, or they will be heavy; and to thoroughly mix the ingredients separately.

**CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.**—A pound of suet, cut in pieces not too fine, a pound of currants, and a pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of citron and lemon-peel, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

*Another way.*—Seven ounces raisins, seeded and a little chopped; seven ounce currants, well washed and picked; one and a half ounce citron; three ounces of 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.

**CURRANT CAKE.**—One cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of water or milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, cup of currants.

**LIGHT CAKE.**—Put a small quantity of flour into a mug, mix it with very good milk, with a lump of butter the size of an egg, a little barm, an egg, a teaspoonful of honey, and a little ginger; beat them well, and let them rise before baking.

**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 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.

**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 the 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.

**A GOOD POUND-CAKE.**—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs beaten apart. Have ready, warm by the fire, one pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; mix them and a few cloves, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, in fine powder together; then by degrees work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten, add a glass of wine and some caraways. It must be beaten

a full hour. Butter a pan, and bake it an hour in a quick oven.

The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of the butter, and the same of sugar, make a less luscious cake, and to most tastes a more pleasant one.

**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.

**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.

**SOFT CRULLERS.**—Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour, and powder half a pound of loaf-sugar; heat a pint of water in a round-bottomed 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 board 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.

#### CHRISTMAS CAKE.

To two pounds of flour well sifted unite  
Of loaf-sugar ounces sixteen;  
Two pounds of fresh butter, with eighteen fine eggs,  
And four pounds of currants washed clean;  
Eight ounces of almonds well blanched and cut small,  
The same weight of citron sliced;  
Of orange and lemon-peel candied one pound,  
And a gill of pale brandy uniced;  
A large nutmeg grated: exact half an ounce  
Of allspice, but only a quarter  
Of mace, coriander, and ginger well ground,  
Or pounded to dust in a mortar.  
An important addition is cinnamon, which  
Is better increased than diminished;  
The fourth of an ounce is sufficient. Now this  
May be baked four good hours till finished.  
**DOUGH-NUTS.**—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of

butter, one and a half pound of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat six eggs light, and put them in; add two wine-glasses of yeast, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough, roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

**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.

**WASHINGTON CAKE.**—Beat together one and a half pound of sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of butter; add four eggs well beaten, half a 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.

**QUEEN CAKE.**—Mix one pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar and of washed currants; wash one pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, filling them only half full; sift a little fine sugar over just as you put them into the oven.

**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.

**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.

**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 a 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.

**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.

**CLOVE CAKE**—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half pound of butter, four eggs, a teaspoonful of sal-ratus, a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of powdered mace, same of cinnamon, same of cloves; fruit, if you choose.

**MINCHEPAT**.—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.

**MINCHE 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.

**MOLASSES PIE**.—Four eggs—beat the whites separate—one teaspoonful of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, two table-spoonfuls of butter, beat them well together; stir in one teaspoonful and a half of molasses, and then add the white of eggs. Bake on pastry.

**CREAM PIE** (*à la*).—Half pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two table-spoonfuls of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

**GINGER SPONGE-CAKE**.—One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda, and ginger.

**FRENCH JUMBLES**.—One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

#### HOW TO COOK POULTRY.

**TO BOIL A TURKEY**.—Make a stuffing as for veal; or if you wish a plain stuffing, pound a cracker or some bread-crumbs very fine, chop raw salt pork very fine, sift some sage and any other sweet herbs that are liked, season with pepper, and mould them together with the yolk of an egg; put this under the breast, and tie it closely. Set on the turkey in boiling water enough to cover it; boil very slowly, and take off the scum as it rises. A large turkey will require more than two hours' boiling; a small one an hour and a half. Garnish with fried forcemeat, and serve with oyster or celery sauce.

*Or*: Fill the body with oysters, and let it boil by steam without any water. When sufficiently done, take it up, strain the gravy that will be found in the pan, and

which, when cold, will be a fine jelly; thicken it with a little flour and butter, add the liquor of the oysters intended for sauce, also stewed, and warm the oysters up in it; whiten it with a little boiled cream, and pour it over the turkey.

**TO ROAST A TURKEY**.—Prepare a stuffing of pork sausage-meat, one beaten egg, and a few crumbs of bread; or, if sausages are to be served with the turkey, stuffing as for fillet of veal; in either, a little shred shallot is an improvement. Stuff the bird under the breast; dredge it with flour, and put it down to a clear, brisk fire; at a moderate distance the first half hour, but afterwards nearer. Baste with butter; and when the turkey is plumped up, and the steam draws towards the fire, it will be nearly done; then dredge it lightly with flour, and baste it with a little more butter, first melted in the basting ladle. Serve with gravy in the dish and bread sauce in a tureen. It may be garnished with sausages, or with fried forcemeat, if veal stuffing be used. Sometimes the gizzard and liver are dipped into the yolk of an egg, sprinkled with salt and Cayenne, and then put under the pinions before the bird is put to the fire. A very large turkey will require three hours' roasting; one of eight or ten pounds, two hours; and a small one, an hour and a half.

**TO ROAST A GOOSE**—Geese seem to bear the same relation to poultry that pork does to the flesh of other domestic quadrupeds; that is, the flesh of geese is not suitable for, or agreeable to, the very delicate in constitution. One reason, doubtless, is that it is the fashion to bring it to table very rare done; a detestable mode!

Take a young goose, pick, singe and clean well. Make the stuffing with two ounces of onions (about four common sized), and one ounce of green sage chopped very fine; then add a large coffee cup of stale bread-crumbs and the same of mashed potatoes; a little pepper and salt, a bit of butter as big as a walnut, the yolk of an egg or two; mix these well together, and stuff the goose. Do not fill it entirely; the stuffing requires room to swell. Spit it, tie the spit at both ends to prevent its swinging round, and to keep the stuffing from coming out. The fire must be brisk. Baste it with salt and water at first, then with its own dripping. It will take two hours or more to roast it thoroughly.

A green goose, that is, one under four months old, is seasoned with pepper and salt instead of sage and onions. It will roast in an hour.

**SAUCE FOR A ROASTED GOOSE**.—Put into a saucepan a table-spoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, a glass of port wine, and a gill of gravy; mix, and warm, and pour it through a slit in the apron into the body of the goose, just before serving.

#### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DINNERS.

Boiled turkey with oyster sauce, roast goose with apple sauce, roasted ham, chicken pie, stewed beets, cole-slaw, turnips, salsify, winter squash; mince pie, plum pudding, lemon custard, cranberry pie.

Roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled fowls with celery sauce, boiled ham, goose pie, turnips, salsify, cole-slaw, 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, smoke-tongue, chicken curry, oyster pie, beets, cole-slaw, winter squash, salsify, fried celery; plum pudding, mince pie, calf's-foot jelly, blanc-mange.

# Editors' Table.

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

This is the month, and soon will come the morn  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great Redeemer from above did bring.

MILTON.

For many, many years, we have greeted our friends from this our place in the *Lady's Book* with our warmest Christmas wishes for their happiness, and offered our sincere thanks for their many and long-continued favors.

In the midst of the cheering influences of this blessed season, sad thoughts must press on bereaved hearts and households, and over the bright hopes which have been, in our circle of friends, dimmed during the year! How many mourners have wept since we last offered our merry Christmas greeting! But God is good; for every grief he has given a balm; for every trouble a hope; and the benevolent order of His laws casts a softening veil over sorrow, while new delights and new enjoyments are ever offered to the bright young hearts that are coming out to gaze at the new Christmas sun, and wonder that there can be care or sorrow in such a beautiful world.

To all these happy hearts we commend our ornamented *FRONTISPIECE*, which portrays very truthfully the different pleasures of the Christmas anniversary. In the country we see the gathering of pine branches by a joyful company of merry lads, and the sledding through the brisk, snowy atmosphere. In the next compartment we see the happy, loving family gathered to hear the Christmas story of the wondrous Babe of Bethlehem, and of the bright angels that came down from heaven with the news of "good-will to men." Then the little pet of the family, dressed in holiday finery, with arms full of the treasures brought by *Kristkinkel*, has her place. Opposite her see grandmamma, about to put on her glasses for the enjoyment of a Photograph Album adorned with the faces of her dear ones.

All these are pictures of Christmas enjoyments realized, not in *one* place, but in thousands; ay, millions of households will this month taste the bounty of our Heavenly Father, who has provided these various pleasures for us, and has fitted our dispositions and minds to draw happiness from the gifts of His goodness.

Is it not a cheering thought that the anniversary of the message of "good-will to men" is near, that Christmas will reannounce the glorious promise of salvation and eternal blessedness to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ and do His will? The love is treasured in our hearts, and known, in its truth and purity, to God only; but it is seen in the world and known as it goes out in good works.

The great question for each to answer is, "What good work have I done since last Christmas?"

When our duties are useful and are defined, if we have faithfully performed them, have we not done good? The Editors of the *Lady's Book* have faithfully endeavored to benefit those for whom their work is prepared, and now, as the year is closing, we offer our cordial congratulations to our happy friends, and our sincere sympathies to those who are sorrowing, hoping to meet them all and welcome in the important year of 1864.

## LITERARY WOMEN DURING THE YEAR 1863.

In this brief notice we can mention only one race, the Anglo-Saxon. The American branch has done very little. Who plants flowers or gathers fruits while the earthquake or the whirlwind is upon them? War is a terrible evil to women. Even their works of love and mercy seem done under a pall, and are sad, because the need of these services for the victims of battle is woful, and has been caused by wrong-doing.

"The poor ye shall always have with you," said the Divine Saviour. Poverty is the appointment of Providence; but wars are to cease when righteousness reigns. Let us pray that the blessed time may soon come. Not till then will the genius of woman have its proper cultivation, its perfect development, and its purifying influence on humanity.

In the old country of Anglo-Saxondom British women have, during the past year, been greatly distinguished by their literary productions, chiefly biographies and works of fiction. We are sorry to add that a great portion are what is termed "sensation novels." Among these, three hold pre-eminence in their distinctive class; as the *passionate* in "LOST AND SAVED," by the *Honorable Mrs. Norton*; the *intellectual* in "ROMOLA," by *Miss Evans*; and the *domestic* in "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," by *Mrs. Wood*.

Next to newspapers, novels are now probably more read than any other kind of literature. Demanding no stress of thought, no weary wear of brain, they afford amusement in one's chair, without the trouble of going abroad to seek it. With book in hand, we feel as if we had some semblance of intelligent employment; and thus the months go by, and novel reading has become the fashion, and new novels the want of every-day life. Whether the habit will be baneful or beneficial depends much on the character of the books that become popular.

"LOST AND SAVED" is, we are sorry to say, unworthy of the genius and fame of its authoress. *Mrs. Norton*, as a poetess, is now in the first rank of living writers of her sex. It is a great pity she should have stooped to imitate the sensation school of French writers, who seem to say, "Evil, be thou my good." If the British aristocracy be faithfully pictured in these volumes, the nobles of that proud land must have stepped into the bog of corruption beyond the French of the old *regime*.

MISS EVANS is a very different writer; she has genius of a loftier kind, but not the elegance nor the polish of *Mrs. Norton*. Belonging to a different order of English society, *Miss Evans* very properly and sensibly describes what she knows, and with a mastery skill paints the manners and character of the middle classes. In analyzing the emotions of the human heart, which throbs with the same impulses in the laborer and in the lord, she is unrivalled as a writer of fiction, and thus in the delineation of character she excels all her sister novelists. In this last work, "Romola," she takes a high place in the historical romance, showing great knowledge of Italy in her antiquities and mediæval celebrities. We prefer her striking pictures of English life. Still, this last work possesses much merit, and its moral tendency is right and elevating, as is seen in the contrast between *Romola* and the selfish *Tito*.

But the great heart of the people is more moved by the homelier pictures of *Mrs. Henry Wood*, who has shown herself mistress of the art of story-telling. She might be a rival of *Scheherazade* herself in the rapidity of her compositions. Her language is often incorrect, and her style far from elegant; yet the first is significant, and

the last clear; and she has the art of wonderfully sustaining the attention; even fastidious people find themselves compelled to read her volumes to the end and to acknowledge their interest. Therefore, that she is always on the side of right and duty we consider a great good to her readers and a great honor to her. She never throws fanciful interest around vice; her heroes are not manufactured out of "misericordias;" nor does she interest our feelings on the side of sentimental woes while the real but humble sufferer is forgotten. She has, we must own, an ardent leaning to the supernatural, and sometimes manages her machinery very cleverly. On the whole, we think her novels of this year are worthy of much praise, and that "Squire Trevlyn's Heir" and "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles" are works that will live till another Christmas.

#### DEACONESSES' INSTITUTIONS AND PROTESTANT SISTERHOODS.

INFORMATION concerning these modes of doing good has been much needed in our land; we rejoice that it is now furnished.

In a pamphlet\* remarkable for its close research and clear reasoning, and also for the integrity with which it sets forth the Bible way of woman's work as a helper in the Christian Church, the idea is advanced and sustained that "a *parochial order of deaconesses* is what is wanted for our age and country." By this is meant "a womanly ministrations, responsible to the clergy, stimulating and gathering together the working elements of the Church, looking after the poor, sick, and fallen, supervising the Mothers' Meeting, visiting at the Widow's Home and the Orphanage, suggesting (where these are needed) the erection of such asylums, by the very provision of an *agency* to care for them, and by dwelling, if possible, in a house of its own, into which the destitute may be received for nursing, care, and medicine, and from which there can be sent out proper comforts for their need."—See Report, page 23.

Thus, clearly and consistently with God's Word, are shown the duties of the Deaconess. The Committee are also careful to point out the natural endowments of woman for her office.

"There can be no doubt among believers in the Bible that woman was created to be the 'helpmeet for man,' to be his companion and comforter, to supplement his state, to make that complete which was most imperfect without her. By the peculiarities of her nature in delicacy, tenderness, intuitive perception, and tact; by her patience, fidelity, and devotion, by her power of suffering and her elasticity of temperament, and by her deep and all-absorbing love, she lends that to society in which man, as such, is deficient. In whatever contributes to the happiness of life, she bears the foremost part, and especially in hours when sickness and exhaustion overtake the body, or the daily needs of the creature call for help. We cannot but think there was something significant and suggestive in the accompaniment by holy women of our Incarnate Lord, and in His receipt from them of substantial benefit. It was meant to teach His Church their relation as helpers.

"In the Providence of God, women have generally been first to respond to the word of the Gospel. Their hearts have been soonest opened to attend to the things which have been spoken by the preacher, and they have earliest offered themselves to the Master's service. By their excess in point of numbers (in the churches), by their comparative freedom from engaging ties, by their frequent orphanage and more frequent widowhood, and above all by the readiness of their consecration of self to the cause of grace and mercy, there has always been provided, as there always will be found, a band of 'ministering angels' on the side of the Church, from which she can draw, as she has done already, servants to her aid." Pages 7 and 8.

The order of Deaconesses has already been partially

restored in Germany. That this order was instituted by the Apostles is clear, from the Bible and ecclesiastical history; therefore it is no newly devised plan, but woman's rightful place in the Church. Its revival seems to be blessed in a remarkable manner in the churches in Germany, Switzerland, and France, where the greater number of this noble order of ladies are working. In England the communities of Protestant Christian Women are doing so much good that "the most marvellous change in the mind of the Anglican Church has taken place in their favor in the course of the last five years."

We should like to give many extracts from this admirable pamphlet, but have not room. If any lady desires more information, we refer her to the Committee who prepared the Report, as their names\* alone will be a guarantee of the importance of the efforts now being made to restore to the true Church its primitive order of faithful women as Deaconesses.

#### MEMORY'S SONG.

FULL well do I remember, love,  
Those golden autumn eves,  
When, full of new-born hopes, we watched  
The falling maple-leaves;  
When, clinging to the withered grass,  
The dewdrops sparkled bright,  
And stars, like eyes from heaven came out  
Amid the fading light.

It seemed as if the skies leaned down  
With a softer, deeper blue,  
And oh! to our young, trusting hearts  
Did not the world seem true!  
What thoughts of coming days we kept  
Within our throbbing hearts!  
Little we knew and little cared  
About these worldly arts.

Perhaps we've grown some wiser since,  
And learned more courtly ways,  
But yet we still have kept unchanged  
The love of other days.  
We heed not now the wintry storm  
That howls without our door,  
Except to pray that God would guard  
The houseless, shivering poor.

For once again our thoughts go out  
Into those halcyon days,  
And Hope, bright bird, sings joyously  
Her sweet, enchanted lays;  
And we are dreaming of the time  
When, through that forest wild,  
We two shall guide the welcome feet  
Of our own little child. CLIO STANLEY.

#### MISTAKES IN LANGUAGE.

ONE of the most common vulgarities in our literature is the use of the adjective FEMALE for the noun woman. In the Bible this phraseology is never used; *female* designates sex, but not personality. In a notice of Mr. Rhind's work on the recent excavations in Pompeii, the following sentence occurs, which will illustrate the mistakes we mean. The writer had been telling of the manner of taking busts from the dead figures, and says: "Afterwards the remains of two females, a woman and young girl, were, preserved in the same manner; in the elder female the left hand is shut," etc.

Here three superfluous words are used (two females and elder). It should have been written "the remains of a woman and a young girl; in the woman the left hand is shut." The writer felt that *females* would not

\* Report made to the Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania on Organizing the Services of Christian Women. May, 1863.

\* Rev. George Leeds, Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Rev. Lighthouse Coleman, Rev. Felix R. Brunot, Prof. Henry Coppee.

accurately express his meaning, yet he has left these words in his article, and thus vulgarized the style.

*Female* means the sex that produces young, and can, as a noun or name, only apply to animals. *WOMAN* was the Eden name given to the feminine of humanity; that name and its equivalents, girl, maiden, lady, etc., words never used for animals, are the only proper terms of language to designate in the human species the feminine characteristics.

**MRS. MASON, AND WOMAN'S MISSION TO WOMAN.**—We are happy to say to those who took an earnest interest in Mrs. Mason's plan of missions that her course is sustained by the highest courts of British Burmah. The Chief Commissioner\* has not only cleared her of all blame in the charges made against Dr. and Mrs. Mason, but has triumphantly placed these devoted missionaries before the world as exemplars of remarkable success in doing good to the poor heathen. He says:—

"I have had ample opportunity personally of observing and of learning from former cases, as well as the present, what the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mason have done for the Karen mountaineers in the Toungoo district. They found them in a state of savage barbarism. There are now twenty-five thousand of them, either Christians or under Christian teaching and influence. They found them split up into tribes and clans, warring against each other, and taking captives to sell as slaves.

"Wherever the Gospel has been spread, such acts no longer prevail. They have ceased not only amongst the Christian tribes, but also among the heathen tribes, except those on the extreme border. Now, I confidently assert that this great and beneficial change has been accomplished mainly, indeed almost entirely, by the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Mason and of the Karen Minister Sau Quala. I assert, from long experience among similar tribes, that such results could not be obtained by the Civil Administration unaided by Missionary teaching.

"The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mason have my entire confidence, and I trust they will continue the noble work among the Karen tribes, in which they have been so eminently successful."

**TO OUR FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—Another year is gone, and Christmas, the season of thanks and good wishes, as it draws near, reminds us of the many favors and warm-hearted compliments we have received from our Editorial friends. Allow us to express our sincere thanks for your constant and willing support. We trust that the New Year will find you all in the circle of those who are pledged to the "Lady's Book." It shall be our endeavor to make the volumes for 1864 worthy of your approval.

The following articles are accepted: "Long Ago"—"Persevere, or Life with an Aim"—"My Ideal"—"A Vision by Moonlight"—"Out of Town"—"Grandmother Meridith"—"Port-folio Dottings"—and "To Mary on her Birthday."

These articles are necessarily declined: "November"—"Bereavement"—"The Harvest Moon" (the writer can do better)—"They will be done"—"Amazons"—"Cannonet"—"Oh! where is my boy to-night?"—"An appeal to Time"—"Give me a Rose"—"Broken-hearted"—"Song"—"A long Road"—"My first Love and my last"—"The worth of a Dollar"—"The Art of talking nonsense"—and "My Watch."

We have other articles on hand; next month these will be noticed.

Will Mrs. C. C. H. of Panama, Chautauque County, New York, send us the title of her last story?

"Henry Drummond's Choice" has been received, but no letter. What is to be done with the MS.?

\* Lieut. Colonel Phayre.

## Health Department.

In this season of physical health, we will, omitting the usual detail of diseases and remedies for bodily complaints, give a few suggestions for the better conservation of family life and domestic happiness. It is in unison with the season to be careful of our home resources; if the chief means of enjoyment and improvement are not found in the places where we dwell, our hopes of real comfort may be at once relinquished; life will be only a "winter of discontent." We are not intending to read a homily on the subject of domestic miseries. The season of Christmas should be cheerful with hope; so we take our suggestions from a cheerful writer and good adviser.\*

"Every farmer and every husband owes it to himself, in a pecuniary point of view, and to his wife and children, as a matter of policy and affection, to provide the means early for clothing his household according to the seasons, so as to enable them to prepare against winter especially. Every winter garment should be completed by the first of November, ready to be put on when the first winter day comes. In multitudes of cases valuable lives have been lost to farmers' families by providence as to this point. Most special attention should be given to the under-clothing; that should be prepared first, and enough of it to have a change in case of an emergency or accident. Many farmers are even niggardly in furnishing their wives the means for such things; it is far wiser and safer to stint the members of his family in their food than in the timely and abundant supply of substantial under-clothing for winter wear. No money is better spent on a farm or anywhere else, than that which enables the wife to make herself, her children, her husband, and her house appear fully up to their circumstances. The consciousness of a torn or buttonless jacket or soiled dress degrades a boy or girl in their own estimation, and who that is a man does not feel himself degraded under the consciousness that he is wearing a dirty shirt? The wife who is worthy of the name will never allow these things if she is provided with means for their prevention, and it is in the noble endeavor to maintain for herself and family a respectability of appearance which their station demand, with means and help far too limited, which so irritates, and chafes, and annoys her proper pride, that many a time the wife's heart, and constitution, and health are all broken together. This is the history of multitudes of farmers' wives (and other men's wives also), and the niggardly natures which allow it, after taking an intelligent view of the subject, are simply beneath contempt. What adds to the better appearance of the person, elevates; what adds to the better appearance of a farm, increases its value and the respectability of the occupant; so that it is always a good investment, morally and pecuniarily, for a farmer to supply his wife generously and cheerfully, according to his ability, with the means of making her family and home neat, tasteful, and tidy. A dollar's worth of lime, a shilling ribbon, or a few pennies' worth of paint may be so used as to give an impression of life, of cheerfulness, and of thrift about a home altogether beyond the value of the means employed for the purpose.

"Finally, let the farmer always remember that his wife's cheerful and hearty co-operation is essential to his success, and is really of as much value in attaining it, all things considered, as anything that he can do; and as she is very certainly his superior in her moral nature, it legitimately follows that he should not only regard her as his equal in material matters, but should habitually accord to her that deference, that consideration, and that high respect which is of right her due, and which can never fail to impress on the children and servants, who daily witness it, a dignity and an elevation of manner, and thought, and feeling, and deportment which will prove to all who see them that the wife is a lady and the husband a man, a gentleman; and a large pecuniary success, with a high moral position and wide social influence, will be the almost certain results."

\* Dr. W. W. Hall, Editor of *Hall's Journal of Health*. See February number, page 35, "Farmers' Wives."

## Literary Notices.

Owing to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "The Castle's Heir," "Squire Trevelyan's Heir," etc. Mrs. Wood is one of the few who excel in the writing of domestic novels. She takes commonplace characters and everyday events, and invests them with a dramatic interest that proves most attractive to the reader. "The Shadow of Ashlydyat" we have found time only to examine most hastily, but its author is too old an acquaintance of the public to need special recommendation from us now. We will vouch for the story being equal in merit to her former ones.

THE GOLD SEEKERS. *A Tale of California.* By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," "The Tiger Slayer," etc. As a writer of tales filled with romance and perilous adventures, Aimard has few rivals in his special field.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. Parts 66 and 67.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Part 17.

We have so often commended these valuable works to our subscribers that they ought now to know their value as well as we do. They are only 20 cents a part; and each part is well worth the money, independent of its connection with the whole work.

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

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. *A Novel.* By M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. In this work, Miss Braddon has left her beaten track and surpassed herself. If "Aurora Floyd" was sufficient to give its author reputation, "Eleanor's Victory" will do much towards perpetuating that reputation; as, in our opinion, it is written far better. There are a wider range and greater individuality of character than in any of her previous works; and, having forsaken her threadbare theme of bigamy, she has produced a really original plot.

DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN; *or, Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year.* Selected, Arranged, and specially Adapted by Rev. Nelson Head. As a daily help to Christian meditation, devotion, and holy practice, this is a most excellent work. Nearly all the authors whose writings have been used in its preparation, lived during the seventeenth century, or at an earlier period. The selections have been made with judgment, and are such as will meet the approval of Christians of whatever creed.

CHRESTOMATHIE FRANCAISE. *A French Reading Book.* By William I. Knapp, A. M., Professor of Modern Language and Literature in Madison University. This book cannot fail to be of service to the French student, not only as regards a knowledge of the French language, but in making him familiar with the best literature of that language. Its contents are made up of selections from Rousseau, Molière, Fénelon, Beranger, Lamartine, and other well-known French authors of the past and

present. A vocabulary of concise definitions, giving the correct pronunciation of the words, adds to the completeness of the book.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

PALMONI; *or, The Numerals of Scripture. A Proof of Inspiration.* A Free Inquiry. By M. Mahan, D. D., St. Marks-in-the-Bowery, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary. Though religious in tone, this work will attract more especially those individuals who delight in the curious, the coincidental, and the mystical, rather than such as look only for simple or even controversial religious reading. There are many interesting points in chronology and numerals brought forward by its learned author.

A CLASS-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. *A new Edition, entirely rewritten.* By Edward L. Youmans, M. D., author of "The Chemical Chart," "Hand-book of Household Science," etc. This book, designed especially for the use of schools and colleges, contains the latest facts and principles of the science of chemistry, explained and applied to the arts of life and the phenomena of nature.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

FREEDOM AND WAR: *Discourses on Topics suggested by the Times.* By Henry Ward Beecher. This book comprises some eighteen sermons, preached at various times, from the autumn of 1859 to the winter of the present year, all of them relating to political subjects. Embracing the best specimens of their author's vigorous and original style, they will find numerous readers among his hosts of admirers.

GALA DAYS. By Gail Hamilton, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking." The author of this volume being desirous, as she tells us, to write a book of travels, resolves to travel in order that she may write. We have, as the result, a very readable book, highly tinged with its author's personality, descriptive of her journeying, from her descent from the garret with her trunk, onward, to Saratoga, Canada, the White Mountains, etc. She is sprightly, vivacious, original, and occasionally poetical, though one sometimes wearies of a certain straining after "style."

OUR OLD HOME: *A Series of English Sketches.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. This volume is not a record of scenery and events hastily witnessed and jotted down by a tourist. It is a collection of sketches narrating the experiences of a man who, during a residence in the country and among the people he describes, had ample opportunity for observation, and leisure for digestion of ideas and prejudices. It is an American's view of England; and, proceeding from Hawthorne's graceful pen, it will be found both pleasant and instructive reading.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY. By L. Agassiz. It has been the intention of the author of this book to present in popular form the views expressed in a previous work—his "Essay on Classification." He gives, within its pages, great emphasis to his opinion unfavorable to the transmutation theory, which certain naturalists are now strenuously advocating.

MEDITATIONS ON LIFE AND ITS RELIGIOUS DUTIES. Translated from the German. By Frederica Rowan. This is a companion volume to "Meditations on Death and Eternity," recently translated by the same lady, and reprinted in America by the same publishing

house. It is filled with pure and beautiful religious sentiment, the perusal of which cannot fail to benefit mind and heart. The book is dedicated to the Princess Louis of Hesse.

LEVANA; or, *The Doctrine of Education*. Translated from the German of Jean Paul Friederich Richter, author of "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," etc. "Levana" is written in Richter's peculiar style, and is perhaps the most perfect specimen of metaphysical German literature which we have ever examined. There is much truth and many wise suggestions within its pages, but it requires a clear head and well cultivated mind to perceive and understand them through all the obscurities of diction.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR DECEMBER NUMBER.—Four fashions from the great importing firm of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., not accessible by any other magazine. This is a privilege that the Lady's Book is allowed, exclusively, to publish the fashions from this celebrated house, which gives the tone to the fashionable world throughout the Union. They are prepared expressly in Paris for this establishment only, and the only magazine privileged to produce them is Godey's Lady's Book.

Our Title-page. Godey first led in this plan of giving vignette title-pages. Others have copied them. No matter. If we were to put our plates in the back of the Book they would do the same. First-class poetry only is parodied; it is a sign of merit. Therefore the compliment is paid the Lady's Book by inferior publications, by copying everything we do. Inferior, of course; but as they have no ideas of their own, they must have a guide. Those who do not see the originals are satisfied by the humble imitation; but it is the penalty that greatness has to pay. To resume: Our vignette Title-page for December comprises five separate and distinct pictures, the principal of which is "A father telling Christmas stories to his children," "Gathering Christmas greens," "An old-fashioned sleighing party," "Youth," and "Age," the whole embraced in one picture by a beautiful tree covered with snow. One of the handsomest designs we have ever given.

Our first plate is "The Daily Governess." Of this we can only speak of the beauty of the engraving, leaving other description to the very excellent story that illustrates the engraving.

Godey's Fashions for December. See the bride and her attendants—seven figures in all, a splendid variety. "A False Alarm." A sweep descending the wrong chimney. Such things have happened.

"Spanish Opera Hood," printed in colors. A very comfortable article for the present season. See description in the Fashion department.

In a small portion of our edition a mistake occurred in printing this "Spanish Opera Cloak."

This number contains stories by Marion Harland, Miss Frost, and Miss Townsend.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to our numerous and never tiring friends. We cordially wish that all the blessed and genial influence of the season may be theirs. They will be pleased to hear that never were the prospects of their favorite "Godey" brighter. We now publish the largest list ever published by any magazine in the United States.

THIS number is the 402d number of the Lady's Book that we have published. If our readers will divide 402 by 12, it will give 33 years and 6 months. From the first number to the last, solely under the control of the present publisher, without change of any kind from the commencement, and a gradual increase of subscription from the first year of publication to the present time, and now publishing the largest monthly list of any magazine in the United States.

LITERARY NEWS.—Our readers will be pleased to hear that we have made arrangements with Marion Harland, the well-known author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam," for a series of stories. We will commence in January a novel from her pen, entitled "Nobody to Blame." Every number for 1864 will contain a story from her pen. This is a compliment to the Book, as she writes for no other magazine. The stories will be copyrighted, so that they may not be found anywhere but in the pages of the Lady's Book.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The nineteenth session of this school commenced September 14th, 1863.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

WE ask attention to our advertisement for 1864, 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-four 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.

MRS. HALE is anxious to procure a copy of "Sketches of American Life," and "Traits of American Character," two works of which she is the author. A year's subscription to the Lady's Book will be given for either work.

PARTICULAR notice to the binder of the Lady's Book. Please give the fashion-plate a double fold, as shown in our December number for 1862.

**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 those 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 *five* 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.

#### 80 CLUB.

For three years I have taken your Book, and feel that I must still have it. The getting up of this club is my first attempt, and I am happy to say I have had good success. Words are inadequate to express the happiness I have enjoyed in perusing your Lady's Book; and I can say to all lovers of choice literature that Godey's is the best. It should be in every family, as it cannot fail to suit the most fastidious. MRS. G., *Mass.*

#### 82 CLUB.

The Lady's Book is very necessary for us, and we welcome it each month with increasing admiration. How any lady can do without it is a wonder to me! When I tell you that the club I send you for the Book is the largest one sent from our office this year, it will prove to you that we appear to appreciate the efforts you are making to please and improve us. Miss E. H., *Mich.*

#### 85 CLUB.

Allow me to congratulate you on your success in rendering Godey's Lady's Book so rare a gem. I for one cannot do without it, and should I live to be a centenarian shall desire at least to clip the leaves and peruse the pages of Godey's incomparable Lady's Book. E. E., *Ind.*

#### 82 CLUB.

I have now much pleasure in sending you a club for your Book, which is perused by all here, and indeed we cannot do without it. R. J. S., *Canada.*

I AM an enthusiastic admirer of your Book, and have, since my earliest remembrance, been a constant reader, and feel that I have been much benefited by it. A. B., *Mo.*

#### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM PARIS:—

A grand review of the Garde Impériale, now in Paris, took place yesterday at the Bois de Boulogne, by the Emperor in person. The Empress drove there this time in a carriage. She astonished the English and other foreigners present, accustomed to see her Majesty always attired in the most elegant manner, by the extreme simplicity of her costume, which consisted of a light brown dress and cape, with a very simple fancy straw bonnet, and ribbons to match her dress.

The comb is henceforth an obsolete article in fashionable circles, and ladies are reverting to the lady Godiva style of wearing the hair; that is, letting it flow down over the shoulders. Little girls, having abandoned the once popular net, now have their hair crimped, and then allowed to flow loosely down the back. When the hair is of a light auburn or golden hue, it has a pretty effect, reminding one of early English maidens with names like Maude and Mary, who used to live in the days of the Round Table.

Older girls, and young and even middle-aged ladies, have, however, made a compromise in the matter which is perfectly frightful. The hair is rumped up so as to stand out on the head, as if it had not been combed for a week, and then the back hair is also carefully rumped—is loosely fastened up by a comb. The head is then considered arranged for the opera or ballroom; and, as seen then and there, suggests "Tilly Slowboy" after one of her "cow-like gambols" around the cradle of "Dot's" baby.

The English ladies dress far more elaborately at the opera and concert-room than the Americans. Even in the second-rate theatres—dim, dirty, mean-looking places (there is not such a place as your neat little Chestnut Street Theatre!—they come in "gorgeous array," which would have proved very gratifying to the feeling of the parent of the "Dinah" of the lamented "Mr. Villikens." Opera cloaks are of different styles, and colored cloaks, corded with gold, are becoming popular. Combs are an important article of head gear, for the theatre, being usually of gold, ornamented with rubies and emeralds. Of course, artificial flowers are in great vogue, and happy is that matron who can perch a bird of paradise on top of her head. Dresses are worn very low in the neck, and at this season white is the prevailing color at opera and theatre, as well as in private assemblies.

**A PRESENT FOR A LADY.**—Did it ever strike any of our young friends that they could not make a more agreeable Christmas or New Year's present to a young lady than a year's subscription to the Lady's Book? Will it not monthly call the donor to their remembrance, and will they not be particularly gratified in receiving so useful a present?

MESSRS J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will furnish, post paid, the book for \$2.00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

"NOBODY TO BLAME," is the title of the new novel by Marion Harland, to be commenced in the January number. It is worthy of her pen.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sykes, Chadwick & Co., Proprietors.

This time-honored establishment, the head-quarters of everything in the great city, has been entirely renovated for the approaching season. Very few of our good citizens have any idea what a splendid establishment is Willard's. It occupies nearly a square of ground, and Washington squares go a little ahead of Philadelphia squares in size, as everything in Washington is on a large scale. It has a dining-room, 250 feet long, beautifully and freshly frescoed, whence ascends the grand staircase to the upper rooms, giving the ladies an opportunity of entering the dining-room without coming in contact with the general sojourners in the house. The sleeping apartments are admirably arranged, having gas and water in each room. The ventilation has been well attended to. Six hundred persons can find accommodation; but during the winter season, more than 1000 persons have dined in the spacious dining-room. There are four spacious parlors fronting the grand avenue, from the windows of which may be constantly seen the out-door life of the metropolis. The hotel is in the immediate vicinity of the public offices, the President's house, the public squares, and the residences of the foreign ambassadors. A telegraph office is in the house. We have said that this is the head-quarters of Washington. Let any one take a position in the main entrance for an hour or so during the season, and he will in that time see almost every person of note in the city, for it is an understood thing that if you want to find any person Willard's is the place. We have as yet said nothing of the proprietors. Every one knows them, especially "Chad," as he is familiarly called. All Philadelphians know him, and it won't take long for any proper person to make his acquaintance. It is well known that in all machinery there must be a main spring, a governing power—in all departments a head. In some cases this is conspicuous; in others it is felt, not seen. There is at Willard's a person without whom matters would not go on as well, even in so well conducted an establishment. We allude to Mr. Peter Gardner, late of the New York Hotel. Here is a man that can "keep a hotel." Great inducements have been offered to Mr. Gardner to secede from this establishment, but he will not leave that place which he has brought to such good working order. Peter is a modest man, which for so good-looking a one is rather a peculiarity. But it is even so, and he will be surprised to see his name in print. The proprietors of the New York Hotel did not know his worth until he had left them, and would most willingly give *carte blanche* for his return. But it is too late. He is now where he is appreciated by both proprietors and guests, and may he long continue his administration at Willard's.

OLD TERMS.—It will be seen by our advertisement that we have gone back again to our old terms. We were forced to make a slight advance during a portion of this year, on account of the great rise in paper, and of every article connected with our business; and although but little change has been made in the cost of the same articles, still we return to our old terms, which have always been so well understood by the public.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This very excellent and best of the \$2 magazines is the only magazine that can be introduced in a club in place of a copy of the Lady's Book.

#### OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

*Miss Richings and English Opera.*—Opera at any place but the Academy—the Temple of Music—has always appeared to us a flat contradiction of terms, but a six weeks' successful run of the new Richings' troupe at another house has made us less skeptical. This new troupe is the best we have had in English Opera since the era of the Seguinis; and we are glad to record the fact, since the troupe is a Philadelphia troupe. Miss Caroline Richings, in her new sphere of prima-donna, has developed a capacity and talent unequalled by any of her predecessors since Mrs. Wood. The stiffness and coldness of her manner have been toned down, while her voice has developed a degree of power and sweetness which really astonished us. We never anticipated so pleasing a result. The *role* of Madeline, in the Postillion of Lonjumeau, is one of her best parts, but its effect was marred by the insufficient rehearsal of the remaining parts. Mr. Hill has a fresh, full tenor voice, and with hard study will make quite an acceptable primo tenore, but he must eschew Brignoli's faults. Young Mr. Seguin's buffo contains promise of merit. With Mr. Peakes we lost all patience; his *friskiness* was unpardonable. The troupe is now fairly established in the line of regular English opera, and we wish it every success.

*The Musical Monthly.*—The final number for the present year of this very successful periodical is now ready, together with a title page and complete index for the volume, for gratuitous distribution to subscribers. We have the continued testimony of our friends that a more delightful variety of music has never been published, while the beauty of the publication still commands universal praise. The work has been pronounced a "musical necessity," and one that "no piano-player, lady or gentleman, should be without." For the accommodation of our friends who have incomplete sets we will furnish what back numbers they may wish, for the present, at 25 cents each, and a three cent stamp on each number ordered, for postage. This offer will remain open but a short time, and our friends should send in without delay for what numbers they want. A list of the contents of the numbers will be forwarded to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp.

*Christmas Double Number.*—We shall open the new volume of the Monthly with a splendid number, containing nearly double the usual quantity of music. About two dollars' worth of music will be given in this one number, and all for 25 cents, as part of the yearly subscription of three dollars. The number separately will be sold for 50 cents. The contents will all be appropriate to the season, and will include Christmas Chimes, a splendid new nocturne by that favorite composer, Brinley Richards; Happy New Year's Schottische, by Ascher; Around the Fire, new song and chorus by the author of At the Gate, etc.; Under the Mistletoe, a beautiful new ballad; and Kris Kingle, a charming divertimento. Each piece will have a separate title page, and the whole will be done up in illuminated covers. Copies will be ready by the first of December. It will make a splendid Christmas present, and thousands of copies will no doubt be sold for that purpose alone.

*Bound Volumes.*—A few copies of the Monthly, complete for the year, are ready, neatly bound, at \$5.00 sent free by mail, or \$4.36 by express. It makes a splendid gift book. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

*Sheet Music.*—The newest and best pieces are named in recent columns. J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

We publish two of the anecdotes our "Little Subscriber" sent us; the third we omit, as we will not publish any child anecdotes in which the name of God is irreverently used.

NEWARK, OHIO.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Spring your request for jokes I send you three, which I consider very good. My five year old cousin was cracking hazelnuts one day, and holding one up he said, "Ma, did you know this is a soldier?" "No, Johnny, why?" "Because it's a kernel!" (Colonel)

Another little relative, about four years old, was walking with his brother when he spied the skeleton of a rat. "O George!" said he, "look, there is the hoop skirt of a rat." I send you these with many kind wishes. Your little subscriber and constant reader, ALICE H. C.

And here is another anecdote furnished us by a subscriber:—

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR MR. GODEY: As requested to furnish anecdotes, I can accommodate you with one, at least, which happened within my own household not over two weeks since. My last servant, Miss Deina, was instructed how to prepare some India-rubber nipples for baby's bottle, by pouring boiling-water over them and letting them stand until they got cool, and then drying them well. These instructions were given at 2 A. M., and about 7 P. M. I was in the kitchen, when Miss Deina, taking up a dipper of boiling water from a kettle, said: "I guess, ma'am, these have cooled enough." And to my astonishment, I found that the nipples had been *boiling* over nine hours. When questioned what could be her intention for doing so, she said: "She wanted to make them soft for the baby's mouth." And, sure enough, they were soft enough to stretch from Milwaukee to Philadelphia. If you have any one in your neighborhood that knows less on the India-rubber question, let us hear from them. Yours, etc., Mas K. D. P

**FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.**—Scarcely a week passes but we read sad accounts of young ladies being burnt to death, owing to their light muslin garments catching fire. It ought to be generally known that all light dresses may be made fire-proof at a mere nominal cost, by steeping them, or the linen or cotton used in making them, in a dilute solution of chloride of zinc.

**MESSES. A. T. STEWART & Co.**, of New York, the celebrated importers, have furnished us, through the kindness of A. D. Letson, Esq., four subjects for this number. No other magazine can have these subjects, and they are the latest styles. BRODIE, who stands at the head of his business, with whom no one attempts to compete, continues to furnish for the Book one of his latest patterns monthly.

**CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.**—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. Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Magazine, one year, \$6. No cheaper club than this can be offered. Godey's Lady's Book and Holloway's Medical Monthly, one year, \$5. For Canada terms, see cover.

READ "What a Jealous Man saw on Christmas Eve," by Marion Harland. Miss Frost, Miss Townsend, and W. E. Pabor also contribute to this number.

A MEMOIR of the late Mrs. Alice B. Haven, promised in our last for this number, we have been obliged, owing to the crowded state of our columns, and the lateness of the receipt of the MS. to postpone to the January number. A sketch of the life of this truly good woman will then and there appear.

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**POSTAGE on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.**

*Section 36.*—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance.

News-dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

ON page 158 of our November number, we published an account of the finding of a photograph in the hands of a Southern soldier. It should have been a Federal soldier. We have seen the photograph, and beautiful children they are. B. Shriver, P. M. at Grafenburg, Pa. is the holder of the picture.

**A GOOD HOAX.**—That joking paper, the *London Punch*, published the following. Very many of our papers have published it as if emanating from Queen Victoria:—

**THE QUEEN ON CRINOLINE.**—Her Majesty has addressed the following remonstrance to the ladies of England.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Aug. 1, 1863.

**LADIES:** The Queen has commanded me to express the pain with which Her Majesty reads the accounts of daily accidents arising from the wearing of the indelicate, expensive, dangerous, and hideous article called crinoline. Her Majesty cannot refrain from making known to you her extreme displeasure that educated women should, by example, encourage the wearing of a dress which can be pleasing only to demoralized taste. For the miserable idiots who abjectly copy the habits of those conventionally termed their betters, it is impossible to entertain anything but pity. But to the ladies of England this appeal to abandon the present degrading, dangerous, and disgusting fashion is made in the belief that they will show themselves the rational and decorous persons which they are supposed to be. I have the honor to be, ladies, your most obedient and humble servant, C. B. PHIPPS.

**MUSIC RECEIVED.**—We have received the following music from Horace Waters, of New York, and D. Ditson, of Boston:—

The O. F. March.  
The Evacuation. A comic song.  
The Blind Girl's Lament. A ballad.  
Christ will care for Mother now, in answer to "Who will care for Mother now?"  
Lantern's Popular Songs and Duets: Meet me, Dear-est; Glowing Stars of Gentle Evening; The Rose of Clifton Dale; The Sunny-side, set for piano, by Bellak; When This Dreadful War is Ended; Sweet Evolving.  
Variations, Brilliants, Chants, composed by Misner.  
The Bonnie Old Flag, from Father Reed's collection.  
The Voice of the Heart. By O. Comstant.  
Flirtation. Composed by H. Tucker.  
Dear One, I think of Thee. Music by S. Laurence.

A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF had taken up his residence upon a piece of land, his right to which was contested. "I have an undeniable title to the property," he observed, "as I ate the preceding owner."

**HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.**—MESSES. J. E. TITTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the book-stores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

THE Skating "game in this number is an ornamental and useful article.

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## MOTHER GOOSE TABLEUX.

THESE tableaux are intended for the amusement of very little folks, who must act both as performers and guessers in the audience. For the holidays, either in the afternoon or evening, they will be found very amusing even for the older folks, who will doff their seniority for a time. One of our most scientific physicians was at such a performance some evenings ago, and owing to his well-known learning and dignified manner was condemned to sit in an upper room with some of the elder members of the family. After fidgetting for some time, and evidently listening to the gleeful laughter below with more interest than to his host's polite conversation, he suddenly turned to one of the ladies present—

"Pray, madam," he said, "how old are you?"

Seeing the fun in his eyes, she promptly replied: "Six!"

"Well," he said, "I am ten. Let's go play with the rest of the children." And for the remainder of the evening he was the life of the entertainment.

So, you who read these articles, put your years in your pocket, and remember they are written for "you and the rest of the children."

No scenery will be required, no curtain but the folding-doors, no properties that your housekeeping apparatus will not supply, no wardrobe but the nursery bureau, and no orchestra but the laugh and applause of your little folks.

## TABLEAU I.

"Humpty, dumpty, my mammy's maid,  
She stole oranges I am afraid;  
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,  
She stole oranges, I do believe!"

The stage is arranged as a dining-room. Upon the table (centre of stage) are the remains of the dessert, half-eaten pies, saucers, tumblers, bottles, and plates, and, near the edge of the table toward audience, a large dish of oranges. "My mammy's maid" stands between the table and the audience, profile to each. The little girl who takes this part must wear a chintz dress with full sleeves, fastening at the wrists, a large apron with pockets, a white cap and kerchief. The apron pockets are full of oranges, and she is stuffing two into her sleeve. Just entering the door is a little boy, who points triumphantly to the maid (he must be behind her). He looks very mischievous, and appears to be advancing on tip-toe to catch her. If the audience do not guess the rhyme, let the little boy sing it before the curtain falls.

## TABLEAU II.

"Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating a Christmas pie,  
He put in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, 'what a good boy am I!'"

The stage is arranged as a family sitting-room. In the centre is a table. One little girl, with spectacles and cap, is the nurse, sitting at the table sewing. The baby lies asleep in a cradle. In the right hand corner of foreground, facing audience, his feet stretched far apart, Jack Horner is seated on the floor, with the pie between his knees. He wears short socks, and short trousers, a blouse and large collar. One hand holds up the crust of the pie, while the other holds over his head a large raisin. A very small boy, with a very large pie, has the best effect.

## TABLEAU III.

"There was an old woman  
Who lived in a shoe;  
She had so many children  
She didn't know what to do;

She gave them some broth  
Without any bread,  
She whipped them all soundly  
And sent them to bed."

Some little ingenuity is here required to make the shoe, but let the manager keep up a brave heart, and make the boys useful. First have a frame work made of wood in the shape of a shoe, standing up on end, the opening and instep toward audience. Cover this with black cambic, and make an immense white paper buckle. Between the sole and upper, thrust the heads of all the "crying babies" in the house, as it is too elevated a position for the "live stock." The old woman, a girl about fourteen, must wear a white cap, a pair of spectacles, a petticoat of red stuff, with the skirt of her chintz dress looped up over it, a white shawl pinned over her shoulders, and heeled shoes. In her hand she has a large bunch of rods. She stands centre of stage, in front of the shoe, holding her bunch of rods over the head of a little boy "just caught." He is night-gowned, and capped, and barefooted, and is rubbing his eyes with his clenched fists, his face "made up" for a yell. All the children wear their night-gowns and wraps. One, right of foreground, is seated on the floor with a big bowl of soup between his knees, raising a spoon to his lips. One behind him, is leaning over with open mouth, as if waiting for his turn. Two are stealing into the shoe to escape the whipping. In short, have on the stage all the children you can muster, in various attitudes—some running away, some crying, some eating broth, and some hiding and peeping out behind the mammoth shoe.

## TABLEAU IV.

"To market, to market,  
To buy a plum bun,  
Home again, home again,  
Market is done."

Here a very pretty market scene can be made. Have five empty tables for stalls, two on each side of the room, one centre of background. In front of these put bushel baskets, empty tubs, and trays all empty. To the left of foreground, have a procession of the market people going home; one little girl in the high cap, stuff gown and white apron of the Dutch huckster; a little boy with a big butcher's apron; a little girl in a straw hat and striped dress for a flower-girl, a little boy in a countryman's dress; as many children, in short, as can be dressed up for hucksters, butchers, buttermen, pie and cake men. They are all leaving the empty stalls. Right of foreground, profile to audience, as if just entering the market, is a very little boy, with straw hat, blouse, and short trousers. In one hand he holds a penny. On the other arm is an enormous basket. He sings gleefully the first two lines of the verse. In deep tones, the market people, turning suddenly round to face him, sing the second, and then wheel into their first positions. The little boy's face changes to a look of dismay, and all stand motionless again until the curtain falls. The moving tableaux require rather expert performers to give the peculiar automaton jerks, like jumping Jacks moved by a string, but they can be made very funny. In this scene let every one of the market people raise the right arm, and drop it at the end of the verse. Raise it at "home," turning to face the child, drop it at "done," turning from him.

## TABLEAU V.

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see an old woman ride on a horse;  
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes."

In the centre of background stands a large white paste-board cross, with Banbury upon it in large black letters. About the centre of the stage, a little to the left, stands the rocking horse. Upon this is seated the old woman, who wears a high pointed black hat, with a white cap under it, spectacles, heeled and buckled shoes, a short gown of chintz, and petticoat of red stuff. Her right hand falls down showing the number of rings, and from the toes of her shoes hang small brass bells. Between her and the cross, and between her and audience, are a number of children, astride of sticks or stick horses, with whips in their hands, who stand perfectly still, staring at the old woman.

In our January number we will resume these Tableaux. They will be found a very interesting pastime for the Christmas holidays.

## SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to endorse 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.

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E. R. E.—Hair nets, as described by our Fashion editor, have not yet made their appearance in this country for sale. One was shown her by a lady who brought it from London.

An Old Canada Subscriber.—The new and we think best hair comb costs \$1 50; postage, ten cents half ounce. Patterns for mats, 25 cents a piece.

## 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.

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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; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; 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.

Fig. 1.—Imperial blue poplin dress, trimmed with black velvet, run in and out to form checkers. Cloak

of black velvet gored, and trimmed with lace and rich gimp. The bonnet is of white uncut velvet, trimmed with ruchings of white silk, falling over the front in the Marie Stuart style.

*Fig. 2.*—Dress of brown silk, trimmed with applications of black velvet. The corsage is made with a square jockey at the back, and two points in front. The skirt is trimmed the same as the corsage.

*Fig. 3.*—Child's dress of cuir-colored poplin, trimmed with two fluted ruffles, with a small Grecian pattern in black velvet between them. The corsage is square, with short sleeves trimmed to match the skirt, and worn over a white muslin guimpe. Black felt hat, trimmed with a white pompon and feather.

*Fig. 4.*—Bride's dress of a striped *moiré*. The corsage is gored into a very long tunic skirt, and trimmed with *appliqué* lace headed by chenille cords and tassels. The hair is arranged in a waterfall. The coronet is of white daisies, and the veil of tulle.

*Fig. 5.*—Pearl-colored silk dress, trimmed with crimson velvet, which forms a long and wide sash at the back. The skirt is trimmed with bands of velvet to match the corsage.

*Fig. 6.*—Dress of very rich mauve silk, trimmed with deep white chenille fringe, arranged in the shell style, and headed by chenille bows. The corsage is plain, and trimmed with a bertha of white chenille. The colifure is composed of mauve velvet and a white plume.

#### ROBE DRESSES,

FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A. T. STEWART & CO.,  
NEW YORK.

*Fig. 1.*—The dress is of a new material called Cretonne. The ground is of a brilliant Magenta, and the sash-like stripes of a delicate Tourterelle, or turtle-dove color. They are printed in black to imitate braiding, and the effect is charming.

*Fig. 2.*—Another style of robe. The material is Cretonne, of a delicate mauve shade. The trimming both on the skirt and body is printed in a deep shade of purple, edged with a graceful braiding pattern in black.

The same style of robes is to be had in all the new colors. We merely describe the colored grounds we have received.

*Fig. 3.*—A cashmere robe de chambre. The skirt of the dress is a white ground, with a bordering of the richest color. The loose jacket is of mauve cashmere, trimmed with bordering, as represented in the plate.

*Fig. 4.*—Dress of light walnut-colored Cretonne. The bordering on the very edge of the skirt is of black, above it is a design in deep Magenta, and the braiding pattern is in black. The same style of robe is to be had in various colors.

#### SPANISH OPERA HOOD.

AS WORN BY THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

(See plate printed in colors in front.)

*Materials.*—2 ounces of white and 1½ ounces of Scarlet Andalusian Wool, a pair of Knitting Pins No. 5, and one or two pairs of Chenille Tassels. For the Feather Border, one ounce of White Andalusian Wool and a pair of Knitting Pins No. 16; the pins should be measured in the circle of the Bell Gauge.

#### THE WHITE BORDER.

The whole of the hood is made in plain knitting, which should be worked loosely and lightly; the principal part of it being double. It is commenced at the border which runs round the shoulders.

With the white wool cast on 263 stitches, with two pins.

*1st and 2d rows.*—All plain knitting, always slipping the 1st stitch.

*3d.*—Slip the 1st stitch, knit 31 stitches plain, knit 3 stitches all together, knit 95 plain, knit three stitches together again, knit 95 plain, knit 3 together, knit 32 plain.

*4th.*—All plain knitting, slipping the 1st stitch.

*5th.*—Slip 1, knit 30 plain, knit 3 together, knit 93 plain, knit 3 together, this is the centre of the row; knit 93 plain, knit 3 together, knit 31 plain.

*6th.*—Plain, slipping the 1st stitch.

Repeat the last 2 rows 6 times more, knitting one plain stitch less at the beginning and end of each row, and 2 stitches less on each side of the centre; the 3 stitches knitted together should always be worked over those of the preceding row.

*19th.*—With the disengaged pin take off the first 24 stitches without knitting them, tie the scarlet wool into the last stitch, and with it and the pin which has 24 stitches, knit 3 together, then 79 plain, knit 3 together, knit 79 plain, knit 3 together; turn back, leaving 24 stitches on the other pin. The stitches left are for the Side Borders.

*20th.*—Knit all the scarlet stitches plain, except the last two, then knit them and the next white stitch together; turn back.

*21st.*—Knit 78 plain, knit 3 together in the centre as before, knit the rest of the scarlet stitches plain, except the last two, then knit them and the next white stitch together; turn back.

*22d.*—Knit all the scarlet stitches plain, except the last two, then knit them and the next white stitch together; turn back.

*23d.*—Knit 76 plain, knit 3 together, knit the rest, except the last two, then knit them and the next white together; turn back.

Repeat the last 2 rows 21 times more, knitting 2 stitches less each time at the beginning and end of the rows. When these rows are worked all the white stitches will be used.

*66th.*—Slip the 1st stitch, knit the rest plain to the last 3 stitches, then knit them together.

*67th.*—Slip 1, knit 30 plain, knit 3 together in the centre as usual, knit the rest plain to the last 3 stitches, then knit them together.

Repeat the last 2 rows 3 times more, knitting 3 stitches less at the beginning and end of the rows each time.

*74th.*—Slip the first stitch, knit the rest plain, knitting the last 2 together.

Work 26 rows more as the last.

*101st.*—Knit every 2 stitches together.

*102d.*—Plain.

*103d.*—Knit every 2 stitches together.

*104th.*—Plain. Draw the remaining stitches together to fasten off.

#### THE LINING.

This is worked exactly the same as the part already made, with the exception that the white wool is used throughout. If it is worked separately, it must be commenced by casting on the 263 stitches; but the neatest way is to raise all the stitches which were first cast on, as this avoids sewing the two parts together. To raise the stitches commence at the 1st row of the work, put the pin into the 1st stitch cast on, keep the wool at the back, and with the point of the pin, bring the wool through in a loop, which raises 1 loop; put the pin into the next stitch, bring the wool through, and con-

until the same until there are 260 loops on the pin, then commencing at the 1st row, repeat the whole of the direction, using white wool. When finished, the selvages of the two pieces should be sewed together across the front.

## THE SECOND BORDER.

With the white wool cast on 121 stitches, loosely as before.

1st and 2d rows.—Plain knitting

3d.—Slip 1, knit 58 plain, knit 3 together, knit 57 plain, knit the last 2 stitches together.

4th.—Slip the 1st stitch, knit the rest plain to the last 2, then knit them together.

5th.—Slip 1, knit 56, knit 3 together, knit 55, knit 2 together.

6th.—The same as the 4th row

7th.—Slip 1, knit 54, knit 3 together, knit 53, knit 2 together.

8th.—As the 4th row.

9th.—Slip 1, knit 52, knit 3 together, knit 51, knit 2 together.

10th.—As the 4th row.

Join on the scarlet wool, and repeat the last 2 rows 16 times more, knitting 2 stitches less each time, in all, 32 scarlet rows.

Knit 20 rows plain, slipping the 1st stitch and knitting the last 2 together every row.

53d (of scarlet).—Knit every 2 stitches together.

54th.—Plain.

55th.—Knit every 2 stitches together, and draw the remaining stitches close together to fasten them off.

Sew the scarlet selvedge to the front of the hood, so that it may fall back, as in the engraving; the front is then finished with the following feather border, which can, if wished, be continued round the edge of the 2d white border.

## FEATHER BORDER.

With the white wool and No. 16 pins cast on 6 stitches.

1st row.—Knit the 1st stitch plain, put the pin into the next stitch, pass the wool between the points of the pins from the front to the back, round the tops of the 1st and 2d fingers to the front, pass the wool between the pins again, and round the fingers to the front as before; pass the wool between the pins again, which will make three turns of wool upon the right hand pin, two turns or loops of which are round the fingers; bring the three turns of wool through the stitch, and take it off the left pin to finish the stitch; take the fingers out of the loops and work the remaining 4 stitches the same.

2d.—Knit the three turns of wool together as one stitch; repeat, knitting the last stitch plain.

Repeat these 2 rows until sufficient length is made, and cast off. The loops of wool should be about three-quarters of an inch in length; and if they appear too long, the wool need only be passed round one finger. It is then to be sewed to the hood.

## CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

We have the vanity to think that fond mammae are anxiously awaiting the fulfilment of our promise, made when we took leave of them last month, and we hasten to satisfy the expectations we have raised.

Genin's hats, which are always stamped with aristocratic elegance, are this season in great variety of style. The principal shapes are the Ridall, the Spanish, and the Spanish Ridall. The first has a high sloping crown, the brim drooping, both back and front, but not rolled. The second shape has the brim considerably rolled at the

sides; and in the last mentioned shape the brim is but slightly rolled. They are made of gray, cuir, and black felt and beaver. The trimming is generally arranged in front *en éventail* or fan-shaped; and at the sides either a bird or feathers. At the back there is a ribbon bow with long ends, trimmed with a fluting of velvet of a contrasting color; also frequently a leather ornament, so delicate that it resembles a silk embroidery. When leather is used on the ribbons, it is generally mixed with the trimming of the hat. For instance, a spray of beautiful ivy leaves, stamped out of leather, with a few delicate tendrils twining among the leaves.

White felts for infants and small children are in great variety, some trimmed with pure white, others in colors.

All the models are of very becoming and graceful shapes, but differ chiefly in the style of trimming. Scarlet and black feathers are decidedly in favor.

We were shown some very stylish riding hats; they, however, resembled the children's hats in shape, but were entirely of black.

For little boys we noticed a low hat with straight rim, the latter made of corded silk and the rest of the hat of beaver. The trimming consisted of a velvet band with short ends on the right side, with leather ornaments tipping them. Another was a regular Glengary cap of felt, trimmed with velvet.

Hats are daily becoming more popular, and though they are generally very becoming, we think they only set off young faces to advantage; except, however, for travelling, skating, or at a watering-place. Then they are very suitable for children of a larger growth.

Among the novelties in leather we find leather nets. They are formed of narrow strips caught together in diamonds by steel, jet, or gilt beads, and trimmed with ruches and ribbons. Sometimes the leather is of the natural hue, at other times it is colored. Another pretty style has bright silk cords twined in with the leather, which is quite an improvement. Then we have fancy leather cuffs, finished with silk and leather ruching, suitable and pretty for travelling or street wear.

The little bows composed of silk and leather are also very stylish, and are in great variety of shape and color. They are generally mounted on pins, so as to make them exceedingly convenient. Another novelty is the *aumônière*, a fancy leather pouch or bag, worn at the side, and merely large enough to contain a purse or handkerchief. It resembles the bag on page 298 of the March number.

It has been asserted by some that crinoline is to be abandoned, and we see some hoopless individuals perambulating our streets; and queer oddities they are! Their example is not, however, to be followed at present, for we have the very best authority for stating that crinoline is still worn in Paris, and likely to be for some time to come. Indeed, it is positively needed to sustain the ample dress skirts of the present day. The shape, as we have stated before, is decidedly smaller, and petticoats are being gored so as to have but little fullness about the hips.

Another visit to the Maison Tilman, of 148 East 9th Street, New York, gives us later advices from the Parisian fashionable world. We find, as we stated last month, that the Marie Stuart shape is far from being the universal one. Among the new importations we found a few of that style, though even these were not carried to excess. The majority of the bonnets were of other shapes, shallow at the ears and rather high, though not approaching in height those of last season. All had

inside caps, and were fully trimmed, though by no means overloaded.

The toque crown, a flat, soft crown, though not hanging, is one of the prettiest styles. Feathers are but little used, though some few bonnets had the light, airy marabout trimming. Velvet flowers seem to predominate for the heavy bonnets, and we may say the narcissus is the favorite flower, as we saw it, with its lovely golden centre, in almost every shade and color, mounted with black velvet stalks and leaves, and tied in small bunches. Besides these, however, were every variety of forest leaf in velvet, also roses and other flowers.

We noticed a charming bonnet of black velvet with a toque crown, having on it a Maltese cross of black lace. On top of the crown was an exquisite bunch of green frosted leaves, and round the crown were twisted lovely scarlet calla lilies with scarlet stems. This bonnet, though quiet, was exceedingly stylish.

Another bonnet, *l'Espagnol*, so called from the velvet being pulled up and caught with a large jet clasp, which gave it the appearance of a Spanish comb. The materials were a maize, or rather a light golden cuir velvet, and black lace.

English bonnets presented quite a fairy-like appearance. They were generally of *crêpe* trimmed with point lace and light flowers, on which and through which were bugs innumerable.

Another very pretty and quiet looking bonnet was an ashes of roses felt, a real French felt, trimmed with velvet and feathers to match. Inside were a few autumn leaves and a rose bedded in black and white lace.

The shapes of the bonnets seemed to us more graceful than ever, and the shades of the velvets particularly lovely. Fashion exists, however, but in change, and we always think the last productions the best. The styles of the bonnets are so varied and peculiar that it is out of the question to describe many of them so as to be understood.

We also saw a number of children's hats. One, of the Buridon style, was of black velvet, the brim turned up on the right side and lined with scarlet velvet; on the other side were scarlet feathers. This was very stylish. An infant's hat was of white felt bound with white, and trimmed with a short ostrich plume, caught in with three of the tiniest of marabouts. On these was a butterfly formed of colored feathers, but so delicate and so lightly poised that it seemed as if the least breath would blow it away. There were many other styles, made of velvets of different colors, trimmed with feathers to match or to form a good contrast.

Coquettish, tasteful caps for middle-aged ladies, or for demi-toilette abounded. Some were of the Corday shape, with coronet fronts, others had long *brides* or lappets, and others were formed of thulle scarfs, entwined together in front, and falling over the neck at the back.

The ball coiffures were veritable Parisian inspirations. One, *La Gloire*, was of olive leaves meeting in a high point in front, with wide gold braid twined through it with unstudied grace.

Most of the wreaths were of the coronet style, with long *trains* or sprays, three-quarters of a yard long, on each side. These could be left to hang or caught up in the hair. Bridal coiffures were of this style. Another pretty wreath was a coronet of strawberries with foliage, branches of wood twisted at the side, and a bunch of berries at the back.

A most charming and novel style of headdress was formed of linked chains of scarlet velvet, caught in with

flowers. Some of the pendants had anchors attached, and the whole was original and stylish. With these headdresses, the velvet combs to match should be worn. These are another pretty novelty for the winter.

We were shown a variety of velvet headdresses, studied with jewelled stars, flowers, bugs, crescents, and exquisite butterflies. These jewelled ornaments are very effective, and will be in great demand this winter.

The good taste of the Parisian modiste in everything relating to head gear is an undisputed fact, and in this graceful art Mme. Tilman has no rival, certainly on this side of the water.

We have just seen quite a number of new jackets at the establishment of Mme. Demorest. One was made with a square tail at the back, much resembling a gentleman's coat. The front was made with revers, and the jacket sloped suddenly from where the revers met in front to the square jockey tail at the back. Under this was an extra front resembling a vest, and buttoning up to the throat, made quite long in front and with two square ends. The sleeves were like a gentleman's coat sleeve on the outside, and inside they were perfectly straight and made with a cuff. The whole was trimmed with bands of velvet and buttons. Another style is a corsage cut even with the hips, and pointed at the back. Under this point at the back are two short sash ends, and the fronts are cut in sash-like ends a quarter of a yard long. The whole is trimmed with a narrow fluted ruffle, which is even carried round the hips. The sleeves are rather loose and almost straight.

The Marquise, a riding jacket of the Louis XV. style, is made with a basque three fingers long all round. The fronts of the skirt or basque are turned back like revers, and faced with silk the same as those on the upper part of the waist. Two box plaits are laid at the back and are trimmed to resemble pockets. On the shoulders are knots of cords and tassels. Another style of jacket is cut with an ivy leaf tail at the back, and three long turtlet-like tails in front. The sleeves are one-quarter of a yard wide at the wrist, and trimmed with a gauntlet cuff.

There are various other styles, all gotten up in exquisite taste, both in respect to trimming and shape. It is, however, impossible to do them justice by description. They ought to be seen to be understood. Madame Demorest, whose inventive genius never flags, has brought out a great variety of new sleeves; most of them very simple, but effective and stylish.

In robes de chambre the most stylish from the house of Mme. D. was made of a lilac poplin, open for the space of a quarter of a yard at each breadth, turned over like revers and faced with lilac silk. It was trimmed with a silk ruching which resembled china asters.

A very elegant evening dress from the same establishment was of white silk, embroidered in turquoise blue in the pyramidal style on each breadth. Round the bottom of the skirt was a band of turquoise blue silk, covered with a black lace insertion, and edged with a quilting of blue ribbon. The front was made *en tablier*, with alternate rows of black lace insertion over blue silk and bands of embroidery. The corsage was high, and trimmed with bretelles and straps, both back and front.

We have seen some very elegant new silks at Stewart's, but we shall be obliged to reserve them until next month. We cannot help, however, giving our readers, as a parting word, the names of the most fashionable colors. They are logwood, rosewood, Spanish *café*, and Russian gray.

FASHION.

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Volumes **XXIII.** and **XXIV.**

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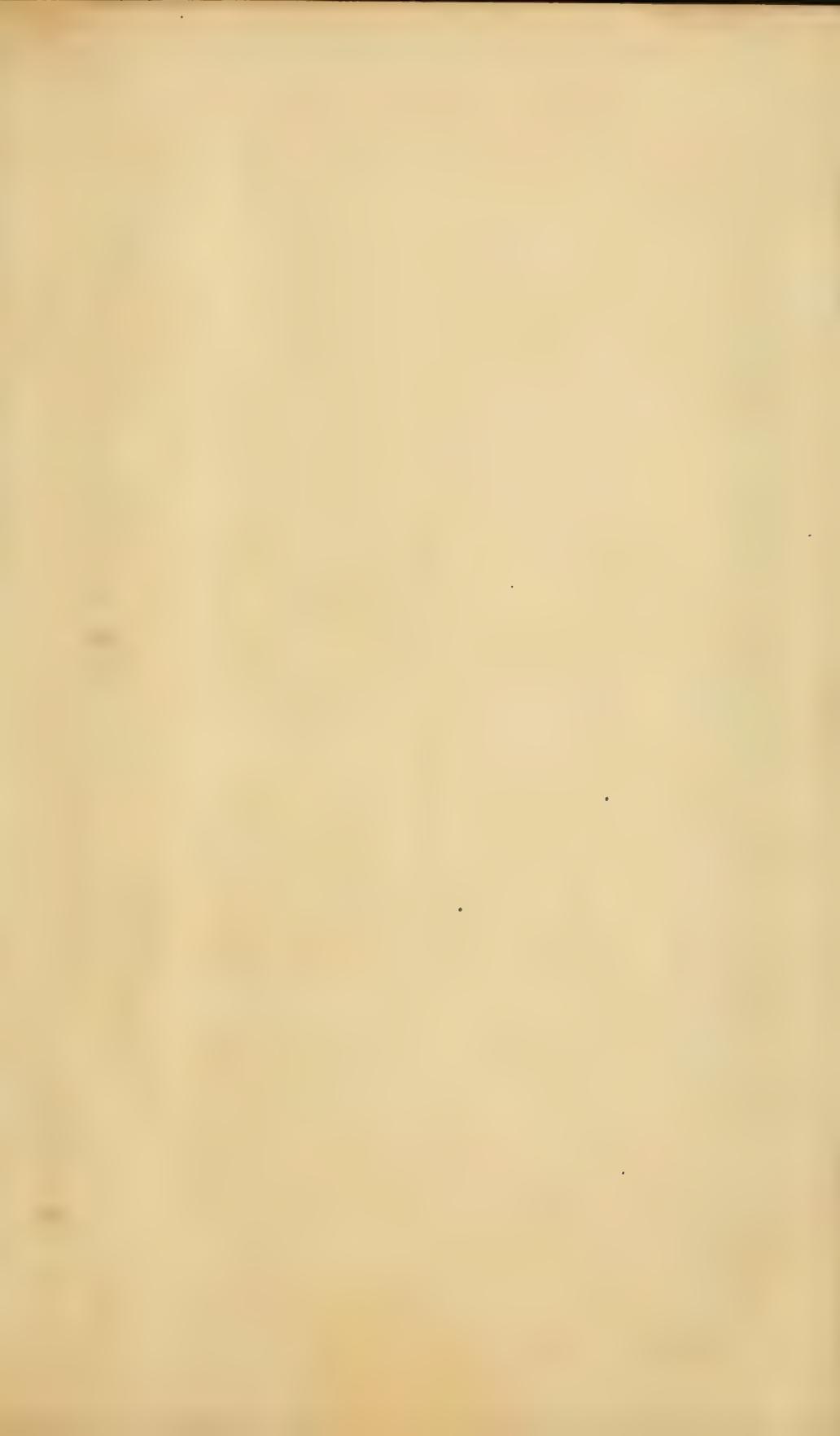
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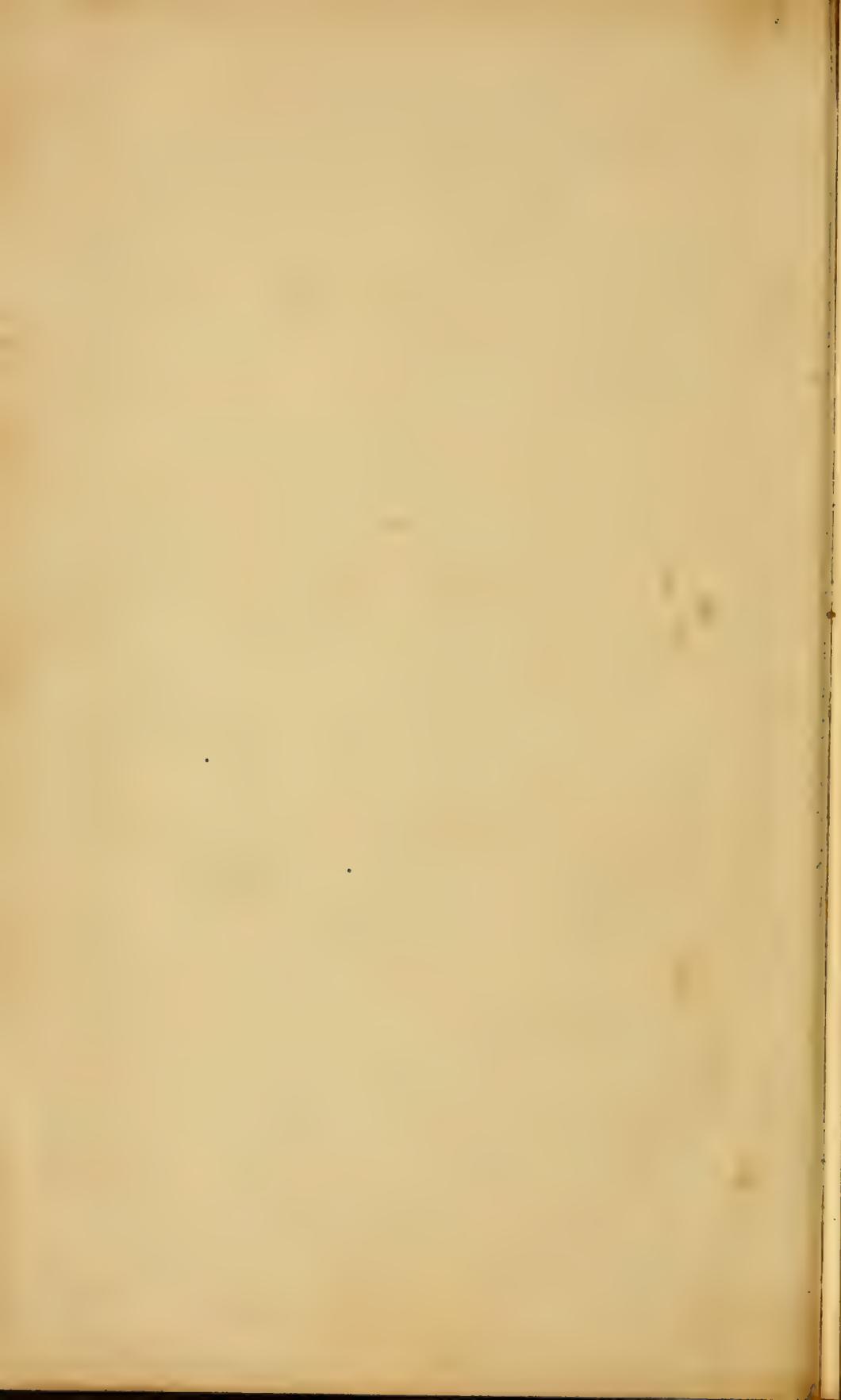
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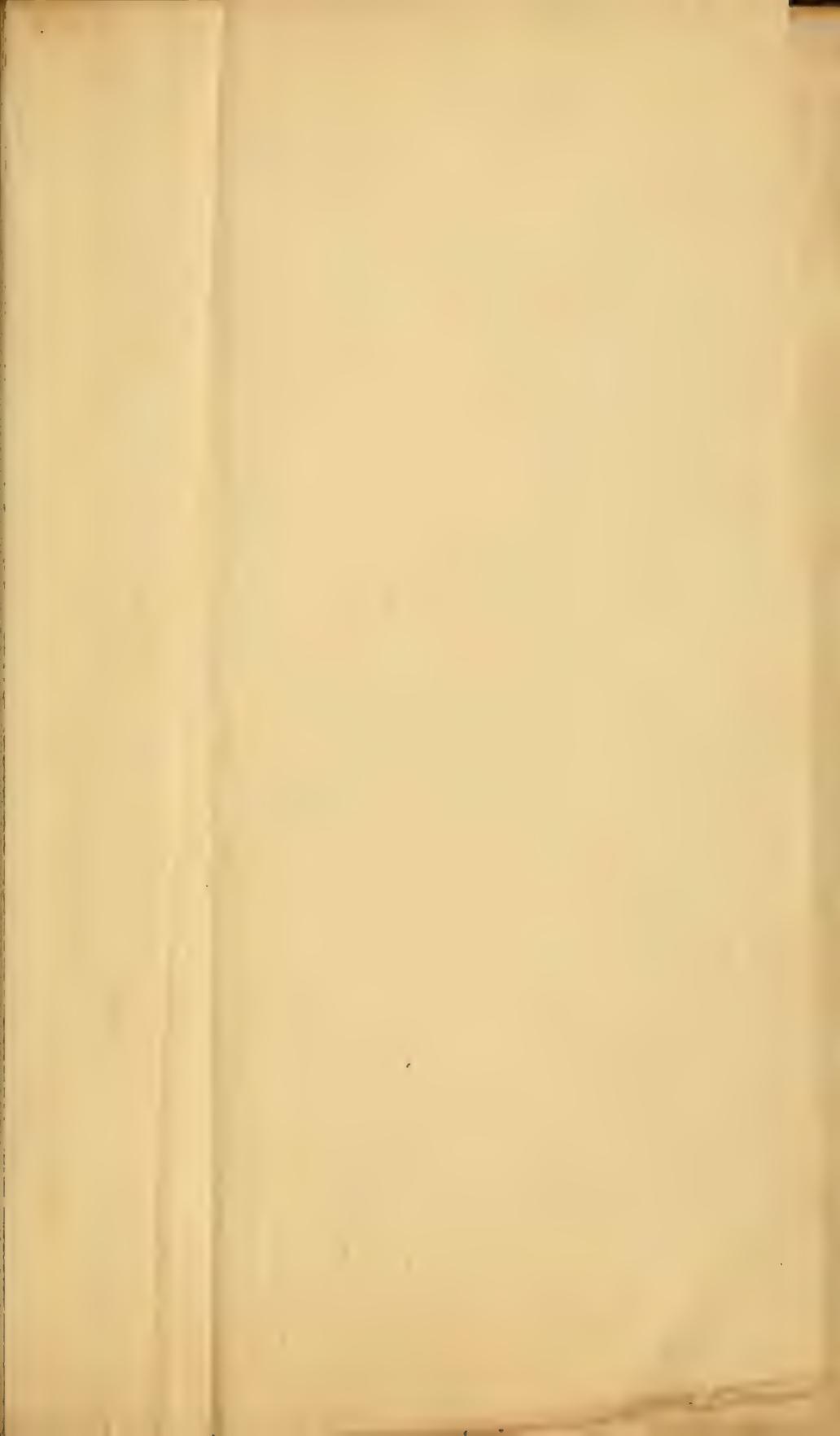
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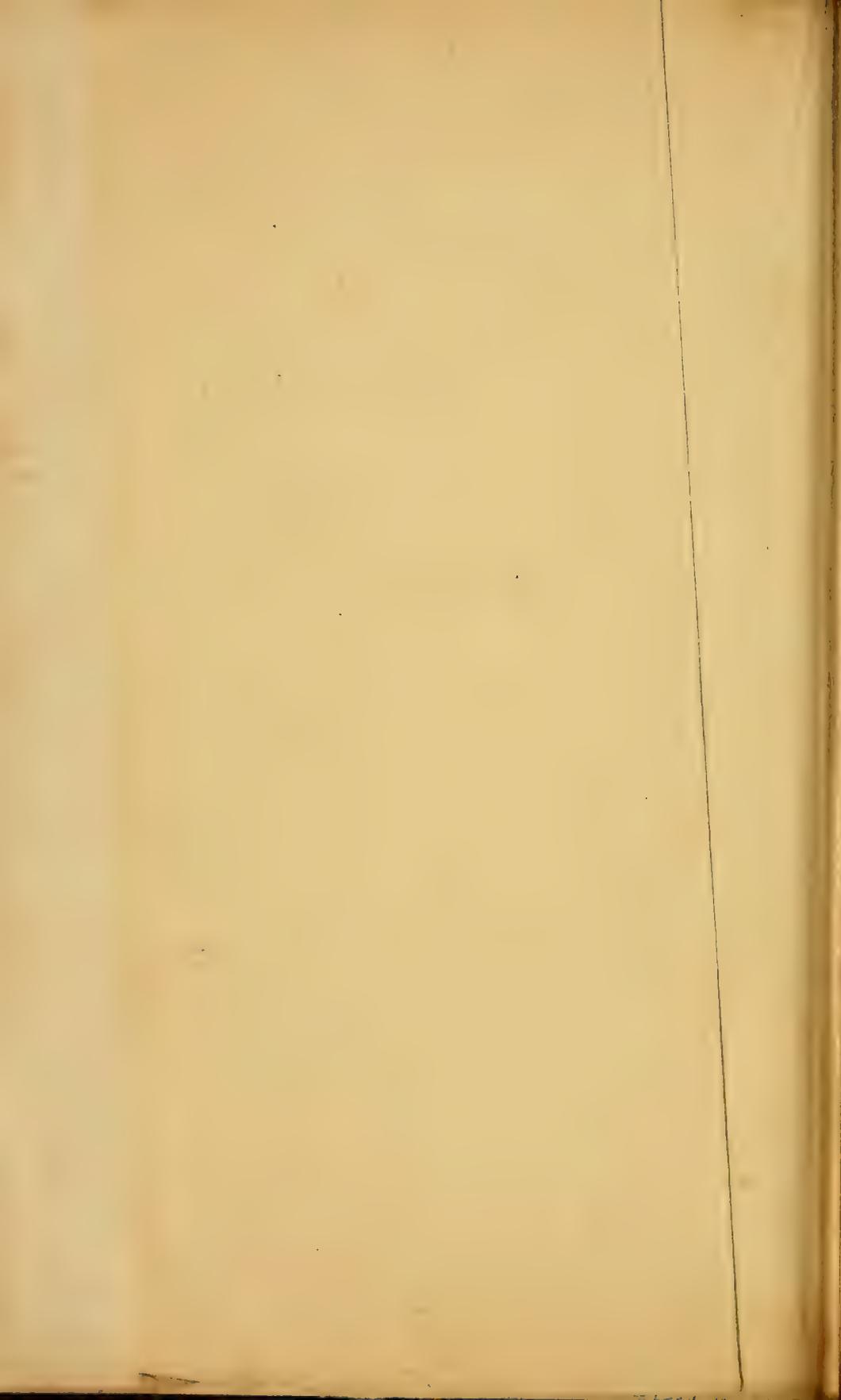
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1  
Mrs. J. C. Leinbach

## CHURCH LITERATURE.

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### ITS AIM, ITS BENEFITS AND ITS CIRCULATION.

---

#### ITS AIM.

CHURCH literature has for its object, directly or indirectly, the advancement of the interests of Christ's kingdom. Though a human agency, it has a divine mission. All the members of the Church, if they would be true to their calling, must be workers together with Christ. They must not only be active and zealous in helping forward Christ's work in their own congregation, or within the narrow limits of their own community, but they must be actively interested in the welfare of the Church throughout the world. Especially must they know and feel the wants of that branch of the Church with which they stand connected. No member of the Church can fulfill his mission, as a servant of Christ, who is ignorant of the Church's needs; who does not acquaint himself with her progress, her trials, and her triumphs.

Just here it is that Church literature serves as the strong handmaid of the pulpit, and meets a want that can in no other way be supplied. It aims to second and support the pastor in all his efforts to build up the Lord's people in faith, knowledge, piety, and devotion to the Church. It brings vividly before the eye of the people the same truths and interests which through the ear are impressed upon them by the voice of the preacher. It seeks to do what the pastor cannot do, viz: visit every family every week, and lay before its members pure food for daily thought; information gathered from every quarter of the globe; and such Christian intelligence as tends to bring the reader into sympathy with every department of Church work. It aims to impress upon the heart of the Christian the truth, that the work of the Church is *his* work, as well as Christ's work, and that, if

he would be faithful to his trust, he must make every interest of the Church his own personal interest,—a care equally important with the care of his own soul.

Church literature has further for its object the guarding of the young and the protection of home morals by putting into the hands of families only such pure, wholesome reading as serves to enrich the mind and make better the heart; thereby affording the only sure remedy against the unchaste, sensational literature which floods the land, and which inevitably tends to poison the minds and corrupt the morals of the young. Church literature aims to do all that it is possible to do within its own proper province to diffuse Christian light, to develop Christian life, and to broaden Christian love.

#### ITS BENEFITS.

The benefits of Church literature are but the realization of the aims just stated. Experience has proved that no Church can afford to do without the strong, helping arm of Church literature. In the degree that the Church neglects this important agency, does she fail in fulfilling her appointed work. The rule holds good also as applied to the Church member.

Church literature and Christian enlightenment go together; Church literature and Christian activity and benevolence also go together. Ask a pastor who serves a congregation composed very largely of members who do not read the Church periodicals, as to his experience; and he will tell you that his work is very hard and very disheartening; that the members have no interest in the Church apart from the narrow sphere of their own congregation; that the cause of Missions, Home and Foreign, awakens within them no sympathy; that their contributions to benevolent interests are very meagre, and very reluctantly given; that there is no hope of organizing a missionary society; that there are manifest evidences on every hand of indifference and inactivity in regard to the general interests of the Church.

Enter the home that is not visited by a Church paper, and talk to the members of the family about mission work in Japan, or in our home fields; talk to them about our institutions of learning, our Orphan Homes, and the various interests and needs of the Church, and what is the result? You find that

they know little of, and care little for, these things; that their hearts cannot be drawn out in sympathy towards them; that the great work of the Church engages neither the thoughts of their minds nor the love of their hearts. That is the negative side of the subject. It is not drawn from the imagination: it is very real; too true.

Ask the pastor who serves a congregation among whose families Church literature is widely diffused as to his experience: and he will tell you that his parishioners, as a rule, are wide awake and active; that they help to bear his burdens; that it is a pleasure to bring before them the general interests of the Church, because of the sympathetic response which they elicit; that they delight to hear of the progress of missions, and of the growth of the Church's literary and charitable institutions; that there is a constant increase in contributions to the Lord's treasury; that there is joy in ministering to a people whose hearts and offerings go out freely in love towards interests which are precious in the sight of God.

A pastor upon being asked who were his most active workers and contributed most liberally to the support of Christian objects, replied, "The working capital of my congregation is to be found among those who read and are interested in our Church literature."

Many there are who will unite in bearing testimony to the truthfulness of this picture, which presents the positive side of the benefits of Church literature.

#### ITS CIRCULATION.

Such being the high aim and rich benefits of Church literature, it is hardly in place to ask the question, To what extent should it be circulated? Just as the Holy Bible, as a book, is an indispensable aid to Christian knowledge, so is Church literature an indispensable auxiliary to a knowledge of Christ's work in and through His Church. The exclusion of Church literature from a Christian home can find no justification, except upon the plea of inability to read, or most extreme poverty. Every Church member who has the means to subscribe for a town, county, or political paper, should blush for shame at the thought of being unable to subscribe for a Church periodical. Surely, the

knowledge of Christ's work should be considered of far greater importance to the Christian than the knowledge of market prices, social gossip, murders, and political news. If both cannot be had, the latter, by all means, should be sacrificed to the former. If Christians once come to appreciate the eternal and priceless blessings that flow to them through the Church, as highly as they do the perishable blessings of earth, they will soon realize the importance and necessity of informing themselves as to the work which is being accomplished by the Church. If parents would but appreciate the formative and lasting influence exerted upon the mind and character of their children by what they read, they would not withhold from them the pure, clean, elevating literature offered to them through the papers and books of the Church.

In view of the great evils that result from a *limited*, and in view of the incalculable spiritual blessings that attend a *wide*, circulation of Church literature, every possible effort should be made by all who are interested in the welfare of the Church to diffuse Church intelligence among all the members.

Let the pastors enforce from the pulpit, in the strongest and clearest light, the demands of the case. Let consistories use all their influence in coöperating with the pastor in his efforts to have some form of Church literature—if possible—in every Christian home. Let agents of Church papers and books be kindly encouraged and assisted in their good work by pastors and people.

And let every Christian reader of this tract, who has consciously or unconsciously neglected the duty herein presented, ask himself the question: Can I, who profess to love and serve the Church of Christ, afford to do without that knowledge which can be obtained only through the literature of the Church?

---

**Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch St., Phila., Pa.**

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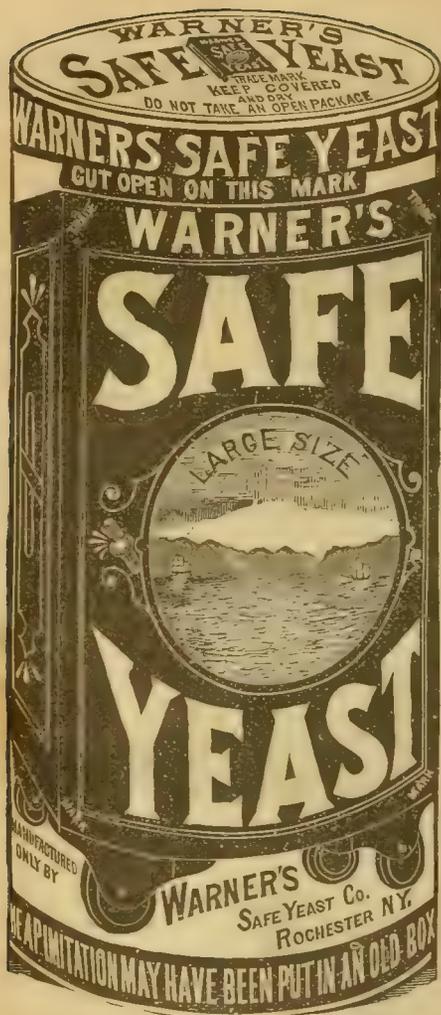
Lines for an Album. - Right be the place of the seal!  
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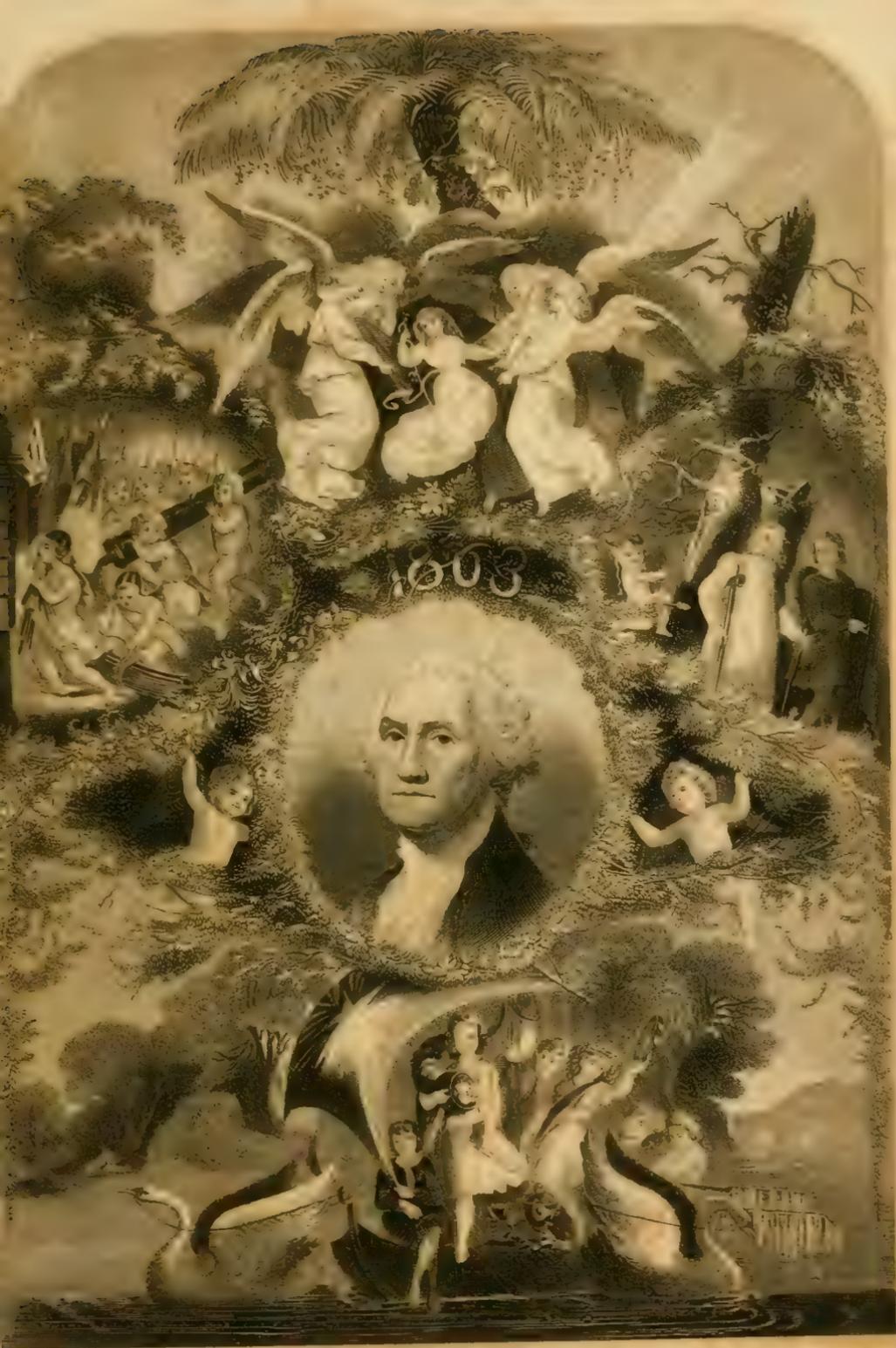
















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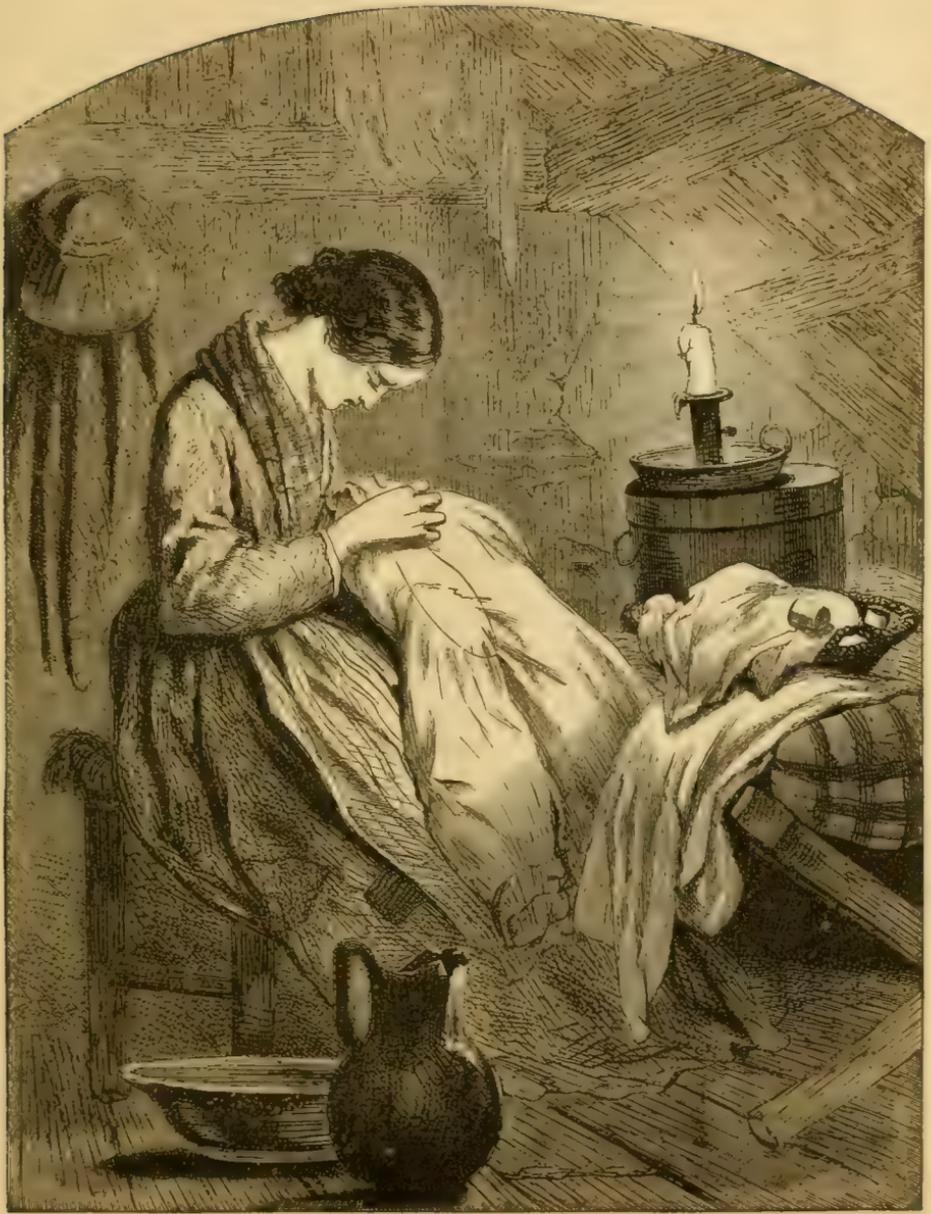
WOMEN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY 1863.





**TRAVELING or WINTER HOOD.**





THE OLD SEWING MACHINE.



LATEST FASHION.



Garnet-colored poplin dress, gored. Garnet silk, puffed *en tablier* up the front of the dress and corsage, and ornamented with black velvet ribbon and bows. Fancy tulle cap, trimmed with apple-green velvet. Muslin ruff, and green velvet neck-tie.

# Nora's Mourning.

New Irish Ballad.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL VALLEY," "THE PASSING BELL," "POOR BEN, THE PIPER," ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by J. Starr Holloway, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Op. 110.

Moderato.

The introduction consists of two staves of piano music. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4.

O I know by the blush on your  
O the long, lonely day wears

*p* Ped.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "O I know by the blush on your / O the long, lonely day wears". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic pattern in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand. A piano (*p*) and pedal (*Ped.*) marking is present.

cheek, dar - ling. That your heart is not far a - way ; O I know by your gaze when I  
through, dar - ling, When your presence I vainly im - pore ; O the bur - den when parted from

*p* Ped. \* *p* Ped.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "cheek, dar - ling. That your heart is not far a - way ; O I know by your gaze when I / through, dar - ling, When your presence I vainly im - pore ; O the bur - den when parted from". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic pattern. A piano (*p*) and pedal (*Ped.*) marking is present.

NORAH MAVOURNEEN.

speak, dar - ling, That you lose not a word I say; O I bless you and bless you for  
 you, dar - ling, Can you leave me to bear it more; O I kneel at your feet for your

all your love; It is more than life to me. Ev' - ry thought, ev' - ry  
 hand and heart; All I have is yours a - lone. Will you send me a -

care way, of my heart shall prove My de - vo - tion, darling, to  
 will you say we must part, O my dar - ling, darling, my

thee; - Norah, Ma - vourneen; Norah, Ma - vourneen.  
 own; - Norah, Ma - vourneen; Norah, Ma - vourneen.

LATEST FASHION.



Dark green silk dress, trimmed with applications of black velvet, finished with narrow black velvet ribbon. Standing linen collar, with vesuve neck-tie. Cap trimmed with different shades of vesuve ribbons.

## LA MADRILENA.

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



We illustrate this month a style of pardessus which we regard as peculiarly becoming, comfortable, and convenient—one that from its beauty lays claim to become a lasting favorite. We believe that the style is so clearly depicted in the drawing that no verbal explanation will render it more intelligible. The cloak from which the above view is taken is of black cloth. The ornamentation may vary; that upon the one above was composed of *brand bourgs*.

Fig. 1.



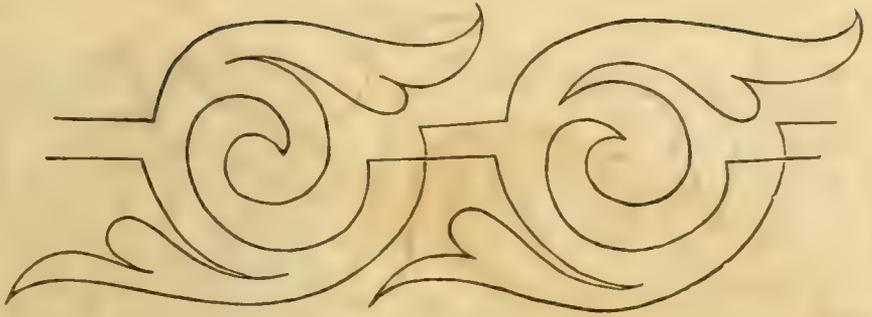
Fig. 2.



**HEADRESSES.**

*(See description, Fashion department.)*

BRAIDING PATTERN.



THE PRINCESS CAPUCHON.



Made of white cashmere, braided with black velvet, and trimmed with cherry-colored ribbon. The tassel is of black lace.

BRAIDING FOR A MARSEILLES CLOAK.

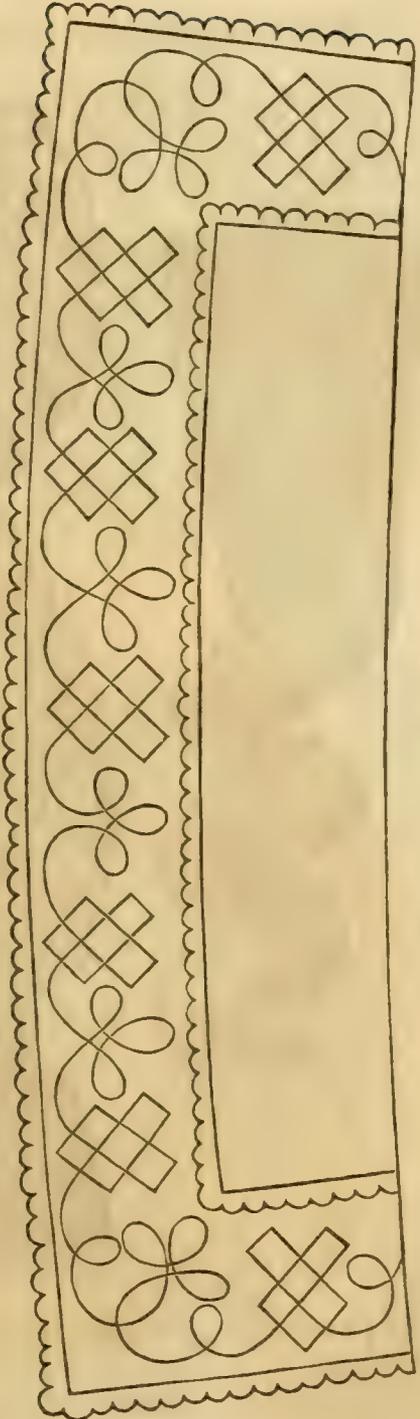


LADIES' BRAIDED SLIPPER.—(See description, Work department.)





BACK OF LADIES' BRAIDED SLIPPER.



BRAIDED CUFF.

## FANCY TIE.

Fig. 2.

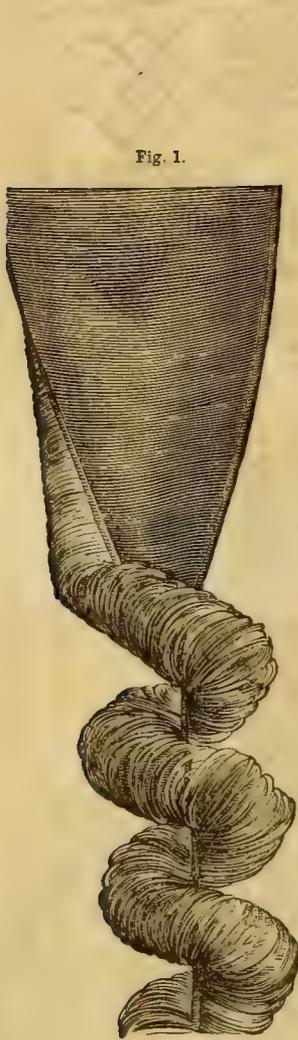


Fig. 1.

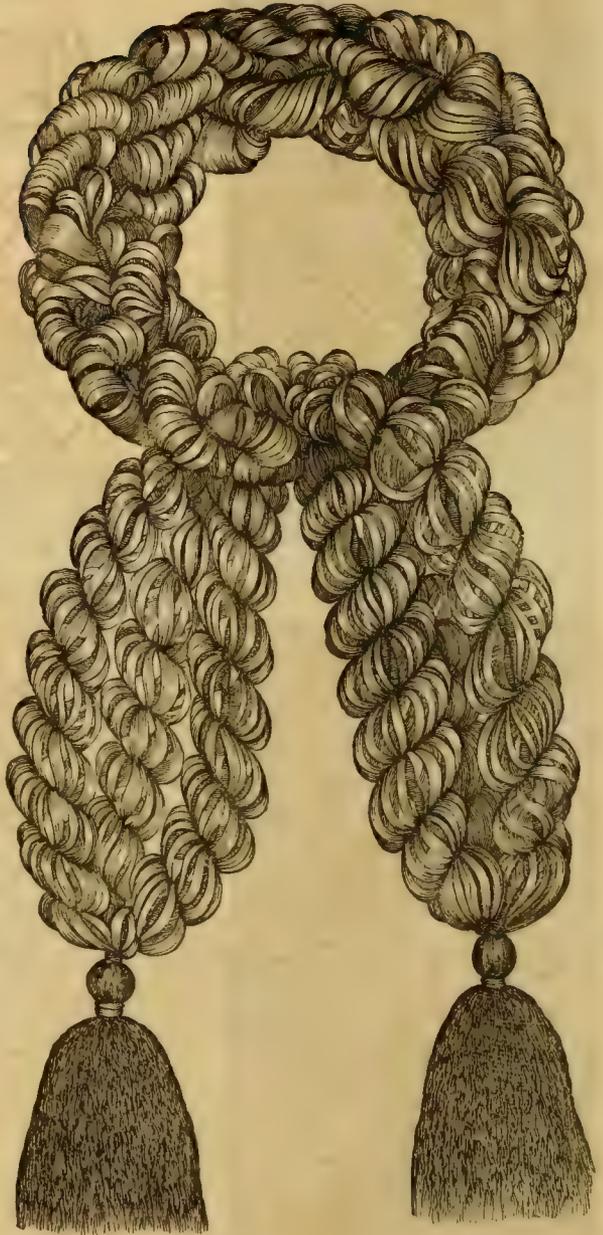


Fig. 1 is a portion of the tie, showing the width of the ribbon.

Fig. 2 is the tie complete.

Take ribbon, with firm edges, but not very stiff, and cut it in three pieces each one yard and a quarter long. Pull all the threads running lengthwise, so that the cross threads are only held by the edge of the ribbon. Then fold the edges together, and twist the ribbon lightly, always keeping the edges in the centre of the twist. When the three pieces are thus prepared, sew them together, and trim the ends with a light silk tassel.

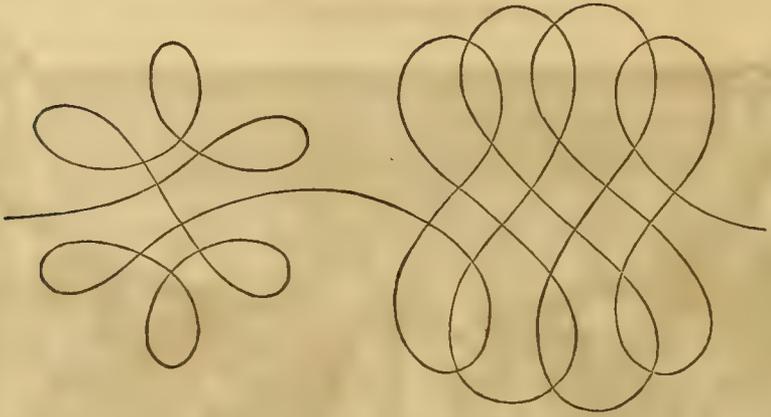
**HALF-CIRCLE BOX TOILETTE PINCUSHION.**

*(See description, Work Department.)*



**EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT.**





EMBROIDERY.

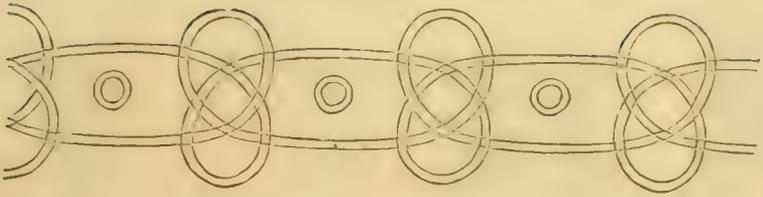


PELERINE CLOAK.

(See description, Work Department.)



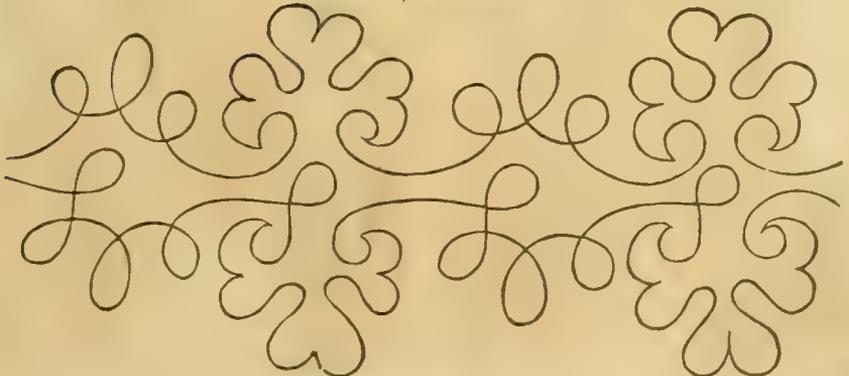
BRAIDING PATTERN.



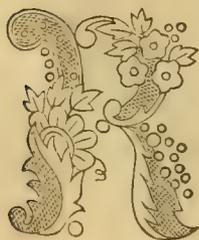
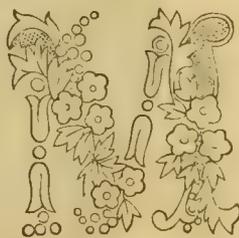
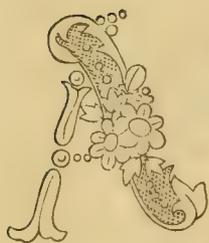
BRAIDED PINCUSHION.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

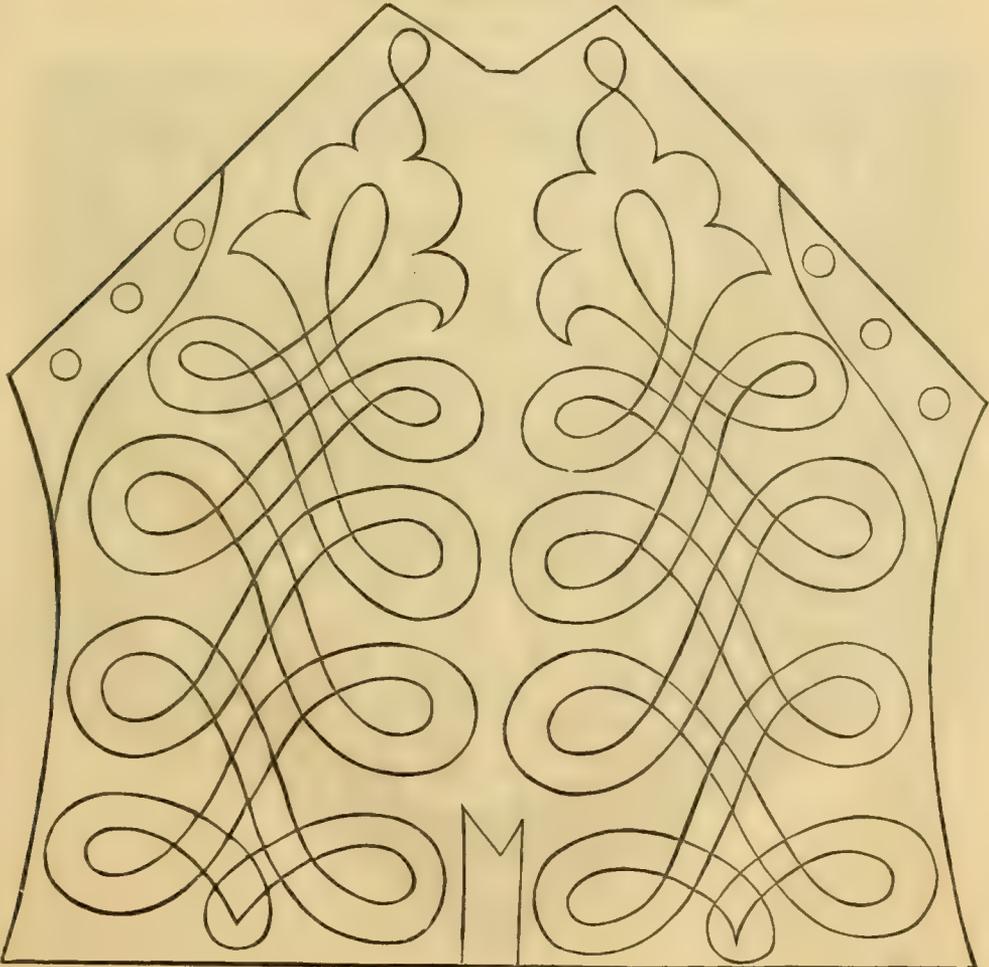


ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.





BRAIDED SHOE FOR A CHILD.



**BRAIDING PATTERN.**



**EMBROIDERED POCKET FOR A LADY'S DRESS.**

*(See description, Work Department.)*



# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1863.

---

### "HUSKS."

"And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

BY MARIAN HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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.

It was a decided, uncompromising rainy day. There were no showers, coquetted with by veering winds, or dubious mists, that at times grew brighter, as if the sun were burning away their lining; but a uniform expanse of iron-gray clouds—kept in close, grim column by a steady, although not violent east wind—sent straight lines of heavy rain upon the earth. The naked trees, that, during the earlier hours of the deluge, had seemed to shiver for the immature leaf-buds, so unfit to endure the rough handling of the storm, now held out still, patient arms, the rising sap curdled within their hearts. The gutters were brimming streams, and the sidewalks were glazed with thin sheets of water.

The block of buildings before which our story pauses, was, as a glance would have showed the initiated in the grades of Gotham life, highly respectable, even in the rain. On a clear day, when the half folded blinds revealed the lace, silken, and damask draperies within; when young misses and masters—galvanized show-blocks of purple and fine linen, that would have passed muster behind the plate-glass of Gervin or Madame Demorest—tripped after hoops, or promenaded the smooth pavement; when pretty, jaunty one-horse carriages, and more pretentious equipages, each with a pair of prancing steeds, and two "outside passengers" in broadcloth and tinsel hat-bands, received and discharged their loads before the brown-stone fronts—had the afore-mentioned spectator chanced to perambulate this not spacious street,

he would have conceded to it some degree of the fashion claimed for it by its inhabitants. There were larger houses and wider pavements to be had for the same price, a few blocks further on, in more than one direction, but these were unanimously voted "less eligible" and "deficient in style," in spite of the fact that as good and better materials were employed in their construction, and they were in all respects equal in external show and inside finish to those in this model quarter. "But our block has a certain air—well—I don't know what; but it is just the thing, you know, and so convenient! So near the Avenue!" would be the concluding argument.

The nameless, indescribable charm of the locality lay in the last clause. "Just step around the corner, and you are in the Avenue," said the favored dwellers in this vicinity, as the climax in the description of their abode, and "that way *fashion* lies" to every right-minded New Yorker of the feminine gender.

But the aristocratic quiet of the neighborhood, rendered oppressive and depressing by the gloom of the day, was disturbed by a discordant sound—and what was especially martyrizing to refined auriculars, the lament had the unmistakable plebeian accent. The passionate scream with which the pampered darling of the nursery resents interference with his rights and liberty of tyranny, or the angry remonstrance of his injured playmates, would have been quite another species of natural eloquence, as regards both quality and force, from the weak, broken

wail that sobbed along the wet streets. Moreover, what respectable child could be abroad on foot in this weather? So, the disrespectful juvenile pursued her melancholy way unnoticed and unquestioned until she reached the middle of the square. There a face appeared at a window in the second story of a house—which only differed from those to its right, left and opposite in the number upon the door—vanished, and in half a minute more a young lady appeared in the sheltered vestibule.

“What is the matter, little girl?”

The tone was not winning, yet the sobs ceased, and the child looked up, as to a friendly questioner. She was about eleven years of age, if one had judged from her size and form; but her features were pinched into unnatural maturity. Her attire was wretched, at its best estate; now, soaked by the rain, the dingy hood drooped over her eyes; the dark cotton shawl retained not one of its original colors, and the muddy dress flapped and dripped about her ankles. Upon one foot she wore an old cloth gaiter, probably picked up from an ash-heap; the remains of a more sorry slipper were tied around the other.

“I am so cold and wet, and my matches is all spilt!” she answered, in a dolorous tone, lifting the corner of a scrap of oil-cloth, which covered a basket, tucked, for further security, under her shawl.

“No wonder! What else could you expect, if you would go out to sell them on a day like this? Go down into the area, there, and wait until I let you in.”

The precaution was a wise one. No servant in that well-regulated household would have admitted so questionable a figure as that which crept after their young mistress into the comfortable kitchen. The cook paused in the act of dissecting a chicken; the butler—on carriage days, the footman—checked his flirtation with the plump and laughing chambermaid, to stare at the wretched apparition. The scrutiny of the first named functionary was speedily diverted to the dirty trail left by the intruder upon the carpet. A scowl puckered her red face, and her wrathful glance included both of the visitants as alike guilty of this desecration of her premises. The housemaid rolled up her eyes and clasped her hands in dumb show of horror and contempt, to her gallant, who replied with a shrug and a grin. But not a word of remonstrance or inquiry was spoken. It was rather a habit of this young lady's to have her own way whenever she could, and that she was bent upon doing this now was clear.

“Sit down!” she said, bringing up a chair to the fire.

The storm-beaten wanderer obeyed, and eagerly held up her sodden feet to the red grate.

“Have you no better shoes than those?”

“No, ma'am.”

“Humph! Nor dress—nor shawl?”

“No, ma'am.”

“Are you hungry?”

A ray shot from the swollen eyes. “Yes, ma'am!”

The lady disappeared in the pantry and presently returned with five or six slices of bread and butter hastily cut and thickly spread, with cheese and cold meat between them.

“Eat!” She thrust them into the match-girl's fingers. “Wait here, while I go and look for some clothes for you.”

As may be supposed, the insulted oracle of kitchen mysteries improved the time of the benefactress's absence by a very plain expression of her sentiments towards beggars in general, and this one in particular; which harangue was received with applause by her fellow-servants, and perfect equanimity by its object. She munched her sandwiches with greedy satisfaction, watching, the while, the little clouds of steam that ascended from her heated toes. She was, to all appearance, neither a sensitive nor intelligent child, and had known too much of animal want and suffering to allow trifles to spoil her enjoyment of whatever physical comfort fell to her lot. Her mother at home could scold quite as virulently as the cook was now doing, and she was more afraid of her anger, because she beat while she berated her. She was convinced that she stood in no such peril here, for her protectress was one in power.

“Have you eaten enough?” said the clear, abrupt voice behind her, as she held two sandwiches in her fingers, without offering to put them to her lips.

“Yes, ma'am. May I take 'em home?”

“Certainly, if you like. Stand up, and take off your shawl.”

She put around the forlorn figure a thick cloak, rusty and obsolete in fashion, but which was a warm and ample covering for the child, extending to the hem of her dress. The damp elf-locks were hidden by a knitted hood; and, for the feet, there were stockings and shoes, and a pair of India-rubbers to protect these last from the water.

“Now,” said the Humane Society of One, when the refitting was at an end, “where do you live? Never mind! I don't care to know that yet! Here is a small umbrella—a good

one—which belongs to me. I have no other for myself when I go out in bad weather. I mean to lend it to you, to-day, upon the condition that you will bring it back to-morrow, or the first clear day. Will you do it?"

The promise was readily given.

"Here 's an old thing, Miss Sarah!" ventured the butler, respectfully; producing a bulky, ragged cotton umbrella from a corner of the kitchen closet. "It 's risky—trusting sech as *that* with your nice silk one."

"That will let in the rain, and is entirely too large for her to carry. You understand, child? You are to bring this safely back to me, the first time the sun shines. Can you find your way to this house again?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, easy! Thank you, ma'am!" Sarah dropped an awkward courtesy, as Miss Sarah held open the door for her to pass, and went out into the rain—warm, dry, and shielded against further damage from the storm.

Unheeding the significant looks of the culinary cabinet, Sarah Hunt turned away and ascended the stairs. She was a striking-looking girl, although her features, when in repose, could claim neither beauty of form or expression. Her complexion was dark and pale, with a slight tinge of olive, and her hair a deep brown, lips whose compression was habitual, an aquiline nose, and eyes that changed from dreamy hazel to midnight blackness at the call of mind or feeling, gave marked character to her countenance. Her sententious style of address to the child she had just dismissed was natural, and usual to her in ordinary conversation, as was also the gravity, verging upon sombreness, which had not once during the interview relaxed into a smile.

The family sitting-room, her destination at present, and to which we will take the liberty of preceding her, was furnished elegantly and substantially; and there, leaning back in lounging-chairs, were Miss Lucy Hunt, the eldest daughter of the household, and her bosom friend, Miss Victoria West. Each held and wielded a crochet-needle, and had upon her lap a basket of many-hued balls of double or single zephyr worsted, or Shetland or Saxony wool, or whatever was the fashionable article for such pretty trifling at that date. Miss West had completed one-quarter of a shawl for herself, white and scarlet; and her friend had made precisely the same progress in the arduous manufacture of one whose centre was white and its border blue.

"Yours will be the prettiest," remarked Lucy, regretfully. "Blue never looks well in

worsteds. Why, I can't say, I'm sure. It is too bad that I can wear so few other colors! But I am such a fright in pink, or scarlet, or any shade of red!"

"As if *you* could ever be a fright in anything!" returned her companion, with seeming indignation.

Lucy smiled, showing a set of faultless teeth that, to a stranger's first glance, would have appeared by far the most attractive point in her physiognomy. If closer examination discovered that her skin was pearly in whiteness and transparency, that her form was exquisite, with a sort of voluptuous grace; her hands worthy, in shape and hue, to become a sculptor's model; still, in the cold, unflattering light of this rainy afternoon, her want of color, her light gray eyes, her yellow hair, drawn straight back from the broad, low brow, precluded the idea that she could ever, with all the accessories of artificial glare, dress, and animation, be more than a merely pretty girl. Miss West knew better, and Lucy realized the power of her own charms with full and complete complacency. Secure in this pleasant self-appreciation, she could afford to be careless as to her everyday looks and home-people. She saw and enjoyed the manifest surprise of those who, having seen her once in morning dishabille, beheld her afterwards in elaborate evening toilet. Then the abundant hair, wreathed with golden ripples, the classic head, the most artfully simple of tasteful ornaments—a camellia, a rosebud, or a pearl hairpin its sole adornment; her eyes, large, full, and soft, were blue instead of gray, while the heat of the assembly-room, the excitement of the crowd, or the exultation of gratified vanity supplied the rounded cheek with rich bloom, and dewy vermilion to the lips. But nature's rarest gift to her was her voice, a mellow contralto, whose skilful modulations stole refreshingly to the senses amid the sharp clash of strained and higher tones, the castanet-like jingle which most American belles ring unmercifully into the ears of their auditors. Lucy Hunt was not "a great talker," still less was she profound or brilliant when she did speak; yet she invariably conveyed the impression to the mind of a new acquaintance of a thoroughly cultivated woman, one whose acquirements were far beyond her modest exhibition of thought and sentiment. The most commonplace phrase came smoothly and roundly from her tongue, and he was censorious indeed who was willing to lose the pleasure afforded by its musical utterance in weighing its meaning. At school

she had never been diligent, except in the study of music, and her pains-taking in this respect was rewarded by the reputation, justly earned, of being the finest vocalist in her circle of associates. In society she shone as a rising star of the first magnitude; at home she was happy, cheerful, and indolently amiable. Why should she be otherwise? From her babyhood she had been petted and admired by her family, and the world—*her* world—was as ready with its meed of the adulation which was her element.

There were, besides the two sisters already introduced to the reader, three other children in the Hunt household—a couple of sturdy lads, twelve and fourteen years of age, and little Jeannie, a delicate child of six, whom Lucy caressed with pet titles and sugar-plums of flattery, and Sarah served in secret and idolatrous fondness. This family it was Mrs. Hunt's care and pride to rear and maintain, not only in comfort, but apparent luxury, upon the salary which her husband received as cashier of a prominent city bank, an income sufficient to support them in modest elegance, but which few besides Mrs. Hunt could have stretched to cover the expenses of their ostensible style of living. But this notable manager had learned economy in excellent schools; primarily as a country girl, whose holiday finery was purchased with the proceeds of her own butter-making and poultry-yard; then as the brisk, lively wife of the young clerk, whose slender salary had, up to the time of his marriage, barely sufficed to pay for his own board and clothes, and whose only vested capital was his pen, his good character, and perfect knowledge of book-keeping. But if his help-meet were a clever housewife, she was likewise ambitious. With the exception of the sum requisite for the yearly payment of the premium upon Mr. Hunt's life-insurance policy, their annual expenses devoured every cent of their receipts. Indeed, it was currently believed among outsiders that they had other resources than the cashier's wages, and Mrs. Hunt indirectly encouraged the report that she held property in her own right. They lived "as their neighbors did," as "everybody in their position in society was bound to do," and "everybody" else was too intent upon his personal affairs, too busy with his private train of plans and operations to examine closely the cogs, and levers, and boilers of the locomotive Hunt. If it went ahead, and kept upon the track assigned it, was always "up to time," and avoided unpleasant collisions, it was nobody's business how the steam was gotten up.

Every human plant of note has its parasite, and Miss Lucy Hunt was not without hers. There existed no reason in the outward circumstances of the two girls why Miss Hunt should not court Miss West, rather than Miss West toady Miss Hunt. In a business—that is, a pecuniary—point of view, the former appeared the more likely state of the case, inasmuch as Victoria's father was a stock-broker of reputed wealth, and with a probable millionaireship in prospective, if his future good fortune equalled his past, while Mr. Hunt, as has been stated, depended entirely upon a certain and not an extravagant stipend. But the girls became intimate at school, "came out" the same winter at the same party, where Lucy created a "sensation," and Victoria would have been overlooked but for the sentimental connection between the *débutantes*. Since then, although the confidante would have scouted the imputation of interested motives with the virtuous indignation of wounded affection, she had nevertheless "made a good thing of it," as her respected father would have phrased it, by playing hanger-on, second fiddle, and trumpeter general to the belle.

"As if *you* could be a fright in anything!" she had said naturally and perhaps sincerely.

Lucy's smile was succeeded by a serious look. "I am sadly tempted sometimes! Those lovely peach-blossom hats that you and Sarah wore this past winter were absolute trials to my sense of right! And no longer ago than Mrs. Crossman's party I was guilty of the sin of coveting the complexion that enabled Maria Johnston to wear that sweet rose-colored silk, with the lace skirt looped with rosebuds."

"You envy Maria Johnston's complexion! Why don't you go further, and fall in love with her small eyes and pug nose?" inquired Victoria, severely ironical. "I have heard that people were never contented with their own gifts, but such a case of blindness as this has never before come under my observation."

"No, no! I am not quite so humble with regard to my personal appearance as you would make out. Yet"—and the plaintive voice might have been the murmur of a grieving angel—"I think that there are compensations in the lot of plain people that we know nothing about. They escape the censure and unkind remarks that uncharitable and envious women heap upon those who happen to be attractive. Now, there is Sarah, who never cares a button about her looks, so long as her hair is smooth and her dress clean and whole. She hates parties, and is glad of any excuse to stay out

of the parlor when gentlemen call. Give her her books and that 'snuggery,' as she calls it, of a room up stairs, and she is happier than if she were in the gayest company in the world. Who criticizes *her*? Nobody is jealous of her face, or manners, or conversation. And she would not mind it if they were."

"She has a more independent nature than yours, my dear. I, for one, am rejoiced that you two are unlike. I could not endure to lose my darling friend, and somehow I never could understand Sarah; never could get near to her, you know."

"I do not wonder at that. It is just so with me, sisters though we are. However, Sarah means well, if her manner is blunt and sometimes cold."

The entrance of the person under discussion checked the conversation at this point, and both young ladies began to count their stitches aloud, to avoid the appearance of the foolish embarrassment that ever overtakes a brace of gossips at being thus interrupted.

Sarah's work lay on her stand near the window, where she had thrown it when the crying child attracted her notice, and she resumed it now. It was a dress for Jeannie. It was a rare occurrence for the second sister to fashion anything so pretty and gay for her own wear.

"Have you taken to fancy-work at last?" asked Victoria, seeing that the unmade skirt was stamped with a rich, heavy pattern for embroidery.

"No!" Sarah did not affect her sister's friend, and did not trouble herself to disguise her feelings towards her.

Lucy explained: "She is making it for Jeannie. She does everything for that child."

"You are very sisterly and kind, I am sure," Victoria continued, patronizingly. "You must quite despise Lucy and myself for thinking of and doing so much for ourselves, while you are such a pattern of self-denial."

A blaze shot up in Sarah's eye; then she said, coldly: "I am not self-denying. Have I ever found fault with you or Lucy for doing as you like?"

"Oh no, my dear! But you take no interest in what we enjoy. I dare say, now, you would think it a dull business to work day after day for three or four weeks together, crocheting a shawl which may go out of fashion before one has a chance to sport it at a watering-place."

"I certainly should!" The curl of the thin upper lip would have answered for her had she not spoken.

"And you hate the very sight of shell-work, and cone-frames, and Grecian painting, and all such vanities?"

"If I must speak the truth, I do—most heartily!"

Victoria was not easily turned from her purpose.

"Come, Sarah! Tell us what you would have us, poor trifling, silly things, do to kill the time."

"If you must be a murderer, do it in your own way. I have nothing to say in the matter."

"Do you mean that time never hangs upon your hands? that you are never *ennuyée, blasée*?"

"Speak English, and I will answer you!"

"I want to know," said the persevering tormentor, "if the hum-drum books up-stairs, your paint box, and your easel are such good company that you are contented and happy always when you are with them? if you never get cross with yourself and everybody else, and wonder what you were put into the world for, and why the world itself was made, and wish that you could sleep until doomsday. Do you ever feel like this?"

Sarah lifted her eyes with a wondering, incredulous stare at the flippant inquisitor.

"I *have* felt thus, but I did not suppose that you had!"

"Oh! I have a 'blue' turn now and then, but the disease is always more dangerous with girls of your sort—the reading, thinking, strong-minded kind. And the older you grow, the worse you will get. I hav'n't as much book knowledge as you have, but I know more of the world we live in. Take my advice, and settle down to woman's right sphere. Drive away the vapors with beaux and fancy-work now. By and by, a husband and an establishment will give you something else to think about."

Sarah would have replied, but Lucy broke in with a laugh, light and sweet.

"You two are always at cross-questions! Why can't you be satisfied to let one another alone? Sarah and I never quarrel, Vic. We agree to disagree. She gives me my way, and I don't meddle with her. If she likes the blues (they say some people enjoy them!) where's the harm of her having them? They never come near me. If I get stupid, I go to bed and sleep it off. Don't you think I have done ten rows, since breakfast? What a godsend a rainy day is, when one has a fascinating piece of work on hand!"

Too proud to seem to abandon the field,

Sarah sat for half an hour longer, stitching steadily away at the complicated tracery upon the ground to be worked, then, as the dimmer daylight caused the others to draw near to the windows, she pushed aside her table and put by her sewing.

"Don't let us drive you away!" said Victoria's mock-polite tones; and Lucy added, kindly, "We do not mean to disturb you, Sarah, dear!"

"You do not disturb me!" was the reply to the latter. The other had neither glance nor word.

Up another flight, she mounted to a room, much smaller than that she had left and far plainer in its appointments. The higher one went in Mrs. Hunt's house, the less splendid everything became. In the state spare chamber—a story below—nothing of comfort and luxury was wanting, from the carved rosewood bedstead, with the regal-looking canopy overshadowing its pillows, down to the Bohemian and cut-glass scent bottles upon the marble of the dressing-cabinet. Sarah's carpet was common ingrain, neither pretty nor new; a cottage bedstead of painted wood; bureau and washstand of the same material; two chairs, and a small table were all the furniture her mother adjudged needful. To these the girl had added, from her pittance of pocket money, a set of hanging bookshelves; a portable desk, an easel, and two or three good engravings that adorned the walls.

She locked the door after her, with a kind of angry satisfaction in her face, and going straight to the window, leaned upon the sash, and looked down into the flooded street. Her eyes were dry, but there was a heaving in her throat; a tightening of the muscles about the mouth that would have made most women weep for very relief. Sarah Hunt would have scorned the ease purchased by such weakness. She did not despise the sad loneliness that girt her around, any more than the captive warrior does his cell of iron or stone, but she held that it would be a cowardly succumbing to Fate, to wound herself by dashing against the grim walls, or bring out their sleeping echoes by womanish wailings. So, presently, her throat ached and throbbed no longer; the rigid muscles compressed the lips no more than was their wont; the hands loosened their vice-like grasp of one another—the brain was free to think.

The rain fell still with a solemn stateliness that befitted the coming twilight. It was a silent storm for one so heavy. The faint hum of the city; the tinkle of the car-bell, three

blocks off, arose to her window above its plashing fall upon the pavement, and the trickle of the drops from sash to sill. A stream of light from the lamp-post at the corner flashed athwart the sidewalk, glittered upon the swollen gutter, made gold and silver blocks of the paving-stones. As if they had waited for this signal, other lights now shone out from the windows across the way, and from time to time a broad, transient gleam from opening doors, told of the return of fathers, brothers, husbands from their day's employment.

"He sees the light in happy homes!"

What was there in the line that should make the watcher catch her breath in sudden pain, and lay her hand, with stifled moan, over her heart, as she repeated it aloud?

Witness with me, ye maternal Hunts, who read this page—you, the careful and solicitous about many things—in nothing more ambitious than for the advancement and success in life of your offspring—add your testimony to mine that this girl had all that was desirable for one of her age and in her circumstances. A house as handsome as her neighbors, an education unsurpassed by any of her late school-fellows, a "position in society;" a reasonable share of good looks, which only required care and cultivation on her part, to become really *distingué*; indulgent parents and peaceably-inclined brothers and sisters; read the list, and solve me, if you can, the enigma of this perturbed spirit—this hungering and thirsting after contraband or unattainable pleasures.

"Some girls will do so!" Mrs. Hunt assured her husband when he "thought that Sarah did not seem so happy as Lucy. He hoped nothing ailed the child. Perhaps the doctor had better drop in to see her. Could she be fretting for anything? or had her feelings been hurt?"

"Bless your soul, Mr. H. ! there's nothing the matter with her. She always was kind o' queer!" (Mrs. Hunt did not use her company grammar every day), "and she's jest eighteen year old. That's the whole of it! She'll come 'round in good time, 'specially if Lucy should marry off pretty soon. When Sarah is 'Miss Hunt,' she'll be as crazy for beaux and company, and as ready to jump at a prime offer as any of 'em. I know girls' ways!"

Nor am I prepared to say that Sarah, as she quitted her look-out at the high window, at the sound of the dinner-bell, could have given a more satisfactory reason for her discontent and want of spirits.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. HUNT's china, like her grammar, was of two sorts. When her duty to "society" or the necessity of circumstances forced her to be hospitable, she "did the thing" well. At a notice of moderate length, she could get up a handsome, if not a bountiful entertainment, to which no man need have been ashamed to seat his friends, and when the occasion warranted the display, she grudged not the "other" china, the other silver, nor the other table-linen.

She did, however, set her face, like a broad flint, against the irregularity of inviting chance visitors to partake of the family bread and salt. Intimate as Victoria West was with Lucy, she met only a civil show of regretful acquiescence in her proposal to go home, as the dinner-hour approached; and Robbie or Richard Hunt was promptly offered to escort her to her abode upon the next block. If she remained to luncheon, as she would do occasionally, Lucy, in her hearing, begged her mother to excuse them from going down, and to send up two cups of tea, and a few sandwiches to the sitting-room. This slight repast was served by the butler upon a neat little tray, in a *tête-à-tête* service—a Christmas gift to Lucy, "from her ever-loving Victoria," and sentimentally dedicated to the use of the pair of adopted sisters.

Therefore, Sarah was not surprised to find Victoria gone, despite the storm, when she entered the dining-room. An immense crumb-cloth covered the carpet; a row of shrouded chairs, packed elbow to elbow, stood against the farther end of the apartment, and a set of very ordinary ones were around the table. The cloth was of white-brown material, and the dishes a motley collection of halt and maimed—for all Mrs. Hunt's vigilance could not make servants miraculously careful. There was no propriety, however, according to her system of economy, in condemning a plate or cup as past service, because it had come off second best, to the extent of a crack, or nick, or an amputated handle in an encounter with some other member of the rockery tribe. "While there is life there is hope," was, in these cases, paraphrased by her to the effect that while a utensil would hold water, it was too good to be thrown away.

It was not a sumptuous repast to which Sarah sat down after she had placed Jeannie in her high chair and tied the great gingham bib around her neck. On the contrary it came near being a scant provision for the healthy appetites of seven people. Before Mr. Hunt, a

mild, quiet little man, was a dish of stew, which was, in its peculiar line, a thing—not of beauty—but wonder.

Only a few days since, as I stood near the stall of a poultry vender in market, a lady inquired for chickens.

"Yes, ma'am. Roasting size, ma'am?"

"No; I want them for a fricassee."

"Ah"—with a look of shrewd intelligence. "Then, ma'am, I take it, you don't care to have 'em overly tender. Most ladies prefers the old ones for fricassee; they come cheaper, and very often bile tender."

"Thank you," was the amused rejoinder. "The difference in the price is no consideration where the safety of our teeth is concerned."

Mrs. Hunt suffered not these scruples to hinder her negotiations with knowing poultry merchants. A cent less per pound would be three cents saved upon the chicken, and three cents would buy enough turnips for dinner. It is an ignorant housekeeper who needs to be informed that stewed chicken "goes further" than the same fowl made into any other savory combination. Mrs. Hunt's stews were concocted after a receipt of her own invention. *Imprimis*, one chicken, weight varying from two and a half to three pounds; salt pork, a quarter of a pound; gravy abundant; dumplings innumerable. It was all "stew;" and if Jeannie's share was but a bare drumstick, swimming in gravy and buried in boiled dough, there was the chicken flavor through the portion.

For classic antecedent the reader is referred to the fable of the rose-scented clay.

To leave the principal dish, which justice to Mrs. Hunt's genius would not permit me to pass with briefer mention, there were, besides, potatoes, served whole (mashed ones required butter and cream), turnips, and bread, and Mrs. Hunt presided over a shallow platter of pork and beans. What was left of that dish would be warmed over to piece out breakfast next morning. The children behaved well, and the most minute by-law of table etiquette was observed with a strictness that imparted an air of ceremonious restraint to the meal. If Mrs. Hunt's young people were not in time finished ladies and gentlemen, it was not her fault, nor was it for the lack of drilling.

"Do as I tell you, not as I do," were her orders in these matters. Since Lucy had completed her education, the mother added: "Look at your sister; *she* is never awkward!" This was true; Lucy was born the fine lady. Refinement of manner and grace of movement, an

instinctive avoidance of whatever looked common or underbred were a part of her nature. Only the usage of years had accustomed her to her mother's somewhat "fussy" ways. Had she met her in company as Mrs. Anybody else, she would have yielded her the right of way with a feeling of amazement and amiable pity that one who meant so well should so often overdo the thing she aimed to accomplish easily and gracefully. Following out her excellent system of training, the worthy dame demanded as diligent and alert waiting from her butler as if she were having a dinner-party. The eggless rice pudding was brought on with a state that was absolutely ludicrous; but the family were used to the unsubstantial show, and took it as a matter of course.

After the meal was over Mrs. Hunt withdrew to the kitchen for a short conference with the cook and a sharp glance through the closets. It was impossible that the abstraction of six slices of bread from the baking of the preceding day, three thick pieces of cheese, and more than half of the cold meat she had decided would, in the form of hash, supply the other piece of the breakfast at which the beans were to assist, should escape her notice. Mr. Hunt was reading the evening paper by the drop-light in the sitting-room, Lucy was busy with her shawl, and Sarah told a simple tale in a low voice to Jeannie, as she leaned upon her lap, when the wife and mother entered, with something like a bluster. All present looked up, and each one remarked the cloud upon her brow.

"What is the matter, mother?" said Mr. Hunt, in a tone not free from alarm.

"I am worried! That's the whole of it! I am downright vexed with you, Sarah, and surprised, too! What upon earth possessed you, child, to take that beggar into my kitchen to-day? After all I have told you and tried to learn you about these shameful impostors! I declare I was beat out when I heard it. And to throw away provisions and clothes upon such a brat!"

Lucy opened her great eyes at her sister, and Mr. Hunt looked perplexedly towards his favorite, for at heart he was partial to his second child.

"I took the poor creature to the fire, mother, because she was wet and cold; I fed her because she was hungry; I gave her some old, warm clothes of mine because hers were thin and soaked with rain."

"Poor little girl!" murmured Jeannie, compassionately.

Sarah's hand closed instantly over the little fingers. The simple-hearted babe understood and sympathized with her motive and act better than did her wiser elders.

"Oh, I have no doubt she told a pitiful story, and shed enough tears to wet her through, if the rain had not done it already. If you listen to what these wretches say, and undertake to relieve their wants, you will soon have not a dress to your back nor a house over your head. Why didn't you send her to some society for the relief of the poor?"

"I did not know where to find one, ma'am."

This plain truth, respectfully uttered, confounded Mrs. Hunt for a second.

"Mrs. James is one of the Managers in a Benevolent Association," she said, recovering herself. "You had ought to have given your beggar her address."

"Even if I had known that fact, mother, the girl would have been obliged to walk half a mile in the storm to find this one manager. What do you suppose Mrs. James would have done for her that was not in my power to perform?"

"She would have asked the child whereabouts she lived, and to-morrow she would have gone to hunt her up. If she found all as she had been told, which is not likely—these creatures don't give a right direction once in ten times, why, she would have brought the case before the board at their next meeting, and they would help them, if neither of her parents was a drinking character."

"God help the poor!" ejaculated Sarah, energetically. "God help the poor, if this is man's style of relieving his starving brother! Mother, do you think that hunger pinches any the less when the famished being is told that next week or next month may bring him one good meal? Will the promise of a bushel of coal or a blanket, to be given ten days hence, warm the limbs that are freezing to-night? Is present help for present need, then, always unsafe, imprudent, insane?"

"That all sounds very fine, my dear." Mrs. Hunt grew cool as her daughter waxed warm. "But when you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will understand how necessary it is to be careful about believing all that we hear. Another thing you must not forget, and that is that we are not able to give freely, no matter how much disposed we may be to do so. It's pretty hard for a generous person to say, 'No,' but it can't be helped. People in our circumstances must learn this lesson." Mrs. Hunt sighed at thought of the

curb put upon her benevolent desires by bitter necessity. “And after all very few—you’ve no idea how few—of these pretended sufferers are really in want.”

This precluded a recital of sundry barefaced impositions and successful swindles practised upon herself and acquaintances, to which Mr. Hunt subjoined certain of his personal experiences, all tending to establish the principle that in a vast majority of cases of seeming destitution the supplicant was an accomplished rogue, and the giver of alms the victim of his own soft heart and a villain’s wiles. Jeannie drank in every syllable, until her ideal beggar quite equalled the ogre who would have made a light supper off of Hop-o’-my-Thumb and brothers.

“You gave this match-girl no money, I hope?” said Mrs. Hunt, at length.

“I did not, madam. I had none to give her.” Impelled by her straight-forward sense of honesty that would not allow her to receive commendation for prudence she had not shown, she said, bravely: “But I lent her my umbrella upon her promise to return it to-morrow.”

“WELL!”

Mrs. Hunt dropped her hands in her lap, and stared in speechless dismay at her daughter. Even her husband felt it his duty to express his disapprobation.

“That was very unwise, my daughter. You will never see it again.”

“I think differently, father.”

“You are too easily imposed upon, Sarah. There is not the least probability that your property will be returned. Was it a good umbrella?”

“It was the one I always use.”

“Black silk, the best make, with a carved ivory handle—cost six dollars a month ago!” gasped Mrs. Hunt. “I never heard of such a piece of shameful imprudence in all my born days! and I shouldn’t wonder if you never once thought to ask her where she lived, that you might send a police officer after it, if the little thief didn’t bring it back to you!”

“I did think of it.” Sarah paused, then forced out the confession she foresaw would subject her to the charge of yet more ridiculous folly. “I did think of it, but concluded to throw the girl upon her honor, not to suggest the theft to her by insinuating a doubt of her integrity.”

Mr. Hunt was annoyed with and sorry for the culprit, yet he could not help smiling at this high-down generosity of confidence. “You are certainly the most unsophisticated girl of your

age I ever met with, my daughter. I shall not mind the loss of the umbrella if it prove to be the means of giving you a lesson in human nature. In this world, dear, it will not do to wear your heart upon your sleeve. Never believe a pretty story until you have had the opportunity to ascertain for yourself whether it is true or false.” And with these titbits of worldly wisdom, the cashier picked up his paper.

“Six dollars! I declare I don’t know what to say to you, Sarah!” persisted the ruffled mother. “You cannot expect me to give you another umbrella this season. You must give up your walks in damp weather after this. I can’t say that I am very sorry for that, though. I never did fancy your traipsing off two or three miles, rain or shine, like a sewing-girl.”

“Very well, madam!”

But, steadied by pride as was her voice, her heart sank at the possibility of resigning the exercise upon which she deemed so much of her health, physical and mental, depended. These long, solitary walks were one of the un-American habits that earned for Sarah Hunt the reputation of eccentricity. They were usually taken immediately after breakfast, and few in the neighborhood who were abroad or happened to look out at that hour, were not familiar with the straight, proud figure, habited in its walking-dress of gray and black, stout boots, and gray hat with black plume. It was a uniform selected by herself, and which her mother permitted her to assume, because it “looked genteel,” and became the wearer. Especially did she enjoy these tramps when the threatening storm, in its early stages, kept others of her class and sex at home. The untamed spirit found a fierce pleasure in wrestling with the wind; the hail that ushered in the snow-storm, as it beat in her face, called up lustre to the eye and warm color to the cheek. To a soul sickening of the glare and perfume of the artificial life to which she was confined the roughest and wildest aspects of nature were a welcome change.

I remember laughing heartily, as I doubt not you did also, dear reader, if you saw it, at a cut which appeared several years ago in the Punch department of *Harper’s Magazine*. A “wee toddler,” perhaps four years old, with a most lack-a-daisical expression upon her chubby visage, accosts her grandmother after this fashion: “I am tired of life, grandmamma! The world is hollow and my doll is stuffed with sawdust, and, if you please, ma’am, I should like to go to a nunnery!”

Yet that there are natures upon which the feeling of emptiness and longing herein burlesqued seizes in mere babyhood is sadly true. And what wonder? From their cradles, hundreds of children, in our so-called better classes, are fed upon husks. A superficial education, in which all that is not showy accomplishment is so dry and uninviting that the student has little disposition to seek further for the rich kernel, the strong meat of knowledge, is the preparatory course to a premature introduction into the world, to many the only phase of life they are permitted to see, a scene where all is flash and froth, empty bubbles of prizes, chased by men and women with empty heads, and oh, how often empty, aching hearts! Outside principles, outside affections, outside smiles, and, most pitiable of all, outside piety! Penury of heart and stomach at home; abroad a parade of reckless extravagance and ostentatious profession of fine feeling and liberal sentiments!

"Woe," cried the Preacher, "to them that make haste to be rich!" If he had lived in our day, in what biting terms of reprobation and contempt would he have declaimed against the insane ambition of those who forego the solid comforts of judicious expenditure of a moderate income would afford; spurn the holy quiet of domestic joys—neglect soul, with heart culture—in their haste to *seem* rich, when Providence has seen that wealth is not to be desired for them! Out upon the disgusting, indecent race and scramble! The worship of the golden calf is bad enough, but when this bestial idolatry rises to such a pitch of fanaticism, that in thousands of households, copies in pinchbeck and plated ware are set up and served, the spectacle is too monstrous in its abomination! This it is, that crowds our counting-rooms with bankrupts and our state prisons with defaulters; that is fast twining our ball-rooms and other places of fashionable rendezvous, into vile caricatures of foreign courts, foreign manners, and foreign vices; while the people we ape—our chosen models and exemplars—hold their sides in inextinguishable laughter at the grave absurdity of our laborious imitation. It is no cause for marvel, that, in just retribution, there should be sent a panic-earthquake, every three years, to shake men to their senses.

Such was the atmosphere in which Sarah Hunt had always lived. In the code subscribed to by her mother, and the many who lived and felt and panted and pushed as she did for social distinction, nothing was of real, absolute value except the hard cash. Gold and silver were

*facts.* All things else were comparative in use and worth. The garment which, last winter, no lady felt dressed without, was an obsolete horror this season. The pattern of curtains and furniture that nearly drove the fortunate purchaser wild with delight, three years back, was now only fit for the auction-room. In vain might the poor, depleted husband plead for and extol their beauties. The fiat of fashion had gone forth, and his better half seasoned his food with lamentations, and moistened her pillow with tears until she carried her point. We have intimated that Sarah was a peculiar girl. Whence she derived her vigorous intellect; her strong, original turn of thought; her deep heart, was a puzzle to those who knew her parents. The mother was energetic, the father sensible, but both were commonplace, and followed, like industrious puppets, in the wake of others. They were pleased that Sarah brought home all the prizes offered at school, and both considered that she gained a right, by these victories, to pursue her studies at home, provided she did not obtrude her singular views and tastes upon other people. Mrs. Hunt sighed, frequently and loudly, in her presence, that her genius had not been for shell, or bead, or worsted-work, instead of for reading volumes, that did not even decorate the show book-case in the library.

"If you must have so many books, why don't you pick out them with the tasty bindings?" she had asked her daughter more than once. "And I wish you would paint some bright, lively pictures, that would look handsome on the walls, instead of those queer men and women and cloudy things you have got up stairs. I'd have 'em framed right away, and be real proud to tell who done them."

Sarah remained proof against such hints and temptations, and, shrinking more and more from the uncongenial whirl around her, she twined her eager, restless spirit into her secret, inner life, where, at times, it was flattered into content by the idealities upon which it was fed; at others, ramped and raved, like any other chained wild thing. The sweetest drop of pleasure she had tasted for many a day was the thrill she experienced when the forlorn object she had rescued from the power of the storm stood before her, decently and comfortably clad. The rash confidence she had reposed in so suspicious a stranger was the outgoing of a heart too noble and true in every impulse to pause, for a moment, to speculate upon the chances of another's good or bad faith. The great world of the confessedly poor was an unknown field

to her—one she longed to explore. Her footsteps loitered more often near the entrance of some narrow, reeking street or alley, down which she had promised her mother not to go, than on the spacious *paré*, where over-dressed women and foppish men halted at, and hung around bewitching shop-windows. She wondered how such throngs of breathing beings contrived to exist in those fetid, cramped quarters; how they lived, spoke, acted, *felt*. The great tie of human brotherhood became daily more tense, as she pondered these things in her heart.

On this particular day, as she sat, silent and thoughtful, at her needle, the chit-chat of her companions less heeded than the continual dropping of the rain without, the wail of the shivering wanderer caused a painful vibration through every nerve. The deed was done! the experiment was tried. She was ashamed that an event so trivial held her eyes waking, far into the night. At least, she said to herself, she would not be without a lesson of some kind; would learn whether deceit and falsehood prevailed in the lowest, as well as the higher ranks of society. If, as she still strove to believe would be the case, the child returned the borrowed property, she would make use of her, as the means of entering upon a new sphere of research and action. After so complete a refutation of her theories respecting the utter corruption of all people, who had not enough to eat and to wear, her mother could not withhold her consent to her petition that she might become a lay-missionary—a present relief committee to a small portion of the suffering, toiling, ill-paid masses. She would then have a work to do—something to call out energy and engage feeling in healthy exercise—and soothed by the romantic vision, she fell asleep with a smile upon her lips.

The morning dawned between breaking clouds, that soon left the sky clear and bright. All through the day Sarah watched for her visitor of the preceding day—watched with nervousness she could not wholly conceal, from morn to night, for two, three days—for a week. Then she looked no longer while at home; her question, at entering the house, after a drive or walk, ceased to be, "Has anything been left for me?" So palpable was her disappointment that her father forbore to make any allusion to her loss, and Lucy, albeit she was somewhat obtuse to the finer points of her sister's character, good-naturedly interposed to change the subject, when her mother sought to improve the incident to her daughter's edification and

future profit. Mr. Hunt was right in supposing that the "unsophisticated girl" had learned something. Whether she were happier or better for the lesson thus acquired was another thing.

Once again Sarah had an opportunity for speech with her delinquent *protégée*. Two months later, she was passing through a by-street in a mean neighborhood, very far up town, in her morning ramble, when her progress was arrested, for an instant, by two boys, who ran out of an alley across the walk. One overtook the other just in front of the lady, and catching him by his ragged collar, threw him down.

"That's right! beat him well! I'll help!" screeched a girl, rushing out of the court whence they had come.

Grinning with delight, she flung herself upon the prostrate form and commenced a vigorous assault, accompanied by language alike foul and profane.

Sarah recognized her instantly, and while she paused in mingled amazement and anger, the child looked up and saw her. In a twinkling she relinquished her grip of the boy's hair—jumped up and sped back into the dirty alley, with the blind haste of guilty fear.

Yes! Mr. Hunt was a wise man, who knew the world, and trebly sage in her generation, was his spouse. If their daughter had never acknowledged this before, she did now, in her disgust and dismay at this utter overthrow of her dreams of the virtuous simplicity to be found in lowly homes, where riches and fashions were things unknown.

(To be continued.)

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EVERY soul has an immortality and infinity in itself that cannot be searched or expressed; it is an awful secret, that neither language, nor action, nor expression of any kind can disclose; we all of us long for what life cannot supply; our aspirations are infinitely beyond our attainments; so much so, that they who are contented with the world as it is are the mere cattle of society. All improvements originate with discontentment; we labor and bring forth in sorrow; genius is a laborer, an operative, a slave; and every useful man and woman is.

KINDNESS in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

WOMEN are extreme—they are better or worse than men.

## THE ORPHAN'S HOPE.

BY EMMA C. D. COWES.

My invalid mother and I were alone,  
 Out on the low porch where the bright sun shone—  
 In the month of June—'twas a lovely day ;  
 With the vines o'erhead the wind was at play—  
 The sweet breath of flowers was borne on the breeze—  
 The katydid's song came forth from the trees—  
 We heard the noise of the busy old mill  
 That's over the brook, down under the hill ;  
 And from hill, and dale, and woodland would float  
 Sweet notes from many a musical throat.  
 My mother sat there in her old arm-chair,

And I was near,  
 Plying my needle and chanting an air  
 She loved to hear.  
 I suddenly paused in my joyous lay,  
 And gazed on her face ;  
 I thought that her cheek was paler that day,  
 And I could trace  
 Deep shadows of pain on her fair high brow—  
 I know they are gone, yet they haunt me now.

"Oh, mother," I cried,  
 As I flew to her side,  
 "Dear mother, I fear you are worse to-day!"  
 "Aye! 'tis true, my child, *I am passing away!*  
 A little time here, then the sexton's spade  
 Will hollow my grave, and I shall be laid  
 Away in the mould  
 Of the churchyard old.

Nay, child, do not weep, it is all for the best  
 That this aching form should be laid to rest ;  
 Since the gloomy day that your father died,  
 I have thought 'twere sweet to sleep by his side ;  
 Though my form will lie 'neath the churchyard sod,  
 My spirit will wing its way to its God.

Dear child, prepare  
 To meet me there."

"But, mother, the way—do you not fear  
 The valley of Death, with its shadows drear?  
 The coffin, the shroud, the pall, and the bier?  
 And the awful gloom  
 Of the cold, dark tomb?"

"Nay, daughter, the Saviour will guide me through  
 The shadowy valley—the Saviour true,  
 Who alone can save.

His upholding arm can never fail,  
 For He has passed through the gloomy vale,  
 And conquered the Death king, grim and pale,  
 Who ruled the grave.

It is but for you, poor darling, I grieve ;  
 Aye, it pains me sore, all lonely to leave  
 My orphaned one :

But He who numbers the sparrows that fall—  
 Whose mercies extend to His creatures all—  
 His will be done !

Pray to Him always, daughter, dear, pray !  
 He'll comfort and guide you when I've passed away."

That beautiful night, ere the moon was set,  
 The soul of my dearest friend had fled ;  
 My agony wild I can never forget,

When they tore me away from the form of the dead !  
 My bosom was filled with the deepest woe ;  
 Of light I could see not a flickering ray,

Till those sweet words came, spoke a short time ago,  
 "Pray to Him, always, daughter, dear, pray !"

Then a strange, sweet peace swept over my soul  
 As I knelt in prayer ere the rise of the sun,  
 And a voice within, when I heard the bell toll,  
 Said, "It's all for the best—His will be done."  
 My mother's voice I can hear no more ;  
 Nor her footfalls light on her chamber floor ;  
 All within her room looks gloomy and bare,  
 And empty and lone is her old arm-chair ;  
 But her home is a happier home than this—  
 A home where the angels dwell in bliss ;  
 And I humbly hope that bliss to share,  
 As I trust ere long I shall meet her there.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world, and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid ; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do, and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference we do not think this is quite so ; we cannot believe what is now-a-days so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstances, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men, except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly obliterative of such important qualities, it seems strange that they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readiness, their facility, their abundant resources. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever? And is it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences ; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds.

## AUNT EDITH. A TALE OF THE HEART.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Why so very thoughtful, Anna?"

"I am wondering, mother, how it could have happened that so pleasant and ladylike a person as Edith Gray has always lived alone with her niece in that romantic old house."

"Why," said the mother, smiling, "do you think it betokens a poor prospect for certain young ladies? And do those young ladies fear that, notwithstanding they are pleasant and ladylike, they may chance to live and die maidens, too?"

Anna did not attempt to parry her mother's railery or notice her sister's smiles, but continued: "Aunt Edith is so kind to Clara that we can easily see she would have made the best of mothers. She has what one may term a domestic heart, and it is such a pity that it has been thrown away!"

"It is well your father does not hear your wise discourse, Anna. He says the present generation of young girls read so many watery romances that they all talk like books, and not the highest style of books, either."

"Why, mother," cried the three sisters, in a breath, now rallying to the common defence.

But she laughingly begged their pardon, and returned to the subject of Aunt Edith. "It would be a great pity if Miss Gray's life had been wasted, as you seem to think. But there are other uses for women in this world besides marriage. And there are opportunities, if we will improve them, by which maiden ladies may do more disinterested good than the joyful mother of children. You have never heard Aunt Edith's history?"

"Never."

"Quiet as she seems, and passionless, her life has been quite a romance. But her adventures, and her fortunes and misfortunes, have not been of her own seeking. She was born in that old house, but there are people who remember that she has not always lived in it. By the way, you never have heard Edith Gray talk about her neighbors except to speak well of them?"

"Never."

"And that is the reason why her personal history is left untouched by a world which we are apt to consider scandal-loving. There is a vast fund of good in poor abused human nature, after all; a sense of justice, and a disposition

to reward the generous with generous treatment. Aunt Edith never gossips, and is never gossiped about. But she has been the nine days' wonder more than once in her time. Suppose I tell you her story while the twilight lasts. It is a story with a moral, and will teach you that there may be women who have done a great deal better than to marry."

In the twilight, to her listening daughters, the mother told Aunt Edith's Story.

"Aunt Edith is some ten years my senior. I knew her, when I was a child like you, as a charming young woman. She was a half-orphan and her father's housekeeper, an only child, and the supposed heiress of a large fortune. Her father's house, the same in which she now lives, was made cheerful by her young friends. I was never better pleased than when I could find an errand or a pretext to go see Miss Edith.

"Of course it was presumed that Edith would one day marry. For, whatever we may say about it, the general expectation of young people is that they shall do so, and the usual conclusion of their elders is that they may. Edith was never what is called demonstrative; she never liked to make a sensation or to become the subject of remark; and though her early life abounded in circumstances which gave her prominence in people's minds, this notoriety was not of her seeking. The quiet manner which she now has was always the manner of Edith Gray.

"Though she was silent, even to her dear, dearest, and intimate, most intimate friends, of which most young girls have a half dozen, more or less, it was discovered in due course of events and indications that Edith was affianced. The matter had proceeded without any of the display of a public engagement, which we sometimes see. Nobody knew day and date, if ever there was a day and date on which he first distinctly proposed, and she distinctly accepted. But it was just as well understood, notwithstanding, that they were to be married. Everybody said of *him*, 'Lucky fellow!' and of *her*, 'What can her father do without his housekeeper?' That was the difficulty, and I happen to know, from circumstances not of her relating, that while she did accept her suitor,

she could not be persuaded to fix the day of the marriage.

"Just in the midst of the public speculation on the affairs of the young couple, the lamentations of the sentimental that youth must be sacrificed to age, and the wonder of the imaginative why her father did not find himself a wife and release his daughter, there came in speculation of another sort to disturb the movement of events.

"The course of true love,' you know, 'never did run smooth.' There are always foolish men in the world, and Edith's father claimed his right of admission into that large family. I have told you that he was wealthy. He had long retired from business, but could not, it seemed, let well enough alone. He entered into some speculative adventures, and at sixty found himself a beggar.

"They still lived on, Edith and her father, in the old family mansion. It was said to be all that they had left; in strict justice it was not theirs. It was mortgaged so heavily that the form of a sale would have netted nothing to any one except the holder of the claim. And he did not care to disturb an old friend and respected citizen in his declining days.

Edith patiently and with a daughter's love gave herself to her father. I am afraid that the old man did not fully appreciate the sacrifice that his daughter made. He grew silent and morose. The house was not nearly now so pleasant a place to visit, and the young folks were afraid of meeting the moody countenance of old Mr. Gray. Edith was—outwardly, at least—the same as ever. Never having been what is called 'lively,' she could not now be said to be subdued; but I thought there was an air of sadness on her sweet face, though she still met me, as all other friends, with a calm smile. The wise people said, of course, that now the match *must* be broken off. I remember that I thought, as a child, how sad it was! And others shared the thought, and placed Edith's sadness entirely to the credit of the interruption of her nuptial preparation. I know now that such was not the case. It was her father's misfortune which oppressed her.

"Though people had said the marriage of Edith could not now take place, her silent, uncomplaining course soon changed the fickle tide of public opinion. People began to hint that it was very small and mean for a man, under the circumstances, to break off the engagement. There is no evidence that he had attempted any such thing. Perhaps he had hesitated, and grown somewhat cold. Now he was moved

by the popular judgment, and his visits to Edith became as frequent as ever. The village verdict instantly was spoken that he was a 'noble fellow.' I confess that I do not like such noble fellows; I have no respect for any man who has to feel the public pulse to learn his private duty. On a review of all the circumstances, I am inclined to suspect that such was his case. But to make himself sure, and to guard against his possible feebleness of purpose, and to secure the praise which he coveted, he again formally tendered his hand and fortune to Edith Gray.

"Probably she understood his character. At any rate, much to the surprise of those who did not know her, and not at all to the astonishment of those who did, Edith offered him a release from his engagement. He declined to receive it, and the parties still stood upon their old relations. Edith, everybody said, would be married *some time*. Long engagements are generally voted tedious. Nobody dislikes them worse than those who have no other interest in them than the public right to talk. People like a young couple to be married and have done with it, and make room for the next candidates.

"It did not require many months for sorrow and disappointed pride to kill Edith's father. He was honored with a large funeral. Those who felt conscious of having neglected him in his reverses, pacified their consciences by following his remains to the grave. Edith was the subject of sympathy and commiseration for which she was grateful, and none the less so, that she did not understand it. People were grieving for her future. She was mourning her father; she thought they united with her in her grief, and was thankful and comforted.

"She felt the full weight of the blow when she was told, as tenderly as it could be done, that the home in which she had lived could no longer be hers. She learned now that the home of her childhood must come under the hammer, and that all the objects familiar to her must be sacrificed, to pay, as far as they might, the demands against an insolvent estate. Now, how the wise women regretted that Edith had been so very punctilious and straight-laced in her ideas of duty! If she had only consented to the proposals made to her! If she were only married now, the death of her father would not have marred her prospects! Twice she had deferred, if not refused, and nobody could expect that the offer would be renewed. It was just one of those long courtships which everybody saw would come to nothing.

"But the lover seemed determined to take high rank among earth's disinterested and faithful ones. He lost no time, after the death of Edith's father, before he formally declared himself to her again. Decent respect required that the nuptials should be deferred for a season. Meanwhile the suitor reached the very pinnacle of village fame for his magnanimity. I have already said that this kind of excitement in well-doing is dangerous; or rather that the good conduct which comes from such motives is scarcely to be trusted. But in this instance even the skeptics rejoiced that they were to be disappointed.

"Edith retired from the home of her birth, on a small income which had been secured to her from her mother's property, before her father's misfortune. It was increased by the kindness of some friends; and has not only kept her from want, but enabled her to do good to the more needy, all her life. Woman's wants are easily supplied, when, like Aunt Edith, they understand how to put money to its full and highest use.

"A new surprise was ready for the neighborhood. The advertised sale of Edith's home did not take place. Her lover took house and furniture at a fair appraisement, and Edith's fears of the profanation of a public sale were averted. Now, indeed, it did appear as if one of the impossible good genii of fairy tales had stepped into human life. The gentleman was almost canonized. The highest praise was accorded to him by the selfish, who declared that they did not think there was such a romantic fool among living men.

"Now Edith really could resist no longer. The marriage engagement became a fixed fact for a definite time. Carpenters, masons, painters, and other renovators were busy upon the old house. The new owner discovered a wonderful taste. People had not supposed the place capable of the improvements which transformed the Gray mansion and grounds, like magic. Perhaps he was guided by a better eye for beauty than his own. But if Edith was his counsellor, her maidenly delicacy prevented any appearance which could identify her with the work.

"The place quite renewed its youth, and stood forth quite an aristocrat among the houses in the village. Any man with money—or credit—may erect quite an imposing pile of stone or brick. But fine old trees, shaded avenues, and time-honored associations cannot be created in a day; and a noble old pile of a house judiciously embellished cannot be approached by

any invention of the architect. In view of the splendid mansion preparing for her, people now began to consider Edith Gray one of the most fortunate of women, and the bridegroom, in prospect, one of the most generous and noble among men. Still, Edith's quiet manner was not changed, either to her lover, or to any one else. And if *he* seemed to move with the style of one who considers himself a benefactor, perhaps it was only my fancy that thus saw him.

"Perhaps you cannot understand what I mean; but I believe that speech is not by any means the readiest mode of our understanding each other. When a person speaks, it is one man or woman giving an opinion or concealing one. For you have heard the cynical remark that speech is a faculty given to us by which we conceal our thoughts. But even the most common observer can gather, he knows not how, the sentiment of a community on any subject without hearing their voices upon it. It may be misunderstood. It may be taken for more than it means, or for less. But we get our ideas of 'public opinion' by a kind of unspoken sympathy, and if we have not a very firm mind, are apt to be swayed—perhaps to our detriment. At any rate, our generous friend, Edith's lover, came to think that he was whole-hearted, magnanimous, self-sacrificing, and devoted, to a fault. And she—why she was not worthy of him. He was throwing himself away upon her! How far he let this lofty idea of himself appear to her, we never shall know. To all outward indications the affair was proceeding as successfully as such a long courtship could; and Edith was rather blamed, and he was rather exalted. Perhaps some persons—especially among the ladies, regarded him as rather injured by the coldness of the calm beauty.

"Suddenly the village was startled from its propriety by the announcement that another bride was to be mistress in the house prepared for Edith! It was monstrous! It was an outrage! It was an indecency! There were no words strong enough to express the indignation which was now awakened against the man who could be so base. The popular sympathy was full in favor of Edith, the popular wrath furious against her false swain. No wonder. Still, while everybody had been saying that he was too good and too kind by half, and that his generosity was almost a wrong to himself, and quite a weakness, what could a poor fool do but take the public at its word, and show himself a man?

"The fickle bridegroom—fickle at last, after long constancy—took the public, like another

Napoleon, by a *coup d'état*. Before the popular indignation was ripe for the inauguration of Judge Lynch, or even for the arrangement of a *charivari*, he appeared in the village church with his wife on his arm and a bridal party in her train, occupying two or three pews. She was beautiful, even more so than Edith; and, poor frightened thing, what could she have known about it? How was she to be blamed? It was not her fault, and she must be received courteously. And then she was so well connected! The name, position, and family of every one of the party were known through the whole town before anybody slept, except, we may add, those who slept in sermon time. There was some talk of 'audacity,' and 'bad taste,' and 'worse principles,' through that Sunday. But after the congregation had all slept upon it, it was reasonably perceived that so distinguished a connection was not to be ignored. The 'reception' included everybody in its invitations, and there were very few indeed who did not respond. Nobody was ever better welcomed. Such is the value of popular opinion *sometimes*. Perhaps it was as well so.

"And poor Edith? She did not die, as we very well know. Hackneyed phrases spoil the gravity of a narrative, but really we can find nothing better than to say that 'she behaved with a great deal of propriety.' It was a blow and a most mortifying one; but Edith had the good sense to see that inasmuch as it was a misfortune over which the world could give her no relief, her only remedy was to conquer herself, and subdue her own chagrin. She made no public exhibition of her feeling of disappointment, and neither sought nor encouraged pity. Indeed I may say that she never permitted it, for she must have been on very intimate and familiar terms with her who could introduce a subject which she studiously and carefully avoided. She visited her faithless lover with no open censure, and to no few select friends (including half the village) did she confide her denunciations. But while people looked that she should have gone into a decline, or sunk into melancholy, become demented, or in some other way have given testimony how deep and awful was the blow, she went quietly on her way, the same gentle Edith as ever.

"The cold world soon came to the conclusion that Edith Gray's disappointment was no such great matter, after all. The young and novelled of ardent imaginations were quite indignant that the cold Edith Gray could so set all precedent and all genuine sentiment at defiance, as

neither to drown, die naturally, or go mad under the operation of the 'sundering of her heart strings.'

"Years passed, and brought with them the evidence that Edith Gray's disappointment had shielded her from a worse misfortune. To be sure, having lost her first opportunity of matrimony, she remained single. This was not, be it noted, from necessity. Many an incipient attachment she might have encouraged into a declaration; but she had a very lady-like but positive way of checking such demonstrations. Some proceeded in spite of her, and these she resolutely put down at the proper time, and before the affair became so notorious as to cause remark. Having tested the thing once, she was determined on no more experience in that direction. Her friends tried in vain to break her resolution, for, gentle as she was, she had still the firmness of a strong will, supported by a clear conscience. Her conduct vindicated her from the charge of want of feeling. A person more demonstrative would have made more outcry with less affection, and settled, after her first disappointment, upon some one else.

"I have said that Edith Gray's desertion by her lover shielded her from a worse fate. The man who had laid so grievous a load upon his conscience sank under it. He was consumed by the coals which Edith heaped upon his head. If she had given him the excitement of a quarrel, if by a suit at law she had afforded him opportunity to add insult to injury, the punishment would have been less severe. But her calm superiority and indifference, easily, and perhaps not altogether wrongly, construed into contempt, maddened him. She evidently considered that he had proved himself to be not the man whom she had loved. He might not have been willing to confess it, but the punishment of Cain was upon him, and his inward strife and struggles made him wayward and fitful. His friends, and his family especially, could never be sure of him; one moment jocose, even to rude mirth, he was the next moody, even to moroseness. His fitfulness ended where that of men of small mind and less principle is apt to end—in habits of intemperance. You are ready to say that if he had married Edith this would not have been. Perhaps not; but the man who is guilty of one meanness might have been of another. And the treacherous lover would, had he saved his character until after he married, have probably proved a treacherous husband. So, indeed, he did, though not to Edith.

"His property soon gave evidence of the consequences of his habits. Other vices followed in the train of that parent of vices, drunkenness. He gamed, and tried by hard-hearted usury, and by questionable speculation, to repair the inroads which extravagance had made in his fortune. He was not without friends, and as his course threatened to make him a charge upon them, they used their influence to provide him such a maintenance as would avert this danger.

"As there existed such a positive necessity that he should be provided for, it required only a skilful use of party logic to demonstrate that he was precisely the patriot who should hold a place of trust under the government. The principle of 'rotation in office' decreed a vacancy. The old incumbent was 'rotated' out, and our unworthy hero was appointed. The requisite securities were executed without difficulty. There is no more efficient qualification for office than the necessity which may exist to provide for a needy man who has powerful friends.

"Habits of extravagance are not easily laid aside. Whatever may have been the officeholder's desire or resolutions, he early fell into the delusion of mistaking the public funds for his own. With every quarterly return, the deficiency he was compelled to conceal increased. His securities took the alarm, and hinted to him, not obscurely, their suspicions. Affrighted at the possibility of detection in his first breaches of trust, he was betrayed into crime of a deeper dye. He embarked in a course of deliberate frauds, which were continued for several years, and ended at last in detection, and the penitentiary.

"I have recently heard that the poor wretch lives still; and hope that he has, in adversity, better motives for reform than he had, in his prosperity, for good conduct. You see, my dear children, how weak a safeguard for our correct conduct is mere regard for human opinion and a taste for popular praise. And you see, too, that Aunt Edith Gray could have done worse than remain a single woman. The man of weak principles would have proved as weak as her husband as he showed himself when the husband of another.

"I have not told you his name. Nor do I intend to mention it. It is Aunt Edith Gray's secret; and the regard of the community has suffered oblivion to fall upon it. The wretched wife went home to her friends, upon the arrest of her husband.

"And now happened, in real life, one of

those instances of poetical justice which we read of in books, but seldom see. Edith's father had been ruined by heavy investments in a corporate concern which fell from par to about ten per cent. The stock was purchased at this low rate by the creditors. By a turn of the wheel of fortune, it came up again, and the holders found themselves paid twice over. When the old mansion was sold on behalf of the government, the creditors of Mr. Gray bought and tendered it to his daughter.

"A romantic woman would have said, 'No! a thousand times, no!' with all the emphasis of the last shilling novel. Edith slept on it, rose calmly in the morning, wrote a note to her friends, and gracefully accepted the return which it was their pleasure to make, no less than her advantage to accept. And so she returned to the home of her childhood.

"The most curious incident yet remains. Edith could not live alone in that great house. And she began to find that she should one day grow old. She needed a young heart to be growing into strength, when she should be sinking into weakness. She desired a friend in the city to find her a child of years so tender, and of condition so destitute, that there should be neither power to recollect, nor need to recall its parentage. Clara, whom you know as Clara Gray, was that child, and is now her attached and most dearly loved friend. Clara knows no nearer heart than Aunt Edith.

"The child had been in her new home a year—and a sweet child she was—when Aunt Edith discovered that little Clara is the daughter of the faithless man who has been the shadow over her life! The mother is dead.

"A romantic woman again would have instantly discarded the child of such parentage—the reminder of her own early unhappiness. Edith looked on the babe as it slept. She looked, and wept, till her sobs awakened the infant. The child stared in wonder, reached out her little arms, kissed away Aunt Edith's tears, and stole so deeply into Aunt Edith's heart that nothing will ever dislodge her.

"Now, my dear children, I have done. You see why I have withheld the father's name from you. You will keep Clara Gray's secret; and you will cease to wonder, Anna, why Aunt Edith never was married. It is strange; but I do believe that she is such a stoic—or such a Christian, rather—that the tone of Clara's voice and the glance of her eye, which remind those who knew him, of her father, make the child still dearer. Edith never talks of her feelings. I only judge from her conduct."

## AN ALLEGORY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

ONCE upon a time the King of Cloudland called his family of shadows together, in order to select one for a special mission to earth.

Now this king, having dominion over the dark side of humanity only, had sent an embassy to the realm of Sunshine for a spirit of that bright country to go with his own envoy upon the proposed mission. The embassy had returned, hence the gathering of the shadows.

Having chosen one suitable for his purpose, the king sent forth the Shadow and the Sunshine, saying to them as they went: "Go through the world and be witnesses of the way in which men walk; let the Sunshine—for the world's brightness will then render it invisible—take notice of their doings by day, and the Shadow—hidden in the darkness—watch them through the silence of the night. Bring back a faithful record of all the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the pleasures and the pains of the children of men. *Above all, discover the source from whence flows the most of evil wrought by human hands.* Find out the fountain whose waters are more bitter than all the bitter waters of the world."

So, the king having dismissed them, the Shadow and the Sunshine journeyed together toward the lower world.

While yet afar off they heard sounds resembling distant thunder; as they drew nearer the air seemed to be full of cries of sorrow and wails of woe; here and there mingled among the discordant note, songs of revelry and echoes of words of blasphemy. At these the Sunshine wondered, but the Shadow said: "In Cloudland there is a legend that the words once uttered upon earth die not with the sound of the voice of the one that speaks them, but float on through space forever and forever, undying witnesses of the good or the evil deeds of men. This, then, must be Echo-Land. Here the cry of Abel, as Cain struck him to the ground, vibrates through the air; here lingers the plaintive appeal of Joseph as his brethren sold him into Egypt, mingling with their words of wonder, when, years later, they saw the brother they had sold a slave second only to the king upon his throne; here David's song of triumph cannot drown the accusing voice of the Prophet as he tells the story of the one ewe-lamb coveted by the owner of many flocks; here Peter's oath of denial vibrates through all the arteries of the air; here the dying words of the early martyrs testify in their behalf; and here

the echoes of all the words that lips have ever uttered since Adam stood in the Garden of Eden, keep the record of the lives of men. By these shall they be judged and justified or condemned."

As the Shadow ceased, their lightning-like speed carried them beyond the confines of Echo-Land, and lo! they were in the heart of a city the hum of whose traffic went unceasingly upward night and day.

Through the streets of the city, the Shadow and the Sunshine went. Here they saw a beggar asking alms; here a Shylock taking his pound of flesh; here a mother clasping a dying infant in her arms, and herself suffering the pangs of starvation; here a miser dying amid his gold with no one to close his eyes or fold his dead hands over his pulseless breast. They went all through the homes that the daylight and the darkness covers, in the highways and the byways of the great city; they looked into the hearts of all those with whom they came in contact and saw there the secrets that were hidden from the eyes of men. They saw smiles upon faces and the worm of agony in the heart belied the face every hour. They heard words that lips uttered and the life falsified. They saw the mantle of friendship cover the smouldering fires of revenge and hate. The wolf of Guilt they beheld in close communion with the lamb of Innocence. Humanity in all its guises and in all its disguises; in all its beauty and deformity; in all the sweetness of its promise and all the bitterness of its realization; in all the glory that invests it, and in all the disgrace that encircles it, was laid bare before them. High and low, far and near they went their way seeking the fountain whose waters, on the lips of mankind—were bitterest of all; seeking the source of that evil wrought wholly by human means and influences and controlling the fate of so many lives.

And when, having grown weary of witnessing the effect, they began their search for causes, they learned that INTemperance lay at the root of nearly all the pain, the sorrow and the suffering of human kind.

"Surely," said the Sunshine, "this must be the fountain of which we are in search. The waters of Marah were bitter to the taste; but one drop from this fountain embitters a whole life."

They heard a man on the steps of the gallows trace his past history until he reached the turning point of life in his youth; and the wine-cup, with the serpent of Crime hidden in its glowing bosom stood out as the first great cause

of all; "Look not upon the wine," said the Proverb, "when it is red; when it giveth its color in the cup; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

But this man, born of Christian parents, heeded not the counsels of the wise man; the Spirit of Evil led him upon the slippery places of life, and deserted him when most he needed a helping hand. Closer and closer the cordon of crime gathered around him, until at last the law of life for life sent him to his last account with the dying wail of his victim still ringing in his ear. Here the trail of the serpent of Intemperance was over all the years of this man's life.

The Sunshine and the Shadow could not forget this scene. Said one: "Pandora's box of evil, with Hope at the bottom, has its kindred box of good, with sorrow beneath all the blessings it holds."

And the other replied: "Say, rather, *Intemperance*, for it seems to be the bane of life."

They entered the habitations of the poor and the homes of the lowly, and saw there the full effects of the fearful vice. They were witnesses to the prosperity of those who grew rich by dealing out destruction to their fellow-men.

Said the Shadow: "I went into a cottage by the wayside; all around were the signs of neglect in its outward aspect; within it was still worse. There was no fire on the hearthstone, no carpet on the floor, no bread in the cupboard. The father lay drunk in one corner of the room, with the gin bottle still in his hand. The mother lay near by, *her* senses steeped in liquor, utterly unconscious of her degradation and shame. On a heap of straw in another corner lay an infant whose lips had just uttered life's last wail. They would open no more by reason of cold, or hunger, or pain. And the parents knew it not; they lay there insensible for hours; then the woman rose up and would have taken the bottle from her husband's hand to drink again from the fountain whose bitter waters had already turned to gall all the sweetness that clusters around the holy name of wife and of mother. The attempt awoke him, and he would not yield, but cursed her with a curse. Nay, more; he rose up and struck her to the floor, and then kicked her as she lay there helpless. Nor was this all! this, the crowning-point of infamy in man! the lowest depth of woman's degradation! Reeling to and fro, he struck against a table on which stood a lighted candle; he and it fell to the floor, and in a little while the flames enveloped the house and its living and dead inmates, and

from their drunken stupor they awoke at the bar of their God and their Judge."

And the Sunshine said, as the Shadow ceased: "Not many years ago these two stood together at the altar. There they vowed to love, cherish, and protect each other until death parted them. They were young, beautiful, and beloved; the rainbow of promise spanned their future, and beneath the sunny sky of love they walked amid the roses whose thorns were all turned aside. At the bridal feast the wine-cup passed around. Could the bride be pledged in it by all but the bridegroom? Could they all drink her health, and *he*, the chosen one of them all, refuse? Heretofore he had touched not nor tasted the cup; but now—*now* the moral courage that had held him up forsook him, and he raised the *fatal first glass* to his lips. Time passed on, but the first glass was not the last! Step by step, slowly at first, but surely, his feet travelled the downward road; friends failed and fortune forsook him. As *his* self-respect was lost, *hers* vanished also; and here, with the years of life scarce half told, behold the end! Surely the waters of *this* fountain are more bitter than all the other bitter waters of the world. Surely, of all sources from whence flows evil wrought by human hands, *this* was the greatest of all."

They went out of the city into the country, and through the land. They saw war and its desolations; the battle-field and its scenes of carnage; strong men falling as the grain falls before the sickle of the reaper, as cannon boomed, and shells burst, and bullets whizzed through the smoke and sulphur-laden air.

They went where the pestilence raged; and saw young and old, strong and weak, the beautiful and the loving, fall at the touch of the destroying angel.

They floated over the ocean, and, piercing the veil of the waters, saw in the bosom of the sea the wrecks of ships, and the dead over whose grave no tombstone will ever rise.

They saw disasters upon land and sea; earthquakes swallowing up cities, and the hurricane destroying armadas. But more than all, and beyond all these results of the years, they saw and realized that the victims of *Intemperance* outnumbered them all. Outnumbered the victims of the sea, of pestilence, and of war. Directly or indirectly the curse of the wine-cup gathered them in. Young and old, the wise and the simple, the good and the bad, the weak and the strong. It filled cells in prisons, wards in hospitals, and graves in Pottery fields. It broke the hearts of brothers and

sisters, mothers and children, and brought down the gray hairs of fathers in sorrow to the grave. It caused more tears to flow than would suffice for a second deluge. It severed bridal vows, broke up household shrines, destroyed the hopes of youth, embittered the memories of declining years. It touched, and the ashes of desolation followed; it called, and its siren song brought countless victims. No Lurlei of the sea ever sang so sweetly or so fatally. Like the sexton in the play, its victims Intemperance "gathers in, gathers in," to a grave above which *Resurgam*—"I will rise again"—is not written.

The Shadow and the Sunshine having witnessed all these things, returned to Cloudland, and stood before the king. To one he put this question: "Did you find the source from whence flows the most of evil wrought by human hands?" To the other he said: "Tell me the name of the fountain whose waters are more bitter than all the other bitter waters of the world."

And each said unto the king: "The evils of Intemperance are the greatest of all evils, and its waters are the bitterest of all the bitter waters that flow from poisoned fountains in the valleys of the children of men."

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### LINES TO MY POEM.

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

THERE are some that hear no music,  
Scent no flower, see no sky;  
Better thus than live no poem  
In our little lives, and die.

Nay, we're born in the ideal  
God, the poet, ne'er expressed;  
Mother knows no sweeter sonnet  
Than the infant at her breast.

Though its words be all of heaven,  
Which we little understand,  
Like the song the stranger singeth  
In the tongue of fatherland.

When I listen to the echoes,  
Murmuring back from hours gone by,  
In my life I hear a poem,  
In my life a joy have I.

As some mortal caught in vision,  
Views the bowers of heavenly bliss  
All but this may tell, returning,  
But his lips are sealed to this;

So I cannot tell my poem  
That like high auroral fire,  
When I run and climb to grasp it,  
Rises farther still and higher.

Though I hint of its appearing,  
Faintly of its feebler part,  
Yet I may not tell the glory  
When my poem fills my heart.

Then oh leave me to its beauty,  
To its fond and soft embrace,  
To its white and pearly bosom,  
To its smiling, loving face;

To its sweet blue eye of kindness,  
To its wealth of shadowy hair,  
To her fingers playing freely  
With my locks that mingle there;

To her unrestrained caresses,  
To her chaste and tender kiss,  
To her flood of all that blesses,  
To her depth of all that 's bliss—

Depth that hath no deeper measure,  
For my very poem lives  
Throbbing with the equal pleasure,  
It receives and gives.

For thou, Mary, art my poem,  
And amid all toil and strife  
Let me clasp thee, pretty volume,  
Closer, closer, darling wife.

As thy presence makes thee dearer,  
And thine absence makes it known,  
Here, if sighs could bring thee nearer,  
Wouldst thou ever be my own.

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HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.—The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a Macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications, and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

## SNOWED UP.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

### CHAPTER I.

"Such a storm! enough to weary one to death!" exclaimed Florence Hunter, a haughty belle and beauty of the Trimountain City, pacing her elegantly appointed chamber with impatient step, pausing now and then to part the rich curtains draping the window, and peer forth into the night. "Three days of snow, and no abatement yet! No shopping, scarcely a caller, and now a prospect of the trains being snowed up, and *his* not arriving!" And, with an air quite at variance with the customary repose of her manner, she let fall the heavy folds of brocette, and crossed the apartment to the crimson velvet covered arm-chair drawn up before the grate.

By every appointment of that luxurious boudoir—the Persian carpet, soft as woodmoss to the tread, the costly falls of silk damask and lace, the elegant chairs and couches, the oval pictures leaning from the walls, and the numberless articles of *vertu* scattered around—it was plain to see that this was the home of opulence; and by the curve of the city belle's scarlet lip, the arching of her stately throat, the expansion of her perfectly-chiselled nostril, and the regal carriage of her small Grecian head with its massive braids of jetty hair, it were easier yet to vote her haughty as she was beautiful.

It was, in truth, a long and wearisome storm that had for those three days been an unwelcome visitor to many in the busy city beside the belle and beauty, Miss Hunter; not a wild, fillibustering expedition of the allied powers of rain, sleet, and wind, which often sweep down upon our coast in fury, wreak their sudden vengeance, then as hastily retire; but a continued, pitiless siege of snowflakes, whose countless squadrons poured down so steadily that all the earth and air was one parade field for their white plumes. Merchants, passing through their almost deserted stores, or looking up from their lean ledgers, growled at the storm that kept the gold at home in ladies' purses, instead of in their money-drawers; clerks, lounging over orderly counters, folded their arms instead of webs of silk or Cashmere reps, for no fair customers disturbed their goods; there were few pedestrians abroad, for the sidewalks were deep in snow, and the horse-cars

running through the thoroughfares were crowded to overflowing; State Street wore a forlorn look—curbstone brokers taking shelter in-doors, news-boys sparse and quiet, and 'Change transformed into a sort of "waste howling wilderness;" while above the brick walls, towering chimneys, and church towers of the old Puritan city folded the gray mantle of the storm, and "still fluttered down the snow."

"Dear me, Florry, another tedious evening at home!"—and the speaker, Mrs. Hunter, a showy-looking woman of forty-five, entered her daughter's chamber. "What shall we do to pass the time, unless Holt or Morgan drops in? *They* are better than solitude; for John says the railroads are blocked up, and Everett cannot arrive to-night. What *could* have possessed him to hurry off to that stupid country-seat of his before he came to Boston? And now this storm will detain him from us some days longer!" And Mrs. Hunter's voice was full of pique and disappointment.

"Oh, mamma, if Leonard Everett prefers the rustic attractions of 'Ridgewood' to town, let him enjoy them!" replied Florence, with a languid intonation that quite contradicted her former impatience when alone, for she did not care to confess, even to her mother, how eagerly she had looked forward to the arrival of their visitor from his long absence.

"*Prefers!* Why, Florry, you don't suppose that Everett has returned from Europe to bury himself on that horrid farm of his! I never *could* see the attractions of the country, even in summer, though one must go into it, to be sure, if one is at all fashionable; but give me a first-class hotel at a watering-place, or some other resort where our set go, and farmers are welcome to their fields, and grass, and all that. You don't imagine Everett will settle down and practise his profession in his native town, Florry?"

"He will make known his intentions to us when he arrives, mamma," replied Miss Florence, with a well-affected *ennuied* air. "In his letters to me from abroad he did not mention that arrangement."

"Which, of course, *you* would never consent to, Florry," went on her mother, imperturbably, and complacently adjusting the folds of her rich silk, for she was quite used to the

indifference of her only and indulged child. "After your marriage he will, of course, take a house here; as for his profession, he will do as he likes about practising; but he has wealth enough to live without it. As Doctor Everett's wife, you will be the envy of all our set, Florry!"

"Why, mamma, you seem to regard it as a settled thing, when you remember I am not his *affiancée* yet," said Florence, in her soft, rippling voice, that veiled well her own wildly beating heart.

"Florence, *all* our plans have worked well, so far, and why should we look for defeat now? As your father's ward, Leonard Everett became more intimate in our family than any other young man, an intimacy I took pains to encourage after your father's death and his own majority and succession to his fortune; it was to attach him to *you* that I educated you to please him, and procured you the masters he recommended; it was to leave you a fair field that I sent *her* away, that dependant on your father's bounty"—and here the woman's eye flashed darkly, while the lip of the haughty brunette in the crimson velvet chair smiled triumphantly as she assented to her mother's gaze. "It has been my daily thought for these last three years, during Everett's absence in Europe, to anticipate the hour of his return, when he would ask your hand; and now, Florence, your own beauty and tact must do the rest, for if you let Leonard Everett, with his fortune and position, slip through your hands, you will never see such another eligible offer."

"Nor do I intend to *fail* in so doing, dear mamma, let me assure you!" was the beauty's quiet answer, complacently admiring her exquisitely small slipper, resting on the velvet footstool before the grate. "So, prythee, *ma chère mère*, don't fear in the least for your Florence!"

"I thought you had a portion of my spirit and shrewdness, Florry!" said Mrs. Hunter, well pleased at her daughter's answer. "And there can be no such thing as failure, if you decide so. Why, there's Fred Holt, ready to offer himself at any moment, if you but show him the slightest encouragement; or Alfred Morgan, either of them considered very eligible by any of our friends. But neither possesses Doctor Everett's fortune, a no small consideration, reared with such tastes as you have been, Florry; besides, he is handsome, gentlemanly, and refined. My hopes are high for you, daughter," said Mrs. Hunter, rising.

"Thanks, mamma," replied the haughty beauty, indolently. But when left alone, all her assumed calmness vanished, and, with flashing eyes, she sprang up and paced the floor of her room, as if she would throw off all false restraint. "Wealthy, handsome, gentlemanly, and refined—all true, my dear lady mother; but you did not think it necessary to add that I *love* him! Yes, Leonard Everett, cold and proud to the beautiful and accomplished women you have met in your wanderings, as I know from the tone of your letters from abroad, cold as you have hitherto been to me, my beauty has ripened vainly in these four years if it do not weave a spell to bring you to my feet!"—and she flung an appreciative glance into the toilet mirror, swinging in its elaborately carved frame. "Cold to *all*, I said," she went on, musingly, while her eyes flashed lambent fire for a moment; "and yet I have not forgotten that little episode of your last winter here ere you went abroad, that which *might* have ripened into something serious had not we—my sharp, shrewd mamma and I—sent the artful piece away, that month, after papa's sudden death. But, Edna Moore, with your blonde face and blue eyes, for you were lovely, enact the *rôle* of artlessness as you might, the drama was not played out here. It would have done well enough to have had you with us, had we kept you out of sight; but one cannot pass off their kin always as governess or sewing-girl, and father did have such queer fancies about supporting his poor relatives! So, when Everett became interested enough to inquire for you one day, it was a pleasure to tell him that you had proved ungrateful, and left our protection. Certainly you *did* talk shockingly for a person in your position to mamma that day we parted! Where are you now, I wonder? And yet why should I give you a passing thought, Edna Moore? It is sufficient that you were swept aside long ago, and now Leonard Everett is returned, and *my* triumph will soon be complete."

## CHAPTER II.

A JANUARY day was drawing to a close in the town of Dentford—a country region where dwelt a hospitable, kind-hearted, and intelligent farming community. The landscape might have been pleasant enough on a fair day, under the influence of a bright winter's sun; but the twilight was closing early, with a thick fall of snow that had not ceased since its commence-

ment the preceding day; and broad fields, bounded by straggling stone walls, dark clumps of firs and hemlocks, that stood like patient hooded monks on the hill to the west—and the weather-beaten houses, with their broad, low chimneys, and long lines of out-buildings—all seemed dim and weird-like through the veiling snow.

With the early twilight that shut in the winter's afternoon, the door of a little red schoolhouse, perched on the summit of a wind-swept, treeless rise of ground (after the fashion of our Puritan ancestors, who always selected such localities for the site of the meeting or schoolhouse), was thrown open with a wide swing; and a troop of noisy small urchins, followed by the great boys and girls of almost adult size, emerged into the open air. With book satchels in hand, or the little tin pails that had held the dinner for their nooning, they bent their steps homeward—the boys descending on the prospect of building a snow fort when it should "fair off," and easing the exuberance of their spirits let loose after the school-room confinement by pelting each other with snowballs hastily manufactured from the damp, clinging drifts through which they waded.

When the last scholar had departed, "the mistress"—a young and lovely girl, with such purely transparent complexion, tender blue eyes shaded by long brown eyelashes, and a grace of air that betokened her the fine lady—"the mistress turned the key in the great iron padlock that hung against the weather-stained door: wrapped her cloak more closely about her; and turned her steps down the drifted highway to Farmer Brooks' dwelling—the great, square, old-fashioned farmhouse, with its popular trees in the front yard, and the long gate that barred it from the road.

For a quarter of a mile "the mistress" kept on, until she turned up into the lane leading to her boarding-house. As she neared the door, she felt unaccountably ill and dizzy. For two days past, she had complained of a slight cold, but that afternoon, while busy with the duties of the school-room, sudden ague fits had sent her to the great wood fire blazing up the wide-mouthed chimney that filled one side of the old schoolhouse, and then, as suddenly, hot flushes shot through her veins, that sent a splendid crimson to her delicate cheeks and lips, and fired her eyes with unnatural brightness, till she was glad to lean her forehead against the cool window-pane for relief. Now, as she crossed the threshold of her boarding house, a blind vertigo seized her, and she stumbled into the

entry, and would have fallen but for the friendly aid of Mrs. Brooks, who, seeing her approach from the window, had opened the door of the keeping-room.

"The land! what ails you? are you sick, Miss Edna?" asked that good woman, placing a chair, and hastening to remove the cloak and hood flecked with the soft clinging snow. "Speak, child, for you do look dreadful! Ain't a-goin' to be taken down, I hope!"

"My head was so dizzy!" said the teacher, in a faint, sweet voice. "It is a little better now—it will pass off, I think! Perhaps a cup of your nice tea will make me feel better. Don't look so alarmed, Mrs. Brooks!"

"Scairt? I ain't the least bit scairt, Miss Edna; but them cheeks of yours, crimson as pinies and hot as fire, ain't a-goin' to deceive me—you 're feverish, that 's sartain; and it 'll take another kind of tea than Young Hyson to cure you. I declare, I kept thinking of you this afternoon; and I went up into the garret, and fetched down some penny'r'yal to steep for you to-night, for I said to Jacob: 'This 'll cure up the Mistress's cold and sore throat.' Now, set right up to the fire in this cushioned chair, and put your feet on this stool while I take off them wet overshoes; and then, after a light supper—if you feel like eating—I 'll steep the penny'r'yal, and make you such famous 'arb tea as 'll bring you down bright as a dollar in the morning. We ain't a-goin' to have you down sick, while Aunt Betsey Brooks knows how to make penny'r'yal tea!" said the brisk, motherly woman, cheerily. "Land! what little feet you *have* got, Miss Edna!" she added, removing the teacher's rubbers, and placing the footstool.

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Mrs. Brooks!" said the teacher, faintly smiling, yet pressing her hand on her aching forehead to still its throbbing.

"Trouble? don't say that word agin, child!" cried the little woman with mock asperity. "Who 's a-goin' to take keer of us when we 're sick, if we ain't willin' to do the same turn by others?" and, stirring the maple clefts that burned in the great cook-stove, she filled the tea-kettle, then drew out the table for supper. "Yes, that 's what I often tell Jacob," she continued, laying the snowy cloth, setting out the well-preserved, old-fashioned pink china that she used in honor of "boarding the mistress," and cutting generous slices of snowy bread, nice cake, and rich yellow cheese. "I tell him, that what we do unto others 'll be pretty sartain to fall in our own dish some day; and

duty, if nothing more, ought to point out the road for every human creature to walk in. Not that I need to think of any such reason for looking after you, Miss Edna—for I told Jacob, the first day you come under our roof, a year and a half ago, that I should be sure to take you into my heart to fill the place of my poor lost Annie!" and here Mrs. Brooks' voice trembled a little. "She was eighteen, when she died; and your brown hair and blue eyes always bring her up before me."

"You are very kind to me; and, if you are daughterless, I am motherless!" The words fell impulsively from the teacher's lips; and, with them, came also a burst of tears and little sobs that shook her frame. Ill and weary—grateful for the kind friends among whom her lot had placed her—yet oh for a mother's hand to be laid upon her aching forehead! a mother's breast whereon she might pillow herself to sleep!

"There, there, don't cry, child! You're tired and feverish, and homesick; don't cry, dear!" said Mrs. Brooks, soothingly.

"No, not 'homesick;' you forget that I have no 'home' to pine for!" replied the girl presently, calming her emotion, but suffering the tears to still roll down her burning cheeks. "But I can't help this longing for my dear mother; and when I get more wearied than usual, or a little ill as to night, the old feeling comes over me too strong to be conquered."

"And I wouldn't try to put it down, dear! Cry as much as you're a mind to; it's a blessed thing that we can cry sometimes!" exclaimed the sympathizing woman, who came and stroked the girl's hair with a tender hand. "Dear! how hot your head is! I'll fetch a cloth wet in cold water to lay on it. There, don't feel so bad! You've got some good friends in Dentford, at any rate! Squire Staniford was praising your teaching the other day to the minister, and he said our district had the best mistress of any in the county. So you can stay here all your days, and keep school, and live with us—unless somebody should carry you off to live in another home!" added Mrs. Brooks, as if previously forgetting such a possibility.

"Which isn't the least likely," said the teacher, after a long pause in which she had striven for calmness; "the last part of your sentence, I mean, Mrs. Brooks. So you perceive that the chances are for your keeping me the rest of my life."

"There! that sounds natural—to hear you talking cheerful again!" said Mrs. Brooks,

bustling about her table. "Now drink this cup of nice hot tea, while I call Jacob."

When the good woman returned from summoning her husband, and the worthy farmer appeared in the cheerful keeping-room, the tea still stood untasted before the teacher.

"Land! Can't you touch it, child? You *are* real sick. I must have you go to bed right away! and in a warm room too," and when, an hour later, kind-hearted Mrs. Brooks returned from the chamber appropriated to "the mistress," she said to her husband, with a serious face: "Jacob, I don't know but the child's going to have a settled fever. I shall do my best to break it up; but if she isn't better by to-morrow, we'd better send after Doctor Fenner. She's had a bad cold two or three days, and going to the schoolhouse in this storm hasn't helped her any."

"I should have gone over after her to-night; but neighbor Stone had my horse to go to mill, and didn't get back in season. I hope Miss Edna'll be better in the morning," said the farmer kindly.

"I hope so, too; but she seems to talk kind of rambling, and keeps complaining of her head. I sha'n't leave her to night!" replied Mrs. Brooks with anxious face, returning to the chamber where—her scarlet cheeks upon the white pillow—the sick girl tossed and moaned in the wanderings of fever, and called constantly for her "mother" with plaintive cries.

### CHAPTER III.

"THE railroads blocked up by these mountain drifts, I must settle myself contently to another week at Ridgewood!" said the owner of the handsome country-seat bearing that title, walking from the window of his library on the evening of the same day when we first looked in upon Florence Hunter so impatient in her city home. "What to do, to pass away these lagging hours, is the next question," stretching his handsome limbs indolently before the blazing wood fire, and patting his slippers on the polished fender. "Books? I don't feel like reading to-night. Ruminating over my travels? That's very well for a week, but one gets tired of solitude, and wants a *friend* to talk to about the Tyrol, the Vatican, and the Rhine. Correspondence? Well, none of my old chums know I've returned, so none will be expecting letters from me; thus, like Othello, my 'occupation' seems to be departed from me. Speaking of letters, though—and, by the way, I quite forgot

that, if the trains are snowed up, they won't be likely to carry any *mails*—speaking of letters, here 's Miss Florence Hunter's last, received in Europe—a delicately penned, interesting epistle, which I duly replied to before setting foot on the Arabia for my homeward passage!" and he pulled a daintily superscribed envelope from his pocket-case. "They're expecting me, there in Boston—and, somehow, it seems impressed on my mind that Mrs. Hunter is also expecting me to offer myself to Florence. Handsome, accomplished, sought after in society—it would seem a desirable connection; and why should I not be thinking seriously of settling down in life? I've had my wanderings, my dreams, and my visions; why not now content myself henceforth with *realities*, and become a quiet, domestic Benedict? Florence Hunter is handsome, and 'the style' I am wealthy—not particularly ugly, I flatter myself—and with some traits that are not undesirable for a married man; she would make a dignified mistress to my house, and I should render her *respect*, if not *love*. But 'love,' love—ah, that's a word that has no business on my lips! Every man has his dreams, I suppose, of the woman he would like to take to his heart—a sweet, blue-eyed, gentle girl, who would fit into his being till she became a part of himself. I had a vision of such a face once, there at Mrs. Hunter's. Who would have believed that young thing so ill-tempered and unworthy? But ah, well! Imagination has many delusions; and thirty years should bring one a wiser head than to trust in them. When this tedious New England storm is over, I will go down to Boston, and offer my hand and fortune and heart, if I possess the article, to Florence Hunter!"

"Doctor, Farmer Brooks is at the door—waded over from his farm through all the drifts; and wants to know if you won't go over with him to visit the school-mistress, who's sick. He's been for old Dr. Fenner; but he's gone to see another patient, five miles off; and he heard you had come back, so thought p'raps you 'd go."

"Certainly, Hannah. Ask Mr. Brooks in, and say that I'll go with him directly," replied the young man, starting up; and while the maid returned with his answer, he took down a heavy overcoat, drew on his long boots, and soon stood ready. "Rather a surprise to me, Mr. Brooks, to receive 'a call' to-night, for my professional duties have been laid aside these few years back; but I think I can rub up sufficiently to be of help to you, if the case be not too severe," he said, entering the

kitchen. "It is not your good wife, I believe, whose pleasant face I remember with distinctness, who needs my services? So I think Hannah stated," he added, as they went out into the storm together.

"No, Doctor; Betsy is hale and hearty, and brisk as ever, thankee! But the schoolmistress we have boarding with us seems pretty sick, and Betsy thinks is bordering on to brain fever."

"I hope it will not result so seriously as that, Mr. Brooks," said Everett, plunging on through the drifts which the two men encountered better on foot than they could have possibly done in a sleigh; and after a long walk they arrived at the farmhouse.

The greetings with little Mrs. Brooks over, Doctor Everett was shown to the chamber of his patient, where lay the sick girl, moaning in the fever delirium, and looking brilliantly beautiful. The young physician started in surprise, for he had not anticipated any other than the usually accredited type of country school-mistress—an elderly, sharp-featured spinster; and he involuntarily stepped to the bedside, smoothed the rich golden hair that floated out over the pillow, laid his cool hand upon her burning forehead, and said, in a deep, kind tone: "My poor child!"

His voice for a moment arrested the wandering reason of the sufferer; doubtless it touched a chord of memory, for she looked up into his face with almost a look of recognition in her bright blue eyes; then, putting her hands suddenly to her forehead, cried out sharply: "I know you, Leonard Everett! But they will not let you stay! They hate me if you look at me, or speak. Go away! go! They are watching me with their cold eyes!"

"Good heavens, what does *this* mean?" murmured the young doctor. "*Her eyes, her hair, her voice!* Mrs. Brooks"—turning abruptly to her—"this young lady's name?"

"Edna Moore. She has been our school-mistress a year 'n a half. You must have known her before you left the country, Doctor?" answered Mrs. Brooks, with surprise on her kind face.

"Edna Moore!—I knew it! *Her eyes and golden hair!* Yes, Mrs. Brooks; I met this poor child once, long ago," he answered. Then, bending down, he softly said: "I am glad you know me, Edna. Do Mrs. Hunter and Florence know you are ill?"

The question roused her into strongest excitement for a moment, which then gave way to an air of intense fear. "Don't tell them for the world!" she cried, looking around with

frightened gaze. "They are cold and cruel. I will not call her aunt—that icy woman; and Florence is too proud to call me cousin. *Don't* tell them I am here; they will come and insult me with their haughty tongues, and take you away from me. *Don't* call them!" And she clung to his hands with strong, feverish grasp.

"Land! Miss Edna never told me a word about these folks that treated her so! You don't suppose it's true, Doctor? She's wandering," said good Mrs. Brooks. "And yet maybe it's so, for she seemed alone in the world; lost her mother when she was young; and she said once a kind uncle educated her, but died just after she had left school; and then she'd stop, and I never liked to ask her too much."

"The poor girl has evidently struggled with many trials," replied the Doctor, evading a more direct reply. Then, setting his teeth hard together while he mixed a soothing draught for the sufferer, he mentally exclaimed: "Proud Mrs. Hunter, beautiful, naughty Florence, I begin to sift this matter. Your story and this poor girl's scarcely agree. If truth be at the bottom, I will not leave Dentford till it be ascertained."

What need to prolong the recital of Leonard Everett's lingering there at Dentford, the most of which time was passed beside his beautiful patient? Enough that, when the fever spell was broken, another spell was woven about both physician and convalescent—the sweet, charmed bond of love; and the gentle orphan, who had been thrust out from her worldly, envious relatives, was received into a tender home, wherein she was henceforth to be shielded always—the noble heart of the master of Ridgewood. Doctor Everett did not make the visit to Mrs. Hunter and Florence, impatiently awaiting him in their city home; but sent a letter instead, announcing "that the duties of his profession detained him at Dentford." But when he did take the trip thither, his lovely young wife was his *compagnon du voyage*; and their rooms were at the "Winthrop," instead of their aunt's elegant mansion. To portray the anger and mortification of Florence and her mother is not in the power of this pen; let it only add that the happy bridegroom has yet never found cause to regret that January storm by which he was "snowed up" at Dentford, the storm which won him his bride.

Time never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed.

### THE MODERN MANIA.

THESE are eminently the days of classification. The scientific professors continue to call helpless bits of creation by hard Latin names, on the discovery of the smallest peculiarity in formation, habits, or habitat. But this learned body are no longer allowed to have the fun all to themselves. The mania for classification has penetrated into every walk and department of life. In vain our modest friend from the country hopes to make all her purchases at one of our palatial establishments, which she bashfully enters, memorandum in hand. The clerks politely smile at her demands for buttons, fringes, colored zephyrs, and knitting-needles. She must push her way among the crowding throng on the sidewalks, and explore shop windows and sign-boards until she can find the stronghold of the merchants whose peculiar privilege it is to deal in these articles. Weary and heart-sick, how she longs for the dear old store of by-gone days, where cheese and china, candy and cashmere, buttons and broadcloth, pins and potatoes were not ashamed to keep each other company!

Fair one, hush thy murmuring! These are the days of classification. In the enlargement of trade it has necessarily divided itself into various departments. If you but lived in the city, the very speciality of which you complain would be to you a source of comfort. You should have heard the world-renowned Prof. G. discoursing the other day on the diversity of organs in the highest stages of the animal creation! How ignoble and insignificant he made the unfortunate polype appear, with its one organ doing the work of all, and that work but the simplest digestive process—a mere stomach, existing for the sole purpose of consumption! (Have we no human polypes, whose life has no better end or aim?) Society is, after all, but a great animal, and in its savage beginning it has but few departments. The Indian thinks it no shame to be his own butcher, tanner, or hut-builder, though he may be the chief of his tribe. But let civilization and progress once have their way, and what a division of labor, what a development of individual talent at once takes place! Here is free play for the idiosyncrasy of every man; a chance to develop the great truth that every child of Adam is the possessor of some peculiar inner treasure, and the wisely fashioned instrument for some special noble work. The notion gives one self-respect, it makes a place for everybody. Even the weakest and humblest of men may be the

keystone on which some great arch depends, or at least the mortar without which some noble edifice would be but a crumbling ruin.

Let us not be out of humor with the age of classification, but take heart, and find our niche, and either fill it grandly with a statue that all ages may look on with reverence, or, bee-like, silently store it with honey, and sweeten life for others mid our daily toil.

Why, in these days one is not even obliged to think for himself. There is an author, or an editor, or a lecturer to tell him what views to hold on any or all subjects, and if an undecided old gentleman should chance to be in doubt concerning any opinion, he has but to appeal to all-knowing Young America, and be set right at once.

Where has classification more decided triumphs than in the kitchen cabinet? Where are its lines more closely drawn? It is vain for our friend in Fifth Avenue, having men-servants and maid-servants without number, to hope that any of them will condescend to sweep the few square yards of pavement in front of her house. Some outsider must be secured for that duty, because, forsooth, the rules of classification forbid any of the trained corps of retainers to depart so far from their peculiar walk as to perform an office not set down in the description of the species to which he or she may belong.

There were old-fashioned days when a well-to-do papa might have a dinner served up to suit his own notions, a sort of general hodge-podge of all his palate had approved lang syne. Not so now! There are laws prescribed as to the dishes that may appear together; and Jew might sooner worship with Samaritan or eat with Gentile than luckless man dare to hope for beef, lamb, or venison without their inevitable accompaniments.

While the grand system of classification has penetrated even to the direction of our daily food it is not strange that it should have set up its authority in the department of letters, and organized a system for the perfect and satisfactory feeding of that by nature omnivorous consumer, the human mind.

What are you? Doctor, minister, old maid, bachelor, child, young miss, college boy, sailor, soldier, school-mistress, or cook, apprentice boy, or aged saint, who or whatever you may be, there has been a book written especially for you, a book precisely calculated to meet the wants of the species of *genus homo* to which you belong.

But stop! There is one class for whom there has been no book written. Where is the book

for widows? If it be in print, it has never met our eyes. Is that phase of woman's existence merely looked on as a time of transition, in which she passes by insensible stages from black crape veil to black lace, and so on to the second bridal veil, which enables her again to read the books for wives, and have her mind fed once more with food especially hashed for it? Ah, there are mourners, there are un comforted hearts among us who prove this excuse an idle slander.

If the widows cannot have their volume expressly for their use, perhaps the editor of the *Lady's Book* will give them for a time a spare corner in her valued periodical, where they may at least find their portrait, and possibly some hints which it would be wise for them to lay to heart.

Of course we should not think of entering upon any subject without classification, and so, dear reader, do not be shocked if we treat widows as if they were articles in a thread and needle store, duly boxed away with their proper labels, to be brought out as there may be a demand for them.

### I.—THE WIDOW INDEED.

"Break, break, break  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

"I say it when I sorrow most,  
I count it true, whatever befall;  
It is better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

Let thy widows trust in me.—JEREMIAH, XLIV.  
None of them that trust in me shall be desolate.  
PSALM XXXIV.

Did we say that there was no book for widows? Blessed be God! there is a *Book for Widows Indeed*, written by the finger of Omnipotence and illuminated with pictures of His tender compassion who hath formed the human heart.

For such a mourner we have no trite word, words of sympathy. No human hand can bind up her broken heart, no human voice can charm away her grief; yet for her there is laid up a wealth of consolation; there is an Almighty arm offered to sustain her; there is exhaustless love proffered her by one who is the Faithful Promiser.

We will not lift the dark, shrouding veil that hides the true widow's tears. Hers is a sorrow too sacred for touch of our pen. By and by her little ones will play bo-peep with those long sable folds, their faces will look lovingly up to hers, and she will learn to dash away her tears and return their sunny smiles. We but murmur, "God comfort her!" and pass on to her less afflicted sisters.

## MILDRED'S RESOLVE.

BY VIOLET WOODS.

### CHAPTER I.

"CLIFFORD, do not speak to me again of marriage. You know the only conditions upon which I could possibly become your wife, and yet you refuse to comply with them. My friends, as you are aware, are my advisers in regard to this, and I know too well what misery I might secure to myself to disregard their counsels."

A pause ensued in which the young man loosened his clasp on the hand he had been caressing, and moving farther and yet farther from the drooping figure, his eyes sought the downcast face. Mildred Asher looked up; Clifford Hale was subdued by that timid expression, and replied in a voice whose every tone was the very essence of devotion:—

"Ah, Mildred, you little know what an influence you might exert over me as my wife. I already love you, but a more intimate companionship will, if possible, augment the affection I now entertain, and increase the power you already possess. Will not even that admission make you yield to my dearest wishes?"

She did not reply; her fingers were playing nervously with her embroidered handkerchief, and the tears were settling in her eyes. Clifford grasped her hand, and continued: "Why do you hesitate, Mildred? Answer me, for heaven's sake, and let this burden of unrest be removed. Tell me your final resolve. Let me know whether we shall thus walk year after year, united in heart, and yet divided in life's dearest interests. Shall a fear force you to destroy my happiness when love and hope both prompt you to establish it? Answer me quickly, Mildred, for my ears are eager to hear the unjust words for which your countenance bids me prepare."

"You have, indeed, anticipated my reply," she returned with provoking coolness; "if you think me 'unjust' for maintaining a belief which I know to be correct, and for firmly standing my own ground when it would be wrong to yield. It is strange," she continued, earnestly, "that I am destitute of that power now, during our engagement, with which I should be invested after marriage. So, you see, Clifford, that your opinion is incorrect. Now is the time! I shall not wait until I am your bride to accomplish the reformation which, as your betrothed, I have vainly undertaken!"

There was a dignity and emphasis in her language which precluded all necessity for farther pleading, and Clifford, having observed it, exclaimed with ill-suppressed anger:—

"You do not love me, Mildred! You have never loved me, or you could not resign me so easily. If you were an automaton, you could scarcely evince less feeling. You have no charity for my faults, and exercise no forbearance towards the weakness which I cannot conquer. No, you do not love me," he added in a voice plaintive as that of a wounded dove.

"Clifford," she replied, raising her eyes and gazing steadily into his face, "you are doing me a great injustice, and my heart bleeds beneath the torture you inflict. How intensely I love you, you, who have received the manifestations, alone can tell. But I shall be more generous than you have been, and admit that every profession you have ever made, has been received without a doubt as to its truth. I have asked you to pledge yourself never to drink again, and my love and confidence are so boundless, so implicit, that I would willingly stake my life upon your honor. You have, I imagine, a mistaken belief that you will sacrifice your independence by adopting the course I have proposed, and for that reason, you refuse to secure to yourself the possession of my love. I shall no longer urge, for I already blush in remembrance of the fact, that I promised you my heart and hand upon certain conditions, and that you failed to comply."

"Yes," said he, "I have failed to comply, because I could not pledge my word to do that for which I felt I had not sufficient strength. You do not love me, Mildred, or you would be willing to marry me with a full knowledge of my faults."

"Calm yourself, Clifford, and let me tell you in what you are wrong. You say that you do not believe I love you, and yet, should another than yourself accuse me of infidelity, how quickly you would resent the infamy. Never, never did a young girl yield her heart to the keeping of another, more willingly, more entirely, than did I mine to you. I know the difference between your social position and mine; I know that you are brilliantly endowed with the rarest gifts of both Nature and Fortune, and that I am only a governess in the

house of your sister ; I know all that intervenes between us in a worldly point of view, and, at one time, it seemed strange that you could descend from your lofty position, and select one so lowly as myself for the object of your devotion. That devotion has been reciprocated, and yet you accuse me of falsehood. Clifford," she added, her speech gaining earnestness with each word, "if I do not love you why should I wish to become your wife ? That I may enjoy the wealth of which I know you to be possessed ? That I may occupy the exalted station, which, as your wife, I would be expected to fill ? To no other facts than these can your insinuations be reduced. I either do love you devotedly, or else my object in entering into this engagement was merely mercenary. If you think the former, recall the words which you have uttered in a moment of passion ; if the latter, spurn me as you would a worthless bauble !"

Clifford observed her extreme agitation, and rising, he walked several times across the room. Finally, he approached the fire-place ; leaned his head upon the marble mantel, and gazed abstractedly into the glowing grate. It might have been the heat which sent the red flushes across his face in such rapid succession, but what was it that paled his cheek so instantaneously as he lifted himself from his bent position ? Mildred's head was buried in the velvet of the sofa upon which she was sitting ; one tiny hand was pressed upon her heart, and low, unmistakable sobs burst upon the stillness of the apartment. Clifford had never before seen her in tears, and the sight affected him painfully. He went forward, threw himself upon his knees beside her, and exclaimed : "Mildred, Mildred, God forbid that you should shed a tear for me ! I know and acknowledge my own unworthiness, and yet I cannot give you up. I have never broken my word ; have never made a vow which has not been fulfilled—but this, but this, oh ! Mildred, I am so weak. My heart is strong to undertake anything to which you may point, but can I succeed ? I dare not give my pledge, but I will struggle to do as you wish. If I am capable, I will claim you ; if not, I will resign you." The faltering voice, quivering lip, and moistened eyes were strangely at variance with the firm determination expressed in the words.

"Then, Clifford, I know that I shall at some time be your wife." The remark was uttered in a low, sweet voice, a voice that clearly evinced the fidelity of the heart from which it emanated.

Clifford pressed his lips to her brow, and re-

plied : "Mildred, you could have given me no greater proof of your boundless affection than the utterance of those few, simple words. God alone knows with what miserly care I shall guard them. They will ring through my ears, and sound in the depths of my heart ; and if ever I am tempted, I will listen to their undying melody, and let it still the voice of the tempter. Mildred," he added, after a few moments had passed, "I no longer urge, nor would I have you to become my wife until my strength is tested. But oh, if that time had only passed, and I might claim you ! It seems so strange, so unjust, that I, a man and your affianced husband, should live in idleness, without a thought of the morrow ; while you, a woman, born to be admired and adored, are dependent upon your own exertions. If you were any place but here, I should feel miserable on account of your situation ; but I know that Agnes is your friend, and that she loves you. Am I right ?"

"Indeed you are," she returned. "Your sister is all that an orphan like myself could wish in a friend. She deserves and receives my unbounded confidence, and her advice is the wisest and best. I told her of the course I had resolved to adopt relative to our marriage, and it received her approbation. Clifford, she has committed to me the task of reclaiming you, and oh ! if love and hope can accomplish anything, you will be saved. Poverty and affliction have no terrors for me, if you are by my side ; wealth and honor no charm, if destitute of your presence. But," she concluded, looking into his eyes with a calm, penetrating gaze, "I would rather occupy a hireling's place in another's household than be mistress of a palace whose master is devoted to the wine-cup."

"You are enthusiastic," he exclaimed, with a smile.

"Yes ; the subject is one which demands the highest enthusiasm, the deepest earnestness. You have never thought of it as I have. What could I promise myself in the future years ? Could I hope to have an influence *then*, if it failed me now ? It has been promised that no man shall be tempted beyond his strength, and God's own words have many times been verified. Test them, Clifford, and test yourself. You love me, and you cannot fail. Think how I would act were you thus pleading with me."

Like a snow-white dove in its protecting covert, her hand nestled confidently in his. They no longer talked, but thoughts unspeakable swept through their minds, and it would

have seemed a bitter mockery to mar the hallowed silence. But during that silence a change passed slowly over Clifford's countenance. A firm resolve was traced upon the brow, the black eyes grew more intensely dark, and the flexible lips assumed a sternness never before observed. But oh! the tones that issued from them were gentle as the notes of the woodland zephyr, as he drew nearer to the young girl, and said: "Mildred, if I should not visit you for a month, would you miss me?"

"Miss you!" was love's involuntary exclamation; "can you doubt it?"

"I do not doubt it, Mildred, but I shall test your truth. I am about to impose upon myself the severest penalty that could be inflicted. As I have told you, I intend trying to abstain from the use of any intoxicating beverages, whatever; and for one month shall place myself in a position to be assailed by every temptation. I shall mix with a class of society from which I have always kept aloof; and the consequences shall be truthfully revealed to you. If I resist, I shall make you the pledge for which you have asked, and shall demand, in return, a speedy marriage. If I fall, we will have one last interview, and I will resign you forever."

"Oh, Clifford, a month seems so long to wait for your smile; so long to listen for your voice!" The blue eyes were full of tears, and the lips were tremulous. "I cannot understand why you will not visit me in the meantime. Explain, and I shall be satisfied."

"Because I intend to mingle in those scenes with which it would be a sin to connect even a thought of you, and I must forget you for a while, if possible. You will be contented to wait, will you not?"

"Yes," was the low reply, "I am not only contented, but happy, to wait, for you will succeed."

Half an hour later, Clifford rose to take his departure. He was standing before the fire, holding both of Mildred's hands in his own, and she listened, oh! so intently, to each word as it fell from his lips. He was saying:—

"In four weeks from to-morrow night I will come again. Do not expect me until then, for I am determined to make this test. What a sad interview this has been, Mildred," he added, as he gazed more steadily into her sorrowful eyes.

"And the next!" she exclaimed with an involuntary shudder. "How much more painful than this it may be."

She burst into tears, he kissed the pallid cheek, and whispering, "In four weeks from to-morrow night," he departed.

## CHAPTER II.

NIGHT after night found Clifford Hale wandering restlessly from one scene of low debauch to another, but like a statue of Parian marble in a company of grim and horrible skeletons, his soul remained pure and unsullied by the associations by which he was surrounded. Thoughts clothed in language which had never before fallen upon his ears, uttered as if in ignorance of the recording Angel, were breathed in his presence, and caused him to shrink back in horror from the debasing influences he was struggling to renounce. Time passed, and the period of his probation had almost expired. He had been tempted, but like an iron-bound ship breasting the fury of the wind and waves, he had resisted the enticements of the tempter, and looked proudly back upon the strength which had rendered him triumphant.

It was the night before that upon which he was to have an interview with Mildred. He would give the required pledge, and she, in return, would render his happiness complete. He had scarcely a thought independent of the woman he loved, and those thoughts flashed upon his mind like the beams of a brilliant star breaking through the parted clouds.

"And Mildred? There was an undefinable something which hung like a mist over her heart, and rendered her almost sad. Mrs. Wayland observed her dejection, and proposed that they should attend a masked ball to be given at the house of a friend. It was the last evening of Clifford's probation, and she accepted the offer upon condition that they should remain entirely unknown.

They did not go until late, and the company being assembled in the drawing-room, the upper halls were deserted. They had just reached the ladies' apartment, when a gentleman emerged from an opposite room, left the door ajar, and descended the stairs. A voice fell upon her ears—a voice welcome as the first carol of the spring bird, and she knew that Clifford was not far distant. Other tones, too, were heard, and the words swept down upon her heart like the ruinous avalanche upon the peaceful valley below: "Come, Hale, let's have a drink before we go down."

How will he reply? Her heart almost ceased to pulsate she was so fearful he would fall.

"No, no. Do not ask me. I am trying to abstain altogether."

"Under a pledge to some lady, I warrant," was returned.

"I am under no pledge, but my reason for

refusing you is sufficient. Hereafter, the man who asks me is not my friend."

"Are you in earnest, Clifford? I thought you were jesting, perhaps."

"I was never more serious," was the calm reply. "If a kingdom were offered me if I would indulge in one glass only, I would scorn the offering."

They passed out of hearing, and Mildred turned to where Mrs. Wayland was standing before the mirror. She had not heard the conversation nor could Mildred repeat it. Who can tell the emotions of her heart? One might as well attempt to learn the rippling cadence of the brooklet's song, or the deep, sublime bass of the ocean's roar, as to think to read the language of a soul whose happiness is gained. Mildred's was supreme! She had known Clifford to be enticed, and she had known him to resist. Was she surprised? No, for had not her own heart prophesied that temptation would fall powerless in the presence of his superior strength?

A few moments later they descended; the rooms were crowded, and presented a splendid appearance. Clifford, with several other gentlemen and ladies, was unmasked, and one of the number, a young girl, won and engrossed Mildred's attention. She was lovely in an eminent degree, and Clifford, too, seemed to appreciate her loveliness; for already he appeared unconscious of the presence of another than herself. Mildred's confidence was too implicit to permit one jealous thought, but she did not like to acknowledge the influence the stranger seemed to exert. But the crowd moved toward the room in which the refreshments were served, and for a few moments she lost sight of the couple in which she felt so much interest.

"Wine, if you please."

Mildred turned, and recognized in the speaker the lady who had so irresistibly won her notice. Her eyes were as bright and her voice as liquid as the article she demanded, and, like Christabel, she was "beautiful exceedingly."

Clifford Hale approached with but one goblet, and presented it with a smiling bow. She received it gracefully, but exclaimed in astonishment: "Am I to drink this alone?"

"I cannot indulge," was the low reply.

"Cannot indulge!" she echoed. "You are not loyal, I am afraid. No gentleman can refuse a lady, and I demand obedience. Another glass, if you please."

Clifford bit his lip, but replied, firmly: "I cannot comply; you must excuse me."

"But I shall *not* excuse you." She approached one of the side tables, lifted a heavy decanter, and poured a glittering draught into a massive cup. Then, returning, she offered it with irresistible sweetness, and said: "Come, the wine will lose its brilliancy and I my patience, if you keep me waiting. This is to the health and happiness of Mr. Hale."

Their glasses touched, and Clifford's was emptied at a draught.

Mildred had heard every word, had seen every movement, and had the glass contained her heart's "best blood," she could not have endured a greater agony. Gone were the lofty hopes, the towering aspirations! Here a castle had crumbled away, and fallen a mass of gilded ruins at her very feet. Sick at heart, she turned away; but for a moment was almost tempted to tear the mask from off her face and stand revealed before the man she had loved and trusted. But should she condemn him? Had he not told her his weakness? And had he not refused to pledge his word? But with what woe and misery was the result of his failure freighted! Like the ship which moves majestically through the storm and mountain wave, yet goes down in sight of the shore to which it was hastening, he had wrecked himself when nearest the point he would have died to gain.

"Mildred, I have come to resign you!" Hopeless as the clank of a prisoner's chain was the voice which uttered these words. Few they were, but oh, how heavily laden with grief and woe!

The young girl addressed raised her eyes, and looked, not said: "You have failed, then?"

"Yes, failed—utterly, entirely," he responded, interpreting the mute expression. "At a time, too, when I thought myself most secure. Until last night, I resisted every variety of temptation; and then, exulting in the very strength which had sustained me, I became hopelessly weak, and fell." He endeavored to repress his agitation, and appear calm, but he might as well have attempted to still the roaring of a cataract or quell the fury of a storm.

Mildred did not speak. Words were useless now. She had striven and pleaded, and where was her reward? There was not a ray of light in the present, not one beam to dispel the darkness of the future.

In the intensity of his anguish, Clifford suddenly grew calm; he talked earnestly of his failure, and eloquently of his affection. He

could not, would not give Mildred up! He would make one more trial, and then, if he fell or succeeded, he would abide by the consequences. And the young girl listened, accepting his terms as eagerly as the thirsty floweret receives the sparkling dew. She could not live without him; she would trust him again, and a thousand times, if necessary. Woman, loving and confiding! in thy breast the divine injunction finds its echo: "Yet not seven times, but seventy times seven shalt thou forgive."

Mildred did not tell Clifford that she had witnessed his humiliation; she had not the fortitude for that. He had failed signally, and had reported the truth to her. She would try him again, but where was the towering hope which had characterized her former trial? Even the eagle, whose eyrie is almost beyond the sweep of the human eye, can sometimes fail in the dizzy ascension, and so, too, Clifford, the high, the noble, would sometimes fall short of the mark to which he had aspired.

### CHAPTER III.

THE period of Clifford's second probation was fast drawing to its close. Only one evening remained, and immediately after tea Mildred retired to her chamber, saddened by the remembrance of their former trial, and yet, oh, so hopeful for the one now impending! She could scarcely read, her excitement was so intense, and book after book was thrown aside, whose perusal was considered a task not to be accomplished in her present state of mind.

About eleven o'clock she walked to the window, threw aside the heavy curtains, and gazed out upon the night. The streets were almost deserted; now and then a lonely pedestrian moved hastily along, his heart growing lighter with each step that brought him nearer home and a quiet fireside, for the weather was intensely cold. In the midst of her reflections she was startled by the sound of approaching wheels, and a moment later a carriage drew up to the door and halted. A gentleman and two ladies alighted, and, running up the marble steps, gave the bell a quick, impatient jerk. She heard them speaking in merry tones to Mrs. Wayland, and presently that lady herself went up and entered her room.

"You are wanted, Mildred," was her exclamation.

"Wanted for what?" was the reply.

"Don't be frightened," Mrs. Wayland returned, with a smile. "Rose and Nellie Mar-

tin have come for you to go home with them. You know they give a party to-night. Rose wants you to take part in a duet with her, her friend whom she was expecting is necessarily absent."

"But I am not prepared."

"Oh, fy! when were you not prepared for music? Come, hasten; I will tell them that you will go."

It required but a few moments for Mildred to make her toilet; a simple white dress and no ornaments, and yet how radiantly beautiful she was!

"Ready so soon!" was the remark which greeted her as she entered the drawing-room, and Mrs. Wayland stepped back in surprise at her extreme loveliness. She had but seldom seen her attired in party style, for Mildred rarely ever went into company, knowing that, although she was invited, it was solely on account of Mrs. Wayland.

It required but a few moments for them to reach the place of destination, and Mildred was ushered into the parlor. The whole company had adjourned to the supper-room, and thither they soon followed them. The apartment being crowded, they were obliged to stand near the door, behind which a lady and gentleman seemed to be stationed, and were evidently in an earnest conversation. Mildred attempted to move away, but Clifford's voice, low but excited, riveted her attention.

"You need not ask me; I cannot, will not indulge."

"I remember," said the same sweet voice which once before had caused him to waver—"I remember what a task I had to resurrect your politeness on a former occasion. The remembrance of my success *then* gives me hope for the present."

"You need not make another attempt," was the quick, stern reply. "Once you almost ruined me, body and soul; I defy your utmost exertions now." There was no reply, and presently he added, in a softer voice: "Come, let's go where it is not so crowded, and I will give you the reasons for my abstinence."

They passed out directly in front of Mildred. Clifford recognized her, and bent upon her a look full of surprise and unutterable love. She remembered the disappointment which awaited her former trial, and for a moment her heart was clouded; but the shadow swept by, and the sunlight of confidence, renewed again, beamed full upon her.

"Did you see the lady standing near the door as we came out?" said Clifford, after he

and his companion were seated in the drawing-room. "There she is now," he added, casting his eyes toward Mildred, who was then entering.

"Which? The one with such a lovely complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair?"

"Yes; though I rarely ever think of her external appearance, her mind and heart so completely enslave me. Nina Hayes, she is my betrothed, and you may imagine how dear she is to me. She is poor—a governess in my sister's family—and yet, she refuses to become my wife until I have conquered every desire for ardent spirits. I had determined to test my strength before giving my pledge to that effect, and for this purpose have resisted every species of temptation. In one effort I failed; in this, with God's help, I have been successful."

"And I was the cause of your former failure!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes filling with tears. "The lady despises me—doesn't she? and you, too?"

"She knows nothing of it," was the reply; "and as for myself, I can scarcely regret it. It has but proved that while she is just, she is truly generous; and that where I have deserved scorn and contempt, I have received only love and forgiveness. Let me make you acquainted with her, for I am sure that you will love her."

Affection is oftentimes a false prophet, but Clifford spoke the words of truth, when he said that Nina would love his affianced bride, for the admiration she first experienced soon deepened into the truest, most lasting friendship.

Two months later a brilliant party were assembled to witness the marriage of Clifford Hale with Mildred Asher. Had the wishes of either been regarded, the occasion would have been one of privacy; but Mrs. Wayland could not forbear publicly receiving her brother's wife into her family.

"No, no," said she, in answer to their entreaties: "do not ask me to forego my present plan. If but few were invited, the fashionable world might insinuate that I was not pleased with the alliance: when, indeed, I would have every one know that you are my choice as well as Clifford's."

So Mrs. Wayland gained her point. And manoeuvring mammas and aspiring daughters smiled and congratulated the lovely bride: and smiling, envied her the fortune she had won and the diamonds which glittered upon her arms, neck, and brow. But ah! she pos-

sessed one gem more priceless to her than all Golconda could have furnished; which, unseen by the world, threw its dazzling radiance across her pathway. And that gem was the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, which Clifford had presented her previous to her marriage. Happiness and honor attended their steps, and Mildred has never had cause to regret her resolve; for her husband has gained for himself a name and a place in the hearts of all who know him, and ever attributes his success to the woman of his choice.

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### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

*Pearl the First.—January.*

KIND words of welcome, words of cheer,  
First of the children of the year,

We give to thee!

Frost-crowned—ice-girdled though thou art—  
Enter the people's home and heart,  
January!

One of unnumbered thousands thou!  
Born with a crown upon thy brow,  
And bringing gifts  
And promises of greener bowers  
Beyond thy present icy hours  
And white snow drifts.

From SIXTY-TWO to SIXTY-THREE  
How brief the span of time; and we,  
Upon the shore,  
Look forward while our thoughts go back  
To seasons and to scenes, alack!  
That are no more.

And if a solemn measure runs  
Our welcome through, because of suns  
And seasons fled,  
Be it the earnest of our faith!  
What poet and what prophet saith,  
Should thus be said.

Snow-wreathed, ice-girdled, and frost-crowned,  
God speed thee on thy daily round  
Of days to be!

And, as we walk Time's winding way,  
"Touch us all tenderly," we pray,  
January!

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INFLUENCE OF A TRUE WIFE.—A sensible, affectionate, refined, practical woman, who makes a man's nature all the stronger by making it more tender—who puts new heart into all his worthy strivings, gives dignity to his prosperity, and comfort to his adversity. Every true life yields a still greater power when it feels a living heart drawing it with irresistible force into every position of duty.

# ROBIN HOOD.

A PARLOR PIECE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

(As proposed to be represented in the Back Drawing Room.)

BY WILLIAM BROUGH.

## Characters.

ROBIN HOOD, an Outlaw, passing himself off as Locksley.

LITTLE JOHN,  
SCARLET, } Outlaws, followers of  
MUCH, the Miller's son, } ROBIN HOOD.

ALLAN-A-DALE, a wandering minstrel.

HUGO, the tax gatherer.

SIR REGINALD DE BRACY, Sheriff of Nottingham.  
KING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, travelling incognito as "The Black Knight," on his return from Palestine.

MAID MARIAN, the Sheriff's daughter, betrothed to Locksley.

ALICE, her attendant.

Outlaws, Citizens, Soldiers, etc. etc.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the house of the Sheriff of Nottingham, elegantly furnished.

[NOTE.—In order to put dramas on the stage correctly, it is usual to "consult authorities." In arranging the furniture for this scene, we should strongly advise that the "authorities"—that is to say, Papa and Mamma—should be consulted as to what chairs and tables may be used; as a neglect to do so, might lead to serious chronological mistakes—even to the premature sending to bed of the management.]

Enter ALICE with a dusting-brush.

Alice. There, my work 's done—if my work I can call work;

It seems all play, though I am maid-of-all-work.  
Sure no girl e'er had such a place as this is,  
The Lady Marian 's such a first-rate Missis.  
Dusting her room 's mere child's play. Though I must

Confess her pa' sometimes kicks up a dust.

This comes of being Sheriff. I'm aware

The seat of office is no easy chair;

But what care I what fortunes variable

O'er take that chair, while I am com-for-table.

[ALLAN-A-DALE is heard outside playing on the guitar.

[NOTE.—Should the resources of the establishment include a grand pianoforte, the notes of a guitar may be exactly imitated by laying a sheet of tolerably stiff paper loosely upon the strings. Should the only available piano be an "upright," or a "cottage," the paper may be threaded in and out of the wires. In the absence of a piano, however, or in the event of the "authorities" before alluded to objecting (as they probably would) to any tampering with the internal economy of the

instrument, the guitar accompaniment may be safely left to the imagination of the audience.]

Alice. But hark! those silvery tones—'tis he; oh joy!

Allan-a-Dale, my own dear minstrel boy.

[ALLAN-A-DALE sings outside.

AIR.—"Lonely I wander."—TROVATORE.

Lonely I wander the wide town through,  
In hopes to pick up an odd sixpence or two;  
Ne'er shall I quit your door,  
Till some odd pence or more,  
You place into the hat of the poor troubadour.

Alice. 'Tis he! I knew it; ne'er yet was he willing

To move on under at the least a shilling.

[Going to the door.

Come in, dear Allan.

Allan (entering). May I?

Alice. May you! stuff;

You know you 're always welcome.

Allan (sits down). That 's enough!

Alice. My mistress is so fond of music.

Allan. True;

And of the gossip that I bring her too.

We wandering minstrels' story-telling powers,  
Gain us admission to all ladies' bowers.

Alice. True, we 've no other way our news to get,

For newspapers are not invented yet.

Now for it! [Sits by him.

Allan. Alice, words would tell but poorly  
How fair you are!

Alice. You don't call that news, surely!  
Have you no fresher tidings?

Allan. Yes; I've learned  
King Richard from his travels has returned.

Alice. Why then Prince John—

Allan. Prince John I should advise,  
His nose put out of joint, to mind his eyes.

Since the king left, nice tricks has he been at.

Alice. Mice will play in the absence of the cat!

Allan. But see, the Lady Marian 's coming  
hither;

And, as I live—no—yes, say, who 's that with  
her?

Alice. That; oh, that 's Locksley.

Allan. Locksley him d'ye call?  
His name is—

Enter ROBIN HOOD (as LOCKSLEY) and MARIAN.

Robin. Locksley, sir, of Locksley Hall.  
(Aside to him). Be quiet.

Allan. All right, captain.

Marian. Why, how 's this?  
The minstrel seems to know you.

Allan. Know him, miss!

That gentleman 's the leader of our band.

Robin (evasively). Yes; I conduct sometimes.

Marian. I understand.  
You play first fiddle, I suppose?

Robin. Just so.

'Twould do you good to see me use my bow.

But never mind my beau: am I not yours?

Allan. I see; our leader 's made you overtures.

Marian. How dare you speak, sir, upon such affairs?

Alice, conduct the troubadour down stairs.

Allan. This conduct to a bard!

Alice. There, never mind;

I 've luncheon ready.

Allan. True, the bard 's not dined.

Yet if he chose he could speak.

Alice. Well, but don't.

Allan. The bard is hungry—so he thinks he won't.

[Exeunt ALLAN and ALICE.]

Marian. Now, Locksley, we 're alone, repeat, I pray,

What you but now were just about to say.

Robin. Rare news, sweet. I 've your father's full permission

To marry you upon one sole condition.

Marian. And that is—

Robin. That I from all rivals snatch

The first prize in to-morrow's shooting match.

Marian. Oh, should your arrow fail!

Robin. That chance look not for.

Marian. But I don't choose to be put up and shot for.

I 'll be no archer's butt. I don't like putting My future hopes on such an arrow footing.

Robin. I 'll hit the bull's-eye, dearest, have no fears.

Marian. I think pa's mad about his volunteers

And shooting matches. Of it what 's the good?

Robin. The fact is, he 's afraid of Robin Hood.

To catch him 'tis they drill each raw recruit, And teach their young ideas how to shoot.

Marian. I wish this Robin Hood was dead. Don't you?

Robin. Well, no, I can't exactly say I do.

Marian. His ceaseless thefts—

Robin. Such slanders don't believe in. He 's always Robin, but not always thievin'—

Marian. You take his part? Oh, no, it can't be!

Robin. Why!

Perhaps he 's quite as good a man as I.

What if I were abused and slandered so,

Would you believe what folks said of me?

Marian. No.

Of course I wouldn't.

Robin. Just so. Then, again, E'en suppose I were Robin Hood. What then?

DUET.

AIR.—“Will you love me then as now?”

Robin. You have told me that you loved me,  
With the blushes on your cheek;

Marian. Can you wonder at my blushing,  
'Twas so difficult to speak.

Robin. But suppose the noble Locksley,  
Into Robin Hood should change?

Marian. I should say the alteration,  
At the very least, looked strange.

Robin. But I ask you would you cut me?

Marian. Well, I almost think somehow—

Robin. You would cease to care about me?

Marian. No; I 'd love you then as now. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Sherwood Forest.*

[NOTE.—The arrangement of this scene will give an excellent opportunity for the exercise of skill on the part of the management. We have seen very effective “forest sets” got up by means of a few trunks of trees roughly painted on pasteboard, and surrounded by evergreens. But should this be found too troublesome or impracticable, it should be borne in mind that in the “good old times,” in the “palmy days of the drama,” before the present rage for *spectacle* had set in, it was considered amply sufficient to have the nature of the scene legibly written on a placard, and hung up in a conspicuous part of the scene. And surely, if this was deemed good enough for Shakspeare, the author of the present drama has no right to feel dissatisfied with it. So we should suggest, in default of any scenic appliances, a sheet of card-board with the words “SHERWOOD FOREST” written upon it, leaving the author to make what protest he chooses against the want of liberality in the management.]

Enter HUGO.

Hugo. Thus far into the thickest of the wood Have I marched on, nor yet seen Robin Hood. Oh, how I shudder at his very name! He'd deem a tax-collector lawful game.

He hates all taxes. Well, those we now levy  
In the king's absence I confess are heavy;  
And not quite constitutional, folks say:  
Well, let them talk, what matters if they pay.  
The tax on incomes, p'rhaps we might relax,  
Or soon there 'll be no incomes left to tax.  
And yet I don't know—tax them as you will,  
This Anglo-Saxon race seems prosperous still.  
To the last stick you bring them down—what  
then?

You find *th' elastic* race spring up again.

## SONG.

AIR.—“*The Postman's Knock.*”

What a wonderful land this England must be  
(A remark that 's been made before);  
You take her last shilling in taxes, and she  
Is still good for some millions more.  
What with income-tax, house-tax, assessments,  
and rates,  
No Englishman knows what he 's at;  
His house is his castle, but we storm the gates,  
As we come with the double rat-tat.  
Every morn, as true as the clock,  
The poor-rates or taxes are sure to knock.  
[*He brings a large money-bag from under his cloak.*  
This morning's work has brought me glorious  
profit,  
My bag 's so heavy.

LITTLE JOHN, MUCH (*the Miller's son*), SCARLET,  
and other Outlaws, enter and surround him.

*Little John.* Let us ease you of it.

*Hugo.* Thieves! Robbery! Police!

*Much.* Peace, what 's the good,  
To holloa till your safe out of the wood?

*Little John.* Give us the sack (*snatching it from  
him*).

*Hugo.* Nay, it 's not mine, you see;  
Don't take it, or they 'll give the sack to me;  
Mine 's a good situation.

*Much.* Well, at present,  
Your situation might be much more pleasant.  
Let 's hang him.

*Hugo.* No, no; quarter, pray.

*Much.* Just so;  
We 'll quarter you, but hang you first, you  
know.

You, as a tax-collector, can't be nettled  
To find the *quarter* you 've applied for settled.  
Bring him along.

*Scarlet.* Had we not better wait  
Till Robin Hood himself decides his fate?

*Hugo.* Yes, do.

*Scarlet.* He comes.

Enter ROBIN HOOD in forester's costume, with bow  
and arrows.

*Robin.* Now, lads, what means this stir?

*Little John.* We 've caught a Norman tax-  
collector, sir.

*Robin.* A Norman! Hated race! Our coun-  
try's curse!

And a tax-gatherer, which is even worse!  
The Norman's visit each true Saxon hates,  
'Specially when he calls about the rates.  
We loathe his written laws; yet even more  
The printed papers he leaves at one's door.

*Hugo* (*kneeling*). Spare me!

*Robin.* Perhaps we might.

*Much.* What means this whim?

*Robin.* Who is there we could better spare  
than him?

Go; you are free.

*Hugo.* Oh, thanks!

*Robin.* Now, list to me.

Your name is *Hugo*. I let you go free.  
So, when some Saxon in your law's fell pow'r,  
Implores your pity, think upon this hour.  
Spare him as you 're now spared; and when  
you would

Remorseless be, remember Robin Hood!

*Hugo.* Fear not. Oh, sir, I am so glad I met  
you.

Remember you! I never shall forget you.

*Robin.* No words. Away!

*Hugo.* My thanks no words can speak.

(*Aside.*) The rate-payers shall smart for this  
next week. [*Exit.*

*Scarlet.* I 'm sorry that you spared him.

*Robin.* Cruel varlet!

To say so I should blush, if I were *Scarlet*.

What think you, *Much*, of it?

*Much* (*sulkily*). I 'm sorry, too.

*Robin.* In that case, *Much*, I don't think *much*  
of you.

*Black Knight* (*calls outside*). What ho, there!  
Help!

*Robin.* Hark! there 's a call. What is it?

*Little John.* That call may p'r'aps not mean  
a friendly visit.

*Black Knight* (*outside*). Help!

*Much.* By all means, if you have any pelf.

*Scarlet.* Oh, yes, we 'll help him.

*Much.* I shall help myself.

Enter THE BLACK KNIGHT. *They surround him.*

*Robin.* Now, sir, who are you through our  
forest bawling?

Your name and business tell; we 've heard  
your calling.

*Black Knight.* A weary knight, who all the  
weary day

Has wandered through this wood and lost his  
way,

Craves food and rest.

*Robin.* Your name?

*Black Knight.* I may not tell it.

I can repay your kindness.

*Robin.* I don't sell it.

*Little John.* No; but we'll take your money all the same. [*Advancing towards him.*]

*Robin.* What! rob a fasting, weary man! For shame!

Come in. We grant the shelter that you seek; We spoil the strong, but we befriend the weak.

*Black Knight.* Mine's but a momentary weakness, mind;

You'll see how strong I come out when I've dined.

*Robin.* No matter. Go (*to outlaws*), make ready for our guest.

And see that everything is of the best.

[*Exeunt outlaws.*]

Sir, you are bold to venture through this wood.

Have you no fears of meeting Robin Hood?

*Black Knight.* Would I could meet him hand to hand!

*Robin.* Well, stay.

After you've dined and rested, perhaps you may.

Are you his enemy?

*Black Knight.* I am the foe

Of all their country's laws who overthrow.

*Robin.* Nay, then of foes you'll find a decent lot.

There is King Richard to begin with.

*Black Knight.* What?

*Robin.* Yes, if the people don't obey the laws, The king himself is the unwitting cause.

Why quit his kingdom on a wild-geese chase, Leaving a cruel tyrant in his place?

*Black Knight.* Does John oppress the people?

*Robin.* Have you eyes

To see their sufferings, ears to hear their cries, That you can ask the question? Why, 'tis known

Beneath his laws no man's life is his own, Save such as Robin Hood and his brave outlaws, Who, in the forest free, don't care about laws.

So when folks' grievances too heavy press, They fly to Robin Hood to seek redress.

In vain the tyrants as a traitor brand him;

The common people love and understand him.

#### DUET.

Air—"A famous man was Robin Hood."

*Robin.* Oh, a famous man is Robin Hood,  
The English people's pride and joy;  
The tyrants he has long withstood,  
Who try our freedom to destroy.

*Black Knight.* What you've just told me, do you know,

Has filled my mind with strange alarm.

*Robin.* While Robin, though, can bend the bow,  
Be sure his friends he'll keep from harm.

*Both.* A famous man is Robin Hood,  
No wonder he is England's joy;  
Where tyrants are to be withstood,  
It's very plain that Rob's the boy.

*Enter* LITTLE JOHN.

*Little John.* The dinner's ready.

*Robin.* Come, then, worthy knight,  
Let good digestion wait on appetite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The fair outside Nottingham. Stalls with toys, fruit, cakes, etc., on them. Swings, shows, etc. People attending the stalls, peasants walking about.*

[NOTE.—The appearance of this scene will doubtless vary considerably in different establishments. A table with an open umbrella fixed over it makes a very good stall, while toys, cakes, fruit, and other articles to put on them ought to be readily obtainable, especially with a guarantee from the management that the "properties" shall not be demolished until after the conclusion of the performance. Should there be any difficulty in fixing swings, the simplest way is to do without them. The same remark will hold good as regards the shows; though, as only the outside of them is seen, a curtain or a tablecloth hung against the wall, with a showman standing in front of it to invite folks in, will answer every purpose. A picture of wild beasts, or a giant, or a dwarf, or a king, or a queen—or, in fact, a picture of any possible or impossible object, hung on the curtains, would improve the effect, but is by no means essential.]

*The scene opens to a confusion of cries, such as "What'll you buy—buy—buy?" "Walk up—walk up—be in time." "Gingerbread-nuts, sir!—best spice-nuts, sir!" "This way for the giant!" "All the fun of the fair!" and others suggested by the articles on the stalls, all the cries being repeated together.*

*Enter the* SHERIFF *of* NOTTINGHAM *and his daughter* MARIAN, *followed by* ALLAN-A-DALE *and* ALICE, *attended by soldiers.*

*Sheriff.* Silence! D'ye hear? Be quiet—cease this din.

[*All are quiet immediately.*]

Bring chairs here.

[*SHERIFF and MARIAN sit at one side.*]

Now, before the sports begin,

If any one has anything to say,  
Any complaints to make or fines to pay,  
Or any business to transact, in short,  
Let him now bring it in the Sheriff's Court.  
Only, I warn you, I am in a hurry,  
So at your peril you'll the Sheriff worry!

[*One or two peasants who have approached him turn away frightened.*]

Does no one speak? Sure ne'er was town so  
bless'd,

With not a single wrong to be redress'd!

*Marian.* I think that maid would speak, if you'd but let her.

What is it, girl? Speak.

*Sheriff.* Nonsense! She knows better. The court's adjourned.

*HUGO runs in.*

*Hugo.* Nay, for one moment stop.

*Sheriff.* What seek you?

*Hugo.* Justice!

*Sheriff.* We've just closed the shop.

You are too late.

*Hugo.* But I've been robbed.

*Sheriff.* Pooh-pooh!

*Hugo.* Half murdered!

*Sheriff.* Call again to-morrow—do.

*Marian.* Who robbed you, friend?

*Hugo.* 'Twas Robin Hood, miss.

*Sheriff.* What?

*Hugo.* And I know where to find him.

*Allan (in the crowd).* I hope not.

*Alice.* What's it to you, pray?

*Allan.* Nothing, dear.

*Sheriff (to Hugo).* You meant

To tell us that you Robin Hood have seen?

*Hugo.* I have.

*Sheriff.* And know where he hangs out?

*Hugo.* I do,

For I was all but hanging out there too.

Come with your guards—I'll lead you to him straight.

*Sheriff.* Well, till our shooting-match is over, wait.

*Hugo.* You know you promised a reward.

*Sheriff.* Just so.

We'll talk of that when we have caught him, though.

*Allan (aside to ALICE).* Dear Alice, if you love me, get that man

Away from here, by any means you can.

*Alice.* Easily. Hugo's an old friend of mine.

Won't you come in and take a glass of wine  
[To HUGO.]

After your troubles?

*Hugo.* I shall be enraptured.

[Exit ALICE and HUGO.]

*Allan (aside).* How to save Robin now from being captured?

*Sheriff.* Now, then, good people, let the sports begin.

*Re-enter ALICE.*

*Alice (aside to ALLAN).* All right. The pantry I have locked him in.

*Marian.* Why is not Locksley here? Pa', can't you wait?

*Sheriff.* Not I; it's his fault if he comes too late.

*Marian.* Mind, if he doesn't win me, I declare,

I'll have no other for a husband. There!

*Sheriff.* Peace, girl. Now, who shoots first?

*First Peasant.* Good sir, 'tis I!

*Sheriff.* You see the mark? Ready! Present! Let fly!

[*Peasant shoots an arrow off. All laugh at him. Missed it! Who's next? (Another comes forward to shoot.)*]

Mind how you take a sight. Ready! Present! Let fly!

[*Second Peasant shoots.*]

Good! in the white.

*ROBIN HOOD (as Locksley) runs in.*

*Robin.* So; just in time, I see. Confound that stranger!

I couldn't leave him.

*Allan (aside to him).* Robin; you're in danger.

*Robin.* I know; I always am. Who cares?

Look out! [He shoots.]

*Sheriff.* Right in the bull's eye. Shout, you villains; shout.

[*The populace all shout.*]

Locksley, your hand. You've nobly won the prize;

My daughter's yours.

*Enter HUGO. He starts at seeing ROBIN.*

*Hugo.* Eh! can I trust my eyes!

'Tis he; secure him! There stands Robin Hood!  
[*Soldiers seize ROBIN.*]

*Sheriff.* What!

*Hugo (holding out his hand).* The reward, sir; if you'll be so good.

*Sheriff.* What! he! my future son, the outlaw! Pshaw—

An out-law can't become a son-in-law!

*Marian.* Speak to me, Locksley! Say it is not so.

*Hugo.* I told you I'd remember you, you know.

*Robin.* For this I saved you from the halter?  
*Hugo.* Yes.

I like the halteration I confess.

*Sheriff.* Speak! Are you Robin Hood?

*Robin.* Well, without sham, Since you ask so politely, sir, I am.

Farewell, dear Marian. As you see, I'm sold.

*Marian.* No, it can't be!

*Sheriff.* To prison with him.

*Enter the BLACK KNIGHT, followed by LITTLE JOHN, MUCH, SCARLET, and Outlaws.*

*Black Knight.*

Hold!

*Sheriff.* Who 's this, that comes in style so harum-scarum?

Who are you?

*Black Knight (throwing off his disguise).* Richard, Rex Britanniarum. [*All kneel.*]

*All.* Long live the king!

*King.* He means to; and what 's more, To live at home, his people to watch o'er.

Release your prisoner. Robin Hood, come here.

[*Robin kneels to the King.*]

As Earl of Huntingdon, henceforth appear.

*Robin (bringing MARIAN forward).* This peerless maid, sire, who was late so cheerless—

*King.* Now has her Earl, so she 's no longer peerless.

We pardon all that 's past; let none bear malice.

Now all take hands.

*Allan.* Good! I 'll take yours, then, Alice.

*Alice.* Well, since the king commands.

There! I submit. [*Gives her hand.*]

(*Aside.*) I almost feared he 'd never ask for it!

*Hugo.* But my reward?

*Robin.* You 'll get it.—Don't be hurt, (*To audience.*) Reward us all! Not after our desert:

By no high standard, pray, our acting test;  
Whate'er we've done—we've acted for the best.

#### FINALE.

*AIR.*—"There 's nae luck about the house."

Old Christmas comes but once a year,

The time for mirth and fun;

'Tis not a time to be severe

On those their best who 've done.

At such a time, to laugh 's no crime,

Don't harmless jokes despise;

Unbend a while—at folly smile,

Be merry though you 're wise.

For there is no luck about the house

That Christmas fails to cheer;

'Tis no bad rule to play the fool,

If only once a year.

*All repeat in chorus.*

For there is no luck about the house, &c

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

(Provided you have one; if not, it doesn't.)

## LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

### LETTER I.

DEAR MR. GODEY: It 's nigh about three years since I come to Scrub Oak to live with Cousin Brewstir; and, as I was tellin' Flory the other day, I 've a'most forgot all my old-fashioned ways, and I don't s'pose anybody would know me for the schoolma'am in Pendle Holler, over twenty years ago. I remember as well as if 'twas only yesterday, how Deacon Arza Pendle come over after me in a bellus-top shay, and how Susan cried when she tied on my bunnit, and how Archy slid my little trunk—covered with a spotted calfskin tacked on with brass nails, and my two first letters on the top in brass nails, too—under the seat, shook hands with me and the deacon, and put up the bars after we drove out of the door yard. I looked back when we had got to the bend in the road, where you lose sight of the house, and I could see Archy standin' lookin' after us yet. Susan's winder was open, and if I didn't see her, I knew she was there, and I knew, too, how much they both hoped and feared for me. I hadn't tried to do anything after John's death till then, and maybe I shouldn't have courage enough to keep me up after all; but I kept sayin' to myself all the time, "I will, I will;" and I shut my lips together tight, so that I shouldn't even

feel them tremble, and tried to think about the posies and little bushes along the side of the road. There was wintergreen, young sasafra, May-apples and lady-slippers. The red and yellow keys hadn't all dropped off the maple trees, and the popples was bright yet with their young leaves. All the birches was covered with tawsels that swung in the air with the tender leaves, and the wind brought us the smell of the young spruce cones, and the hemlock buds that was sweeter than the very best of the queer little bottles of perfume with outlandish letters all in gold printed on the glass, that Flory has on her table up stairs. I heard the birds singin' among the trees, and my heart begun to beat softer, and I was a'most glad that I was goin' away from home, when all at once, Deacon Pendle spoke out for the first time, "That 's a purty place over the lake yonder. I wonder how it comes to be deserted." I caught hold of the side of the shay, as if he had struck me a blow with his great whip. I couldn't help sayin' "oh," such a painful feelin' of suffocation came over me all at once. My heart gave a jump and then a'most stood still. The Deacon looked scared when he turned round and see how I shook. He stopped his horse and jumped down as spry as a boy.

There was a little tin pail in the shay full of cabbage plants, that the Deacon had begged of Archy, and now he flung 'em out, and run to the brook after some water.

I hadn't looked at the place where John died and was buried, before; but I looked now, for I could not hear it spoken of without feelin' as if I should die if I didn't look.

Oh how pleasant it was! How the lake shone in the sun like a sea of fire, and the tops of the maple trees on the hill brightened and darkened when the wind tossed them up and down! Little patches of bushes had sprung up in the clearin's and around the house; and I could see the two slender white birches in the corner of the yard where John was buried. I looked at it, as I had a thousand times before, as if the sight of that spot quenched a great thirst in my soul. I expected to have been so happy. Somehow my heart cried out at times for a sight of the Paradise that would have been mine, if the destroyer had not come and left it desolate. I had time to think of all this before the Deacon come back with the water. He had sense enough not to ask me what ailed me, and when I told him I felt better, he got into the shay and we drove along.

I like riding in the woods and among the hills, and I managed to gather enough courage and cheerfulness from the trees and birds and posies to make me quite chirp by the time we got to the Holler. The Deacon talked, but as he didn't seem to expect me to answer, I didn't, and I couldn't for my life tell what he said half the time; only when we got purty near the Holler, then he said that the red house yonder was Squire Kinyon's, and that white one the minister's. There was the meetin'-house furthur up the Holler, and close by the school-house, all shady with young maples; and yonder was his orchard and barn, we couldn't see the house.

I s'pose, of course, everybody knew the schoolma'am was comin' when the Deacon's horse and shay jogged up the road, and got a sly peep at me as I passed; for more than one white-headed boy jumped off the fence, and come and stood by the road, and bobbed his tow head at us as we rode along, grinnin' dreadfully all the time to think he had got a first sight of the schoolma'am.

There was Squire Kinyon drivin' some geese into the barn to be picked, and they wouldn't be drove, so he coaxed them along with some corn; then the widder Soul was scourin' a churn on the well-stone; and over at Elder

Jones's there was the Elder with a cotton handkercher on his head under his hat, workin' in the garden settin' beanpoles and bushin' peas. A hull swarm o' little Joneses was scootin' about the yard, and yellin' as if they was doin' it for the good of their lungs.

Bymeby we come to Deacon Pendles, a little house with a cool gigsy yard, and two great clumps of yellow lilies at the corners of the house, and a little mite of a portico like one-half of a bird-cage.

I stood on the door-step waitin' for my trunk and the Deacon, when Mrs. Pendle opened the door. She poked back her specs, and looked at me, and then pulled me right into the house and made me sit down in a great green rockin'-chair with a feather cushion all covered over with red and blue merino stars. She said that she knew me in a minit, for I was the very image of my father, and "many and many's the times I've danced with Elnathan Broomcorn," says she, all the time busy untying my green calash and takin' off my shawl.

She was a dreadful small woman, and had a spry, handy way of doin' things. Before the Deacon got into the house she had a warin' fire on the hearth, the teakettle hung on, and the round top of the table turned down and covered with a newly-bleached cloth. Then she trotted in and out till I began to think we never should have anything to eat. Fust she brought a pile of white plates with copper-colored edges, then cups and saucers not a bit bigger than Cousin Brewstir's egg-cups, a fat little sugar bowl and cream pitcher to match, an oval tea board with just such picters on it as Miss Spanglebow's "Oriental Pieces" she is so proud of. For eatables, there was wheat biscuit, a round bake kittle loaf of indjin, honey, butter, cheese, plumsass, custard pie, and soft gingerbread.

I thought I was hungry when I was out doors, but in the house, with nobody but strangers, I felt a little homesick, and could not eat. The Deacon urged, and his wife coaxed, and I praised everything on the table till they was satisfied. I wanted to go out doors again, because then I wasn't homesick. Somehow all the out of doors world is pleasant to me, but I have to get used to houses and people, before I can feel at home with them. The Deacon's house had such a slick shiny look, as if there wasn't ever even the stir of a good hearty laugh in it, that I felt a little afraid.

After tea I went all over the yard and orchards, and went with the Deacon to let the cows out of the laue beyond the barn. Just as

we got down at the foot of the hill by the bars, a couple of ragged boys jumped off the stone wall, and run across the fields screamin' as loud as ever they could, "Schoolma'am, Schoolma'am." The Deacon laughed so loud that it scart me at first, but I had to laugh, too, and so I forgot that I was a bit homesick, and was as happy as possible all the time. I even woke up in the night and laughed when I thought of the two boys.

The next day was Saturday; Sunday I went to meetin' and wore my new cambrie dress with sleeves a good deal bigger I'm afraid than anybody else's. The gallery was full of young folks, and they sung about as loud as any singers I ever heard. The leader was a big man, very blusterin', and he sung all four parts in the compass of a single verse, dodgin' about so that I couldn't have follered him, only, by the way, the part he was helpin' started ahead of the rest, and made more noise, as if suddenly somebody had given them a sly push. After sermon the folks that had come a good ways, sot around in the pews and talked, or strayed off into the buryin'-grounds, and a good many come over to Deacon Pendles and picked sweet Williams, and none-so-purtys in the yard, or set in the front room and talked over the sermon along with the Deacon and his wife.

There was a tall girl with an open-work straw hat, trimmed with blue roses, on her head, and a sprigged muslin gown and crape neck-hankercher, that walked about softly by herself, lookin' into all the rosebushes and piney-buds, after an "early flower," as she told me. I thought she must like roses, a lookin' after them so early. She had a bunch of camomile in her belt, along with some wild honeysuckles. She asked me if I liked school-keepin', and if I read verses, and if I could say every bit of "Young Edwin." She told me she meant to be well acquainted with me, and asked me what was my given name. When I said it was Betsy Broomcorn, she looked as if she thought it was a pretty common sort of a name. "Mine," says she, "is Matilda Mahala Button. Maybe you've heard of me before? I wrote some verses for Squire Kinyon when his wife died. I was asked for ever so many copies, and finally they was published in the *Starry Banner* newspaper, and went the length and breadth of the land, I suppose. I've got ever so much poetry at home—enough to make a good-sized book, for I keep a copy of everything I ever wrote. Elder Jones says I have quite a nachural gift for makin' verses. S'pose I repeat some I wrote about a lily-root. I know almost everything

by heart." I said I should like to hear them, for I was 'mazin' fond of verses, so she broke off a laylock sprout, and began to switch the barberry briars with it as she went on repeatin':—

"O ploughman, spare that lily-root;  
It's very dear to me,  
Don't desecrate its humble bed  
With implements of husbandry.

"I've seen your iron heel go down  
Upon its tender leaves,  
And for the flowers that never shall bloom  
My tender spirit grieves.

"When last year's summer's fields was green,  
I saw it proudly wave,  
Its head all crowned with yeller flowers,  
Where now I see its grave.

"Such is the fate of beauty  
Upon this transient earth;  
It's enmost as good as dead  
The minit it has birth.

I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree,  
And moura for the lily fair  
That was rooted out of its grassy nest  
By a rusty iron ploughshare."

"Well," says she, takin' breath, "how do you like 'em?"

I said—"I thought it was very nice, but seems to me they aint all in the same jingle. I couldn't sing 'em all to the same tune, could I?"

"Of course not," says she, bridlin' up. "It's a poet's license I've used, to change as I've a mind to. It's very handy to know how to let a line out a little, if you want to get in a good word. Some words is wuth more than others; they twist round so wavy and nachural. There's 'ploughshare;' it's as unaccommodatin' as buckram. I guess it's time to go to meetin'; I see Elder Jones's wife shakin' her tablecloth out of the back door."

Just then Squire Kinyon come along, and Miss Button said she wouldn't wait for me; she wanted to sing over "Strike the Cymbal" with the singers before meetin', so she opened the gate and went out in time to walk down with the Squire.

When Deacon Pendle's wife and I went into meetin' again, they was sayin'—"Spread your banners, shout hosanners," as loud and sharp as if they meant it.

The next day was Monday, and I begun my school. The school-house was all scoured up and trimmed with green bushes in the fire place and on the wall, and a new cedar broom stood behind the closet door. The children was like a flock of blackbirds; but I got along pretty well, for you see I was used to Susan's boys, and I had a knack of managin' children.

I was to board with Deacon Pendle's folks

the first week, and then at Parson Jones's, and so around the deestrick. There 's some fun in boardin' round, and sometimes there 's a good many hard spots ; but I warn't a bit afraid of them, for I was used to makin' the best of everything.

When I walked home from school, I was tired enough, I can tell you, but about a dozen of the children walked along with me, all talkin' and laughin' at once, and the grass was so soft and cool under my feet, and the white and blue violets and dandelion heads looked so purty that I forgot all about it.

Miss Pendle was feedin' her goslins under an apple-tree when I went in, and I went out and broke off a lot of great pink blows, and sot on my table in a cheeny mug. After we had tea, Miss Button come in with a terrible stiff pink sunbunnet on, and went to talkin' with the Deacon. I never did hear such a talker. She fairly worried the Deacon, for he is ruther slow. Says she : " Brother Jones give us a better than ordinary sermon, but seems to me his doctrine is a little leanin' agin 'lection. Now, I *should* feel all unsettled, and would as soon turn Un-*varseler* as anything, if I on'y thought for a minit that 'lection wasn't true. As for quotin' Scriptor, Brother Jones does it pretty well ; but seems to me I 'd quote the hymn-book, too. Psalms is good ; I like 'em sprinkled over a sermon like daiseys over a medder. Don't you, Deacon Pendle ? Miss Pendle, how does your goslins get along ? Mother had a nice passle come off, but the weasles and minks catched about all of 'em. You allers have good luck, though. Miss Broomcorn, aint you a goin' to say somethin', or be you allers so dumb ? "

I declare I hadn't had a chance to speak before, and didn't then, for she kept right on a talkin', first to one and then another, till it begun to grow dark, and she got ready to go hum. I went down to the gate with her, and she picked a laylock for me to lay under my piller, and then she gave me a sheet of pink paper, folded up diamond-shape, with my name on it in the middle of a mess of posies, carle-cues, and stars, all made off as neat as could be with a pen.

After I went up to my little chamber, I opened the paper and read the verses. I don't suppose there 's any harm in copyin' them off for you. The paper is faded and old-lookin', and the ink looks a dirty brown color. I have always kept it along with my letters and the others Miss Button give me that summer. I'll copy it off just as it is. Miss Button wasn't a

much better speller than I am now. Oh dear ! I used to do better, I believe ; but I remember with a sort of shame how hard I tried to understand Brown's Grammar that spring, and how desperately I figured over my old sums in Pike's shabby Arithmetic, and how I was troubled for fear some of the children would be a little further along than I, and how I brightened up my writing and spelling. But that 's a long time ago, and I have got to be ruther a poor speller. But dear me, I shall forget Miss Button's verses :—

LINES TO A KINDRED SPIRIT.

Many years I've been a seekin'  
Of a sympathizin' mind,  
Hopin', ere my youth was wasted,  
Such a blessin' I should find.

What I wanted was a spirit  
Fond of soarin' as my own,  
One that warn't afraid of thunder,  
Nor to walk the starry zone.

Oh, my pretty, pale, pink posey,  
I have found you out at last ;  
Now my wings your head shall shadder,  
And my two hands hold you fast.

When you see the moon a climbin'  
Up the side hills of the skies,  
And you see two big stars shinin',  
Make believe it is my eyes.

I shall think I come to see you  
On a cloud as white as snow,  
And I'll make a gale from heaven  
Round your chamber winder blow.

Oh the glory of our futur,  
Like a summer sundown shines,  
When we see the specks of fire  
In the long, slim, yellor lines.

You are pale as sorrel posies  
Growin' by a shady spring ;  
I am like a medder lily  
Where the bobolinks do sing.

But you are the kindred spirit  
I've been seekin' all the while,  
Mourrain' like a lonely sparrow  
For a sympathizin' smile.

Now I've found you, I can soar  
For a poet's celestial crown  
Higher than any went before,  
And fetch a flood of glory down.

Well, after I went to bed, I laid awake ever so long, thinkin' it over. Miss Button was a curis girl. I didn't pretend to know about kindred spirits ; but if there was any meanin' in what she wrote, had I oughter write somethin' back to her or not ? I knew I couldn't come up to her, and after thinkin' it over and over, I concluded I wouldn't try. If I did, she might laugh at me, seein' she knew so much more about poetry than I did. So I pretended not to be able to make rhymes at all, and I

praised Miss Button's verses all I could. I shall tell you about my boardin' at Parson Jones's next time I write to you. Brewstir wants me to go with him to be painted in some kind of a graff, I can't remember what, so good-by.

Your obedient,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

### THE BEGGAR'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. JOHN C. WINANS.

ONE great from the silver that clangs  
In the 'broider'd purse at your side:  
One great for the beggar-boy's hand,  
From the hand of the rich man's bride.  
I am famished with woe and want:  
Kind lady, bear while I plead:  
Of the plenty lying about,  
Only an atom I need.

There's a hovel over the waste,  
Wretchedly cold and bare:  
A heap of straw in a corner—  
My mother is starving there.  
She is starving! O God, do you know—  
You, housed in comfort and ease,  
How many naked and hungry,  
The pitiless winters freeze?

She used to be up and toiling,  
Before dawn lighted yon hill;  
And she toiled till midnight nearing,  
Our three little mouths to fill:  
But her face has grown so ghastly,  
And her form so spectral thin,  
I dream whenever I'm sleeping  
Of the grave they will bury her in.

I draw my cold limbs together,  
And moon through the dismal night,  
And watch for the coming of day  
To shut out the horrible sight:  
It comes—I say my prayers softly,  
Fearing that she will awake,  
And with hunger reptile-like gnawing,  
The round of a beggar take.

I get a kick or cuff from men,  
Eating the fat of the land;  
And now and then a lone penny  
Grudgingly drops in my hand;  
Drops into my hand, and away  
For a loaf and fagot small:  
So very little sufficeth  
The narrow wants of us all.

Give me, oh give of your plenty  
My darling mother to save!  
I cannot bear she should leave me  
For the dark and loathsome grave.  
I have heard her tell of the worms  
That come and fatten them there:  
How they eat of the crumbling flesh,  
Till the bones are shining bare—

But what in your hand is gleaming?  
Money! bright gold, do I see?  
Lo, at your feet I am kneeling,  
Dear lady, give it to me!

Quick, quick, for moments are ages—  
Ah, ha! ha! ha!—thanks—I'll fly—  
Back, back, little crowd—God bless you!  
Mother, I've money—don't die.

### WHERE I WOULD REST.

BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

WHEN all life's shifting scenes are o'er,  
And here I've ceased to smile and weep—  
Fore'er have pass'd from earth's drear shore  
And lain me down in death's long sleep,  
I ask not that the sculptured stone  
Should proudly tower toward the sky,  
Telling to every careless one  
Where my mouldering ashes lie;  
Or that the thoughtless and the gay  
Around my sleeping dust should come  
There to sport the hours away,  
Lured by the splendor of my tomb;  
Or not amid the worldly great,  
With costly monuments around  
(All hollow mockeries of their state)  
May my last resting place be found.

Within a village churchyard lone,  
Beneath a spreading oak-tree's shade,  
A father and a brother gone  
In dreamless rest are lowly laid;  
Ay, and a mother's sacred dust  
In death's long sleep there calmly lies,  
Waiting in peaceful, hopeful trust,  
Till God at length shall bid it rise  
In His own image, pure and fair,  
Up to the heavenly plains above,  
Where ne'er can come dark pain or care,  
But all is endless bliss and love;  
There, in that spot to memory dear,  
Near which bright boyhood's days were past,  
When life was fair and skies were clear,  
Oh let me rest in peace at last!

Then let no stranger soil receive  
This useless form when life has fled,  
But make my humble lowly grave  
Near to my heart's own loved dead;  
Let the sweet birds that sing above,  
When summer's sunny days have come,  
Trill forth the self-same songs of love,  
The same soft strains o'er our last home.  
And if perchance some faithful friend  
With flowers should mark my place of rest,  
Oh may their rising perfume blend  
With that from off my mother's breast;  
Then lay me down when life shall cease  
Close by my loved ones gone before,  
Till we shall wake in joy and peace  
And meet again to part ne'er more.

WHEN minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

A MAN'S favorite prejudice is the nose of his mind, which he follows into whatsoever predicament it may lead him.

# LESTER'S REVENGE.

BY ANNA M. BINGEN.

## CHAPTER I.

"To be weak is miserable."

LIZZIE HOWARD sat in her luxurious room with her hands lying idly in her lap, and a weary, dissatisfied look shadowing her gentle face. She was a fair mild woman, something over thirty years of age. Her deep blue eyes had lost none of their lustre, but early sorrow had given them a serious, pleading look which never failed to attract strangers. It had attracted Mr. Howard, when, twelve years before our story opens, he visited New York city and found her in the care of her aunt, the fashionable Mrs. Carey.

He inquired her history, and learned that when her father died she was found to be penniless, instead of, as was supposed, an heiress. Then when, in her bewildered grief, she turned to her betrothed lover for sympathy he quietly informed her that his fortune was too small for him to hope to supply her with the luxuries to which she was accustomed; and he would not ask her to live without them. She clung to him, and told him in broken timid words how valueless were all these luxuries when compared with his love; but he coldly replied that he had more worldly wisdom than she, and she must let him decide for both. Another week and William Allen had sailed for Europe; and Lizzie was eating the bitter, bitter bread of dependence, in her uncle's house.

Lester Howard was a widower when he heard this little history. The years of sorrow he had endured, as he saw the wife of his youth fade slowly away under the destroying hand of consumption, had prepared him to sympathize in the grief of others. His naturally haughty spirit was roused in bitter scorn toward the faithless lover, while he deeply pitied the desolate girl, who was so evidently miserable in her new home. He sought her out, and after a short acquaintance, offered her his hand; an offer which she gratefully but sadly accepted. Do not judge her too harshly. She was gentle and amiable, but utterly lacking in self-reliance; and that any one would suppose she could support herself, did not occur to her.

Marriage and death seemed to her the only avenues of escape from the cutting remarks which so deeply wounded her sensitive spirit. Besides this, she did not believe she could ever

again love as she had done. Esteem was all she could give, and she certainly did esteem the generous stranger, who offered her his protection. She married for a home, as so many have done, but she resolved to strive to be, as she promised when she spoke her bridal vows, "a loving, true, and faithful wife." He took her away to his beautiful estate in Kentucky, and their marriage was far happier than she had any right to hope. Ten years passed rapidly away; then Lester Howard was gathered to his fathers, and his wife wept passionate tears of heartfelt grief as she and her boy followed him to the tomb. Time had, in a great measure, soothed her sorrow, and when two years after his death, we first introduced her to the reader, she had become quietly cheerful. She sat, as we said, with her hands lying idly in her lap, but beneath them was a letter which she had just perused—a letter from the faithless lover of her girlhood. The words were earnest and ardent; for William Allen could talk well; but Lizzie *felt* they were not entirely truthful, and (so strange a thing is the human heart) tried to reason herself out of the belief.

"He has always loved me, he says, and I believe he has, though he is so refined, so luxurious in his tastes, that he felt it impossible to marry me when we were both poor. If he had been rich, no doubt he would have acted differently. Mr. Howard called him a despicable wretch; but then he was so much nobler and better than other men that he could not sympathize with common frailties. I hope Letty will be high-spirited and generous like his father, I believe he will; he seems even now to despise anything mean."

A rich glow, a glow of motherly pride came to her cheeks. Ah, Lizzie Howard, if you had only tried to imitate the virtues you admired so much, how far better it had been for you. But she could not. The old feelings of her girlhood had been aroused. Though her idol had been proved to be clay, she loved him yet, and determined to marry him, when her instinct, her conscience forbade; when a loftier spirit would have turned from him in utter scorn.

Think pityingly of her, dear reader. Remember that those who by weak or wicked acts make their own misery, have, when that

misery comes, the torture of reflecting that it might have been avoided. Thus the affrighted sinner who trembles and shudders as death appears in view, remembers with terrible agony how many precious opportunities he has slighted; how many times he has heard the gracious offer, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Mrs. Howard arose, and walking to the window, looked across the shady piazza to the green lawn which sloped down to the road, winding along the river bank. There was little Lester, a noble-looking boy almost ten years old, talking to old Tom who was busily engaged trimming some shrubbery.

"Now, Tom," he said, "I want you to go and saddle my new horse; I am going to ride him."

"Can't do it, Massa Letter, 'pon no 'count; 'cause you know Massa James he said how you mustn't ride any horse till he 'd rode hisself," said Tom, decidedly.

"Massa James," as Tom called him, was Lester's uncle and guardian, who resided on a neighboring plantation.

"Never mind what he says," said the boy, "I want my horse, and besides, how can he ride himself?"

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed Tom, "you know what I mean, Massa Let; and you know Massa James would be awful if I 'd go git your horse after he telled me not to."

"But Uncle James has no right to say what I shall do; nobody has but mamma, and she don't try."

Mrs. Howard's heart sank as she heard these words. "How would William and Lester agree? William who always loved to rule, and Lester who would not be ruled."

If there should be trouble between them, what could she do? Lester had inherited not only his father's deep dark eyes and high white forehead, but his indomitable will, his imperious temper. His mother was very proud of these qualities, but she realized that the calm, polished, yes, and selfish, William Allen would look upon them differently.

"Perhaps, after all, she had better remain a widow; it might be better for the boy she so dearly loved. But then she loved William too, and Brother James would not allow Letty to be imposed upon, even if any one felt so disposed, which, of course, no one would." The last words were spoken aloud, as if she was determined to convince herself of their truth. Need we tell her decision? Three days after, Mr. James Howard visited his sister-in-law,

and was informed of her contemplated marriage.

"You do not mean to tell me that this is the same Allen that deserted you when your father died," he said in indignant astonishment.

"Yes; but he has been very sorry since," she replied, casting down her eyes.

"Sorry! yes, you would see how sorry he would be if you were poor. His conscience would not trouble him then, I'll warrant."

"You judge him very unkindly, Brother James," she said, tearfully.

"No, Lizzie, I do not wish to do that; but just think of all this man has done, and tell me what reason you have to suppose him less mercenary than formerly?"

"Why, he says he is perfectly willing to have my property so settled on me that he cannot touch it. Does not that prove him disinterested?"

"No, it does not, when, as he well knows, you are so yielding that it would be under his control as much as if in his possession; besides, as he has, no doubt, informed himself, your property is in the form of an annuity, payable only to you or your order; so he makes a virtue of necessity."

"I do not believe he ever asked anything about it. You are determined to think ill of him."

"Not so. I would be glad to have a better opinion of him, but I cannot; and I do earnestly entreat you to consider what unhappiness this will bring to Lester as he grows up."

"You think all for Lester and none for me. I am sure I shall be a great deal happier."

"Do be reasonable, Lizzie." But at this moment Lester came bounding into the room.

"Uncle James, why can't I ride the horse Uncle Carey sent me? Tom won't saddle him for me, because he says you told him not to."

"You may now, my boy; I tried him this morning, and do not think there will be any danger. But, Letty, what do you think of having some one take your father's place?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lester.

"Why, how would you like to have your mamma marry some one who would come here and order you around?"

"He had better not try that," said the boy, hotly. Mrs. Howard looked very deprecating.

"He will not think of such a thing, my darling; he will love you and be kind to you, if you will call him father, and act as if you thought him such."

"I won't call him father. So there, now!" was the ungracious answer which delighted

his uncle and moved his mother's tears. This was Lizzie's last resort in all her contests with her impetuous son, and never failed to bring him to terms. "Yes, I will, dear mother. I'll call him anything you want me to," he said, with ready contrition. "I'll call him grandpapa, if you wish," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye. A smiling sob from his mother and a glance of grim amusement from his uncle were the rewards for this generous proposal.

They were married. William Allen, the spendthrift, who had never yet done anything for his own support, but had sacrificed the property his father left him at the gaming table, and was now (though this was not known) almost penniless; and Lizzie Howard, who now renewed the vows of her early girlhood.

Six weeks were spent in travelling; then they came back to Kentucky, for Mr. Allen said he would not tear his Lizzie from the home to which she was so attached. Lester, who had spent the intervening weeks with his uncle, was delighted to see his mother again, and for two brief days Mrs. Allen had the happiness of seeing that her husband and son seemed to like each other. The third morning after their return the newly-made husband walked out to inspect the stables.

"Whose horse is this?" said he, pausing beside one.

"Massa Letter's," replied Tom, respectfully. "He's rode that horse most since he could sit alone. This one is Misse Howard's—beg pardon, sah, mean Misse Allen's."

"Well, Allen isn't a hard name to remember, is it?" said Tom's new master, smiling with an affability which quite won his heart, and he replied with alacrity—

"Oh no, massa, not hard at all; bery easy, in fac'."

"And whose is this one?" said Mr. Allen, stopping and gazing delightedly at the beautiful animal which Mr. Carey had sent as a present to the son of his "beloved niece."

"That's Massa Letter's, too. His Uncle Carey sent it to him from New York 'bout four months ago, and he jess thinks there never was such another."

Mr. Allen walked round and round the horse, and then turned to Tom. "Saddle him and bring him round to the house; and bring your mistress's too."

Tom scratched his head doubtfully. "Massa Letter don't like nobody to ride him but jess hisself."

"Do as I tell you," was the haughty reply.

The horses were brought to the door. Mr. Allen having assisted his wife to mount, was looking to something about his own saddle when Lester came bounding out.

"Are you going out riding, mamma? You look real pretty"—and the boy looked admiringly at the delicate roses which happiness was bringing to his mother's cheek. His look changed, however, as he saw his pet horse, the pride of his young heart, standing near. "Why, that is Hannibal; you mustn't ride Hannibal; nobody is to ride him but me," he said, his cheeks growing red and his dark eyes very brilliant.

"Why, Letty, dear, you will let papa ride your horse," said Lizzie, cheerfully, though with many forebodings.

"No, I won't. There are plenty of other horses he can take, but he sha'n't have Hannibal," he replied, his breast heaving rapidly, as he resolutely winked away the tears of which he was ashamed.

"Come, come, young gentleman!" said Mr. Allen in a tone of authority. "No more of this, if you please. I like this horse better than any of the others, and shall ride him."

"You shall not! he is mine! he is mine!" screamed Lester, now bursting into a passion of tears, and jumping up and down on the steps in his boyish wrath. "You have no right to him; Uncle Carey sent him to me." Mrs. Allen looked at her boy, and knew that it would be useless now to attempt to expostulate with him. Then she turned tremblingly to her husband.

"William, please come here a moment." Very unwillingly he complied, and went and stood by her. "O William," she whispered, timidly, "don't take Letty's horse; he almost idolizes it."

"Lizzie," he answered, sternly, "do you mean to ask me to yield to a boy of ten?"

How her coward heart quaked! how she longed to say, "Respect his rights, and he will respect you!" when all she replied was: "Oh, I don't want to ride; I am going into the house."

"No, you will not," he said, determinedly. "Stay where you are." And she dared not disobey. He turned to where Hannibal stood impatiently pawing the ground, and Lester saw him coming. Poor boy, how indignantly his ungoverned heart swelled as he looked at the horse, *his* horse! Then he looked down the lawn, and saw the carriage gate standing temptingly open. A sudden light gleamed in his eyes. He sprang from the high step where he

stood to Hannibal's back, jerked the rein from Tom's hand, and galloped off.

"Stop him, you rascal, you!" said Mr. Allen, in a tone of concentrated passion, and Tom ran down the lawn shouting, "Stop, Massa Letter," but rejoicing in the depths of his honest old heart in the knowledge that "Massa Letter" would *not* stop.

"We may as well go in the house, Lizzie," said Mr. Allen, with an icy smile, when Tom came back and said he "clared Massa Letter went like the wind." His wife looked wonderingly at him; she could not understand this sudden cooling of his temper; but she went into the house and lay down in a state of exhaustion.

When Lester came back from his ride, and had sent Hannibal to the stable, he entered the house in a half defiant, half frightened mood, and was met by his stepfather.

"Lester," said he, coldly, "don't let me see you do such a thing again. I will excuse you this time; but if you try it again, I will assuredly punish you."

"Just you dare to lay your hand on me," said the boy, with blazing eyes, "and I'll—I'll—"

"What will you do?" was the mocking question.

"I'll go and live with Uncle James; and when I grow up, I'll turn you out of doors," exclaimed Lester, looking resolutely in his face. Mr. Allen did not doubt he would, if he had the power.

"Lizzie," he said, an hour later, "does not this house belong to you?"

"No," she replied, with languid indifference. "Only till Letty is of age. I have nothing of my own but my annuity."

Her husband turned wrathfully away; he was already beginning to hate his stepson.

Time passed slowly on, marked by continued hostility between Lester and Mr. Allen, till Mrs. Allen came to dread seeing them together. A daughter was born to her, a fair, lovely little creature, over whose cradle she spent her happiest hours. When her husband was away (and now this frequently happened, for in a neighboring town Mr. Allen had found a number of congenial spirits), she, and Lester, and the little Alice would really enjoy themselves, and the boy would forget his waywardness in the deep love he bore to his mother and sister. But his stepfather's return was sure to bring tumult, and the unhappy wife would be almost distracted between husband and son. Lester had gone to his uncle and begged permission

to have Hannibal kept in his stables, for Mr. Allen would ride him, spite of all the boy could say. Mr. Howard readily consented, and gave strict orders that the horse should never be taken out except at his nephew's command. So Lester would ride over on his old horse, then mount Hannibal and go where he chose, but before he came home he always changed back; and his stepfather, though he often saw the coveted horse, could not gain possession. He had many sources of vexation toward the boy, for new difficulties seemed continually to arise between them, and since he had renewed his old habits of gaming, there was an added provocation in the fact that his wife's income, large as it was, was not sufficient for his continued demands. James Howard, who thoroughly despised him, would never pay it one day before it became due, nor would he permit him to interfere in the slightest degree in the management of Lester's estate. He fretted and chafed under this restraint, and often in his heart wished the boy dead, for then Lizzie would inherit all, and not be limited to an annuity.

One day, three years after Mrs. Allen's second marriage, Lester—having obtained permission from the teacher who was now employed to take charge of his studies—was walking along the river bank about a mile from his home. He had strolled away from the road which was here a little back from the river, had gone further than he meant to, and was about to turn back, when he saw a veil of his mother's hanging on a bush which grew on an island some few rods from the shore. He and his mother, with little Alice, her nurse, and old Tom, had visited the island a few days before, and when they came away, Mrs. Allen could not find her veil. "I will go and get it now," thought the boy, looking for the boat which usually lay moored there, but the boat was gone. The river was very high, and the current rapid, but Lester was not easily discouraged. Two or three planks which had been carried off by the high water were drifting past, and with the aid of a long pole he managed to bring one to shore, and stepping on it found it would support his weight.

There was a large tree growing on the edge of the island, its long branches reaching far over the water, and their extremities bending almost to it. As the boy neared the land standing on one end of his plank and using his pole as an oar, the forward end struck against this tree so suddenly and with such force as to throw him off into the water. Instinctively he caught at

the branches over his head, and in a moment his unwieldy boat floated off. Lester was no swimmer, and if he had been, his strength was not equal to a contest with the swift waters; but he tried to move his hands along the branches and so draw himself toward shore. Finding that with every such effort the slender twigs broke off, leaving him to grasp at others equally slender, he desisted, for he saw that those he now held were the last which drooped within his reach. He screamed for help till almost exhausted, but the only answers which came to his ears were the sighing of the wind and the rushing of the waters. He called again, and shouted till his voice died out in a husky whisper, but still no reply. Then he looked toward the island. It was not very far off; maybe if he was to let go he could reach it. But no, he dared not try, he would hold on, perhaps some one would come along. At last, when hope had almost died, he heard (oh blessed sound!) horse's hoofs ringing sharply along the road. He turned as much as he could, and saw that the rider was Mr. Allen. "Father! father!" he shrieked (that word had not crossed his lips for months before), "father, come and help me or I shall be drowned. Oh, father, father!"

The horseman was riding rapidly and was now opposite him, though the trees between them partly hid him from view. "Father, help me!" Still he rode on, he was past him, now; the boy could see him plainly. "Oh, father, I'll never be ugly again! I'll do just what you tell me. You shall have everything I've got. I'll give you Hannibal," he screamed in his terrible agony; but the horseman rode on. Turn back, William Allen; now when you can win the warm love and gratitude of that generous boyish heart, smoothing away past difficulties and binding him to you forever; when you can save the child your gentle wife almost idolizes and win a hearty grasp of the hand from James Howard, prejudiced as he is against you. Let not this foul crime be added to your dread account. Do not do a deed which you—

"Shall blush to own

When your spirit stands before the throne."

No doubt his conscience whispered all this; but he had that day lost largely at the gaming table, and was pondering what he should do when he first saw Lester in the water. A dark temptation came to his mind. Why should he help the boy he hated? he had only to leave him where he was, and independence, yes wealth, would be his. So William Allen rode

on without once turning to look at the struggling boy. Dismounting at the gate, he walked up the lawn, and little Alice, who was there with her nurse, came toddling up to meet him.

As he took her in his arms, and she stroked his face with her dimpled hands, had he no thought of two other hands gleaming whitely and coldly from the dark mass of waters? As the blue eyes were raised in childish confidence to his, did he not think of those darker ones now growing dim in their deep despair? He entered the house, and sitting by his wife's side with his child in his arms, talked to both with more than his usual affection. Lizzie's eyes beamed brightly.

"I wish, dear William, you would be a little more patient with Letty," she said, with unwonted boldness.

He kissed the little one, perhaps to hide the spasm which crossed his face, as he replied, "Well, I'll try, Lizzie. I do think a great deal of him; but sometimes he provokes me into saying things I do not mean."

"Oh, I know that," she answered, gratefully, "but he does not mean it either; he is quick-tempered, you know."

The dinner-bell rang. "Where is Lester, Mr. Banks?" asked Mrs. Allen, as her son's tutor took his seat at the table.

"I do not know; he plead so earnestly that his head ached, and he wanted to go out in the fresh air, that I let him go."

"I hope he will not go near the river," said Mr. Allen, unable to keep his thoughts from that one channel.

"I do not apprehend any danger for him, if he does," replied Mr. Banks, wondering at this sudden solicitude, but Lizzie thought she understood it, and smiled her gratitude.

It was hard for the guilty man to still his upbraiding conscience enough to join in conversation; and when the meal was over, he made an excuse to go away, taking care to ride up the river, though all his thoughts went in an opposite direction. He had not been long gone, and his wife and Mr. Banks were sitting in the parlor, when there was a sound of shuffling feet and frightened voices in the hall, and stepping to the door, Lizzie saw old faithful Tom with her dripping boy in his arms.

"He isn't dead, missus; don't you go get scairt, don't you see he is jess peryausted?"

She leaned over him in bewildered silence; and the poor tired arms were feebly placed around her neck. "O, mamma!" he whispered, "I thought I should never see you again."

"Are you sure you are not hurt, my darling?"

"I trust he is not," said Mr. Banks; "but perhaps we had better send for the doctor."

"Yes, do," she replied; "and tell them to stop and ask Brother James Howard to come over. I wish I knew where to send for Mr. Allen." Mr. Howard came immediately, and Mrs. Allen met him at the door.

"How did it happen, Lizzie?"

"I don't know. Mr. Banks said I had better not talk to him till he is a little rested. They are undressing him now.

"Where did Tom find him?"

"Down by the island holding the bushes to keep himself from sinking."

"Has Mr. Allen come back from town?"

"Yes; he came just before dinner, but he had gone away some place before Tom came."

"Missus, Massa Banks says you go up now, if you want to," said Tom. Lester was much revived. He had been undressed and rubbed by Mr. Banks' direction, and that gentleman was now holding a wineglass to his lips as he lay in bed. His mother laid her head on his pillow and silently kissed his cheek; while his uncle, taking his hand, said: "Why, Letty, my little man, how did this happen?"

"O, uncle! I saw mamma's veil, and I wanted to get it; but the plank struck so hard I fell off, and I'd have been drowned if I hadn't caught hold of the branch of that big tree."

"And our good Tom found you there, did he?"

"Yes," said the boy, his face suddenly darkening. "Mr. Allen passed, and I screamed to him, and called him father, and begged him to help me, and told him he should have all I had, but he wouldn't stop—he wanted me to die."

"O, Letty, Letty!" said Mrs. Allen, imploringly.

"He could not have heard you," said Mr. Howard, looking very grave.

"Yes, he did; you know what a little ways it is from the river to the road along there; and I called just as he was passing. I never screamed so loud before in my life; I didn't know I could."

The poor wife shivered, and placed her hand over her eyes. "O Letty, it can't be true!"

"Indeed it is, mother."

The doctor rode rapidly up, arriving at the gate just as Mr. Allen did.

"Why, doctor, what is the hurry?"

"I ought to ask you. Your Jack came for me: said Lester was almost drowned."

"Lester! Why, I had not heard of it; but

I rode out immediately after dinner. Almost drowned, did you say?"

"Yes, that is what Jack said."

"Strange," said the guilty man, with a sinking heart. The little contrition he had felt was all lost in the horror of the thought that Lester would tell what had occurred. Feeling very much agitated, but not daring to stay away, he accompanied the physician up stairs.

"What does all this mean?" he said, addressing his wife. "The doctor tells me Lester is hurt."

"The doctor tells you!" said Mr. Howard, with bitter scorn. "Do you attempt to say that was the first you knew of it?"

"Most assuredly I do. How else should I know?"

"Lester says he called to you as you passed, and you would not stop."

"I didn't hear him call. Where was he?"

"You could not help hearing me," said the boy, resolutely. "I was by the island, and I called just when you was opposite, and kept on till you was out of sight. When Tom heard me, he was a great deal farther off."

"I certainly did not hear you," said Mr. Allen, determinedly.

"I am so glad to hear you say so," said his wife, with quivering lips. "You don't know how I felt, William!"

"Why, Lizzie, you surely did not believe such a thing of me. Lester's accident must have turned his head," he replied, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

The physician had been leaning over the bed, professing not to hear this colloquy. Mr. Howard walked back and forth in deep thought; suddenly he paused. "Doctor, Mr. Banks, you are both men of honor. Will you promise me never to mention this wretched transaction abroad?"

"Certainly," said both gentlemen.

"Lester," continued his uncle, "will hereafter live with me; I am his guardian, and will take charge of him."

"You shall not take him away from his mother; I will not permit it," said Mr. Allen, haughtily.

Mr. Howard turned full upon him. "Just you try to keep him, and I will publish this shameful story; you will not find this part of the country very pleasant to live in after that."

Poor Lizzie sobbed bitterly. "I am sure Lester is mistaken, brother James."

"Perhaps so, but henceforth he will live with me."

And so Lester Howard went to live with his

uncle, and his unhappy mother saw him but rarely, for her husband disliked to have her go to Mr. Howard's, growing petulant and moody when she did so; and she did not feel like urging her boy to come to his old home, when he steadily refused to speak to his stepfather. Though her heart often grew sick with vain longings for his presence, the love and fear she felt for her husband were too great to permit her to express her wishes. Her face grew thin and pale; a few months seemed to add many years to her bowed and drooping head, and the little face of her unconscious babe was often bedewed with the bitterest tears poor Lizzie had ever shed, for all past trials were light, compared to this.

(To be continued.)

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#### HEAD GEAR IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

AMERICAN and English females have little notion of the artistic effect of wearing, as many of the better sex do in Lombardy, those very becoming black veils, which cover a greater part of the head, neck, and shoulders. They would also be astonished for awhile at meeting in the streets of Genoa with something very different from any coverings for the heads used hereabouts in the muslin Pezzotto, which is pinned into the hair of the ladies, and floats away from it, and in the gaudy Mazzaro scarf, which is worn by their poorer neighbors. There is something to look at in the showy handkerchiefs of the Livornese, and something to admire in the pretty white shawl which adorns while partially concealing the locks of the fair ones of Bologna. The white folded square which painters commonly place upon the head of their plebeian figures belonging to Rome will probably disappoint the observer so far as the place itself is concerned, for it is not often worn by any but those wrinkled dames who used to play on the banks of the Tiber some time last century, and are now too conservative to submit to any new-fangled notion about showing the world the exact state or quantity of their residue of capillary attraction. Where we can suppose our countrywomen a little envious is in the neighborhood of Florence, itself the great centre of straw-plait manufacture, where the damsels come forth to captivate the hearts of certain open-mouthed swains, in their large, flapping hats, so limp as to take all sorts of shapes with the passing breeze, and yet so well made as to return forthwith to their normal con-

dition. We well remember the effect of them when we were lounging in the dull, broad street of Fiesole, a place more noted for its Pelasgic and other historical remains than for any modern attraction. It was a *fête* day, the Duomo was gaudily furnished for the occasion, and the bells struck up a merry invitation to the service, which all the younger part of the population seemed duly to accept. The youths who came early showed anything but an anxiety to secure good places inside—in fact, loitered about to see the successive batches of damsels well in first, with or without any idea of profiting by that sort of introduction to the solemnities of the evening. We watched them likewise; and, seeing as a novelty to us that they took off the flapping hats at the entrance of the Duomo, we were tempted to look in and see what they did with them. We soon found that, although white veils have the chief place in old ecclesiastical costumes, the rule was for each female to put on a black one. And, since by another rule they all fell on their knees, the process of adjusting their veils had to be gone through in that position. The unfolding, pulling, squaring, etc., of the covering, the constant fidgeting of the wearer, and her evident critical anxiety about the success of others in gracefulness, all on the hard marble floor, seemed likely, in our view, to increase the difficulties of devotion under the circumstances; but then we had no license to judge.

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ACTS OF KINDNESS.—Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes—it finds its way into the hidden treasures of the heart, and brings forth treasures of gold; harshness, on the contrary, seals them forever. What does kindness do at home? It makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brows of the father and the man of business less severe in their expression, and the children joyous without being riotous. Abroad, it assists the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate—those in the broad way, who perhaps had never been taught that the narrow path was the best, or had turned from it at the solicitation of temptation. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches it turns to virgin gold—the true gold, wherewith we purchase contentment, peace, and love.

NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.

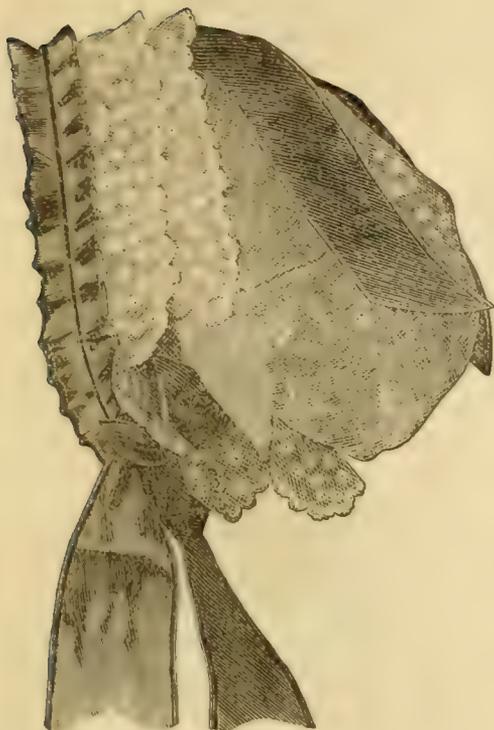


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

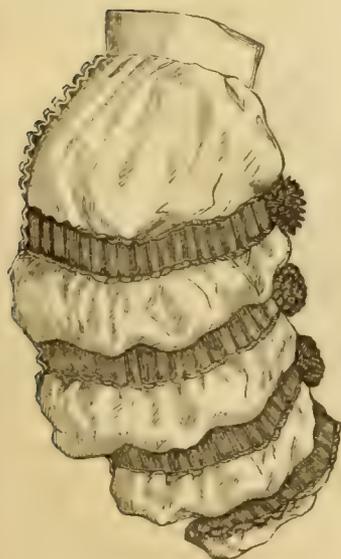


Fig. 5.

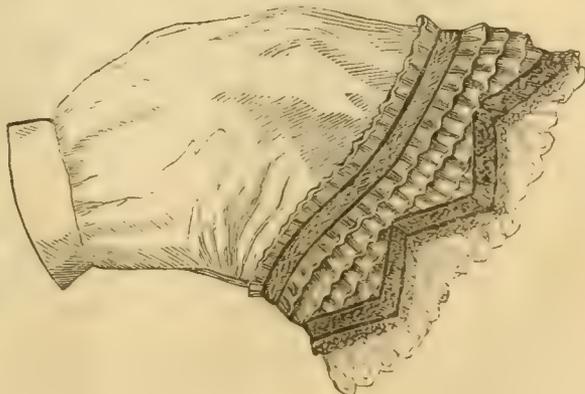


Fig. 1.—Fancy morning-cap, composed of tulle, lace, and mauve ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Honiton coiffure.

Fig. 3.—Fancy dinner-cap, made of white lace, and trimmed with cherry ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Fancy muslin undersleeve, trimmed with rose-colored ribbon and black velvet rosettes.

Fig. 5.—Fancy muslin undersleeve, trimmed with ribbons and velvet.

Fig. 6.



Fig. 6.—Fancy collar.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S  
ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

"Spanish" Sleeve.—An elegant sleeve in silk or grenadine. It is a small bishop in shape, the fullness laid in box-plaits at the top, and



gathered into a loose band, to which is attached a deep lace at the wrist. A wide gore cut out

on the front of the arm is trimmed round with a ruching of ribbon, and discloses the handsome lace under-sleeve.

The "*Madrilena*."—This elegant sleeve can be made up in a great variety of ways, and in any rich material. It is superb in velvet, with inserted puffings of satin. The sleeve itself is quite plain, the puffings supplying all the ful-



ness. The centre one extends in a point above the elbow, and each of the three is surrounded by a quilling of velvet or ribbon. The wrist is loose to slip over the hand, and is finished with a puffing of ribbon and quilling to match.

*Freddie Dress*.—This is a simple sack dress, with a seam at each side, and made back and front alike, except the addition of pockets in front, and is just put over the head and tied



with a cord about the waist. The drawing is taken from a fine striped Mohair dress, braided with black; two and a quarter yards of material will make it.

*Josie Sack*.—This is a pretty sack, with a side jacket, which extends only to the seam under the arm. The belt is carried entirely round the waist. The sleeve is narrow, and a false piece set on in folds; the whole garment

is trimmed with braid in a simple pattern. It is suitable for a boy five or six years old,



and requires three and a quarter yards of material.

"Oxford" Jacket.—This is a very handsome jacket for a young gentleman of from ten to fifteen years old. It may be made in black,



invisible green, or claret-colored-cloth, with black buttons. The vest should be white, with small jet buttons, and only just visible. White Oxford tie, embroidered in black.

The *Gentian*.—This elegant hat, designed by Mr. Genin for stylish Misses of any age over



five, is as pretty as the northern flower from which it takes its name. It is made entirely

of velvet, with a lower brim, shaped something like the "Jovita," but with an upper plaited rim surrounding the crown, which imparts novelty and additional beauty to its appearance. The trimmings are composed exclusively of velvet, very gracefully arranged.

The *Russ Hat*.—This is one of Genin's stylish winter hats for a boy of ten or twelve years.



It is made of beaver, with a smooth crown and brim of fur, and ornamented with a velvet band. The combination is novel and *distingue*.

BOOK-MARKER,

TO BE WORKED ON PERFORATED CARD.



## A NEW STYLE FOR COLLAR AND CUFFS.

Fig. 1.

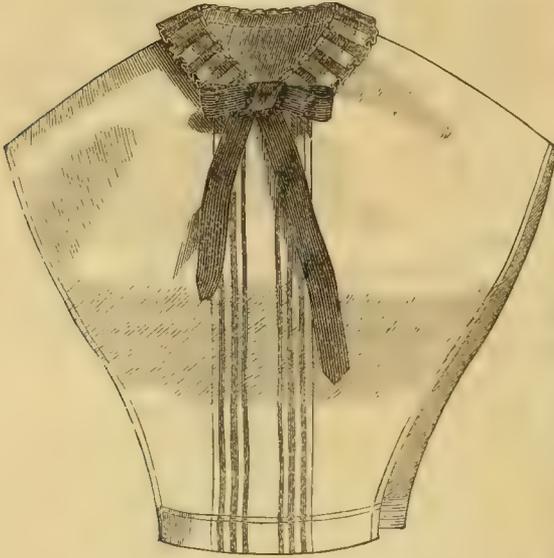


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

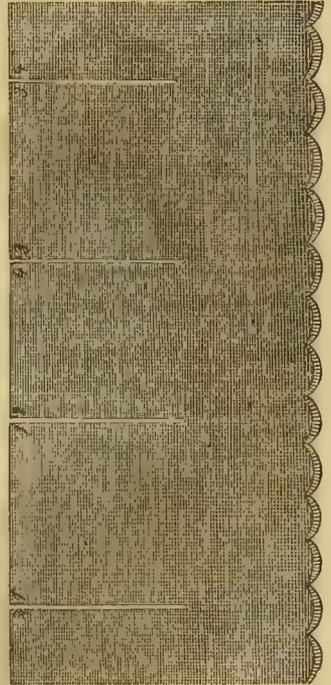
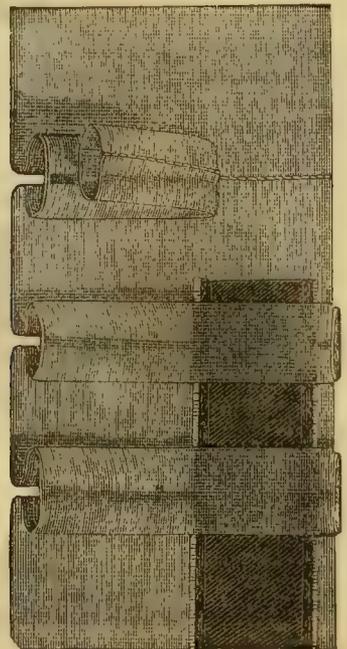


Fig. 4.



We give four engravings for the one subject. Fig. 3 is the band of muslin with the slits for the plaits marked. Fig. 4 shows how the plaits are formed and the ribbon run through.

THE ESMERALDA.

MADE OF BLACK AND VESUVE RIBBONS, SUITABLE FOR A BRUNETTE.



CROCHET FRINGE TRIMMING, FOR PIQUE BASQUES.

*Materials.*—Crochet cotton, No. 10, with a suitable hook.

Each piece intended for the trimming must be made separately; therefore make a chain long enough for, say, one sleeve.

*2d row.*—Single crochet. *3d.*—Diamond open hem. *4th.*—Single crochet.

*5th.* (Worked on the original chain).—\* 3 sc, 5 ch, miss 3, \* repeat to the end, which finish with 3 sc.

*6th.*—Worked on this. \* 1 sc, taking up the original chain and working over the centre of 3 sc; 3 sc under the chain of five, another with a picot, and 3 more plain, making 7 altogether, under the chain of five.\* Repeat to the end.

*7th.*—After this work on the 4th row. \* 5 sc, 9 ch, miss 6; \* repeat to the end, which finish with 5 sc.

*8th.*—\* 3 sc on centre 3 of 5; 2 ch, dc on 1st of 9 ch, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on next, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on next, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on next, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on last, 2 ch, \* repeat to the end.

*9th.*—Sc on centre of 3: 3 ch, dc over dc, and over every other dc, with 2 ch between, 3 ch after the last.

Wind some of the same cotton round a card two inches wide, and knot seven strands in each of the four centre holes of the shell.

CROSS STITCH KNITTING.  
FOR A SOFA CUSHION.

Cast on 91 stitches.

*1st row.*—Knit 1, bring the wool forward, slip 1 the reverse way, pass the wool back, repeat.

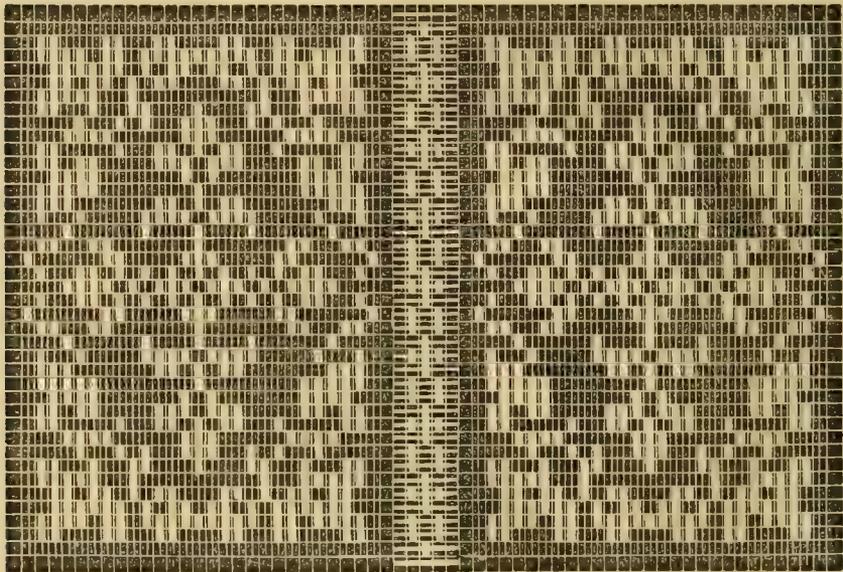
*2d.*—Seam 2, \*, pass the wool back, slip 1, bring the wool forward, seam 1, repeat from \*.

Repeat these two rows alternately; knit 6 rows of black, 2 of violet, 2 of maize

filoselle doubled, 2 of violet, 2 of maize, 2 violet, 6 of black, 2 of scarlet, 2 maize, 2 scarlet, 2 maize, 2 scarlet, 6 black, 2 green, 2 maize, 2 green, 2 maize, 2 green, 6 black, 2 blue, 2 maize, 2 blue, 2 maize, 2 blue. Repeat until the cushion is the size you wish it.

4 skeins of black double German wool, 2 skeins each of scarlet, violet, green, and blue, and 10 skeins of maize filoselle, are required.

## NEEDLE-BOOK IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.



SMALL ornamental articles are generally acceptable to those ladies who feel an interest in contributing to the numerous sales of fancy work which are annually held for the purpose of augmenting the funds of the many benevolent charities of America. The little design given among our illustrations forms a pretty and useful article for this purpose. It is worked on fine canvas with small beads; the pattern is in the two sorts of opaque and transparent, half the leaf being in one sort, and the other half in the other. The ground is in Berlin wool of any bright color which may be preferred, crimson, a rich blue, or a bright green, having either of them a good effect. This part of the work must be stretched over a cardboard cut to the proper size, and lined with silk. The cashmere leaves are laid in the inside, and fastened down with a ribbon; the ends are brought through to the back and tied in a bow. The edges are finished with a row of beads, one being put on at every stitch with great regularity.

## PELERINE CLOAK.

(See engraving, page 24.)

This cloak is worked in Afghan stitch, with needle No. 3. The upper part is of blue, and the points of chinchilla zephyr.

Set up for the centre 321 stitches, and work

7 rows. In the 8th row begin the narrowing, which will be 8 times in the row; work the 8th row as follows: work 39 stitches, take 2 together, work 33, take 2 together, repeat this twice. You will have 4 narrowings each side of the cloak. Work for the middle 29 stitches, narrow 1; you will have to keep these 29 stitches all the way up and narrow on each side of them to go toward the fronts. Work 2 rows plain, narrow, so the plain part between the narrowing will be one stitch less. Narrow every 2d row all the way up, and at the same places. After you have done 52 rows there will be 22 rows of narrowing.

In the 53d row you must narrow on the 8th stitch, and between, twice in the middle part, work 9, narrow, work 7, narrow, work 9, narrow. This narrowing keep on the same as the 3 on each side, 5 times in every 2d row and 4 times in every row. When you begin the narrowing in the middle of the back you will have to narrow 1 stitch on beginning and end of the row. When you have 62 rows work the 63d as follows: two stitches together, 4 stitches plain, 2 together, 5 plain, narrow, 5 plain, narrow, 5 plain, narrow, 3 plain, narrow, 7 plain, narrow; these 7 stitches are the inside of the row, the other side must be repeated.

64th row. Take the 3 first stitches together, 1 plain, 2 together, 4 plain, 2 together, 4 plain, 2 together, 4 plain, 2 together, 2 plain, 2 to-

gether, 7 plain; this is the middle; repeat for the other side.

65th row. 2 together, 13 plain, 2 together, to the middle plain, and repeat to the end of the row.

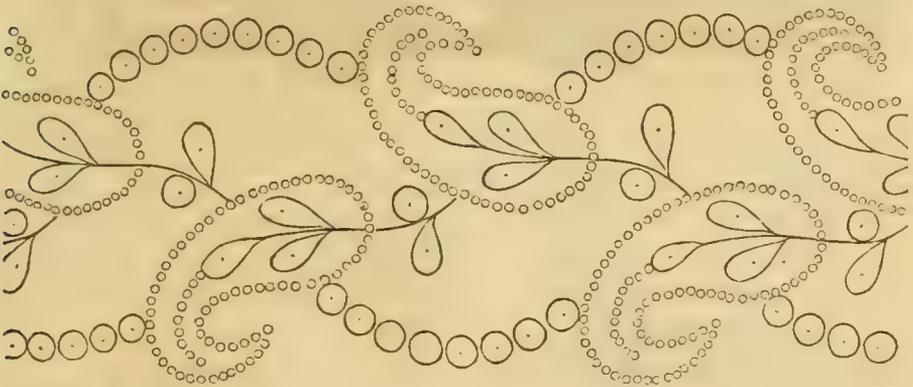
66th row. Leave 8 stitches of the last row and begin to work on the 9th, work plain, and leave 8 at the end of the row, the same as at the beginning.

67th row. Leave 5 stitches of last row, and work plain, leaving 5 stitches at the end of the row. This is the last row. Finish the neck the same as you would an Afghan stripe.

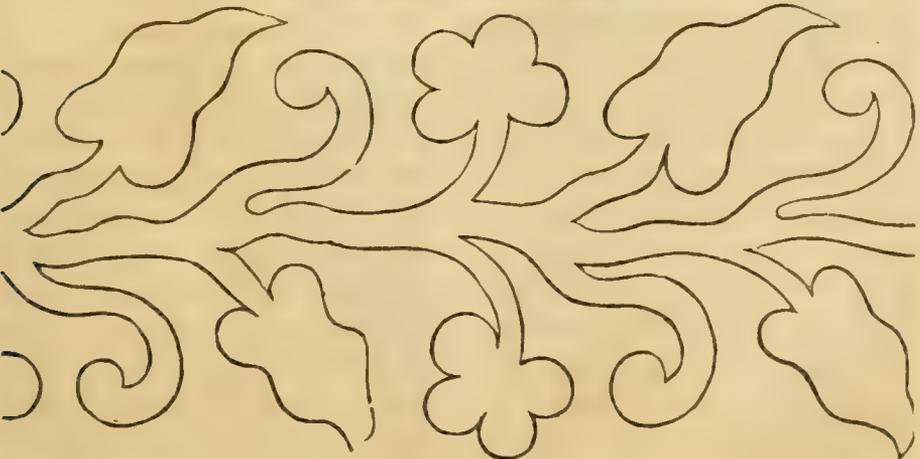
For the points of the cloak, take *chinée* worsted, and use No. 3 needle, but work very loosely. The points are worked crosswise. Set up 9 stitches; the 1st row widen on the left

side by picking up the chain between the 2d and last stitch; do this every row up to 19 stitches, then narrow on the same side 1 stitch every row down to 9 stitches, then begin the widening again; work in this way until you have 21 points. It will take 3 for the neck, 3 up the fronts for each side, and 12 for the rest of the cloak. Sew the points all round, and join the pointed side on with 1 stitch of black and one of white. On the corner the pointed edge must be filled in a little, so it will set evenly. The little bars in the narrow part of the points are made of 6 threads of worsted, braided, or they can be done in crochet, 1 stitch of black and one of white. There are two buttons and two buttonholes to fasten the cloak in front.

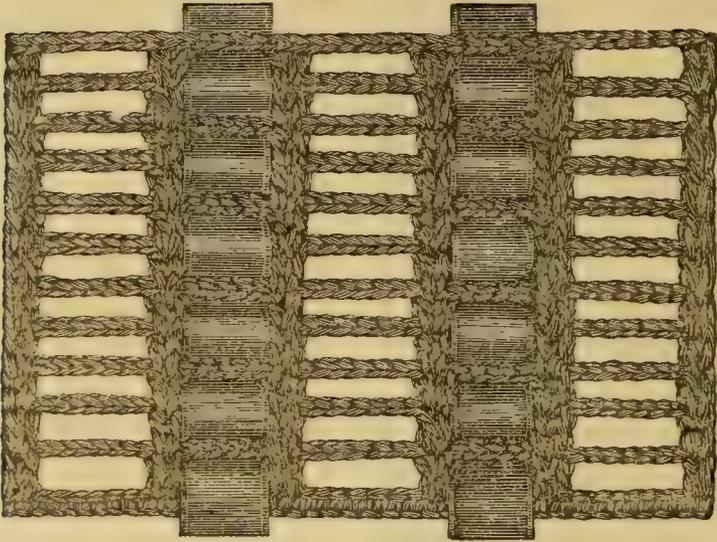
INSERTING FOR A PILLOW-CASE.



BRAIDING FOR A CHILD'S PIQUE DRESS.



## DESIGN FOR AN INFANT'S BLANKET.



This very simple and pretty design is suitable for an infant's blanket. It is made of white zephyr, with black velvet run through the chains, and lined with Marie Louise blue or rose-colored cashmere or merino.

## LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.

(See engraving, page 20.)

*Materials* required for one pair of slippers are: A quarter of a yard of bright blue cloth; one piece of Alliance silk braid, scarlet and gold.

This style of slipper is different from the ordinary shape, as it is made with shaped sides, the toe and back being sloped down to a point. These slippers are often made up with rather high heels, which give to the foot a very dainty appearance, particularly when the heels are made in bright scarlet. Velvet or bronze leather might be selected instead of cloth for the foundation, and a rich gold braid used instead of the silk, or a plain colored braid might be run on, edged with gold twist. The pattern should be traced on tissue-paper and tacked on the material to be braided. The braid should then be run over the paper, and when the work is complete this may be torn away. The slippers being very open, must be neatly finished inside with a quilted lining and quilted sock made of the same colored silk as the outside of the slipper, and should be bound round the edge with a silk or velvet binding, whichever ac-

ords best with the material used. Chain-stitch might be substituted for the braid, worked in some very bright-colored purse silk. This may be also done over the tissue-paper, which being so thin, easily tears away. Before sending the slippers to be made up, we would advise our readers to tack some paper over the needlework, as it is so liable to soil under the shoemaker's hands.

## EMBROIDERED POCKET FOR LADY'S DRESS.

(See engraving, page 28.)

THE present fashion of making the pocket sufficiently ornamental to become a part of the trimming of a dress is both convenient and pretty. Pockets are now worn embroidered on white muslin dresses as well as in silk and other materials. The one we are giving is appropriate for either white muslin or colored silk embroidery; in either case it is worked in satin-stitch. If on white muslin or piqué, No. 10 and No. 20 cotton must be used; but if the dress is of silk or other material, the embroidery should also be silk. Sometimes these pockets are placed on the long wide bands of a sash having the ends ornamented to correspond. A narrow lace beyond the scalloped edge is a great improvement.

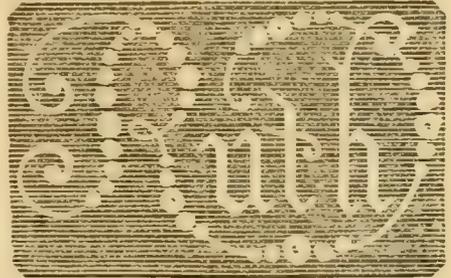
TOP OF TOILET PINCUSHION.

(See engraving, page 23.)

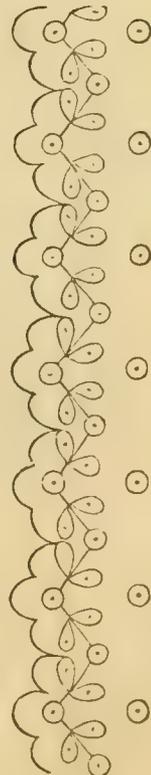
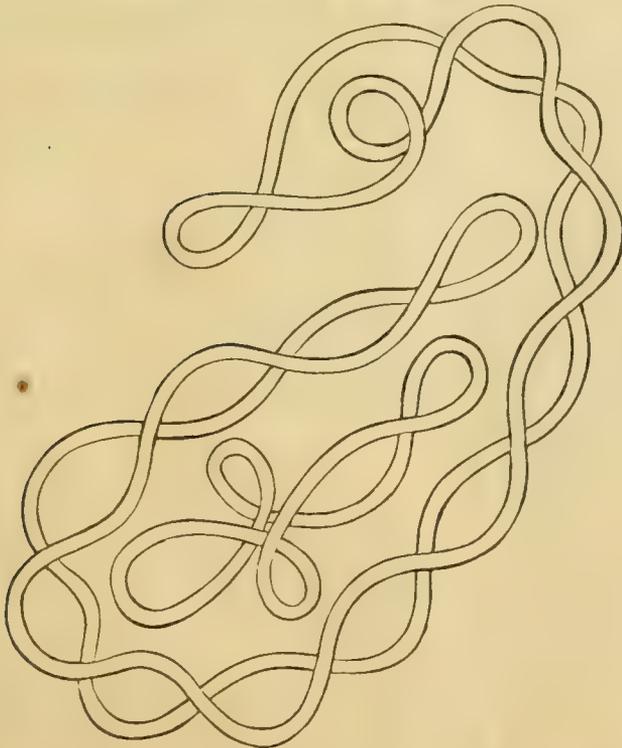
This little article for the toilet-table is recommended not only by its novelty of shape, but for its being so admirably well adapted to take its place in the front of a looking-glass, when the space is too limited to allow of one of the entire circle. A small box of the form which will be seen in our engraving can be easily purchased, having the cushion on the top of its lid, and being covered and lined with either a pink calico or a silk of the same or some other bright tint. Immediately below the rim of the opening of this box is a frill of the same material as the covering, just the same depth as the box. The half circular portion on the top is to be worked on net, the flowers being all in satin-stitch. The twisted bar across the top is in sewn-over lines, with solid spots worked in the under divisions, and the upper part in a kind of herringbone-stitch. The ribbon bows have a double line of fine chain stitch at each edge, with a row of dots between, and in the middle a row of dia-

monds, run in with a spot in the centre of each. The flower or rosette at each end of the bar has its outline in chain stitch, filled in with solid spots. No. 20 will be found the proper cotton for the embroidery of this pincushion. We have only to add that a quilling of ribbon is to be carried round the edge of the lid, together with a little loop in the centre by which to lift it up.

NAME FOR MARKING.



BRAIDING PALM FOR THE END OF A SASH.



EMBROIDERY.

## Receipts, &c.

### MODERN COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

THE average of human felicity may not be much higher now than it has been; the world will most likely deserve its title of a "vale of tears" to the end of time; but one consolation, and that by no means a small one, has become stronger and of more general circulation in the present day—there is the possibility of getting good dinners *oftener*! Good dinners, excellent dinners, super-excellent dinners, have been cooked and eaten in all ages. "Lord Mayor's Feasts" have never failed. Christmas time, Easter, and even Michaelmas, have secured good cheer for Christendom. Sunday dinners retain a comfortable superiority over the rest of their brethren; but their very association with plenty of good things suggests the "spare fast" of intermediate seasons, when a household was kept on salted meat for months, the frugal housewife being careful to use first the portions which were a "little touched," and going on with the remainder as it stood in the most urgent need of being cooked. Certainly all that has been much changed for the better. Our Lady's Book receipts deal less with grand dishes for high-company occasions, and more with the common dinners of every day. Domestic cookery-books have of late boldly encountered the difficulty of dealing with "that poor creature"—cold mutton. Set dinner-parties are less thought of than the comfort of the family. The idea has been set forth and cherished that the husband and the children are entitled to as much consideration as occasional guests, and that the table ought to be set out as carefully and neatly every day as on special occasions. There is a self-respect in such a fact that goes deeper than the clean tablecloths and dinner-napkins. One of the latest attainments of civilization is—comfort; it is one of the last applications men venture to make of their money, just as, in religion, the practical part of it lags a long way behind the canons of orthodox metaphysics. Men wore fine clothes whilst they walked on rushes, and the beautiful embroidery and picturesque costume of Vandyke's portraits were worn previous to Cromwell's sanitary direction that the dirt should be shovelled from before the doors of houses every day. People are beginning to make themselves comfortable with such things as they have. From the green-hafted scimitar-shaped knives and two-pronged forks which prevailed among decent people within the memory of man to the appointments of the present day there is a great step, and at no more cost. Silver forks are still for those who can obtain them, and silver spoons continue to be the mystic symbol of good luck; but the substitutes for these precious articles improve every day, and the convenience of the originals is afforded to a wider circle. The one point insisted upon in all works on household management is not a love of show or extravagant expenditure, but the necessity of having everything that depends on personal thought or care done as well as possible. The electro-plate or the nickel silver, or even the commonest species of Britannia metal, is to be kept clean and bright, and put neatly on the table; the table linen has no need to be fine, but freshness is indispensable. The dinner may be of scraps, but those scraps must be made savory; and certainly the receipts and directions for turning stale crusts into delicate puddings, morsels of cold, dry meat

into delicious *entrées*, leave cooks and wives without excuse for "banyan days" or hungry dinners. No one can read the Lady's Book receipts without being struck by the good sense which pervades them as a general rule.

Cookery is not merely "the art of providing dainty bits to fatten out the ribs," as the scornful old proverb has it: it is the art of turning every morsel to the best use; it is the exercise of skill, thought, ingenuity, to make every morsel of food yield the utmost nourishment and pleasure of which it is capable. To do this, or to legislate for the doing of it, does not depend on the amount of money spent; the same qualities of character are demanded whether the housekeeping be on a large or a small scale. A woman who is not essentially kind-hearted cannot be a comfortable housekeeper; a woman who has not judgment, firmness, forethought, and general good sense cannot manage her house prudently or comfortably, no matter what amount of money she may have at her command; a woman who has not an eye for detecting and remedying disorderliness and carelessness cannot keep her house fresh and pleasant, no matter how much money she may spend on furniture and upholstery. It is not money, but management, that is the great requisite in procuring comfort in household arrangements. Of course, nobody asks impossibilities; none but the Jews ever yet succeeded in "making bricks without straw," and even they found it difficult, and lamented wearily; but the woman with limited means may make her things as perfect after their kind as the woman with ample means, only she will be obliged to put more of *herself* into the management; and that element of *personality* has a charm which no appointments made through the best staff of servants can possess—it is a luxury that money cannot buy, and generally hinders. The luxury of completeness must always depend on the individual care and skill of the mistress. That a thing should be perfect after its kind is all that can be required. Bacon and venison lie at opposite ends of the economical scale; but if the woman whose means allow her to procure bacon only is careful to have it so dressed and served that it is as good as bacon ought to be, she has attained the only perfection required at her hands; and it is the higher qualities brought to bear on a common action which give to the result a beauty and value not its own. We are all so much creatures of imagination, that we think more of the signified, than of the actual, fact. When a man sees his table nicely set out, he believes in the goodness of his dinner in a way that would be impossible with the self-same dinner on a soiled tablecloth with a slovenly arrangement.

### MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**A ROUND OF SALTED BEEF.**—As this is too large for a moderate family, we shall write directions for the dressing half a round. Get the tongue side; skewer it up tight and round, and tie a fillet of broad tape round it, to keep the skewers in their places. Put it into plenty of cold water, and carefully catch the scum as it rises; let it boil till all the scum is removed, and then put the boiler on one side of the fire, to keep *simmering* slowly till it is done.

Half a round of fifteen pounds will take about three hours; if it weighs more, give it more time. When you take it up, if any stray scum, etc., sticks to it that has escaped the vigilance of your skimmer, wash it off with a paste-brush. Garnish the dishes with carrots and

turnips. Send up carrots, turnips, and parsnips, or greens, etc., on separate dishes.

**N B** The outside slices, which are generally too much salted and too much boiled, will make a very good relish as potted beef.

**VEAL.**—Veal requires particular care to roast it a nice brown. Let the fire be the same as for beef; a sound, large fire for a large joint, and a brisker for a smaller; put it at some distance from the fire to soak thoroughly, and then draw it near to finish it brown.

When first laid down it is to be basted; baste it again occasionally. When the veal is on the dish, pour over it half a pint of melted butter; if you have a little brown gravy by you, add that to the butter. With those joints which are not stuffed, send up forcemeat in balls or rolled into sausages as garnish to the dish, or fried pork sausages; greens are also always expected with veal.

**VEAL SWEETBREAD.**—Trim a fine sweetbread (it cannot be too fresh); parboil it for five minutes, and throw it into a basin of cold water. Roast it plain, or beat up the yolk of an egg, and prepare some fine bread-crumbs. When the sweetbread is cold, dry it thoroughly in a cloth; run a lark-spit or a skewer through it, and tie it on the ordinary spit; egg it with a paste-brush, powder it well with bread-crumbs, and roast it. For sauce, fried bread-crumbs round it, and melted butter, with a little mushroom catsup and lemon-juice, or serve them on buttered toast, garnished with egg sauce or with gravy.

**A LEG OF PORK** of eight pounds will require about three hours. Score the skin across in narrow stripes (some score it in diamonds) about a quarter of an inch apart, stuff the knuckle with sage and onion, minced fine, and a little grated bread, seasoned with pepper, salt, and the yolk of an egg. Do not put it too near the fire.

**A CHINE OF PORK.**—Parted down the back bone so as to have but one side, a good fire will roast it in two hours; if not parted, three hours. Chines are generally salted and boiled.

**GOOSE.**—When a goose is well picked, singed, and cleaned, make the stuffing with about two ounces of onion and half as much green sage, chop them very fine, adding four ounces—i. e. about a large breakfast-cupful—of stale bread-crumbs, a bit of butter about as big as a walnut, and a very little pepper and salt (to this some cooks add half the liver, parboiling it first), the yolk of an egg or two, and incorporating the whole well together, stuff the goose; do not quite fill it, but leave a little room for the stuffing to swell; spit it, tie it on the spit at both ends, to prevent it swinging round, and to keep the stuffing from coming out. From an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters will roast a fine full-grown goose. Send up gravy and apple sauce with it.

**TO CLARIFY DRIPPINGS.**—Put your dripping into a clean saucepan over a stove or slow fire; when it is just going to boil, skim it well, let it boil, and then let it stand till it is a little cooled; then pour it through a sieve into a pan.

*Use.*—Well-cleansed drippings and the fat skimmings of the broth-pot, when fresh and sweet, will baste everything as well as butter, except game and poultry, and should supply the place of butter for common fries, etc., for which they are equal to lard, especially if you repeat the clarifying twice over.

**N B.** If you keep it in a cool place, you may preserve it a fortnight in summer, and longer in winter. When you have done frying, let the dripping stand a few mi-

nutes to settle, and then pour it through a sieve into a clean basin or stone pan, and it will do a second and a third time as well as it did the first; only the fat you have fried fish in must not be used for any other purpose.

**POTATOES ROASTED UNDER MEAT.**—Half boil large potatoes, drain the water from them, and put them into an earthen dish or small tin pan, under meat that is roasting, and baste them with some of the dripping. When they are browned on one side, turn them and brown the other; send them up round the meat, or in a small dish.

**VEGETABLE SOUP.**—Put a cabbage, turnips, and carrots, cut up, a bit of celery or a little sugar, into two quarts of water; boil one hour; add three onions, sliced, some oatmeal or rice boiled, or crusts of bread, pepper, and salt; give it a boil up for a quarter of an hour.

**CABBAGE JELLY.**—A tasty little dish, and by some persons esteemed more wholesome than cabbage simply boiled. Boil cabbage in the usual way, and squeeze in a colander till perfectly dry. Then chop small; add a little butter, pepper, and salt. Press the whole very closely into an earthenware mould, and bake one hour, either in a side oven or in front of the fire; when done, turn it out.

**TO HASH A CALF'S HEAD.**—Clean the head thoroughly, and boil it for a quarter of an hour. When cold, cut the meat into thin, broad slices, and put them into a pan with two quarts of gravy; and, after stewing three-quarters of an hour, add one anchovy, a little mace and Cayenne, one spoonful of lemon pickle, and two of walnut catsup, some sweet herbs, lemon-peel, and a glass of sherry. Mix a quarter of a pound of fresh butter with flour, which add five minutes before the meat is sufficiently cooked. Take the brains and put them into hot water, skin them, and pound them well. Add to them two eggs, one spoonful of flower, a little grated lemon-peel, and finely chopped parsley, thyme, and sage; mix well together with pepper and salt. Form this mixture into small cakes; boil some hard, and fry them in it until they are a light brown color, then lay them on a sieve to drain. Take the hash out of the pan, and lay it neatly on a hot dish, strain the gravy over it, and lay upon it a few mushrooms, forcemeat balls, the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, and the brain-cakes. Garnish with slices of lemon and pickles.

**SCALLOPED OYSTERS.**—Wash out of the liquor two quarts of oysters, pound very fine eight soft crackers, or grate a stale loaf of bread; butter a deep dish, sprinkle in a layer of crumbs, then a layer of oysters, a little mace, pepper, and bits of butter; another layer of crumbs, another of oysters, then seasoning as before, and so on until the dish is filled; cover the dish over with bread-crumbs, seasoning as before; turn over it a cup of the oyster liquor. Set it into the oven for thirty or forty minutes to brown.

#### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

In making cakes it is indispensably necessary that all the ingredients should be heated before they are mixed; for this purpose everything should be prepared an hour before the time it is wanted, and placed near the fire or upon a stove—the flour thoroughly dried and warmed; the currants, sugar, caraway seeds, and anything else required heated in the same way; butter and eggs should be beaten in basins fitted into kettles or pans of warm water, which will give them the requisite degree of temperature. Without these precautions cakes will be heavy, and the best materials, with the greatest

pans, will fail to produce the desired results. The following directions should also be strictly attended to: Currants should be very nicely washed, dried in a cloth, and then set before the fire. Before they are used a dust of dry flour should be thrown among them, and a shake given to them, which causes the cakes to be lighter. Eggs should be very long beaten, whites and yolks apart, and always strained. Sugar should be pounded in a mortar or rubbed to a powder on a clean board, and sifted through a very fine hair or lawn sieve. Lemon-peel should be pared very thin, and with a little sugar, beaten in a marble mortar to a paste, and then mixed with a little wine or cream, so as to divide easily among the other ingredients. The pans should be of earthenware; nor should eggs, or butter and sugar be beaten in tins, as the coldness of the metal will prevent them from becoming light. Use no flour but the best superfine, for if the flour be of inferior quality, the cakes will be heavy, ill-colored, and unfit to eat; but if a little potato flour be added, it will improve their lightness. Cakes are frequently rendered hard, heavy, and uncatable by misplaced economy in eggs and butter, or for want of a due seasoning in spices and sugar. After all the articles are put into the pan they should be thoroughly and long beaten, as the lightness of the cake depends much on their being well incorporated. Unless you are provided with proper utensils as well as materials the difficulty of making cakes will be so great as in most instances to be a failure. Accuracy in proportioning the ingredients is also indispensable, and therefore scales, weights, and measures, down to the smallest quantity, are of the utmost importance. When yeast is used, a cake should stand for some time to rise before it is put into the oven. All stiff cakes should be beaten with the hand; but pound and similar cakes should be beaten with a whisk or spoon.

**ROCK CAKES.**—Take a pound of flour, rub into it half a pound of butter, and half a pound of sugar; mix with it a quarter of a pound of lemon-peel and the yolks of six eggs. Roll into balls, and bake on tins.

**ARROWROOT BISCUITS.**—Put together three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and the same weight of butter until they rise; beat three eggs well and mix with it, then stir in two cups of sifted arrowroot, and two of flour; roll them thin, cut them with a biscuit-cutter; place them in buttered tins, and bake in a slow oven.

**LEMON PUDDING.**—Take four ounces of butter, melt and pour it on four ounces of powdered loaf-sugar; add the juice of a large lemon, with the rind grated, and the yolks of six eggs. Line the dish with paste, bake it half an hour.

**APPLE SNOW-BALLS.**—Take half a dozen fresh apples, cut them into quarters and carefully remove the cores from them; then put them together, having introduced into the cavity caused by the removal of the cores, two cloves and a thin slice of lemon-rind into each apple. Have at hand half a dozen damp cloths, upon each dispose of a liberal layer of clean, picked rice; place each apple in an upright position in the middle of the grain, and draw the sides of the cloths containing the rice over the same, tying them at the top only sufficiently tight to admit of its swelling whilst under the operation of boiling—three-quarters of an hour will suffice. When released from the cloths they will resemble snow-balls. Open, add sugar, butter, and nutmeg to the fruit, and serve them up to table. The above will be found very wholesome and satisfactory food for children.

**BATH BUNS.**—Take a pound of flour, the rinds of three lemons, grated fine, half a pound of butter melted in a cup of cream, a teaspoonful of yeast, and three eggs. Mix; add half a pound of finely-powdered white sugar; mix well, let it stand to rise, and it will make thirty-nine buns.

**AN ORANGE PUDDING.**—Make a light paste, and roll it out to the extent you require it. Take your oranges, slice them with the rinds on, removing carefully the pips or seeds from the pulp. Place a layer of fruit, well-sugared, within one side of the paste and turn it over the fruit, and repeat the same course until the whole of the slices are disposed of. Fold the paste up at each end, so as to secure the syrup. Boil it in a pudding cloth. It constitutes, in some families, a nursery luxury.

**APPLE CREAM.**—Peel and core five large apples, boil in a little water till soft enough to press through a sieve; sweeten, and beat with them the beaten whites of three eggs, serve it with cream poured around it.

**EVE'S PUDDING.**—Grate three-fourths of a pound of stale bread, and mix it with three-fourths of a pound of fine suet, the same quantity of chopped apples and dried currants, five eggs, and the rind of a lemon; put it into a mould, and boil it three hours; serve it with sweet sauce.

**CRANBERRY ROLL.**—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning; make it very sweet, strain it through a colander, and set it away to cool; when quite cold, make a paste as for apple pudding; spread the cranberries about an inch thick; roll it up in a floured cloth, and tie it close at the ends; boil it two hours, and serve it with sweet sauce. Stewed apples, or any other kind of fruit, may be made in the same way.

**AN EXCELLENT PUDDING.**—Take one pint and a half of milk, two eggs, and a small tablespoonful of flour; mix the flour with cold milk to the consistency of thick cream; boil the rest of the milk and pour, boiling hot, upon the flour, stirring all the time; add a salt-spoonful of salt, sugar to your taste, and, when cool, two eggs well beaten; have ready a buttered dish, pour the whole into it, grate lemon-peel or nutmeg over it, and bake thirty-five or forty minutes; it should be out of the oven fifteen minutes before serving. It is delicious to eat cold with jam, tart, or fruit pie.

**APPLE JAM.**—Three pounds of large apples to be put into a jar to stand all night in the oven with half a pint of water, the cores having first been taken out. The next day, add the juice of one lemon, and one pound of lump sugar; boil altogether from two to three hours.

**A SWISS CUSTARD.**—Take one quart of new milk; introduce one half of the measure into a clean saucepan, with the rind of a lemon shred very fine, and let the latter simmer over a gentle fire. Have at hand three tablespoonfuls of ground rice, damp it with cold spring water in a deep dish, and mix with it the milk which was left unused, adding loaf-sugar to your taste. When the milk in the saucepan simmers, let the cold mixture be gradually added to it, carefully stirring it round till it becomes thick and assumes the usual consistency of a custard made with eggs. Grate cinnamon and nutmeg over it, and eat it cold.

**CHEESECAKES.**—Two ounces of sweet almonds, a little better than an ounce of bitter do., the whites of two eggs, a quarter of a pound of lump-sugar pounded very

**fine** Pound up the almonds (after blanching them); mix in the whites of the eggs with the sugar, and bake until a light brown in patty pans lined with a paste.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO PRESERVE IRONS FROM RUST**—Melt fresh mutton suet, smear over the iron with it while hot, then dust it well with unslaked lime, powdered and tied up in muslin. When not used, wrap the irons in baize, and keep them in a dry place. Use no oil for them at any time, except salad oil.

**TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL**—Rub well with sweet oil and let the oil remain upon them for forty-eight hours. Then rub with leather sprinkled with unslaked lime, finely powdered, until all the rust disappears.

**TO CLEAN BLACK GRATES, HEARTHES, SIDES, ETC**—Boil a quarter of a pound of the best black lead in a pint of weak vinegar and water, adding a teaspoonful of brown sugar and a bit of soap about the size of a walnut. When that is melted, first brush off all the dust and soot, and then with a painter's brush wet the grate, etc. As soon as it begins to dry rub to brightness with a stiffish brush, such as shoes are polished with.

**TO MAKE BLACKING**—One pound of ivory black, two ounces of vitriol, one pound of treacle, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, two quarts of vinegar or stale ale. Have ready a large mug, put the ivory-black and oil into it, and mix them well together. Pour the vinegar and oil into a pan, and after making them hot, add them gently by degrees to the ivory black until you have mixed all well together. Let it stand till cold, and then add the vitriol. Bottle it for use. It will keep for years, and can be highly recommended when used for giving boots and shoes a lustrous jet appearance.

**CORKS**—The common practice of employing inferior corks for the purpose of stopping the mouths of bottles is often productive of considerable loss, from the air being only partially excluded, and the contents suffering in consequence. We once saw a large "bin" of valuable wine become, in less than a year, little better than sour Cape, from the parsimony of its owner on this point, and we have frequently had to regret the loss of valuable chemical preparations, from a similar cause. The best corks are those called "velvet corks," and of these the finest qualities are imported from France.

**FOR CHAPPED HANDS**—Two ounces of white wax, two ounces of hog's lard rendered, half an ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of oil of sweet almonds. Simmer all these ingredients together for a few minutes, then strain the liquid through muslin, and put it into pots. To be rubbed well over the hands when going to bed, and sleep with gloves on.

**RED INK**—Take of the raspings of Brazil wood one-quarter of a pound, and infuse them two or three days in vinegar, which should be colorless. Boil the infusion one hour over a gentle fire, and afterwards filter it while hot through paper laid in an earthenware colander. Put it again over the fire, and dissolve in it, first, half an ounce of gum Arabic, and afterwards of alum and white sugar, each half an ounce.

**BLUE INK**—Chinese blue, three ounces; oxalic acid (pure), three-quarters of an ounce; gum Arabic, powdered, one ounce; distilled water, six pints. Mix.

**BLACK INK**—Sulphate of iron, calcined, six ounces; powdered nutgalls, two ounces; powdered gum Arabic,

two drachms. Mix a teaspoonful to a pint and a half of cold water.

**TURKEY CARPET, TO CLEAN**—Beat it well with a stick in the usual manner until all the dust is removed, then take out the stains, if any, with lemon or sorrel-juice. When thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf, and if the weather is very fine, let it hang out in the open air for a night or two. This treatment will revive the colors, and make the carpet appear equal to new.

**EXTINCTION OF FIRES**—The safety of the inhabitants being ascertained, the first object at a fire should be the exclusion of all fresh and the confinement of all burnt air—*suffocate* the flames—remember that burnt air is as great, if not a greater enemy to combustion than even water: the one, till again mixed with oxygen, can never support flame; the other, especially if poured on heated metal, is converted into its elements, the one hydrogen, in itself most inflammable, the other oxygen, the food of fire. For both purposes, of excluding the one air and confining the other, all openings should be kept as carefully closed as possible. An attempt should always be made to stop up the chimney-pots: wet rags, blankets, or an old carpet, will serve this purpose, and thereby confine a considerable quantity of burnt air.

**VITRIOL ACCIDENTS** are not uncommon in kitchens, as when oil of vitriol (improperly used for cleaning copper vessels) is left full upon the hands, etc. In this case, if a little soda or potash be dissolved in water, or some fresh soap-boilers' lye, and instantly applied, no injury whatever will occur to the person or clothes.

AS EASY method of removing wine stains from tablecloths is to hold the stained part in milk while it is boiling on the fire. The stains will soon disappear.

**TOOTH POWDER**—We know of no better than finely powdered charcoal; it cleans the mouth mechanically and chemically. But as alone it is dusty, and not easily mixed with water, it may for this purpose be mixed with an equal weight of prepared chalk, and, if requisite, scented with a drop or two of oil of cloves.

**TO DESTROY ANTS**—Ants that frequent houses or gardens may be destroyed by taking four of brimstone half a pound, and potash four ounces; set them in an iron or earthen pan over the fire till dissolved and united; afterwards beat them to a powder and infuse a little of this powder in water; and wherever you sprinkle it the ants will die or fly the place.

**PORTABLE LEMONADE**—Take of tartaric acid, half an ounce; loaf sugar, three ounces; essence of lemon, half a drachm. Powder the tartaric acid and the sugar very fine in a marble or Wedgwood mortar; mix them together, and pour the essence of lemon upon them, by a few drops at a time, stirring the mixture after each addition, till the whole is added; then mix them thoroughly, and divide it into twelve equal parts, wrapping each up separately in a piece of white paper. When wanted for use, it is only necessary to dissolve it in a tumbler of cold water, and fine lemonade will be obtained, containing the flavor of the juice and peel of the lemon, and ready sweetened.

**CHEESE SNAPS**—Take a new loaf, hot from the oven, pull it in halves, dig out pieces about the size of a walnut with a fork, put them on a dish, and set in a quick oven to brown lightly. Stale bread can be used, but does not answer so well. This forms a pretty supper dish, and can be eaten with wine.

# Editors' Table.

## A NEW YEAR AND NEW HOPES.

THE Present is only known to us by the Past. We must look the OLD YEAR in the face as he is dying before we can comprehend the great task imposed on the New Year in the burden he has to take up.

Turn to the FRONTISPICE, where, in an allegorical illustration, you will read these lessons.

At the top of the picture the *palms of peace* are rocking the *Infant Year*; there, too, is the emblem of promise, nursed by winged hopes and pious wishes.

On the right side is the decrepit *Old Year*, as a man on crutches, turning to gaze on his infant successor. Ah! the old year departs burdened with the sorrows of millions, and scoffed at by a thankless world. But let us remember that his path was beset with difficulties.

The New Year! Is there not a glorious opportunity before the New Year? "What will he do with it?"

Look on the left side of the picture; see the little group of happy helpers, symbolizing the hopes and prayers of those who love peace; see them carrying away the weapons of warfare and ensigns of military strife, so that the influences of love and good-will may have room to work; and glance at the bottom of the plate; there are the emblems of happy meetings, of concord, prosperity, and joy.

But the centre PORTRAIT is the magnet that will draw all true American hearts to feel that Union must be peace. Who can look on that august face, where passion is subjected to duty, and every line and expression show the patriot who loved his whole country, and not feel that

"Peace greatness best becomes."

Heaven grant our New Year's dream may soon be realized! Then how dearly we shall enjoy the blessings of peace, with its bright anticipations, its leisure for mental improvement, and its wide range of benevolent interest that finds its best pleasures in the general happiness of society!

Dr. Franklin's old motto—"Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves"—may be applied to a wider range of thought. Let every citizen take care of his or her own conscience, character, soul; keep these pure, right, and just, and the Commonwealth will take care of itself.

We always approach our readers on these anniversaries with feelings akin to warm personal friendship and confidence. So many years have been given, or at least a large part of our time and thoughts, to the questions—What good can we do, what advantages offer to our subscribers?—that the idea of contributing to their happiness has become a necessary part, as it were, of our life. We trust this feeling is reciprocated. We believe our readers will welcome this first number of our new volume with kindly desires for the happiness of the Editors, and accept with pleasure our sincere greetings and good wishes for the NEW YEAR, 1863.

## A NEW YEAR'S GIFT. SEE PLATE.

"What though my heart be crowded close with objects dear nor few,  
Creep in, my little smiling babe; there's still a niche for you."

AH, yes; there is always room in the loving heart of womankind for the new baby! It is this instinct of the sex which these three dear little girls are obeying, as each lets fall her choice holiday presents to gaze with yearning tenderness on the sweetest gift of the New Year, their own baby brother. "Isn't he a darling?" they all exclaim.

When our first mother went out, weeping sorrowfully, from her Paradise Garden, she carried in her heart, like a holy gift of perpetual youth and hope to humanity, the blessed promise that her "seed" should restore the lost glories of Eden. But Eve did not find her first-born what she anticipated. Why was this cross of her hopes? Might it not have been caused by her over-indulgence of Cain's appetites and passions? Her unwise tenderness thus fostered her egotism and selfishness, till, when his brother Abel came and claimed a share in the mother's love, the jealousy and hatred of the elder born was aroused, and never afterwards slumbered.

Here is a subject demanding the inquiry of the educator. We do not recollect that any writer has analyzed the effect which might be wrought on the sensitive nature of a young child, two or three years of age, who has been the worshipped of the nursery, when a new baby comes to displace the first idol. It is a terrible trial to an affectionate and indulged little child.

Every young mother should watch carefully when her first-born is put away from her immediate tendency by the presence of a new claimant on her affections; she must see that the elder one is not made to feel forsaken, as the thoughtless words of servants, or visitors, even, would imply. She should never permit expressions of preference for the baby to be made in the hearing of the other, and all the changes which must be felt by the first autocrat of the nursery should be made up to him by new enjoyments and resources for self-amusement. More than this, great pains must be taken to cultivate the tender feelings of love and care for his little brother or sister.

Very much of the real happiness of children depends on giving them something to do for themselves or for each other in promoting the means of amusement and happiness. Encourage them to do this, and praise and caress them when they show a spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice towards each other. It is an unspeakable blessing to a family if the mother has rightly trained her first-born; the child, son or daughter, is the index of the mother's character in the household, and also of her capacity to mould the minds of her children. The example of this elder one, if right, leads all the others rightly, almost without the need of authority from the parents.

Look at the trio of sisters in the plate, as they bend over their little baby brother! Will they not be almost

like guardian angels to his opening life?—tending his steps, watching his wishes, keeping him from harm, and helping him, so far as they can, to become what they will surely believe he may be if he tries—one of the best and noblest men in the land.

#### HOUSEHOLD WORK.

Women show their parts  
When they do make their ordered households know  
their aims. KNOWLES.

Those who read our Table for December (we hope all our friends have that number) will recollect the "Letter from a Lady of Pennsylvania," concerning the changes which, coming over our country, must affect the condition and character of American women.

We now give the thoughts and suggestions of another dear friend, whose excellent ideas on "household work" will, we hope, make a deep impression on the hearts and minds of our readers.

#### LETTER FROM A LADY OF NEW ENGLAND.

MY DEAR MRS. HALE: The Lady's Book, which has always been foremost in every good word and work relating to women, seems to me a proper channel through which to express some of the sentiments, the expectations, the hopes, and the fears called out by this unhappy war, so far as women alone are concerned.

The good which has been elicited out of evil, certainly among New England women (with whom mostly I have been conversant) is one of those mysterious Providences which make us feel that we know nothing about the management of the world or of human beings. When I have seen young creatures whose fingers have been too dainty all their lives long to do a useful thing; who not only did not know how to do a useful thing, but really piqued themselves on this delightful ignorance; when I see such girls, heartily entering into the making of coarse shirts and drawers, and knitting coarse yarn for stockings; when I see them do this, not once, but all the spare hours, formerly given to idleness or to delicate fancy-work; when I see these girls, whose only delight seemed to be a ball or a concert, to dress and be admired, patiently and industriously working away, week after week, at common clothes and the making of comfortable garments for the sick and wounded; when I hear the talk of these girls, deeply interested in something apart from themselves, above themselves, relating to something altogether aside and above the petty interests of daily life, and involving the highest contemplations of the human mind; when I look at this and at those, I feel that there is good in all evil, and that the regeneration of so many young hearts almost pays the price of blood and suffering.

This war is to make widows and orphans, sisters without brothers to care for them, mothers with no sons to uphold their age and comfort their infirmity. The whole face of society will be changed. How, then, shall women prepare for such a change, for such a new order of things? From being cherished they must uphold themselves; the wind that formerly must not blow rudely on their tender cheeks, will strike blastically, with the tempestuous force of poverty and desertion. Whatever the political result may be of this war, the social and domestic results are inevitable. It is of no use to thrust them aside; better look them squarely in the face.

It seems to me there will gradually and imperceptibly open a way for these mothers, daughters, and sisters to maintain themselves, merely from the circumstance of their sex being in excess of the other, for a long future. Many of the occupations which have heretofore been monopolized by men, but which are suited much better to the strength and ability of women, will be open to women. Work of all sorts will be necessary and fashionable. If it is fashionable now to strew the drawing-rooms with blue shirts and brown stocking yarn; if the belle comes to receive her morning calls with her knitting in her hand, much more will it be fashionable to continue to labor when that labor shall be sanctified with deeper than patriotic motives, with higher and clearer impulses than a country's love.

It is well for our young girls to look forward to this state of things. Not despondently, not fearfully, but honestly, fearlessly, cheerfully. Better rathons and times that you "wear out" in the quick attrition of active exer-

tion than to "rust out" in the inane idleness of a useless existence. If to be a cherished and petted wife be desired you, you can still be a helpful sister, a devoted daughter, or a cheerful, patient and soothing companion to a wounded or helpless husband.

We know—for even in the middle of the blind rush there was virtue enough in the country to say and feel it—we know that we have drifted, as a people, far out of sight of the principles of our fathers, on which our country was settled and this republic founded. We have been warned, over and over, that we were going down to ruin, though the corruptions of prosperity, as fast as we could possibly go. We heard the voice of prophecy and of denunciation; the "We upon this *goodly land!*" We heard, but we folded our hands, and said, "Après nous le déluge." But the deluge has come upon us, the guilty ones, and not on our innocent children; for them opens a brighter path through suffering. No more luxury or pampering, no more laziness and dissatisfaction; but, instead, cheerful labor, fortitude, and Christian dignity. For one, I rejoice in the prospect of new virtue in the body politic, beginning as it must and ought, with women. If they must give up, during their woe lives, the pleasing task of educating their persons, and even in some measure of adorning their minds, still they will have gained immeasurably in mental elevation, and their whole plane of action and thought be far higher.

There is a large class of single women who will be thrown out of employment by this war. There will be more teachers than schools; more instructors of music than pupils or punis; more ready to give drawing lessons than children to avail themselves of such blessings. This state of things will necessitate a broader and different kind of action for these women.

In the increased and tactitious refinement of manners and employment in the country, all the pleasantest part of domestic life has long been sacrificed, and an imitation of European style substituted. In the sparse condition of our native population, it has been necessary to employ emigrant labor for all domestic purposes. This has had a bad effect on both employer and employed. I could dwell on this at great length, and yet it cannot be necessary. You hear constantly pathetic lamentations over the "old nurses," the "old help" (when servants were not) that were so faithful, so friendly, so to be relied on at all times; and mournful chats over the faithless cook who left you that morning without warning, or the ungrateful waitress, who "won't stay under two dollars and a half."

There will be a better opening for labor for the large class of efficient and active young women in domestic service. Hitherto, they have declined to enter into competition with emigrants, and have chosen—partly with a laudable, and partly with a foolish pride—rather to confine themselves to needle work and teaching, than to enter the lists of active household labor with foreigners.

Everybody who is at all conversant with the real state of the *country* (I mean as distinct from the city) knows that there is already a glad opening and liberal remuneration for domestic service. For Americans, much more. There is friendly interest and attachment. I should be very glad, for one, to see the days of almost feudal distinction, which have obtained during the last thirty years among us, abolished; and the old times returned where to aid and serve in the family, was associated with no degradation, but, on the contrary, with pleasure on both sides.

Then there will not be so much starving in city attics, because women prefer to make shirts for fourpence a piece to washing dishes and cooking dinners for two dollars a week. They will feel a proper self-respect and self-appreciation which will not be lowered by sweeping the house, or speaking properly to their employers. A new state of feeling and interest will spring up among all. We shall all be grateful for aid, and glad in our turn to aid others. Heretofore we have been hard. There has been no possible room for kindly feeling or interest beyond the day, for domestic service, which was liable to cease at any hour, when increased wages called, and where interest was the sole propelling motive. We acknowledged that it could not be helped; that it could not be expected; that it should be otherwise. Still, we mourned over the good old days when everything was so different!

I apprehend that in the immediate future of our country, there will be a closer weaving of all classes, through the intense and common interest in the general good. There will be in me upholding and assisting of those who need it. A novel spirit of character, born within is better than any amount of encouragement

from without; and persons who cannot be or would not be benefited by public aid are inexpressibly consoled and fortified by private sympathy and encouragement. They begin to feel themselves strong and able to cope with life; nay, more, to feel that labor is itself a dignity and a blessing; and that to adapt themselves to the kind of labor most healthful for them, is the truest dignity as well as common sense.

#### MEMORIAL

*To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:—*

WHEREAS, there are now more than two millions of children in our country destitute of the opportunity of education, demanding sixty thousand teachers to supply them at the same ratio as is common in our best educated sections, your memorialists beg to call your attention to these considerations:—

1. That while the Great West, California, and the wide Ocean, invite young men to wealth and adventure, and while the labors of the school-room offer so little recompense or honor, the sixty thousand teachers needed cannot be obtained from their ranks, and therefore the young women of our country must become teachers of the common schools, or these must be given up.

2. That the reports of common school education show that women are the best teachers, and that in those States where education is most prosperous, the average of female teachers to that of the other sex is as five to one.

3. That while, as a general rule, women are not expected to support families, nor to pay from their earnings to support the State, they can afford to teach for a smaller compensation than men, and therefore funds bestowed to educate female teachers gratuitously will, in the end, prove a measure of economy, and at the same time will tend to render education more universal and more elevated by securing the best class of teachers at a moderate expense.

4. That those most willing to teach are chiefly found in the industrial class, which, as yet, has received few favors from National or State Legislatures.

5. That providing such gratuitous advantages for women to act as educators, will secure a vast number of well educated teachers, not by instituting a class of *colleges*, but by employing the unoccupied energies of thousands of young women from their school-days to the period of marriage; while, at the same time, they will thus be qualifying themselves for the most arduous duties of their future domestic relations.

In view of these considerations, your memorialists petition that THREE OR FOUR MILLIONS OF ACRES OF THE PUBLIC NATIONAL DOMAINS be set apart to endow at least one *Normal School* in every State, for the gratuitous education of Female Teachers.

These institutions could be modelled and managed in each State to suit the wishes of its inhabitants, and young ladies of every section would be trained as instructors for children in their own vicinity. This would be found of immense advantage in the States where schools have hitherto been neglected.

While such vast portions of the national domains are devoted to national aggrandizements, or physical advantages, we humbly petition that a moderate share may be conferred to benefit the Daughters of our Republic, and thus at the same time to provide Educators for two millions of its most neglected children.

BOOKS FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, AND HOME READING.—The list of expensive books, prepared expressly for the holiday season, has greatly diminished, much to

the advantage of better literature, and also as preventing useless expense. This year new books of all descriptions are few, compared with our "halcyon days of peace." Still, there must be gifts for Christmas and New Year, and those who wish to find a worthy literary souvenir for a Christian lady (old or young), which shall have an impressive interest for the present and be a rich addition to the family library, let them select the five volumes of Dr. Cummings' works, lately republished in New York.\*

THE GREAT TRIBULATION: or, Things Coming on the Earth. 2 Vols.

THE GREAT PREPARATION: or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. In 2 Vols.

TEACH US TO PRAY. 1 Vol.

These books are wonderful productions, and breathe the true spirit of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The style is perfect of its kind, clear, cogent, impressive, and yet simple and tenderly careful of offences. The subjects discussed are the highest, noblest, and of most awful import to the whole human race. Upward flights which the greatest poet would not dare attempt are here opened to our view; grand and awful scenes that no human genius could conceive or delineate are here shown, through the veil of prophesy, to be surely approaching. Every true Christian, who believes what the Great Redeemer (They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.—MATT. XXIV. 30) declared to his followers should happen ought to read these books.

#### MY SHIP.

In the purple flush of the twilight dim,  
Way out on the ocean's most distant rim,  
I watch for my ship in her gallant trim.

Pray tell me, good friends, have you seen my ship,  
Her satin sails in the blue ocean dip?  
I say sometimes with a quivering lip.

"What's the captain's name?" they ask, with a smile,  
And I know they're wondering all the while  
At my sad question, so quaint in its style.

My ship's the most royal you e'er did behold,  
And Strength was the name of the captain bold,  
And Health was the freight, of value untold.

Some years ago, on a drear stormy day,  
She spread her bright sails and flew far away;  
Oh watch for her coming, good sailor, I pray.

Toward the lake of the Sunrise she turned her bow,  
And the blue waves surged round her shining prow,  
'Tis graved on my brain, I see it now.

So e'er that dark ocean I still keep my eye,  
I'll watch for my ship till the day that I die;  
I've faith she will come though I do not know why.

Then watch for her coming, good sailor, I pray,  
Be sure that you tell me the very same day,  
And whether she's anchored in river or bay.

ESTELLE.

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA, FOR FOREIGN LANDS.—We have had encouraging Reports from Mrs. Mason since her return to her School for Karen girls. All her labors in regard to the Karens are prospering. Our missionary, Miss Sarah A. Mauston, who went out, October, 1861, to found a School for Burman girls at Tounghoo, has been successful: her school is established: also five native women are also employed as teachers of children at different mission stations in the East. These teachers, except Mrs. Mason, are paid by

\* Mr. Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. The volumes are bound in handsome style, the paper good, and type fair, making a valuable gift for a lady's library.

our "Woman's Union," etc. It is encouraging to record that the collections have been successful. The ladies of New York and Boston are ready with their funds, those of Philadelphia will not be found wanting. But the hopes we cherished of assistance from ladies in the Western States have not yet been fulfilled. We still hope that contributions of "Fancy articles and of Children's clothing," which can be sold by ladies at our missionary stations to much advantage, will be forwarded. Boxes or packages may be sent to the Editress of the Lady's Book.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

This school has now entered on its seventh year; its success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is 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 Assistants employed are of the best class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

*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.

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted these articles: "Both Sides"—"Faithful to the end"—"Disenchanted"—"John Broad"—"At Sea at Night"—"Is Genius desirable?"—"Homes and Husbands"—"Peace, be Still"—"Aunt Rachel"—and "Reminiscences."

These articles are declined: "Unreal"—"A Wish"—"My School" (a stamp must be sent when an answer is requested)—"Music of the Heart"—"Jane Archer"—"The Golden Gate"—"Agnes Day" (worth publishing, but we have no room)—"The Zephyr"—"Sunrise"—"My Wife" (has some beautiful imagery and the sentiment is tender and holy, but the rhythm is defective)—"Fortune-tellers and their Victims"—"The Way of Life"—"Edgetools"—"My Playmates"—"Energy is the great lever of success"—"Stories"—"Beggars in the Street"—and "Come to me" and the other poem.

We hoped to have reported on all the MSS. in our hands; but are compelled for want of time to postpone a number till next month.

And now we take pleasure in expressing our thanks to the many warm friends who have contributed to our pages during the past year. The letters which pour in their tributes of encouragement are most welcome now, when many circumstances are adverse to literary success. We are glad to find that our magazine does not lose its interest, even when it is old, as our friends often assure us that the Lady's Book, in bound volumes, is treasured in their family libraries. A charming letter from Mrs. T. K. says: "Often when unfurnished with books to my taste I turn to your magazines, published years ago, and always find some new beauties." The lady goes on to thank us for herself and also in the name

of the ladies of her own State, "for the instruction and entertainment afforded them by the Lady's Book;" wishing us "all prosperity and happiness in the future."

Such friends, we feel sure, are with us to-day; we wish them all a Happy New Year.

We don't return poetry even if stamps are sent; can't afford the time. Those who send poetry must keep a copy. Consult this department and you will see whether it is accepted or rejected.

"Mary Mayfield." A letter sent to your address, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

## Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

BEDS, COVERING, ETC. OF INFANTS.—Children, if allowed to sleep alone, should have bedding sufficiently soft to prevent injurious and disagreeable pressure, and the covering should be sufficient to protect from cold. But at the same time, excessive covering and over-heating should be carefully guarded against. Indeed, as things are generally managed, there is much more danger of over-heating than of cold.

"It is too much the custom," as Dr. Condie truly remarks, "to lay an infant when asleep—with its body warmly clad—in a feather bed, and to cover it carefully with a thick blanket or two. The consequence is, that in mild weather, or in a warm room, a copious perspiration is quickly produced, which, besides weakening the child, exposes it to catarrhal or even more dangerous affections, when, upon its awaking, it is exposed to the air of the room, or perchance to the draft from an open door or window." There can be no doubt that many of the colds, croup, and bowel affections of children are produced in the manner indicated by our writer. To avoid these evils, children should sleep on a good thick hair or cotton mattress, and the covering should be just heavy enough to prevent chilliness. Of the two extremes there is more danger from too much heat than from cold.

Feather beds should be entirely and forever banished from the nursery. They retain too much heat; they interfere with the electric currents of the body; they are a reservoir of offensive and contagious matters; and they are well calculated to occasion deformity in young children by their softness and compressibility. Pillows of feathers are particularly objectionable. "Occasionally it happens, that when a young infant is placed in a soft feather bed with a thick soft pillow, its own weight causes it to slip, so that its head is brought entirely beneath the external coverings, and, in common with its body, becomes so completely buried in the feathers as to endanger suffocation." Another great objection to soft feather pillows is that they keep the head excessively warm, thus exposing the child to colds, eruptions on the scalp and behind the ears, and even to inflammation of the brain, an affection to which young children are peculiarly prone.

To guard against these serious dangers, pillows should be made, like the beds, of hair or cotton, and they should be flat, so as to raise the head but slightly above the level of the body, thus avoiding the difficulty of slipping down, and the deformity of round shoulders. The faces of children should never be covered when asleep or awake, and every impediment to the free circulation of air should be removed.

INFANTS SHOULD SLEEP WITH MOTHER, ETC.—For the first month or two of their existence, infants should sleep with the mother. At this tender age they cannot generate sufficient heat of themselves without such a quantity of covering as to prove injurious by its weight. But after the first few months, the child should be placed in a cradle or cot by itself. The practice of leaving children to sleep with old and infirm persons is attended with the most serious difficulties. It is a well-established fact that old and diseased persons of feeble vital powers will abstract from the vitality of younger and more healthy persons when brought in contact with, or close proximity to them. This must certainly predispose strongly to disease; while children thus exposed are liable to contract actual disease from imbibing the foul secretions, and breathing the impure air arising from diseased persons. On the same principle, the kissing and fondling of children by diseased people, strangers, and servants should be avoided.

## 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 PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—  
ANDREE DE TAVERNEY; or, *The Downfall of French Monarchy*. In two volumes. Being the final conclusion of the "Countess of Charny," "The Memoirs of a Physician," "Queen's Necklace," and "Six Years Later." By Alexander Dumas, author of the "Iron Mask," etc. etc. Written in its author's best vein, this is undoubtedly the most exciting and absorbing novel of the series to which it belongs, and of which it is the conclusion. Price 50 cents per volume.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—  
THE PHANTOM BOUQUET. *A Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves and Seed-vessels, and Adapting them to Embellish the Home of Taste*. By Edward Parrish, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, etc. etc. The author has kindly furnished to the lovers of artistic recreation this little volume, giving as complete information concerning the process of skeletonizing leaves and seed-vessels as can be conveyed by words. We have no doubt many of our young friends who would gladly devote a portion of their leisure time to an employment so pleasing, will avail themselves of this assistance in preparing and grouping the delicate, lace-like bouquets which are at once so beautiful and so easily obtained. Price 75 cents.

THE BOOK OF DAYS Nos. 7, 8, and 9. We have received the above numbers of this valuable work. We are certain that every one who could secure a single number of this work would subscribe for it at once. Price 15 cents per part.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Nos. 53 and 54, with engravings. This Encyclopædia, when finished, will be a most valuable library work. The minds of the most eminent men in Europe are engaged upon it, and it is in its detail very full and satisfactory. Each number is a study in itself; we would want no better work to

employ our spare hours upon. The quantity of information to be derived from its perusal is incalculable. It is an invaluable work. Price 15 cents per part.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ORLEY FARM: *A Novel*. By Anthony Trollope, author of "North America," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," etc. etc. Trollope has excelled himself in the present work. It is by far the best of his productions that we have yet read. It is especially a character novel, and each figure is boldly and strikingly personified. Some portions of the book, on this account, remind us of Dickens. Lady Mason, the heroine, is a woman that challenges admiration at the same time that she repulses. Sir Peregrine Orme is one of the noblest specimens of the English gentry. Mrs. Orme is so gentle, so forgiving, so truly womanly and Christian-like, and carries all these qualities to such a degree, that we cannot help wondering at the boldness of the author for flying in the face of generally received sentiment, in thus daring to describe her. We cannot think of undertaking a description of the plot, but we cordially commend the book to our readers. It is finely illustrated by J. E. Millais. Price \$1 25.

A MANUAL OF INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS FOR OBJECT LESSONS, *in a Course of Elementary Instruction*. Adapted to the Use of the School and Family Charts, and other aids in Teaching. By Marcus Willson, author of "Willson's Historical Series," "School and Family Readers," etc. etc. We have given this work a careful consideration, both as to the theory upon which it is based, and the matter it contains. Though it is daring enough to propose a thorough reform in our present system of education, we are yet sufficiently convinced of the necessity of such a reform, to be willing to sustain it in all it proposes. Its plan is to depend less on the use of the memory of the pupil alone, and to develop and strengthen his perceptive faculties. We believe this book will prove an invaluable aid to the teacher who comprehends its purpose, and is ready to adopt its suggestions; though no good teacher will rely upon it altogether, but will see the advantage of carrying out the principle to an unlimited extent, drawing upon his own resources, in every branch of science. Price \$1 00.

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC, *Comprising a Discussion of the various Means of Acquiring and Retaining Knowledge, and Avoiding Error*. By P. McGregor, A. M. The system of logic here presented is remarkable for clearness, precision, and compact fulness. We cannot call to mind any similar work so well calculated to meet the wants of students. Without any effort at simplicity of language or style, its author has succeeded in making his book one that can be understood by those who are expected to apply to it for assistance. As a general thing, our "systems of logic," hitherto, have not possessed this desideratum to a noticeable extent. Price \$1 00

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D. (KIRWAN). By Samuel Irenæus Prime, author of "Travels in Europe and the East," "Letters from Switzerland," etc. etc. The biography of a clergyman, who, at one time, enjoyed quite an extensive reputation in the religious world. It is written in a familiar and easy style, and the materials furnished its author have been sufficiently well arranged. The work has evidently been a labor of love, and the friendly spirit thus evoked

gives to the book a gentle charm that it might not otherwise have possessed. Price \$1 00.

**THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London.** Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. Oliphant. The lives of clergymen, generally speaking, present few incidents calculated to render the record of them universally attractive. The life of the subject of this biography could not rightly be called an exception to the general rule. Nevertheless Mrs. Oliphant has invested the history of the comparatively uneventful career of the pious and eloquent Irving with attractions which will go far to procure for it a wider circle of readers than usually falls to the lot of works similar in character. We know of no more striking picture of an earnest, faithful, indomitable, hard-working minister than this interesting volume affords. Price \$3 00.

From **SHELDON & Co.,** New York, through **SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co.,** Philadelphia:—

**MIRIAM.** By Marion Harland. Marion Harland is one of the few American authoresses whose names and fames have had something more than an ephemeral existence. The public acknowledged her genius when, a few years ago, "Alone," was issued from the press. Other authors have made as brilliant commencements, but have neglected to follow them up altogether, or their second efforts have been such signal failures, that their names were quickly buried in obscurity. But not so the gifted lady of which we speak. We have now her fifth work before us, though we trust it is far from being the climax of her literary labors. "Miriam" is a truly womanly book, but bearing throughout its pages the evidence of the pen of a high-souled, intelligent, and Christian woman. The character of Miriam is a noble conception, and ably illustrated. She is altogether different from the namby-pamby class of girls which novelists too frequently consider as being especially qualified for heroines. Miriam is characterized by energy, strength of purpose, dignity, and rare intellectual gifts, combined with qualities which are considered as being more especially feminine. And, most wonderful, most commendable, she is no beauty. What Miriam is as a woman, such is Neale Thorne, the hero, as a man. A lively variety to the theme is the little chatter-box, Mrs. Fry, with her many good intentions, and her frequent journeys to the "valley of humiliation." The story is ingeniously arranged; and though everything is not just as you might wish it—for instance, you wish Mrs. Hartley might open her eyes to the true character of her graceless son—still the reading of the book affords one intense pleasure. The prestige of Marion Harland's name is a sufficient guarantee for its merits, while we believe this work will be pronounced better than her previous ones. Price \$1 25.

**SERMONS.** Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Seventh series. The admirers of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon will find in this volume twenty-two sermons, exhibiting, in a marked manner, all the peculiarities of style and thought which have rendered their author so popular. Price \$1 00.

**AMERICAN HISTORY.** By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. IV. Northern Colonies. The series of little histories to which this volume belongs, promises to be most useful and instructive, as well as entertaining. It presents to the youth of our time a source of information of which they should not hesitate to make a good use. The contents of the

present volume comprise a full account of the early settlement of New York and the New England colonies. We should be better pleased with these histories, had not Mr. Abbott, evidently acting upon some peculiar notion of his own about the dryness of such things, almost entirely discarded the use of dates. Price 75 cents.

From **TICKNOR & FIELDS,** Boston, through **PETERSON & BROTHERS,** Philadelphia:—

**EYES AND EARS.** By Henry Ward Beecher. This book is a collection of short sketches, essays, etc., originally written for newspaper publication. They are lively, amusing, and sentimental by turns, and not unworthy of a reading; though we almost wonder at their being thought of sufficient importance, by either author or publisher, of being preserved in book form. Articles written thus on demand, from week to week, should be read at once, as soon as prepared, or else, however brilliant and sparkling they may have been, like soda-water, they are apt to become insipid when the effervescence has passed off. Price \$1 25.

**THE POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.** A choice little volume in blue and gold, containing the complete poetical works of this famous American humorist. Let those who wish to laugh, as well as those who wish to make a valuable addition to their poetical library, be grateful to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for the means of gratification afforded them. Price 58 cents.

From **T. O. H. P. BURNHAM,** Boston, through **J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.,** Philadelphia:—

**THE VICTORIES OF LOVE.** By Coventry Patmore, author of "The Angel in the House," etc. The admirers of the author of that exquisite little domestic poem, "The Angel in the House," will find many of the characteristics in the present volume which gave to that work its chief attraction. Coventry Patmore, however, does not seem to us an improving poet. His first work is, to our mind, his best. In "The Victories of Love," he has adopted a style of rhyming that is entirely too easy for the purposes of poetry. If the various epistles which form this present volume had been given to us without rhyme, and with no attempt at metre, they would certainly have sounded better, and, in all probability, would have pleased a larger number of readers than they will in their present shape. Price 50 cents.

From **J. E. TILTON & Co.,** Boston:—

**THE ALDEN BOOKS.** Illustrated. By Joseph Alden, D. D., comprising—

**THE CARDINAL FLOWER; and other Tales.**

**THE LIGHT-HEARTED GIRL; a Tale for Children.**

**THE LOST LAMB; and THE BURIAL OF THE FIRST BORN.**

The Reverend author has done faithful service in the cause of family happiness by devoting his thoughts and time to the preparation of this series of books for the young. The stories are very interesting, full of wise sentiment and cheerful hope; they are entertaining as Fairy Tales, yet instructive even to mature Christians. The style is simple and natural, and the words so fitly chosen that while the youngest reader can comprehend the meaning, the scholar's taste will feel the books are from the pen of a good and learned man. The publishers have made up the set in beautiful style.

**REWARD CARDS,** from the same publishers, are pretty and useful in Family instruction and Sunday Schools.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

VESPER. By Madame the Countess de Gasparin. Our readers will remember the notice of a former work by this fascinating writer—"The Near and the Heavenly Horizons"—in our Table of last February. This new book, "Vesper," has the same tender sentiment of love for God's works and trust in his mercy, which made the first work so charming. Madame de Gasparin paints in words, and this charming little book will find, as her other one did, thousands of readers. It deserves them.

NED MANTON; or, *The Cottage by the Stream*. By A. L. O. E. We need not waste words in commending a book for children which has the initials of this popular writer. We think her books among the best which are found in our Sunday Schools, and for Sunday reading.

LITTLE WALTER OF WYALUSING. By a Guest in "the old castle." This is an American book, the story of a little boy, whose short life of less than seven years has formed a very interesting sketch. The touching trait is the tender love which the character of this child awakened in the hearts of all who knew him.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR JANUARY.—The first number of the sixty-sixth volume—a holiday number. We give a list of the prominent embellishments: "A New Year's Gift," which is an engraving we think will be understood and appreciated. A further notice of it will be found elsewhere. "New Year," an emblematical plate of the past and present season. If this picture were not otherwise beautiful, it would be valuable to every family for the very admirable likeness of Washington, taken from Stuart's celebrated painting. Our Fashion-plate contains five beautiful figures; these plates praise themselves. The "Daisy travelling or winter hood," is the best piece of color printing we have ever given. We publish in this number the "Old Sewing-Machine." In the February number we shall give the "New Sewing-Machine." In addition to the above will be found dresses, hoods, crochet-work, braiding and embroidery patterns, fancy ties, braided slipper, headdresses, toilet pin-cushions, cloaks, an alphabet of letters, pocket for lady's dress, pin-cushion, and about fifty other articles, designed expressly for the ladies' work-table. This is a specimen of what we mean to do this year. With thanks for former favors we wish all our old friends a Happy New Year.

THE PRICE OF CLUBS.—Owing to the increased price of paper, unprecedented in this country, we shall be obliged to advance the price of clubs, commencing with the issuing of the February number, as follows: One copy, \$3. Two copies, \$5. Three copies, \$6. Five copies, \$10. Eleven copies, \$20; no extra copy given. Even at this price there will be no profit on clubs. We can give our readers no idea of the panic in paper. One month it will be one price, the next month twenty per cent. will be added to the price, and the next twenty more; and what will be the eventual price it is at present impossible to say. Canada clubs of five subscribers only, and no extra copy, \$11 25, which includes the postage.

Our price to dealers will also be increased.

THE PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The Rockport *Republic* has the following in reference to the increase of the price of newspapers:—

"Most of the large daily newspapers in Western New York have advanced the price of the issues. An editor of a leading New York daily informed us last week that the publishers in that city would soon follow suit. Many of the country journals have also been published at increased prices. The advance is caused mainly by the advance in printing stock."

We ask attention to our advertisement for 1863, 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-three 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.

MARION HARLAND.—We call attention to the first portion of the story of "Husks" in this number. We think that our subscribers will say, when they have finished the story, that it is her best.

FROM present appearances this will be our largest subscription year. We wish that the price of paper would allow it to be a more profitable one.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO SEND US DRAFTS OR CHECKS.—Be particular, when you purchase a draft or check to send us, that the same has the proper stamp affixed to it by the person from whom you procure it.

### Extracts from the Law.

"Stamps must be affixed to all documents by the party issuing the same."

"The person using or affixing a stamp must write thereupon the initials of his name, and the date when used."

"The penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind without the same having thereon a stamp to denote the duty is \$30, and such a paper will be invalid and of no effect."

Any check on a bank, or sight draft, over \$20 requires a two cent stamp; \$20 and under no stamp is required.

CLUB RATES.—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, \$6. Godey and Madame Demorest's Quarterly Book of Fashions and Patterns, one year, \$3.

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.

A GENTLEMAN in England once died suddenly while he was writing a letter to his brother. When his executor found the letter among his papers, he finished and signed it as follows: "While I was writing this, I fell dead. Your affectionate brother, ———"

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

At this writing the city is being Gottschalked, and concerts and soirees rule the day. Opera is looming up, however, and the year will not go out without permitting us a taste. But, while waiting for the legitimate, who shall forbid us enjoying the burlesque, as it is found at the Eleventh Street Opera House? Everything is well managed there. Even Dambolton's famous troupe, which used to set the London *ditt*-crazy, were nothing compared with Carnecross & Dixey's. Carnecross is a sweet singer; and Dixey—we heard a lady say there is but one Dixey. And then the Burlesque Monster Concert, got up in the style of Jullien's! If there could be a better mimic of Jullien in all his remarkable exaggerations as an impresario than Frank Moran—we beg his pardon, Signor Morano—we should like to see him. Caricatured or not, there is good music down Eleventh Street. Their overtures and choruses would shame some orchestras and singers we have heard at the Academy.

*The Operatic World.*—For the purpose of familiarizing young piano players with the best music from operas, Firth, Pond, & Co., of New York, are now issuing a fine publication with the above title. Each number is complete, and contains two or three gems from some opera. Those we have seen are *La Favorita*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Auna Bolena*, *Satanella*, *Luisa Miller*, and *Nabucodonosor*. Price of each 25 cents, on receipt of which we will purchase and mail to any address.

*New Songs and Ballads.*—H. Tolman & Co., Boston, have just published a pretty song, *Minnie Ray*; a beautiful ballad, *Can I Go, Dearest Mother?* by Covert; *Angels, my Darling*, will Rock thee to Sleep, sung by the Barker family; *The Angels' Call*, song by Oechner; and *Ferdinand Mayer's* arrangement of *We are Coming, Father Abram*, or *Three Hundred Thousand More*, adapted as a song or quartette. Price of each 25 cents.

The new songs from Firth, Pond, & Co.'s press are *Mother, Oh Sing me to Rest*, in the style of *Rock me to Sleep*, 25 cents. *I'll be Home To-Morrow*, new ballad by S. C. Foster, 25. *Come in and Shut the Door*, and *The Last Broadside*, two beautiful songs by Fred Buckley, of Buckley's Opera Troupe, each 25. *Oh Let me Shed one Silent Tear*, author of *Cottage by the Sea*, 35. *Comrades, Touch the Elbow*, same author, 25. *There's a Beauty in the Summer Flower*, an exquisite quartette by Laurence, 10 pages, 50 cents.

*New Pieces, &c.*—The same publishers issue splendid variations on the army air, *Marching Along*, by Grobe, 10 pages, 50 cents. *Himmel's Battle Prayer*, transcribed by Julius E. Muller, 35; and a charming bagatelle by G. Wm. Warren, *Harry's Music Box*, 25 cents.

The popular air, *Adams and Liberty*, as played by the military bands, is published by H. Tolman & Co., who also issue at the same price (35 cents) a fine transcription by Baumbach of Louis' exquisite nocturne, *Departed Days*; at 25 cents, *Porini's Hilton Head Waltz*; at 40 *Magdalena*, new fantasia, by the author of *The Maiden's Prayer*; and at 50 cents a splendid new set of waltzes by Strauss, entitled *Gedankenflug* (stray thoughts), 11 pages.

*New Music by the Editor.*—We have just published new editions of our own songs, *Beautiful Valley* (third edition in a few weeks); *Poor Ben the Piper* (seventh edition); *O Lady, Touch those Chords Again*; *The Minstrel's Grave*; and *The Passing Bell*, or *Home Returning from*

the Wars. Price 25 cents each, or we will send the five to any address for \$1 00.

The Musical Editor will continue to purchase and mail any music ordered, or will cheerfully give any information requested concerning music. In these Christmas and New Year holiday times especially our friends making presents should draw largely from the above list, or the lists in past numbers of the Book, as a fine assortment of music makes one of the most acceptable of presents. Address, at Philadelphia,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

SEND ME A SPECIMEN NUMBER.—We never hesitate to send a specimen when we think that it is honestly asked for; but here is another attempt at imposition. A man writes to us from a town in Ohio, for specimens of *Lady's Book*, *Arthur*, and *Harper*. He also wrote to Mr. Arthur for specimens of *Arthur's Magazine* and *Lady's Book*. Thus far we know. No doubt he has also written to the Messrs. Harper, and the *Atlantic* and *Knickerbocker* for specimens, and probably to every other magazine in the country. If any publisher wants his name, we will send it to him.

A NICE SITUATION FOR A LITTLE BOY—in the parquet of a theatre, behind a lady with a very fashionable bonnet on of the present style.

THE FOSTER HOME.—This institution, situated at the corner of Twentieth and Hamilton Streets, has accomplished a large amount of good under the care of the benevolent ladies who have it in charge. It provides for the wants of many children who would otherwise be left to suffer. Among others, the children of fathers who are doing duty as soldiers, who otherwise would be left to suffer, and probably become outcasts. It cares for the children in such a way as to make them useful members of society. Would any lady visit the establishment, she would become at once convinced of its utility; she would see how happy the children are, how well they are cared for. The war has necessarily increased the demand for its beneficent agencies, and it is now considerably straitened for funds. With a largely increased family, and the winter season approaching, its means are nearly exhausted, and in this state of things an appeal is made to the benevolent to come to its succor. The ladies who manage the "Home" do not feel that they can apply personally to the public, and they trust that this appeal will be successful, and that the power and usefulness of the "Home" may be strengthened by liberal donations. Persons wishing to contribute may leave the funds at the office of the *Lady's Book*, 323 Chestnut Street, or with Mrs. GODEY, No. 1517 Chestnut Street.

LITERARY NEWS.—Our readers will be pleased to hear that we have made arrangements with Marion Harland, the well-known author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam," for a series of stories. Every number for 1863 will contain a story from her pen. This is a compliment to the Book, as she writes for no other magazine. The stories will be copyrighted, so that they may not be found anywhere but in the pages of the *Lady's Book*.

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.

**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.

SANFORD has opened a very pretty place of amusement under Concert Hall, Chestnut Street. The performances are very good, but we have one piece of advice, both to Sanford and Carnecross & Dixey—give us more negro melodies; we don't want to hear a stalwart looking negro singing love songs. Bad enough to hear a white man giving utterance to such songs as "Love me, dearest," "I'll love thee ever," "Fondly I'll love thee." We go to hear negro minstrelsy, and don't want white folks' songs. As the old negro said when reproached for throwing in the water a fine black fish he had caught, "When I fishes for cattiee, I fish for cattiee."

NOTES of all solvent banks received in payment; but when the amount is \$10 and over, drafts had better be sent. A sight draft of \$20, and under that amount, requires no excise stamp.

**NEW TABLE ORNAMENTS.**—Ladies are introducing a new and beautiful ornament for the parlor mantel or centre-table. They take large pine burs, sprinkle grass seeds of any kind in them, and place them in pots of water. When the burs are soaked a few days they close up in the form of solid cones, then the little spears of green grass begin to emerge from amongst the laminae, forming an ornament of rare and simple beauty.

An advertisement to this effect appeared in one of the papers: "A citizen wishes to find the sum of \$50,000. If any one will tell him where to find it, he will give him half of the money."

OUR very able musical editor, Mr. Holloway, opens the year with a piece of music of his own composition.

#### CLUB of \$10.

Your magazine is a welcome monthly visitor, without it I don't know how I could procure the Fashions in time. Most of the other monthlies are, I find, behind you in the Fashions. M. M., *New York*.

DEAR SIR: I have had your Lady's Book for two years, and would not, on any account, be without it, and so I have been telling my friends; and have succeeded in getting up a club. Please accept my warmest thanks for your useful and elegant Book. Miss R., *Mass.*

#### Club of \$10.

Accept many thanks for the pleasure you have given us during the year. Though we feel the depressing influence of the times, we cannot yet feel that we can give up the Book which always comes with so pleasant and cheerful a greeting. Mrs. R., *Ohio*.

I enclose \$10 for the Lady's Book. It is a welcome visitor to me, for it has gladdened my household for four years, and it has improved every year. I hope it will still continue to be the best magazine published. Mrs. H., *Conn.*

**A BIT OF GERMAN ROMANCING.**—In a book published at Berlin, under the title of "Schultze and Müller in London," is the following passage: "At a quarter to six we went to the great Post Office. As to-morrow is Sunday it was to-day an extraordinary crowd, and especially the squeeze was tremendous round the newspaper-box, when as the Englishman says, the newspapers are thrust in in bales; and it is, indeed, on a grand scale, since the *Times* alone has 16,000,000 subscribers. I wanted Schultze not to go so near the crush, but he did not hear me. As he was standing there there come a great shock of newspaper boys running with bales of newspapers and throwing them in at the window. A bale of newspapers hits Schultze on the head; he loses his balance and tips head-forwards into the bureau; half a dozen officials immediately seize him, stamp him in the stomach, and the unhappy Schultze is dispatched as an unpaid newspaper to the provinces. At this moment the box is closed with a snap. I rush against it and cry, 'Schultze! Schultze!' But it was too late. Your unhappy son-in-law was already packed in the post-cart, and went off with the bale of newspapers to the South-Eastern Railway. I run into the bureau of the postmaster, and demanded back your son-in-law. 'Is your friend addressed?' he asks. 'No,' I answered. 'Very well,' says the Englishman, 'Mr. Schultze will remain for six months in the bureau, and, if no one applies for him, he will be burned as a dead letter.'"

**A CAUTIOUS MAN.**—As a pedestrian tourist was lately proceeding towards Trenton, he asked a man who was breaking stones by the roadside how long it would take him to reach that place. The man looked at him without speaking and then resumed his work. The question was repeated with the same result, and at last the traveller walked on. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when the man called after him and made a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stonebreaker, the latter said to him, "It will take you an hour to reach Trenton." "Then why did you not tell me so at first?" said the traveller. "Why," replied the man, "it was necessary for me first to see at what rate you walked, and, from the way you step out, I am now able to say that you can do the distance in an hour."

THE FAIRY SEWING-MACHINE. A HOLIDAY GIFT FOR THE WORK-TABLE



As many of our readers are anxious to know just what the new sewing-machine introduced by Mme. Demorest, and alluded to in our November number, is, we will tell them what we think of its uses and advantages.

WHAT IT IS.

In the first place it will attract attention from its diminutive, fairy-like size, and the ease with which it can be carried, an important matter to a seamstress or dressmaker employed from house to house. It is contained



in an ordinary paper-box, much the size of an ordinary square photographic album, and may be carried about with the same ease. When

in use it is attached to an ordinary table, after the fashion of a sewing-bird. There is no machinery below, the whole motive-power being a small crank, which is turned with ease.

HOW IT WORKS.

Its operation is wonderfully simple. An ordinary sewing needle is threaded, the eye placed in a socket, which may be seen in the cut; the point must rest opposite the centre of the cog wheel, and for this reason the socket may be adjusted by a simple screw, pushed backwards or forwards as the needle is longer or shorter. This is the chief judgment required. The commencement of the seam is held to the point of the needle, which takes it up until the needle is full, when a reverse movement of the crank is made, the work drawn off, and it begins afresh.

WHAT IT DOES.

What no other sewing-machine attempts to do, it runs, and does not stitch, it sews the more delicate materials, which an ordinary sewing-machine cuts or draws. The cambrics for infants' clothing, the Swiss muslin for Swiss waists, skirts of soft fabric, Nansook, muslin, and mousseline de laine (all wool), can be traced beautifully by it.

Breadths of fine flannels, mousselines, summer poplins, and all thin fabrics, can be run up with it. For the

dressmaker, in spring and summer it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place for more delicate uses. As in sewing by hand one seamstress is required for heavy parts of it, so with sewing-machines. Every owner of these household blessings is willing to give five dollars for a "tucker" or "hemmer," or any improvement that facilitates work—it is just the price asked for this little gleaner in the great harvest field of industry, that modestly keeps its own place, nor seeks to usurp one already filled. It is a most useful and appropriate gift for the holidays, being packed for this purpose in a pretty case, and ornamental in itself.

The price is only \$5. Address Madame Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

From an Editor.

FRIEND GODEY: I am bothered to the roundest every month with persons who wish to borrow your valuable Book; they (the ladies) know it is the best book of fashions, and they are sending from all quarters of the town to my better half to borrow it; she does hate the principle, and often tells me to publish them. She is very afraid that you will discontinue it to this office, if I do not publish the borrowers. However, in the long run, I believe it is an advantage to you, because they subscribe to the Book after awhile; that is, I have known several ladies who have subscribed after examining our copy.

Yours truly, B.

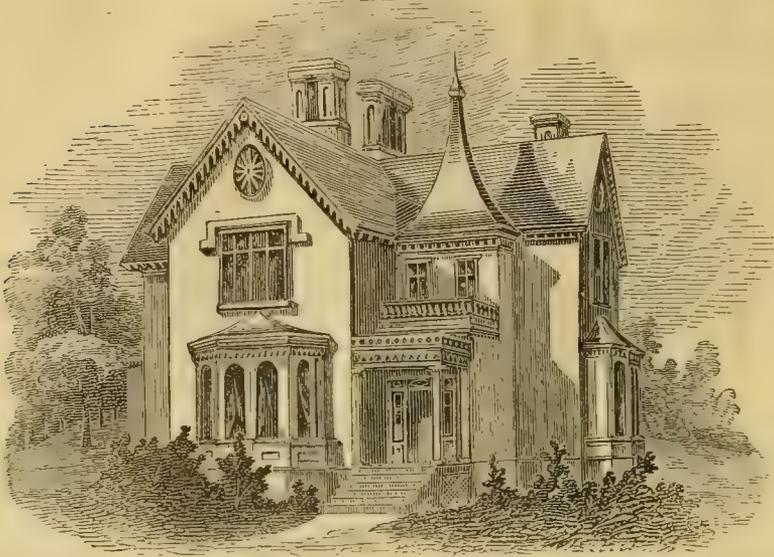
A PRESENT FOR A LADY.—Did it ever strike any of our young friends that they could not make a more agreeable Christmas or New Year's present to a young lady than a year's subscription to the Lady's Book? Will it not monthly call the donor to their remembrance, and will they not be particularly gratified in receiving so useful a present?

A LADY once wrote to her absent husband thus: "I write to you because I have nothing to do; I stop because I have nothing to say."

THE best \$3 and the best \$2 monthly are offered one year for \$3 50. See advertisements in this number.

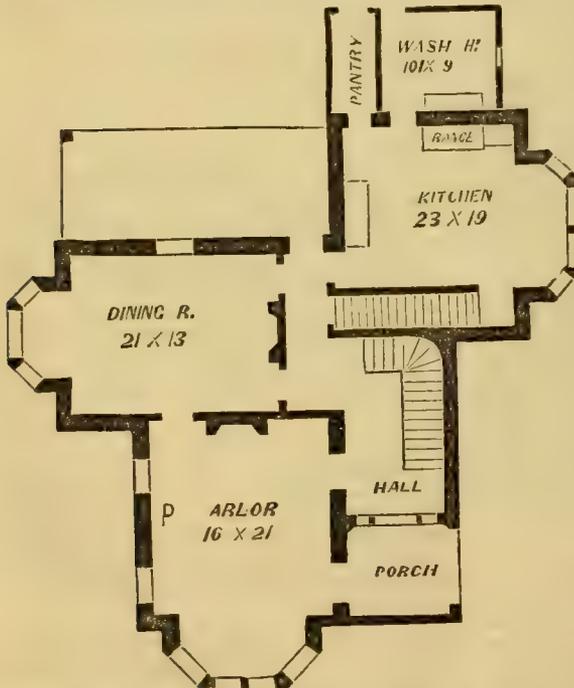
## RURAL RESIDENCE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



In presenting to the public the above design, I have taken pains to make it practicable. The building is intended to be built of stone, and roughcast; but if built of

dow-frames are intended to be made plank front, which need no outside lintels, as they are always objectionable if made of wood, where roughcasting is done.

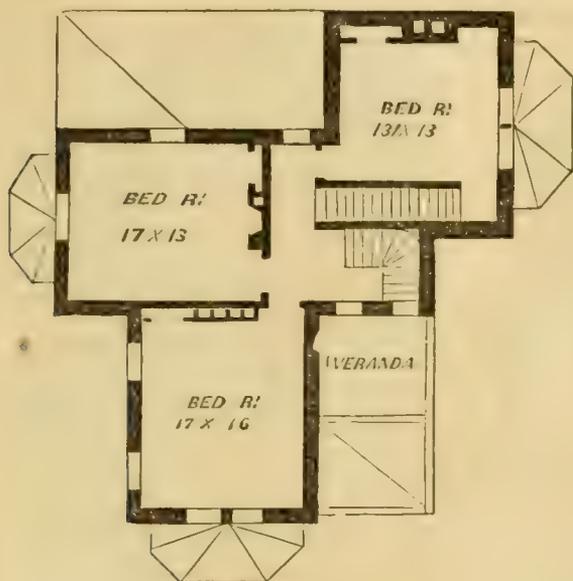


The roof of the main building is intended to be built of slate or shingles, as choice may determine; but if the loft rooms are to be fitted for sleeping rooms, shingles should be preferred, as they make them more pleasant in warm weather. Bay-window and veranda roofs must be of tin, and preparation should be made for them as the building goes up. All conductors, lightning rods, and all other work to be fastened to the walls, and work put up inside around the windows previous to roughcasting, as in the performance of them there is much danger of laying the foundation for cracked and scaling walls. Many are prejudiced against roughcasting on that account, but if it is properly done, and in a good season of the year, with sharp sand and good lime, well beaten together, avoiding the covering of any wood-work, cutting it off neatly at the edges of frames, as the adjar caused by the striking of doors and shutters will shatter the work. The color, if possible, should be obtained by the use of colored sand, which is by far the most durable and natural in appearance. The more it is worked in beating it together the less danger of blisters. More sand than lime can be used, which is always desirable. Base courses must always be placed as high up as the veranda floors, made of stone, pointed, or bricks, and painted.

brick, the walls may be reduced to 13 inches in thickness, and will need no internal lining, which must always be done when they are built of stone. The win-

Cement is not to be relied upon, and as I have found by experience a poor substitute for either of the above.

ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect.



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.

**PEG TOP PANTALOONS.**—We have often referred to excess of fashions among the ladies. Let it be understood that every fashion is supposed to be pretty. The eye gets accustomed to it, and the departure from it is what is remarked. Occasionally a lady may be seen without crinoline; people stare and turn round to look at her. She certainly attracts attention. So with the gentlemen's peg tops; the use would be well, but the abuse is ridiculous.

**THE MEN WHO MAKE SPELLING-BOOKS.**—Will not some person start up and make a spelling-book that will contain words that there may be some possibility that one of them may be used some time in the next fifty years? We have before us now a spelling-book in which are some words that in an intercourse with the world of some sixty years we never have heard used; and we will venture to say that we will ask one hundred men in common life, and no two out of the hundred will be able to tell the meaning, and no one out of the same number will be able to spell the word. It is a common complaint, and we hear it every day, that children come from school and cannot spell, simply from the reason that they are kept at words not in use, and not at those used in common every-day life.

**MANY SUBSCRIBERS.**—You have probably seen, by the way the fashion is folded in the December number, how stupid your bookbinder must have been.

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.

E. B. H.—Sent infant's wardrobe October 18th.

Miss G. McD.—Sent bonnet 18th.

Mrs. S. T. G.—Sent pattern 20th.

Miss D. A.—Sent knitting cotton 22d.

H. F. B.—Sent hair chain 22d.

Miss E. L. B.—Sent velvet trimming 22d.

Mrs. H. W. W.—Sent articles by express 23d.

Miss D. A. D.—Sent patterns 23d.

Mrs. A. B.—Sent zephyr by express 24th.

Mrs. G. G. P.—Dry goods have advanced here very much, and the same articles we purchased you which then cost \$104, we could not duplicate for \$134.

Mrs. C. M. W.—Sent patterns 24th.

W. R.—Sent corsets 27th.

Miss A. M.—Sent hair ring 28th.

C. La P.—Sent hair ring 28th.

Mrs. H. S. H.—Sent pattern 28th.

A. F. N.—Sent braid 28th.

Mrs. E. B. H.—Sent articles 28th.

Mrs. M. P.—Sent patterns 29th.

Mrs. G. F.—Sent pictures for vases November 1st.

Mrs. L. C. H.—Sent pattern 1st.

C. L. R.—Sent hair ring 3d.

Mrs. H. C., Brunswick, Maine.—*Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashion* is published at 473 Broadway, New York. The number of her establishment is published monthly in the *Lady's Book*.

Mrs. R. G.—We cannot answer such questions. Your family physician is the proper person to mention the inquiry to.

Miss D. E. E.—Immediately after nuptials have been solemnized. The waiter gives the signal, and the parties then proceed—as you have stated.

Miss E. H. A.—No gentleman would ask such a question.

E. C. B.—Sent jewelry 3d.

Mrs. J. B. W.—Sent Alicant pattern 4th.

Mrs. A. E. B.—Sent pattern 4th.

Mrs. M. A. B.—Sent pattern 5th.

Mrs. C. W. C.—Sent lace undersleeves, etc., 8th.

W. M. of Chicago—Asks us to furnish "a plan for a block of city residences," etc. It will cost him no more than it will us to have such a plan designed; and as we are not aware that any other of our subscribers want such a plan, we must refer him to Mr. Hobbs, and will, with pleasure, see that Mr. Hobbs gets his letter.

M. G. E.—Gentlemen don't wear expensive jewelry; there is a class of men who do, but they are supposed generally to be of the fancy order.

Miss M. G.—Sent worsted 10th.

Mrs. L. M.—Sent hair ornaments 10th.

C. J.—Sent bonnet 10th.

Mrs. G. M.—Sent infant's wardrobe 10th.

Miss R. L.—Sent pattern of Red Riding Hood 10th.

R. M.—Sent Chemise Russe 10th.

Mrs. H. H. K.—Sent "Titian" 11th.

Miss S. N. N.—Sent Chemise Russe 11th.

Mrs. M. K.—Sent Mirandole 11th.

Miss R.—Learning to write is like learning to draw: you have only to take a good copy and try to imitate it. You will soon find your writing improved. Avoid flourishes.

E. H. R.—Sartain's and Graham's magazines have been dead for many years.

Mrs. J. L. E.—Sent cigar-case 12th.

Miss M. H.—Sent gloves, net, etc., 12th.

Mrs. J. B. F.—Sent crochet net 12th.

Miss S. M. D.—Sent kid gloves 12th.

Miss D. R.—We know of no remedy for freckles; and we advise you not to try any of the advertised nostrums.

Mrs. A. V. S.—Out of time—cannot attend to it.

Mrs. H. D.—Soap and water is the best remedy, well applied.

Anna, New York.—Seam, ribbed, purl, and turned stitch, are all terms having the same meaning. A seam stitch is made by bringing the cotton before the needle, and instead of putting the needle over the upper cotton it is put under.

Or, bring the cotton forward, and knit the part of the stitch which is next to you.

Mrs. W. S. T.—A mother's feelings should answer your question about mourning.

Miss E. R. N.—We shall probably commence paper flower making in our next number.

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.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 JANUARY.

Fig. 1.—Dress suitable for a bridesmaid. White silk under-dress, with over-dress of white *crêpe*, made with two skirts. The second skirt is quite long, and is finished with scallops bound with white silk, and is elegantly trimmed with puffs of the *crêpe* arranged in a linked Grecian pattern. The same design forms the bertha on the corsage, also trims the sleeves. The corsage is made with a deep point both behind and before. Etruscan ornaments and coiffure of cherries with foliage.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white reps, with five narrow flounces on the skirt, trimmed with violet velvet. Above this trimming are three black thread lace flounces. Corsage pointed both back and front, and trimmed with lace and violet velvet trimmings. Sash of violet velvet, embroidered and fringed. Coiffure of Parma violets.

Fig. 3.—White satin dress, trimmed elaborately with groselle velvet and black lace. Bertha and corslet trimmed to match the skirt. Coiffure composed of white ostrich plumes and groselle velvet.

Fig. 4.—White *glacé* silk, with plain skirt; corsage trimmed with folds, and the sleeves one large puff. Breast knot of green velvet, with bullion tassels. Sash of green velvet, with pointed ends, finished with heavy bullion tassels. Coiffure of green velvet and Solferino flowers.

Fig. 5.—Dress suitable for a bridesmaid, composed of white muslin, with six gauffered flounces on the skirt. Bertha formed of three gauffered ruffles. Full body and puff sleeves. Pink sash, with heavy fringed ends tied behind. Coiffure of rose-buds, with foliage.

#### HEADDRESSES.

(See description, page 18.)

Fig. 1. *The Coralio Headdress.*—This headdress is formed of a torsade of cerise velvet and a point lace barbe, with a large bow on the forehead, and white plumes on the right side.

Fig. 2. *The Eulatio.*—Net composed of gold cord caught with black velvet and gold buttons. Three white plumes are on the left side. Over the head is a roll of black velvet, which is finished on the right side by a large bow with ends trimmed with gold and lace.

## 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.

## DAISY TRAVELLING WINTER HOOD.

(See plate printed in colors in front.)

*Materials* required to make one hood: An ounce and a half of single white Berlin wool; two ounces of a very bright shade of Alpine rose; half an ounce of single Partridge wool; six skeins of white sewing silk; half a yard of Alpine rose ribbon for the bow behind; a d'oyley frame, with brass pegs, twelve inches square, and one four inches wide and twelve inches long.

This pretty hood, which is so useful for travelling wear, or for putting on in coming out of a theatre or place of public amusement, is made in the same manner as the daisy d'oyleys which used to be so much in vogue.

The hood has a white and speckled head-piece, bordered all round with a bright rose-colored border, with strings of the same. The head-piece is not cut after it is removed from the pegs of the frame; but the border and strings have half of the wool cut in the same manner as the daisy mats, to give it a *fluffy*, soft appearance.

The wool is wound on a frame, and each square is secured by a cross-stitch in wool. The head-piece consists of a simple square, the wool being wound crosswise on the frame, from corner to corner, so that, when finished, the diamonds lie in the proper direction.

Four rows of white wool must be wound round every other peg, and over this three rows of white sewing silk; the other pegs require two rows of white wool and two of Partridge wool.

When all the wool is wound, the squares must be secured with white wool, threaded in a long netting-needle, slipping the wool on the wrong side to form a square underneath; or, to explain ourselves better, securing the squares the straight way of the frame.

When this square is completed the head-piece is finished, and the border must be commenced on the long, narrow frame.

The front border and strings are made in one piece; and, as the frame is not long enough, it must be accomplished by four separate windings. Take seven skeins of the rose-colored wool, fold each skein into five lengths, fasten each skein on to the pegs of the long side, winding the wool that is to be continued, round the opposite pegs, to keep it secure. To form the squares, loop two pieces of wool in and out the short way of the frame, and over that three pieces.

It will now be seen that the squares are formed, which must be secured with the same colored wool; and, when this portion of the work is completed, three of the threads cut on each side of the stitch, to form a little tuft, or daisy.

When removed from the frame, the border is finished by the loops on each side, which make a pretty edging to the strings. Three more lengths of border must be done in the same manner, until the wool is used up.

Half the quantity of border is sufficient for the hood behind. The border must now be sewn on in front, holding in the cap a little at the top, to give it a round appearance. After it is sewn on behind, a piece of platted Partridge wool should be run in between the stitches on the wrong side, so that the hood may be drawn in to the required size.

In the colored illustration of this hood, our readers will see that the border is composed of four windings of wool only. The reason for this is that, if there had been seven rows shown, the character of the work would not have been so easily seen, on account of its minuteness.

## CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

WHILE the month of January brings with it opportunities for using the elegant evening toilets, for which our ladies are famous the world over, it none the less brings mud and mire and stormy days. But notwithstanding mud and mire, business must be attended to and exercise taken in the open air. For these purposes, there is nothing so useful as the *Jupe Pompadour*; and we cannot recommend it too highly. It is very easily made: Two rows of rings are sewn at regular intervals on the inside of the skirt; through these rings pass cords, fastened to the bottom of the dress, which come out at the top of the skirt. By these cords the skirt can be drawn up in graceful folds to any height. With this *Jupe* should be worn the colored or Balmoral skirts, of which there is an endless variety. Some are elegantly braided and trimmed with velvet, others are of black material, with bands of scarlet cloth pinked on each edge and stitched on them. Again we see them alternately striped with black and white, with a deep Grecian design embroidered in black. Sometimes they are in brilliant colored merinos, with arabesques of black silk or cloth. They are also made of Poplin. But we object to these expensive styles, for a colored petticoat in our eyes, is only suitable for unpleasant weather, and should not, under any circumstances, take the place of a white one, with a handsome dress.

Dress skirts are now rarely seen perfectly plain. They are generally much ornamented, but in excellent taste. Soutache or braiding seems to be the order of the day. We have lately seen at Stewart's some very beautiful imported dresses of Empress cloth, braided or rather tamboured in a very deep and rich design. Other styles for misses, with *Sautés en barques* to match, were of blue, green, or brown reps with two rows of the Greek pattern woven on them in black velvet, the velvet about one-eighth of an inch in width, and the designs complete for the entire dress. The same style of robe was in the mourning department, black and purple velvet on black materials; also other rich designs on different materials.

At Mme. Pinchon's, Lord & Taylor's, and other establishments, were dresses with sack or Camailles to match, richly braided with fancy braids.

Dress skirts are worn of a moderate length on the street, but for a reception, visiting, or evening, they are made exceedingly long. Sleeves generally are of the coat style, and dresses are either made with jackets, many of them with box-plaits at the back, or else trimmed to give the appearance of a jacket in front. The *vest pastillon*, *basquine lancier*, and *vest Impératrice* are all fashionable.

The taste for solid colors seems to prevail, and never were such greens, purples, modes, and garnets, as those of this season. Changeable silks are being introduced, and *moire antiqués* and watered silks are much worn.

Merinos like the silks are of the most brilliant dyes this winter, and as they are a very pretty medium dress, and susceptible of much ornamentation, no wardrobe is considered complete without one. Indeed there seems to be a perfect rage for them, and as they hang in such soft graceful folds, we should prefer them rather than poplins for misses.

Mrs. Ellis, of 880 Broadway, contributes some very beautiful styles to our chronicle of fashions for this month. A very stylish dress was a wine-colored *noir* trimmed at the edge of the skirt with a narrow platted

founce. Above this plaiting were a series of semicircles or coquilles of black lace, in the centre of which were bands of black velvet. These coquilles, which were carried quite round the skirt, and ascended half way up the skirt on the left side, were headed by a narrow plaited founce corresponding with that on the edge of the skirt. The corsage was trimmed *en zouave*, and the trimming of lace and velvet was carried under the arms to the back, where it was finished with a bow and long ends. Another was of wine-colored silk, with chestnut leaves of velvet, caught in pairs with a jet ornament and carried round the skirt and up one side to the waist. Spanish corsage trimmed to match, and Spanish pocket.

Another dress, quite novel and in excellent taste, was a silver gray silk, ornamented round the bottom with a very deep band formed of black and violet ribbons, so arranged as to form checkers. On the corsage was a plastron of the same, and the sleeves with revers were trimmed to match.

Among the numerous merino dresses, was one of *rose de chine*, with velvet oak leaves, chain-stitched with white, running all round the skirt. Another of green, beautifully braided with thick white silk cord, a brown braided with gold color. A travelling dress of Humboldt purple, with Camail to match, both elegantly braided with fancy black braid.

Black alpaca are being made up with fluted ruffles, and trimmed with colored velvets and braids. Velvets are to be had narrow enough for braiding and so up to a finger in width of all colors; the black with white edge, however, seems to be preferred for everything. Plain black velvet ribbons come one-quarter of a yard wide. Black and white fancy braid is very stylish, and black mixed with tinsel we see used. Beads worked in with braiding add much to the effect. Short plaid silk scarfs are very much worn by misses, tied in a large bow under the chin. Camel-hair scarfs are worn in the same style. For in-doors, lace and muslin lappets or scarfs are now very generally worn round the neck, to the exclusion of collars. They are also tied in a large bow, and, when well tied, are very stylish. When made of lace, and arranged with taste, they are very becoming.

Handkerchiefs are worn very simply ornamented: some have five rows of small spots in black silk all round, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle, with similar black spots worked upon it. Others are chain-stitched, or braided in colors, with a medallion and initials on one side, the handkerchiefs being generally round. The more elegant are trimmed with insertions and futings of Valenciennes.

Sashes are much worn, and as it is rather expensive to have them to match every dress, many are made of black silk, with either a *ruche* all round, or else braided and the ends fringed. The most elegant are of black thread lace, and add much to the style of a dress.

The accepted style of bonnet is very high, rather square on top, and straight, shallow sides. For misses the tabs are generally very small. The trimming is placed on top, and consists of plumes or fans, fold, or futings of velvet.

We noticed at Miss McConnel's, of Clinton Place, New York, an exquisite bonnet of Humboldt purple velvet, with the whole of the front covered with the green blossoms of the American linden. We should remark, *en passant*, that the Humboldt purple has the peculiarity of looking well in the evening. Another of the same shade was trimmed with velvet flowers to match, and

black lace. We have not space to describe the many beautiful bonnets we saw at this establishment; but we were particularly attracted by a new veil styled *Loup de dentelle*. They are suitable for round hats as well as bonnets, and, we have been told, have been adopted by the Empress, and will be much patronized this winter. They are made in different sorts of lace, rather oval in shape, and held in their place by a black velvet, or ribbon of a similar color as the bonnet, which is run through a beading, and tied with bow and ends just over the mouth. The veil is then trimmed with a lace about two inches in width.

Brodie's cloaks are as usual very stylish and of great variety in shape and trimming. A number of the rich velvet cloaks are long sacks without trimming, except on the revers of the sleeve, on which there is a coquille of lace. Others are rounding, with several seams from the shoulders to the waist, causing them to hang very gracefully. They have armholes, but no sleeves, and are trimmed with jet *passenterie* running up in pyramids. Some have a large plait in the centre of the back, and are ornamented with rich crochet medallions, and fastened at the throat with crochet ornaments.

Ball cloaks are now being made of exceedingly rich and handsome material, and really form part of the evening toilet. Some are of white silk, bordered with bands of black and gold, others spotted with gold. New designs appear daily in the show-rooms. At Mme. Pinchon's we noticed a number of cloaks made of blue cloth, thick, soft, and velvety, richly braided or trimmed with *passenterie*. Others were darker, almost a blue black.

At other establishments we have seen sacks made up of army blue cloth, and trimmed with gilt braid and buttons; but these are entirely too *prononcé* for the street, and the style will not be adopted by ladies of good taste.

We were shown some very elegant dresses, just finished by Mme. Demorest, 473 Broadway. One was a Russian leather colored taffeta, the skirt trimmed with five bands of black velvet, edged on both sides with quilting of the same taffeta, and finished with black lace. The body was open and trimmed round over the shoulders with three rows of the velvet and plaiting, the centre band being the widest, which was also the case on the skirt. The bands ended in the girdle, which had broad, long ends, fastened without a bow.

An evening dress we admired for its novel and appropriate use of *crêpe* as the trimming. This was a mauve silk, trimmed with three rows of *crêpe* *ruches* in three shades, the inner one the darkest, and the outer one lighter than the dress. Low body, with Marie Antoinette fichu, trimmed to correspond, and terminating in long ends behind. Another silk of Mexican blue had three fluted *crêpe* founces, the same shade as the dress, and edged with black lace.

A very beautiful carriage dress was a fine poplin, in shaded tints of maize color and black, with five undulating black stripes. This dress had a hemmed founce of changeable silk, the same shade as the foundation color of the dress. Above this was an application of guipure four inches wide. The body was trimmed *en Zouave*, and the sleeve shaped at the elbow with trimmings of guipure lace and futings.

One of the latest novelties is the Spanish pocket, a very pretty and dressy little affair. It is worn on the outside of the dress, and is very like a Zouave pouch. It is suitable both for ladies and misses, and, we think, will be a favorite this winter.

FASHION.

63



THE DUET.



WILLIAMS'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY 1863.





PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

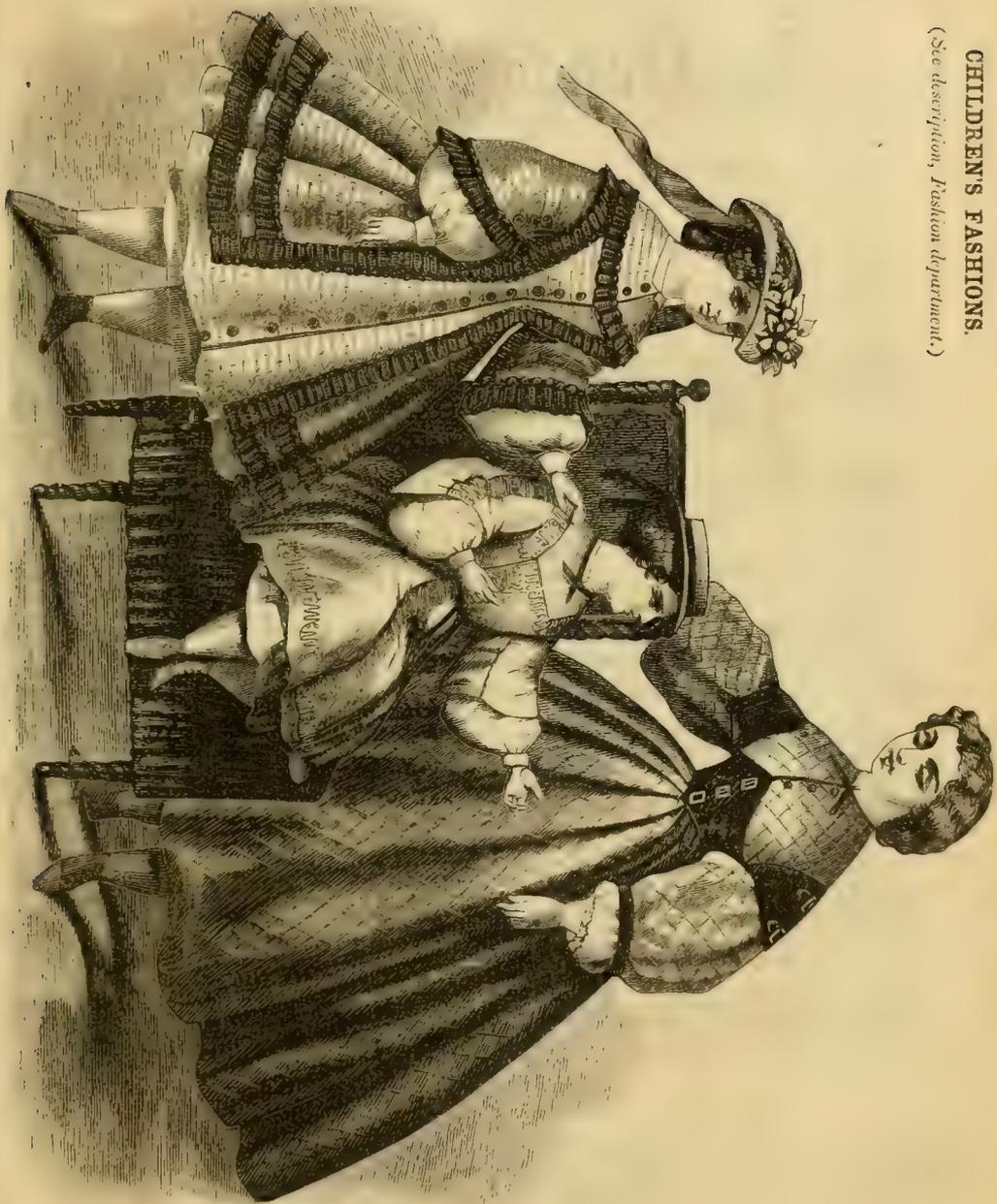
DESIGNED BY J. B. PATTERSON, PEPPER ELIZABETH, N.Y.

# WORKED PATTERN, FOR CHAIR SEAT.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See description, Fashion department.)



# La Danse d'une Fer.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY F. KARL.

*Allegro.* 8:

*Stac.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef, followed by a sharp sign and a repeat sign. The music features a series of chords and eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, featuring a series of chords and eighth notes. The word 'Allegro.' is written above the first staff, and '8:' is written above the second measure. The word 'Stac.' is written below the first staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, featuring a series of chords and eighth notes.

*Fine.*

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, featuring a series of chords and eighth notes. The word 'Fine.' is written above the first staff.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, featuring a series of chords and eighth notes.

LA DANSE D'UNE FEE.

8va.....

8va.....loco. 8va.....

8va.....loco. 8va.....

8va.....loco.

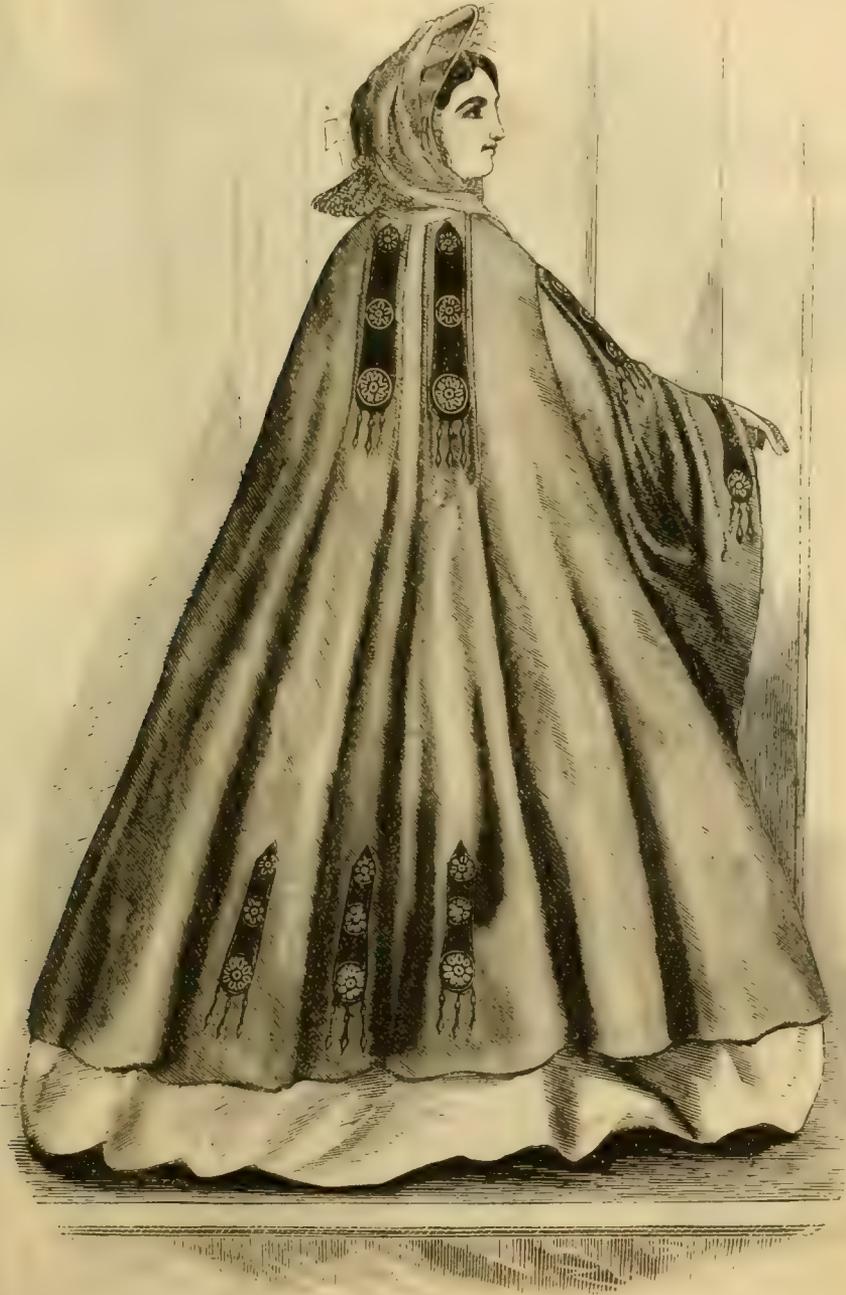
LATEST FASHION.



Dress of Parma violet silk, trimmed with ruffles of a lighter shade, also black velvet ribbon and braiding.

## THE BARCELONA.

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

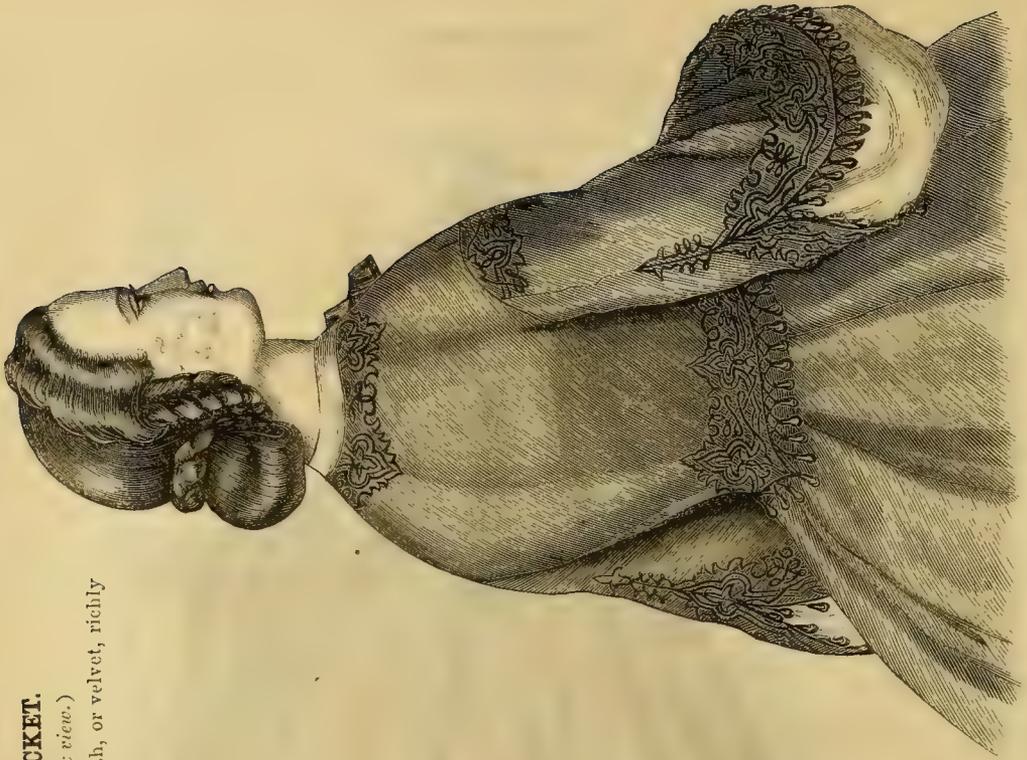


This beautiful variety of the most favored style of pardessus is drawn from a black cloth. It is laid in two flat plaits, commencing at the neck—at the back—and then fall free before they reach the depth of the waist. The sleeves are arranged to correspond. Macarons are employed as ornaments upon the faces of the plaits, and may also adorn the bottom of the skirt.

**FIGARO JACKET.**

(*Front and Back view.*)

To be made of merino, cloth, or velvet, richly braided.



FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

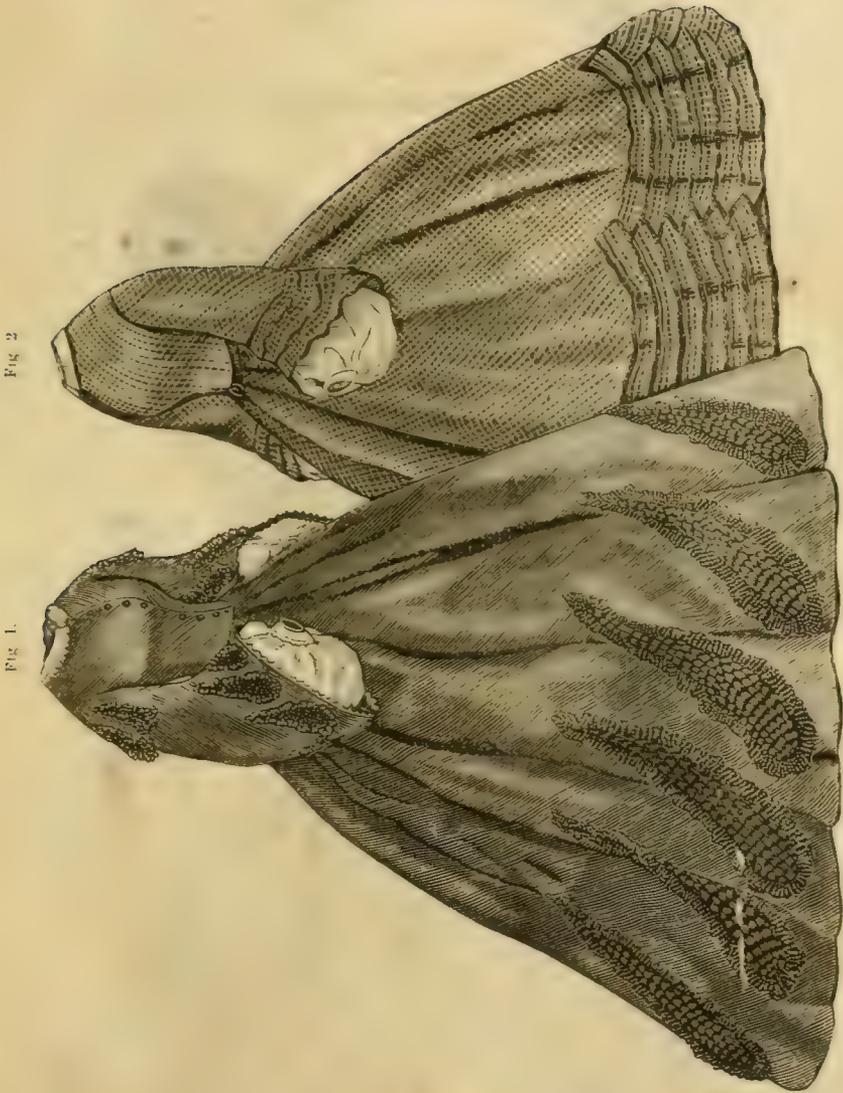


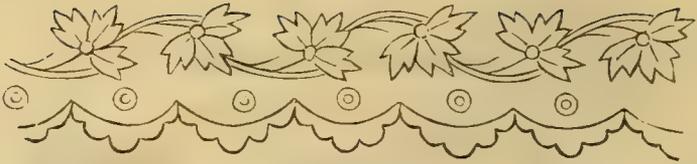
FIG. 2

FIG. 1.

Fig. 1.—Purple reps dress. The skirt is trimmed in pallas put on bias, and formed of *chicoré* ruches of black silk. Each palm is edged with guipure lace, put on with a little fulness. The sleeves are trimmed to match.

Fig. 2.—Dress for a young lady, made of Magenta and black Britannia. The skirt is trimmed with six flounces, edged with black velvet, and put on in waves with a very little fulness. These flounces are cut separately for each breadth, and put on so that the end of one flounce covers the beginning of the next. Plain corsage, and sleeves trimmed to match the skirt.

EMBROIDERY.



A NEW VELVET COIFFURE.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1 represents this beautiful and simple headdress complete.

Fig. 2 is the foundation of it.

Fig. 3 shows how the velvet should be plaited, and by matching the numbers on Figs. 2 and 3, the coiffure will be arranged as in the complete plate.

The diadem plait is of three strands of velvet.

Fig. 2.

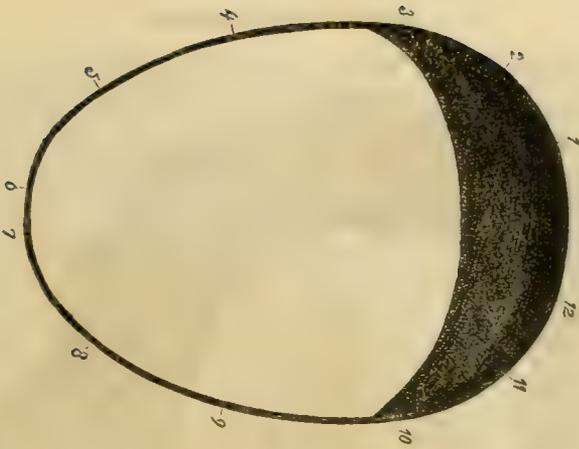
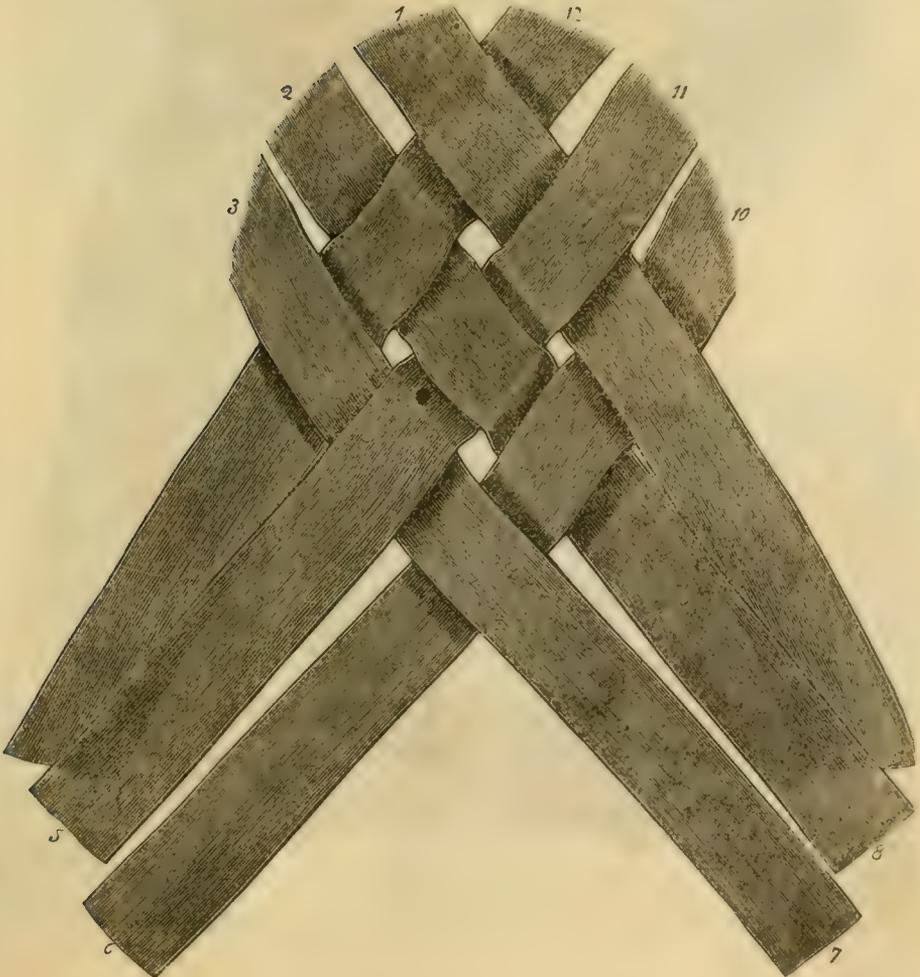


Fig. 3.



FANCY HEADDRESS.



Formed of rosettes of very narrow ribbon, and loops of wide ribbon.

**LADY'S CARD-CASE,**

IN GOLD THREAD AND STEEL BEADS ON KID.

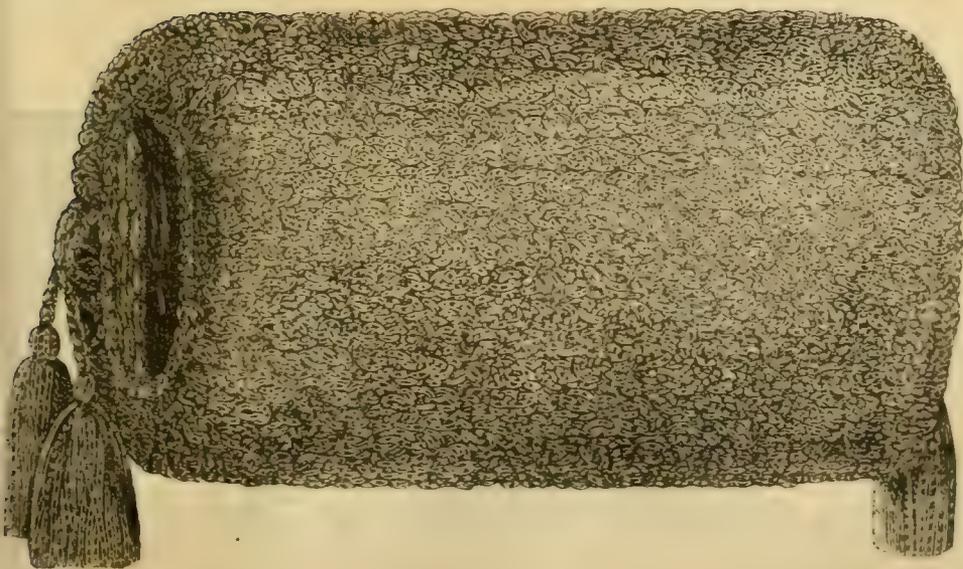
*(See description, Work Department.)*



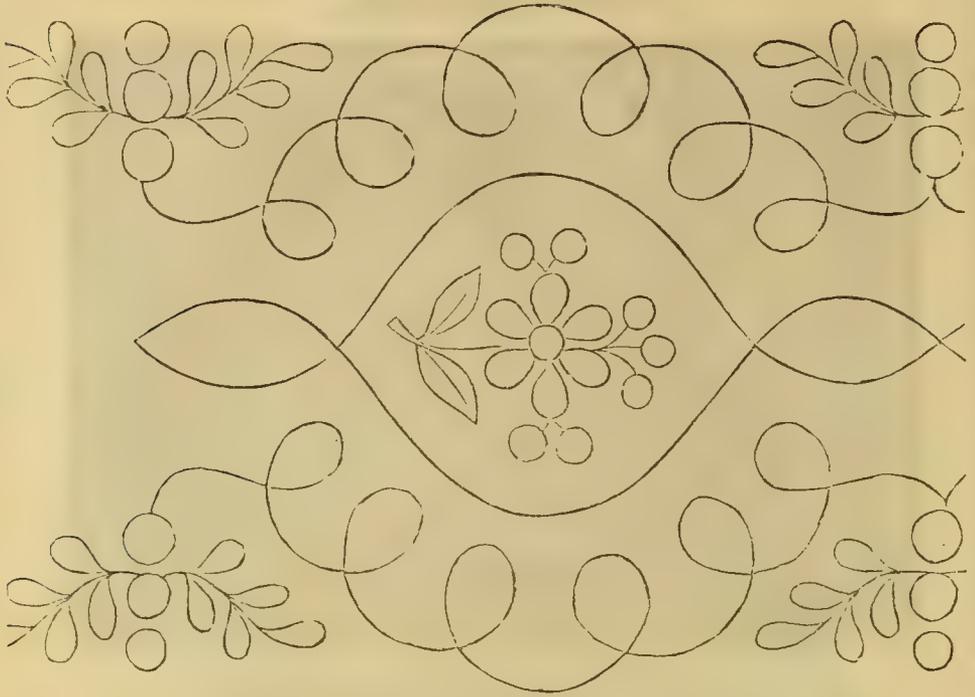
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**CROCHET MUFF.**

*(See description, Work Department.)*



**BRAIDING PATTERN.**

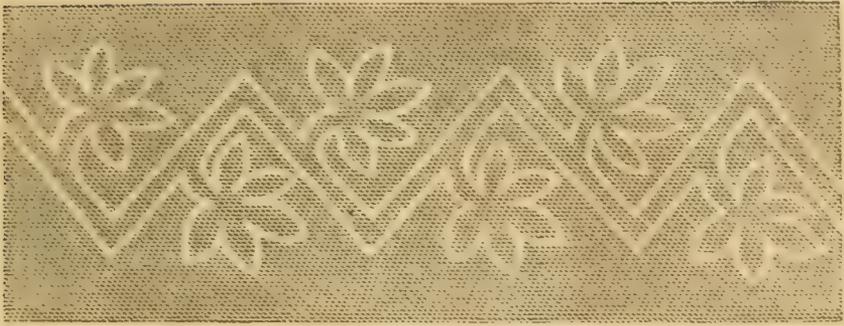


**GENTLEMAN'S BRACES IN SILK EMBROIDERY.**

*(See description, Work department.)*



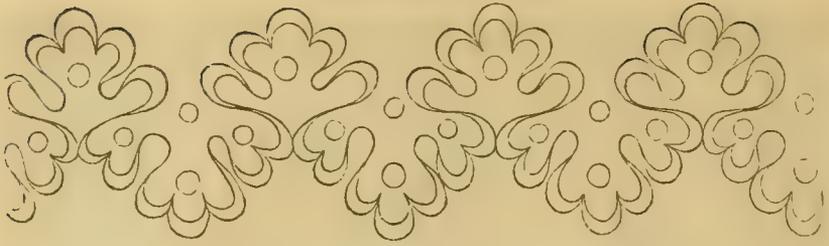
BRAIDING PATTERN.



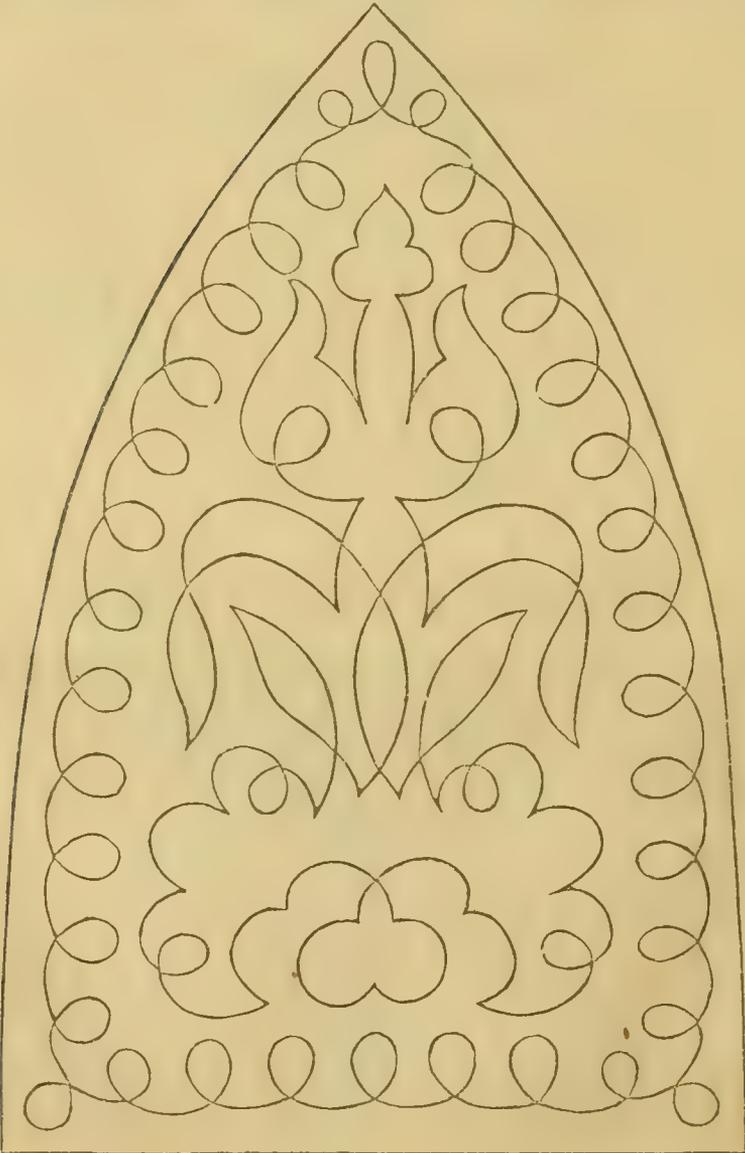
BRAIDED SHOE FOR A CHILD.



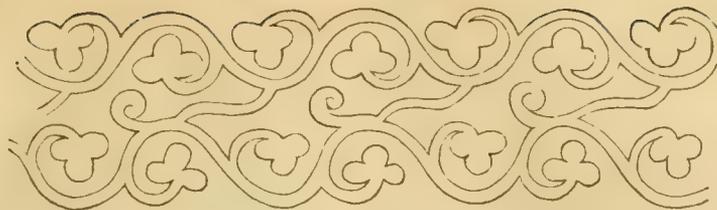
BRAIDING PATTERN.



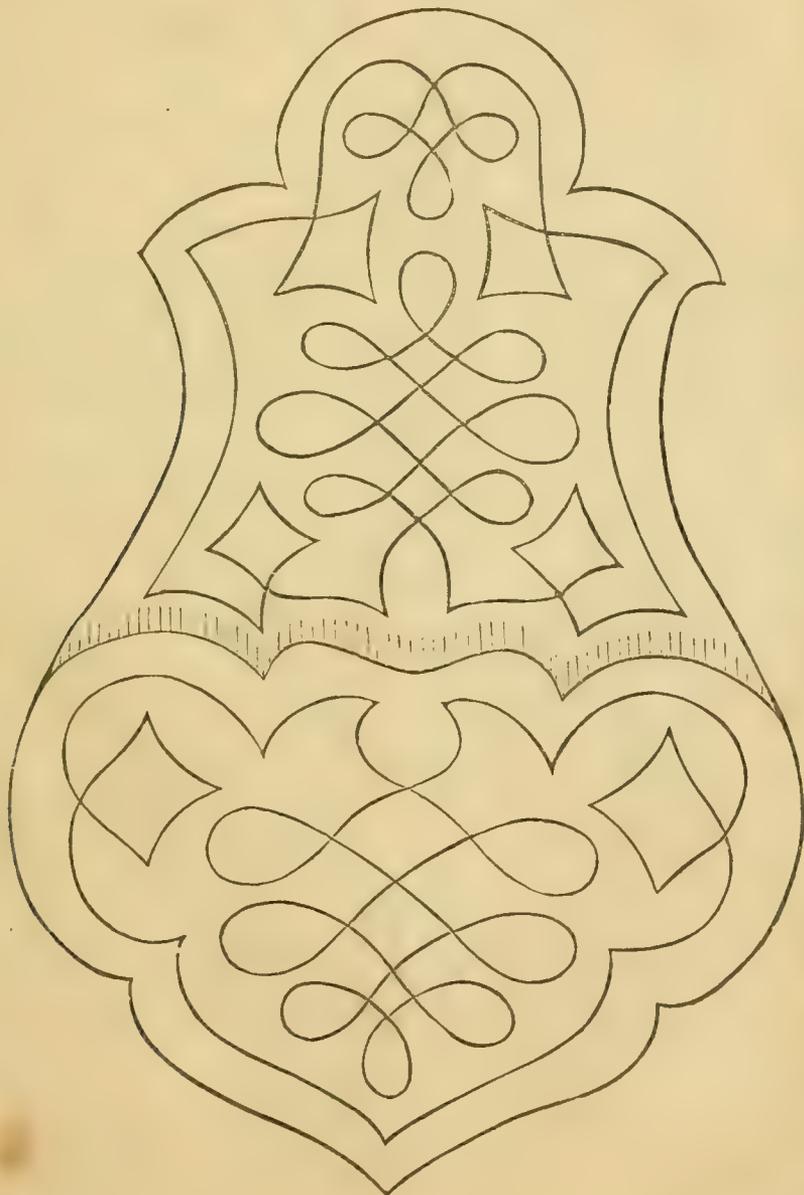
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A LOUNGING OR SMOKING CAP.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



BRAIDED WATCH-CASE.





BRAIDED CASE FOR SHAVING PAPER.

# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1863.

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### A LADY'S GLANCE AT THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

#### SHAWLS AND MIXED FABRICS.

As in the earlier ages men were accustomed to turn their gaze towards the eastern quarter of the globe as the source of civilization and the birth-place of the fine arts, so even in the middle of the nineteenth century, in one branch at least of productive industry, its prestige remains unquestioned. Notwithstanding the adaptive genius of the Western World, and the wonders wrought by its machinery, the Indian shawl still remains, par excellence, in the eyes of the initiated, the shawl of the civilized world.

For how large a portion of this distinction it may be indebted to the difficulty of its attainment we are hardly prepared to explain. Nor, unless the limitation of caste be removed which assigns its peculiar work to distinct native tribes, is the question likely to be speedily solved, as the manufacture of a single shawl of high quality is said to absorb the labor of years. Thus, for some time, at least, the demand is likely to exceed the supply, securing for it all the benefit of a mercantile protection, notwithstanding our national boast of universal free trade. Meanwhile, the increased facilities afforded by commerce for the acquisition of the raw material, the successful naturalization of the Thibet goat in Europe, with the advantages of skilled labor and an ever-improving machinery, present formidable obstacles to the long continuance of its hitherto unchallenged supremacy.

That the Indian shawl has been fully appreciated since its first introduction to this country is abundantly evident, from the period when scattered examples found their way through the medium of individual enterprise to the time

when they became more generally familiar to the *elite* through the periodical sales of prohibited goods by the East India Company as early as the year 1750. That the most elaborate specimens of the article should generally find their destination in the families of the Court of Directors is not very surprising, more especially as the possession of one or two shawls of the kind was sufficient to constitute a mark of distinction for the possessor.

Within thirty years of their introduction as articles of merchandise by the India House, we find them in the list of goods imported through the ordinary channel of the Custom House, but at a duty of nearly thirty per cent., which was subsequently reduced through six successive stages to the present merely nominal impost, just sufficient to secure the registry of their number and value.

It may, perhaps, be as well to remind our readers, previous to their visit to the Indian section of the International Exhibition, that the most brilliant specimens of shawls, appealing to the eye as blazing with gold and silver, are by no means the most valuable nor those most eagerly coveted by the initiated. The highest class of Indian shawls are those of more sober pretensions, exclusively loom-made, and may be briefly described as of two particular classes, with, of course, many subdivisions.

The most distinguished are the veritable cashmere, where the pattern (as in Honiton lace) is first made, the groundwork being subsequently filled in in the same loom, and not attached by any needle or similar instrument, although the extreme outer border is usually so joined, and consists of small squares, embodying every shade of color used in the fabric.

The value of a shawl depends on its quality even more than its pattern. Each fleece of the cashmere goat affords about eight ounces of the finest wool, which has to be separated hair by hair. It takes a native rather more than a week to disentangle a single ounce; leaving a second, third, fourth, and even a fifth quality, each having its assigned place, though never mingling in the same shawl. Such minute subdivisions render great experience necessary to decide on the relative value of any individual specimen, irrespective of the taste and extent of the pattern wherewith it is ornamented.

The second of the two classes to which we have above alluded is also made of the genuine Pashum cloth, woven in the loom, of a plain color and in a single piece: the object is to obtain on this ground, through the medium of needlework, an effect similar to that of the more elaborate specimens. This is wonderfully managed by a peculiar kind of applique, as yet without an English name, of so fine and minute a character as to deceive any but the most curious observer, the surface presenting no perceptible inequality from the groundwork. A glance, however, at the reverse side reveals the distinction, but so close is the imitation, that it ranks far more frequently as the genuine cashmere than is supposed.

The indispensable necessity of the shawl as an article of wearing apparel to well-dressed natives of India, Persia, and parts of Turkey, necessarily absorbs so large a proportion of the genuine article that few, comparatively speaking, remain for exportation, and of them the lion's share is secured for our own country, many being re-exported to the Continent and to America, where the demand is even greater than with ourselves. The most elaborate specimens of each kind are to be found in the present exhibition. Among the contributions of the Indian Government, to which a separate case has been assigned, we would direct the especial attention of our readers to one representing a pillar formed of clusters of pine, as remarkable for its beauty, although there is another said on unquestionable authority to bear away the palm. For the almost exclusive use of the pine as a form of decoration, with its various modifications, we are, in all probability, indebted to the almost religious veneration attached by the natives to the "surfeish," or egret, of the Oriental turban, and, as the same pattern is adopted by successive generations, little scope for variety has hitherto been afforded; but, with the more extensive demand consequent upon the opening up of remote provinces, a wider range of inven-

tion may be anticipated, and evidence of such advance has already presented itself in a most gorgeous specimen wrought in gold on a groundwork of four colors. The favorite design is in this case alternately reversed, by which means a circular ornament is achieved. Among the more brilliant shawls a black and gold applique from Delhi, priced at 25 guineas, appears to be remarkably cheap for its quality; whilst a black cashmere cloth embroidered in scarlet and gold, at 18 guineas, is scarcely less attractive. Of the silk and silver kingcobs many, in stripes resembling gold and silver ribbons on a dark groundwork, are very effective. Among the lighter scarfs, entitled "doopatta," or ornamented net, an example bearing a resemblance to scale-armor in silver, with a gemlike ornament on each scale, seems worthy the attention of our home manufacturers. One in "dhance," or faded leaf-color, with gold embroidery, is, from the contrast of tints, exceedingly effective, and a cinnamon-brown, with silver, is hardly less striking. There are many others, among which may be particularized samples of the renowned embroideries of Scinde, and the filmy gold muslins of Dacca; but over these we will not linger, as they scarcely seem to come legitimately within the scope of our subject.

Great as may be the value and reputation of Oriental shawls, it is in the French department that ladies will instinctively seek for evidence of that progress in design and execution so noticeable in other branches of industrial production, and, therefore, reasonably to be looked for in the one in question. We may not now stop to define that particular element in the taste and character of a Frenchwoman which secures her unwavering favor for this form of outdoor drapery, and renders the possession of a really good and varied assortment the object of her ardent ambition. Suffice it for us to extol the great perfection which, under the influence of such incentives, has been attained by French manufacturers, whose triumphs, by the way, will probably be more highly estimated in this country than in their own. The enthusiasm for Indian cashmeres, which is undoubtedly far more genuine and universal in France than among ourselves, leads to a certain disregard of all imitations, however beautiful. Ladies of very moderate means and position will strain every nerve to obtain the more expensive adornment, should it not have constituted a feature of the *corbeille de mariage*; but, happily, the absolute necessity of such a possession for a married woman is

admitted by reasonable husbands and fathers, and its attainment seconded by them almost as a point of honor. This being the case even among the middle classes of society, those beautiful *cachemires Français* which amply gratify our feminine ambition are obliged at home to descend a grade lower before they meet with perfect appreciation, and become in turn objects of aspiration or self-gratulation, as the case may be.

The origin of this national predilection for shawls has been traced to the close of the last century, when a few Oriental specimens were imported, as it were, by accident from Egypt, and quickly found favor in the eyes of republican beauties. The ever-increasing demand, which was sparingly supplied through British agency, soon suggested to private enterprise the idea of an imitative manufacture. The enormous expense of setting up a loom for this purpose, which in 1802 amounted to 60,000*l.*, is said to have concentrated the attention of Jacquard on the invention of a process for working intricate designs with greater facility; and the perfect success of his efforts converted a curious experiment into one of the most productive and honorable of the industrial resources of France. We find that in 1819 very excellent shawls were produced from real cashmere wool, imported of course, but prepared at home, as at present. A great improvement was effected about thirty years since by the introduction of a new power into the loom, the effects of which are precisely similar to those of the simple yet laborious processes employed in the East. We are informed that thirty or forty men would there be occupied many mouths in the construction of a shawl, of which an exquisite imitation can, thanks to this invention, called sponline, be woven in less time by the intelligent industry of one person.

As a feature of the specimens contributed to the exhibition by French manufacturers, we are gratified to notice a less servile adhesion to the Indian style of ornament than was apparent in 1851. Many beautiful and ingenious modifications of the accredited type are presented to our view, retaining just enough of the Oriental character to indicate the source in which they originated. We may point, for instance, to a shawl representing an open tent, the looped curtains of which reveal very successfully by their massive folds the richness and quality of the fabric. In the foreground two emblematical green dragons appear to be keeping watch and ward before the entrance of the pavilion, which rises from a wilderness of tropical foliage.

Birds of Paradise and other gay-plumaged creatures figure also occasionally on shawls of a high class, but such designs are more remarkable for brilliancy and novelty than for real artistic beauty. No such exception can be taken to a superb specimen manufactured by the well-known house of Duché, and appropriately designated the Albion cashmere. It is a perfect triumph of elaborate simplicity, and adapted to meet the requirements of a really refined taste. Equally attractive is one exhibited by Messrs. Allison, bearing a figured stripe on a black ground; modest in pretension, but very elegant. A charming example from the looms of M. Lair deserves especial notice; and there are, indeed, many others which will fully repay careful inspection, though scarcely adapted for minute description. A claim to distinction has been put forth by one manufacturer, M. Biétry, to which we allude rather as giving an idea of the importance attached to details by shawl buyers and sellers than because his invention, designated by the author as "a real and admirable progress," seems to us worthy of such exalted pretensions. It appears that it has been the practice to attach to the finest Indian shawls a mignonette pattern, designed and embroidered in France. M. Biétry has just discovered a means of producing this order of merit in the French shawls, woven in with the original substance, and consequently immovable; for this discovery he has obtained a patent.

Although the reputation of England as a shawl-weaving country has not hitherto approached that established by French manufacturers, it is undoubtedly true that they acted as pioneers in the enterprise of imitating the productions of the East. In 1784 Alderman Watson and Mr. Barrow, of Norwich, achieved the first shawl of that character ever made in Europe. The process was too slow and unprofitable to be repeated; but some specimens were produced soon afterwards, of mixed silk and worsted, the pattern being embroidered by hand. No particular advance was made until the year 1805, which witnessed the completion of the first shawl wholly fashioned in the loom. The manufacture was taken up about the same time in Edinburgh, where it was afterwards abandoned, and in Paisley, then suffering from the decline in the muslin trade. There it took root, and that town, with its vicinity, is well known to be the seat of production for all shawls of the Indian style, the higher classes consisting of real cashmere wool, and being afforded in great beauty at comparatively low

prices. The recent removal of the paper duty will, we should hope, give an impetus to the trade, as the cost of the card-board for a Jacquard loom forms a very important element in the expense of production. As regards quality, the present exhibition affords several specimens of British design and workmanship which will challenge the admiration of the most fastidious taste. Among these is a shawl which appears under the auspices of Messrs. Lock & Co., consisting of a striped pattern of remarkable variety, with a light design intersecting it from corner to corner, as if by the suggestion of some happy afterthought. In one, exhibited by Spiers & Co., Paisley, the ornamentation assumes the form of an elongated arch of interwoven pines. Its attractions are great, but not inferior are those of similar articles from the looms of Forbes and Hutcheson.

Of Norwich silk and mixed shawls, Messrs. Claburn & Crisp are the most extensive exhibitors. Their productions are remarkable for

brilliancy of color; indeed, they are in all respects worthy the established reputation of the firm, and as much may be said for those of Kerr, Scott, & Kilner. The assortment of warm, thick shawls for winter use is remarkably excellent and varied. It is a department in which they are, of course, unrivalled. The prevailing fashion for the coming season is evidently supposed to tend towards colors of a sober cast, for in cases where the material used is some animal fibre, the natural shade is closely imitated, or it is even manufactured undyed, different shades being supplied from various portions of the animal's body. The style of make is furlike, as may be inferred from the substances used. In the case of Mr. Bliss, of Chipping Norton, shawls may be seen woven from the hair of the beaver, hare, fox, rabbit, llama, alpaca, Thibet goat, and camel. Thus it would seem that every quarter of the globe has furnished its especial tribute for our benefit, and ingenuity has turned all of them to good account.

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## THE TURRETS OF THE STONE HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"HAVE you been over the house, Miss Margaret?" inquired Mrs. Stebbins, a little, pleasant-faced, vivacious woman, as she stopped a moment in the sitting-room to adjust her shawl and receive the blue china bowl which she had brought over filled with jelly for Mrs. Phillips, who was an invalid.

The mound of jelly stood on the table, on a small cut-glass dish of an antique pattern, and as the sunlight poured its golden rain upon the "quaking tumulus," it looked like an immense ruby.

"No, Mrs. Stebbins; I haven't seen the house at all." The tones were sweet and distinct that answered. Hearing them, you would not need to see Margaret Phillips to know that she was a lady, so far as cultivation of mind and graciousness of manner make one this.

"Oh, you don't know what you've missed," added Mrs. Stebbins, in her good-natured, sympathetic way. "It's a perfect palace. John says it's built after the style of some foreign nobleman's. There's no end to the money that it cost. I can't attempt to describe it, but there's the library openin' on the lawn, all of oak; and the parlors, with the green and gold; and the dinin'-room—well, there's no tellin'; but I told John after I got home that my house didn't look bigger nor better'n a shanty. But

it's some folks' luck to be born with silver spoons in their mouths."

"And some have the faculty of keeping the silver spoons, and some don't seem to." This general statement had a particular application in Margaret's mind, and this was the reason that there was a little touch of bitterness or pain in her voice, which only a very keen observer would have detected.

"That's a fact." Mrs. Stebbins was of the acquiescent, approbative type. "But"—slipping at once from general theories to specific facts—"it's too late now to see the inside of the house, for the family are expected next week, and they've got a train of servants puttin' things to rights."

"If it were otherwise, I haven't the time to get over there," answered Margaret, with a lack of enthusiasm which even Mrs. Stebbins must have perceived. "You were very kind, Mrs. Stebbins, to remember mother so often; I wish you knew how she will enjoy your jelly."

"La! don't speak of *that*. I thought it might set well with an egg or some chicken broth. My grandmother Parsons used to say, and she was a reg'lar hand at nussin', that there was everything in knowin' how to coax along a weak stomach; it did more than the doctor a good many times."

"I have no doubt of it, Mrs. Stebbins; and I really believe the nice little dainties you've sent mother for the last month have done more for her than all her medicine has."

The little woman's faded face flushed with genuine pleasure. "I don't feel as though I'd done anything at all, Miss Margaret; only just to show that I'd got the will."

"I do—so much, Mrs. Stebbins, that I'm emboldened now to ask you to do something for me. Isn't your husband on the school committee this year?"

"Yes. He tried to get out of it, but they would put him in."

"If he has no other teacher engaged, I shall be very glad to obtain the situation this year."

"*Miss Margaret!*" Mrs. Stebbins had arisen from her chair, but she sat down again, and there was no need she should express her astonishment at the young lady's proposition; her tones had done this more effectually than any words could.

"You are surprised?" said Margaret Phillips, looking her neighbor in the face with a brave smile, and one that had yet a little flickering pain in it.

"Well, yes; I am quite taken aback," faltered the small, dark woman.

"Of course, Mrs. Stebbins, this step is not, under existing circumstances, a matter of choice, but one of necessity. We are poor people now, mamma and I, whatever we were once; and I must look the matter boldly in the face, as I have done many other things, and it will be a great relief to my present necessity if I can obtain the situation of which I have spoken."

"I'll speak to John this very day," answered Mrs. Stebbins. "But how in the world can you take so much on yourself, with the care of your sick mother?"

"Mrs. Stebbins," answered Margaret Phillips, with a solemn faith on her fair young face, "God has given me strength to bear many burdens that I did not once think I could carry. I do not believe He will fail me in this one."

Mrs. Stebbins made no further protest. That look of Margaret's silenced her; still the manner in which she took the girl's hand, and pressed it as they parted, showed that she was both appreciative and sympathetic.

Margaret Phillips went up stairs to her own room, and sat down by the window, and somehow her gaze turned to the eastward, where, about three-quarters of a mile off, a couple of gray stone turrets showed picturesquely through the thick foliage. Somehow the sight

did not seem to attract Margaret Phillips. The shadow of pain which had hovered over her face seemed to settle deeper there. Yet it was a morning in the late May, full of praise and beauty. The white, fleecy mists hung wide on the distant mountains, the air was perfumed with all sweet smells of young grass and blossoming fruit trees, the birds brimmed the morning with songs, and through the branches filtered like golden wine the sunshine of the spring.

Everything was glad, everything but Margaret Phillips. Yet I would not have you suppose for one moment that she was a morbid or sentimental character, that she could not arise out of her own private limitations and losses and be courageous and of "good cheer," knowing that whatsoever burdens and sorrows were appointed her here, she still had the one love to give thanks for, to rejoice in, and that sooner or later, if she trusted it, all sorrow and pain should be lost in the rest and the joy which God promises to those who love him. And this Margaret Phillips believed, not in occasional bursts of enthusiasm or exalted sentiment, but in her daily living, in struggle and weakness, amid diligent work and petty cares, and sometimes amid bitter struggles.

A very few words will give you a few necessary glimpses into her past life. Her father had been a rich man, honorable to the core in his dealings with all men, and respected and beloved wherever he was known.

But, during the latter part of his life, he had been induced, through the influence of his partner, to embark in some foreign speculation which had proved totally ruinous through the weakness and dishonesty of various parties. A fever, the consequence of exposure and anxiety, closed his life before it reached its fiftieth year. Margaret was the only and dearly beloved child of her parents. Her youth had been sheltered by watchful tenderness from every sorrow. Her mother, a woman of a gentle mimosa nature, had been an invalid for years; and the young girl found herself suddenly face to face with a world of which she had known nothing except the bright side.

Then the soul of Margaret Phillips awoke within her. She set herself diligently and bravely to meet these altered circumstances as soon as the first shock of grief for her father's death was over. The old, luxurious home was given up, the furniture sold, and, through the influence of friends, Margaret entered a small, pleasant cottage in Woburn; for both mother and daughter shrank from the thought of life

in the city, where the old, harrowing associations would be constantly revived. And for the next two years Margaret devoted herself to her mother's comfort, and the supervision of their small household; for they kept but one domestic.

Mrs. Phillips rallied a good deal in the fine country air during the first year of her residence in Woburn; but the second, her health sank again in consequence of a severe cold she took in some exposure during the late autumn; and Margaret Phillips was kept in fluctuations of hope and fear for her mother's life during the whole winter.

With the return of the spring, Mrs. Phillips began slowly to recuperate; but now another dread haunted the mother and daughter by night and by day—their slender means were nearly exhausted, and afar off they saw the "wolf" approaching their door.

Margaret was not a girl to sit down, and fold her hands in weak, unavailing tears and lamentations at this crisis. Not but the anxiety, and doubt, and ultimate decision cost her much pain and many sleepless hours. But she reached it at last.

And, not to prolong this subject, the next week Mr. Stebbins called on Margaret, had a long interview with the young lady, which resulted in another visit, several evenings later, when Mr. Stebbins was accompanied by two other members of the committee, and after an examination, which was merely nominal, she was installed teacher of the district school for that summer.

It was a little, low, long red building with white shutters, on the side of the road where there were no trees, and the sun poured down with a sickening glare during the heats of the summer, and within it were gathered more than forty boys and girls—many of them coarse, unruly, ill-bred.

It was hard work for Margaret; hard for mind and body; yet she set herself to do it, and summoned all her moral forces to the work, and did it *well*, as any work that is worth doing at all ought to be done.

Yet I think any one with fine intentions and generous sympathies would have looked sad, could they have glanced into the little bare, red schoolhouse that summer, and seen the gentle, delicate, sweet-faced young teacher in her high chair, behind her brown desk, surrounded by those half grown boys and girls, many of them so bent on the promotion of mischief, and petty annoyance, and disturbances that in order to control them it was necessary

to keep her thoughts and observation strained to their utmost tension.

She looked too fair and fragile amid those rude boys and girls, and seemed more out of place than she actually was, for Margaret had in her nature some moral force which commanded respect, and to a large degree obedience. And she had various soils in which to sow her seed, and some of it took root there, and gave promise of a stronger, better manhood, a sweeter and more gracious womanhood.

The schoolhouse was situated less than a quarter of a mile from the new stone house, which was the pride and wonder of all Woburn, and as Margaret went up every morning through the green country lane to her school, the gray turrets of the stately house looked afar through the green trees upon her, with the sunlight touching them into a new splendor.

Somehow the sight of those turrets always hurt Margaret. If you had watched her narrowly, and seen the sweet light widening up into her dark eyes, and about her lips, as she listened to the birds filling the air with their sprays of song, or looked off where, through the dark plush of meadow grass, the summer winds went searching to and fro, you would have witnessed a sudden shadow sweep over her face as the gray turrets rose in sight, a shadow that blurred all the brightness, and was almost like pain.

That stone house was Margaret's vulnerable point all summer. She was no faultless heroine (this lady of whom I write), dear reader. She would have opened her brown eyes wide at the thought of being one; but she was a woman, young, brave, lovely, struggling with herself, and all the hard realities of her lot—struggling for faith, duty, charity—sometimes defeated, sometimes victorious. And this thought of the "great stone house" was the thorn in Margaret's side; she tried to put it away, but it came back and haunted her day by day. She thought of it in the hot, weary noon as she sat drooping before her desk in the hour of intermission; the large, cool, luxurious rooms would rise and shine before her; she would see the soft, mossy carpets sprinkled with leaves and blossoms; she would see rare pictures and statuary scattered along the walls, and gleaming white in the corners, feeding with beauty the eyes which beheld and rejoiced in them; she would hear the sudden rush, and the sweet thrill, and quiver of music that drew the quick tears to her eyes; and then she would see the lofty balconies where the June roses and honeysuckles made heats of bloom about the pillars, and

where in the cool moonlight of the summer evenings they told her the guests wandered up and down; and then jets of laughter would suddenly thrill the air; and stately gentlemen and fair ladies would roam up and down the beautiful grounds, where the fountains threw up their white embroidery of waters, or where the deep, green shrubberies made darkness and stillness; or by the lake, where the stately swans went dreaming up and down, and the waterlilies, like great, white pearls, were scattered lavish on its bosom.

Margaret knew nothing of the inmates of the "stone house," except that they were people of immense fortune, and, as their home indicated, of rare taste. She had gathered, too, from the various gossip of the villagers, that the family was not large—a couple of sons and daughters. They had travelled for several years in foreign lands; and the girl fancied, without knowing, that they were haughty, purse-proud people.

The only possible opportunity she could have had of meeting the family was at the village church, which they occasionally attended, but, as they most frequently drove to service in the city ten miles distant, it did not happen that Margaret met any of the residents of the stone house. But in her hours of weakness and weariness, the young teacher thought of these people, dwelling in luxury, surrounded by all which could make the outward life beautiful and happy, and her heart rebelled against her own hard, toiling, uncongenial lot.

And so it happened one day, after the heats of the summer had passed and the earth was still and serene, and the ripeness of September flooded the year's pulses with wine, that Margaret Phillips sat at her chamber window just as she had sat in the brave life, and gladness of the June which would never come back any more. It was one evening afterschool, and weary with her day's work, she had tossed aside her bonnet and shawl, and sat down to the window to refresh herself with the cool air, which was spiced with sweet fern, and saffras, and pine from the woods on her right hand. The young teacher looked out, and drank in the sweet refreshment of air, and earth, and sky, with a face that grew peaceful as she gazed, until suddenly her roaming gaze fell upon the gray turrets of the stone house betwixt the trees.

Margaret closed her eyes. "I believe that house is the Mordecai in the gate of my life," she said to herself in a tone made up of annoyance and self-reproach. "It haunts me everywhere, and spoils all my landscapes. I heartily wish it could burn to the ground."

"Margaret! Margaret!" whispered softly the conscience of the girl, and heeding the admonition, she sat down and took counsel with herself.

"After all, isn't it *wrong*," whispered the still inner voice, "for you to be disturbed in this way, and to let the sight of those turrets darken always over your sky? Doesn't it prove some petty envy or bitterness in your own nature, which it is your duty to struggle with and overcome? I know those people are rich, and you are poor; but you, at least, are wise and true enough to the best part of yourself not to think that can make any *real* difference betwixt you and them; and see here: aren't you only indulging this unhappy morbid state of feeling by avoiding that stone house as carefully as you do? Isn't it your duty now to walk bravely over there and look it squarely in the face; and the more disagreeable the duty, the plainer the necessity for performing it, and overcoming once and forever the wrong, unhealthful feeling which has taken hold of you?"

And Margaret Phillips was of the number of those who, a duty set plain before them, would go to prison or the stake to do it; a woman who made *I must*, not *I will*, the great ruling force of her life. And so Margaret Phillips covenanted with herself that very evening to walk over to the stone house, and look her "Mordecai" in the face, and then she went down stairs to help prepare her mother's supper. Poor Margaret! they kept but one servant, and she was a little girl.

The sun was just behind the hills, leaving the sky once more for its nightly blossoming of stars, when Margaret closed her little cottage gate, and took the old turnpike road which intersected the one that led to the stone house. It was a pleasant walk, and the soft light and the throbbing hum of the insects soothed her, and, walking with her own thoughts, she was greatly startled when, turning an abrupt angle in the road, she came suddenly upon the house. There it stood before her in its strength and stateliness, amid green shrubberies and beautiful grounds, which made a picture wonderful for loveliness all about it, itself the central beauty and grace of the whole.

It seemed to Margaret Phillips, as she gazed on the Gothic pile, that she had been suddenly enchanted into some foreign country. She could hardly believe that that great, massive palace of stone rose in its simple, grand architecture on the homely, everyday soil of Woburn, on the very land which the farmers sowed every autumn and ploughed every

spring. It seemed to the girl's fine poetic instincts—although be it here understood that Margaret Phillips had never written a poem since she was a school-girl—that that stone palace belonged to the mediæval ages, that old legends and old songs should cluster thick about it, that brave men's deeds and beautiful women's love and grace should have hallowed it; and musing on all these things, and entirely unconscious of herself, she strayed through the broad iron gate, and through the thick hedges of shrubbery, and smiled up to the frowning turrets, her own smile, brave, glad, victorious. They could not frighten her any more; their power was gone; she had conquered them!

And so Margaret Phillips, following the serpentine path, came into the vicinity of the house. The quietness wooed her on, for, although the doors were open, there was no sight or sound of human life about the dwelling. And so the girl approached the veranda on the right side of the house, and, leaning against a large horse-chestnut tree, stood still and drank in with hungry eyes the scene before her. Suddenly there came the sound of light voices and rapid steps to her ear, and a moment later a company of gentlemen and ladies poured through the wide doors and scattered up and down the great veranda, some of the latter playfully fluttering over the mosaic pavement.

Margaret stood still under the horse-chestnut in some natural embarrassment, hoping that she should not be discovered, and would be able to make her escape unobserved. She had no idea what a picture she made, just in front of the old tree, with the sunset dropping its golden festoons all about her. She stood there, in her straw hat and the delicate lawn dress which two years before had been her father's gift, for one moment in a flutter of embarrassment; the next her feet were bound to the spot, and she lost all consciousness of her position, for there were three faces amid the company which she recognized, and the first of these was an elderly lady, with a portly figure and self-complacent countenance, near whom for a moment stood two graceful, haughty-looking girls. And this lady and those girls were the wife and daughters of the former senior partner of Mr. Phillips, the man who had wronged her father as no other man had ever done, the man who had taken advantage of Mr. Phillips's implicit confidence in him, and, managing to evade the law, had yet contrived to get his younger partner's property into his own hands, and availed himself of Mr. Phillips's illness to entirely control the firm and so involve

matters that at the latter's death the widow and the daughter had been left penniless; and intimate as the families of the partners had previously been, Mrs. Lathrop and her daughters had entirely neglected Margaret and her mother after the change in the latter's circumstances. The Lathrops were living in splendor now on their ill-gotten gains; and all this surged and stormed through Margaret's soul as she gazed on them and thought of her delicate mother struggling with ill health and poverty in their lonely cottage, and of her own hard, daily toilsome life, and of him whose strong arm and loving heart would have shielded them from all this injustice and suffering. She stood still, with her pale face bent sternly on the veranda, almost wondering that some voice from heaven did not cry out against those people for the wrong which they and theirs had done her.

And while the girl stood there a group of gentlemen and ladies turned suddenly toward that side of the veranda nearest her, and started as they all caught sight of the still figure under the chestnut tree.

"Who is that lady?" Margaret heard the surprised question from more than one voice.

"Ellen, she is a lady; you had best go out and proffer her our hospitality," said one of the young gentlemen to a lady who stood near him.

"Oh, I know who it is," interposed at this moment an errand boy, who came up with some letters; "she is the district school-teacher; my cousin goes to her."

"Really, Ellen," interposed at this moment Julia Lathrop, the elder of the girls; and she tossed her haughty head, and her laugh and her words came silver and scornful to Margaret's ear—"I don't think I should give myself much trouble for the sake of a schoolma'am, instead of some princess in disguise, as I fancied the lady might be. Your hospitality would doubtless overwhelm her. But, dear me," shrugging her pretty shoulders, "I don't think *such* people ought to be allowed to wander around people's grounds in this fashion. It encourages too much freedom on their part." It was quite evident that Miss Lathrop had not recognized Margaret, or she would not have made this speech.

"I think so too," chimed in softly Caroline, the younger of the sisters.

The words and the laugh stung Margaret into a white calm. Some impulsion outside of herself seemed to send her out from the great horse-chestnut. She walked slowly and stead-

fastly right up to the people on the veranda, and confronted with her white face the dozen others that were bent down in amazement on her.

The start and look of blank consternation on three of those faces warned Margaret that they had recognized her; and turning to Julia Lathrop, she said in her clear, soft voice, which kept its tone steadfast to the end: "You will please tell your friends, Julia, as you well know that they have nothing to apprehend from freedom on *my* part, and as you do not perhaps know, I take here occasion to tell you that if *your* father had dealt honestly or justly by mine, if he had not through all the years that he was his partner, and on his dying bed, wronged and robbed him, my mother would not be now dwelling in poverty and obscurity, neither should I be a schoolma'am."

The words fired Margaret's lips, and she could not hold them back. Their effect cannot easily be described. Every one on the veranda heard them, and stood still, gazing from the young teacher to the Lathrops. They were all, mother and daughters, so overwhelmed with surprise, mortification, and it may be so conscience-stricken, that they could not utter a word. They stood there still, with crimson faces, looking confounded and convicted. And so Margaret turned away, and walked alone down the avenue which led out of the grounds.

The feeling which had sustained her for a time gave way as she was out of every one's sight. The gray turrets only looked down on the girl and saw her stagger feebly beyond the gate, and the tears flowed still from the brown eyes of Margaret Phillips.

She had not gone far when a quick step aroused her, and turning her tear-stained face, she saw the young gentleman who had proposed to extend her some courtesy when she stood under the chestnut tree. He was a man about thirty, tall, with a fine figure, and a face that was all that and more, for though it was not handsome, it was a good, strong, cultivated face, a face which compelled you to believe it, for it was inspired with justice, and courtesy, and *real* truth and manliness of character.

"Madam," said the young gentleman, lifting his hat with a grace which no courtier could have rivalled to a lost princess, "if you will do us the honor to accept it, we shall be most happy to send you home in our carriage. I fear you will find it a somewhat long and lonely walk at this late hour."

Margaret Phillips little suspected the beautiful and eloquent thanks which her brown eyes

flashed up through their tears to the gentleman, before her lips, all unheeded now, and with a little tremulous flutter about them, answered: "Thank you. I am familiar with the road and with loneliness too, so I am compelled to decline your courtesy."

He did not renew it; he had fine intuition enough to perceive that the girl must prefer just now to be alone, so he answered, with a smile, and the smile of Gilbert Sackett was not just like the smile of most other men, for higher elements entered into it: "I hope, then, ma'am, you will give us some opportunity of renewing our courtesy at some time that shall find greater favor with yourself. We have only just learned you were our neighbors." And he lifted his hat and left her.

And Margaret went her way alone, and the young moon was like a silver lily blossoming amid the golden buds of stars which filled the sky.

Three years have passed. In a small alcove which opened out of the sitting-room in the stone house were gathered one day Mrs. Phillips, and Margaret, and Gilbert Sackett. The elder lady was a pleasant, gentle, dignified woman, and the bands of soft brown hair, faintly sifted with gray, lay smoothly about her face, which still retained something of the beauty of its girlhood. The gentleman and lady were hardly changed in these years, except that Margaret's face shone with a light and joy which it never wore in those days when she carried it up to the old red school in faith and patience.

Margaret was seated by the bay window, looking, with eyes that read its new meanings every day, to the beautiful landscape which stretched before her in a rain of June sunlight, the soft winds ruffling the short grass and loitering among the rare and beautiful shrubberies, and as she gazed a flock of thoughts or memories came into her head and over her face, which, although these were not sorrow, yet were touched with something tender and sad.

"What are you thinking of, my little wife?" asked Gilbert Sackett; and he tossed aside the paper, threw himself on the lounge, and leaned over toward Margaret.

Her hand, her soft, cool hand, moved tenderly through the short, thick chestnut hair. "What makes you ask that question?"—with a faint smile just touching her lips.

"Oh, several things. Why don't you answer it, Mrs. Sackett?"

"Had I better indulge him, mamma?" said

the lady, and this time the smile was emphasized into archness as she turned toward her mother.

"Now, mother, I interpose with a protest there," exclaimed the gentleman. "You know you gave up your right and title here into my hands a year and a half ago, and my claim on her is absolute."

"I believe it is," answered Mrs. Phillips, smiling fondly on her children.

"There, Margaret, you hear!"

"Well, if you put it in that light," smiled the young wife, "I see no choice left but obedience and confession. So I was thinking of some mornings, which are not so far off but that they rise up very vividly before me now and then, and wondering how I should have felt at that time had any one told me, as I went up through the lane to the old red schoolhouse, and caught sight of the gray turrets that used to haunt and trouble me so, that in less than three years I should be the mistress here!"

"What *should* you have felt, little woman?" laughed Gilbert Sackett, pinching the small rose in his wife's cheek.

"It is impossible for me to tell. Yesterday, when you were away, I walked up through that old lane, and tried to feel as I used to, and to contrast the past with the 'to-day.'"

"And did you succeed, my dear child?" asked her mother, for both husband and parent were evidently touched with Margaret's simple avowal.

"Well, partly. I hope that I realized both with sufficient force and vividness to gather some lessons, some good from out them."

"Ah, Margaret, you are not like other women; you never were, and from that first time that I looked on your face until this day, you have always been unconsciously doing something quaint and original, something to startle and surprise me."

The small rose widened into bright bloom in the cheek of Margaret Sackett. "Oh, Gilbert, I was not seeking for quaintness or originality then!"

"My darling, nobody would ever suspect *you* of that. Do you suppose so prosaic and sensible a man as *I* am would have been so completely conquered at first sight as I was, had I not known well a vast deal more than you suspected, O innocent Margaret?"

"I wonder what gave me courage to do and say what I did at that time?" said the lady, speaking softly, half to herself.

"I don't; it was like you at such a time and under such circumstances. And, Margaret, I

close my eyes, and see the whole scene again."

Before the lady could answer, a domestic suddenly entered with some letters for Mr. Sackett. Breaking the seal of the first one, with an apology to the ladies, he read for a little while.

At last he looked up. "Ellen and her husband have taken a house near Paris, and mother and Elizabeth will remain with them for a year or two; so, Margaret, you are sole mistress of the stone house, turrets and all."

"How those turrets are changed to me now!" she said. "They stand to me, wherever I catch a glimpse of them, as a sign of all home warmth, and grace, and happiness, and I have grown to love and welcome the sight of them always."

"Margaret, shall I tell you just what I am thinking of just now?"

"Yes; I shall be glad always to know your thoughts, Gilbert"—her little fingers braiding themselves once more in the bright chestnut hair.

"I am thinking that you are a very good woman, Margaret—the best woman, it seems to me, that God ever gave a man for his especial love and cherishing; and that I shall be a truer, better man because of your power and influence about my life." He spoke solemnly, fervidly now, looking into her face.

The tears were in her brown eyes now, as she leaned over him and said: "Oh, Gilbert, what you last said is the one prayer of my life!" And Margaret Sackett did not suspect that that prayer was its own fulfilment!

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#### TO ONE WHO SAID, "I WILL LOVE THEE BEST OF ALL."

BY FREDERIC WRIGHT.

Nor for all the stars of night,  
Nor for morning's rosy light,  
Nor for all that land and sea  
Ever could bestow on me,  
Would I have thee yield me love  
Due alone to God above!

Nor for beauty in my face,  
Nor for eyes of lustrous grace,  
Nor for gentle look or smile,  
Nor the bloom that care may spoil,  
Would I dare such worship own—  
Worship due to God alone!

We are but creatures of a day,  
Treading life's uncertain way,  
Liable to sin and shame;  
All around us are the same.  
Let thy soul's first homage be  
Paid to God, and not to me!

## SOIREE AT ALEPPO.

*(From a Correspondent.)*

Is winter-time the *élite* of Aleppo society, inclusive of Europeans, native Christians, and Hebrews, assemble ever and anon at each other's houses just to help the long evenings on their flight and enjoy a little keif. They are dreary enough, in all conscience, without this circle; for though there is but little severe cold, and that only of brief duration, the temperature is moist and humid, with abundance of rain; and solitude and solitary cogitations might only be suggestive of suicide. Therefore, after we have done justice to the late dinner (usually at 7 P. M.)—for we shall get no solids to eat where we are going—we go through the necessary toilet, etc., give an extra twist to moustache or curl to whiskers—for all the belles of *Ketab* will be there—and, armed with a sensibly large umbrella and goodly mackintosh, preceded by a servant carrying a lantern (which is a precaution necessary, not only on account of the narrow, dirty, dark, and deserted streets, but to keep off the legion of half-starving curs that would otherwise devour us, and avoid the unpleasant alternative of falling in with the night patrol, who would forthwith put us into chokey until morning—it being the law of the land to imprison all found abroad after dark without lantern or light of some description), we walk forth into the night, and so towards the house of Howaja Nalah Fattalah Karalla, who has a reception this evening.

Our host and hostess are lineal descendants of one of the most ancient and respectable Aleppine families, tracing their descent easily as far back as the time when all the commerce of the Indies passed through Aleppo—the route via the Cape of Good Hope being then undiscovered, and when Venice had many princely merchants residing in this city. Before the earthquake of 1821 this family had a splendid mansion in one of the best khans in the city, where from generation to generation had accumulated the choicest and the rarest porcelain vases, etc., besides untold wealth in jewels and other gems and jewelry. At one fell swoop, even as it were in the twinkling of an eye, the house, in common with the greater part of the city, was levelled with the ground, and the fruits of years of toil and hundreds upon hundreds of miles of weary and fatiguing journeyings were destroyed and irrevocably lost. Our host found himself one amongst some thousands that had lost their everything and had a fresh start to make in life. Thankful, however, that

their lives had been spared amidst the utter desolation and sorrow that reigned around, they migrated to this suburban and pleasantly situated spot, called *Ketab*, and there constructed houses on a modern and lighter pattern, and built so as best to resist any recurrence of such a frightful calamity. With this prelude we arrive at the door of our host's house, which is brilliantly lighted up, and whence the hum of many voices issuing assures us that we are not the first arrivals.

"Allah! Salah mete salami!" This from our aged host and hostess, and signifying, in hyperboles, "You are welcome as the dew in summer," we are escorted to the further end of the room behind the musicians and ensconced amongst comfortable cushions upon a luxurious divan, receive and return the usual flow of compliments, and then fall to smoking like chimneys over a cookshop. Our position is an admirable one from which to scan the motley assemblage and see all that is going forward. The very pink of Aleppine fashion is rapidly assembling, and to do them special honor the hostess has procured the services of the celebrated *Hadjih-Bashi* and his band of musicians, who are tuning up horribly, with the intention of bursting forth into superb strains, such as shall astonish the weak minds of all strangers. The group is seated upon a Turkey rug, and the leader plays upon a stringed instrument something like half an *Æolian* harp laid flat upon the floor: he performs with the aid of a species of steel talon, attached thimblewise to each forefinger. So long as he restricts himself to this instrument, the melody emitted is really soft and pleasant; very soon, however, the guitar plays, throws his overbalance of discord into the music, and drowns the soft notes of the stringed instrument with his abominable twang-twanging, wholly regardless of accord as regards the timing of the two instruments performing, or tune, or anything else. What, however, can be expected from such a wretch with a dried old gourd with three strings to perform upon? In all conscience, the music is villanous enough at this stage of the proceeding; but it has far, very far, from arrived at its climax of horrors. The heartless vocalist throws in his contribution, in the shape of a sudden, loud, prolonged, and dirge-like yell, hanging on the last quaver so long and obstinately that he is obliged to hold his jaw with his hand for fear of dislocating it. In our opinion, the wailing at an Irish wake is far more lively; especially, varied as it is by an occasional fight. But *quot homines, etc.*, the old axiom stands good here

as elsewhere: the ancient in the kalpak, or cap of honor (a badge of high dignity, and a hereditary one enjoyed by some families whose ancestors did noted service to the state in bygone times), is evidently enraptured with the performance, and can hardly restrain himself putting in an extra quaver or two when the vocalist at length stops from utter exhaustion, pulling up as abruptly as a cavalry charger, and dropping his voice as quickly as a monkey would a hot potato. This latter method of abruptly terminating music is considered the very acme of vocal art; and, truth to say, it must be a difficult knack. If the ancient in the kalpak looks fascinated, the foreign refugee doctor of the troops in the city, who sits next to him, and whose first experience this is of Oriental melody, is lost in unfathomable surprise at the glee evinced by his neighbor, marvelling secretly whether really any human being with tympanum in healthy state could other than shudder at the performance just concluded. Next to this fresh importation, and utterly callous to everything else going on around them, are a couple of merchants, native and European, deep in commerce, and discussing in whispers projects of future specs to be undertaken in gallinut and scammony. Not in so low a whisper is their all-engrossing conversation, however, but that the wary Hebrews near them are picking up useful crumbs of information which they will assuredly turn to account when occasion requires. In the background are congregated the small fry of the evening discussing the merits and dress of everybody but themselves. These are mostly small shopkeepers, and so forth, who, as a rule, may be classified as of the genus toadies.

But what can all this stir be that is going on at the further end of the room? Oh, we perceive the mighty man, the lion of the evening, has arrived, accompanied by his lady and suite, and preceded by six sturdy, silver-caned cu-wasses, who form a kind of avenue at the entrance-door, through which the pompous official struts with indescribable grandeur. This is Signor Console Generales of some Power that never carries on a ha'porth of trade with any part of Syria. However, in return for serving gratis, he is granted the dignity of a Baron, and sports a splendid uniform, with cocked hat and multifarious plumes, to say nothing of his decorations of the golden spurs, and divers others, amongst which, mayhap, is the order of the Mouse in the Mustard-pot. Our host and his son receive the lion with almost humiliating cringings in their endeavors to do him honor,

and it is delightful to see how urbanely he receives these attentions, smiling over his stiff cravat benignantly. Even the two French doctors, who are loudly argumentative on professional subjects, drop their noise and their gesticulations to do homage to M. le Baron; for M. le Baron has a large and wealthy family, and commands great influence; and, all said and done, these disputatious disciples of Æsculapius are but a couple of hungry adventurers, ready to grapple with and cure every malady, imaginary or real; if the former, so much the easier, and it is a complaint that oftentimes besets the well-to-do and indolent in their plethoric repose even in our own favored country.

The lady conversing with the Consul is of an independent, jealous kind of disposition, and little disposed to knuckle down to the lion and his party; and as for the Consul himself, being a salaried one and of private independent means, he can afford to sit and chuckle alike at the offerers and the receivers of fawning flattery; and so this couple smoke and chat together amicably.

\* Seated on a divan are the lady guests of the evening, inhaling alternately the perfumed fumes of the nargheel, or whispering scraps and odds and ends of scandal, to be improved upon and retailed hereafter. The pretty and fascinating young daughters of the house are handing round small fingans of coffee to the assembled guests; a continuous supply of this refreshing beverage being always ready to hand, and simmering on the ledge of a well-piled-up mangal, or brazier of bright charcoal, which also supplies the coals used by the smokers of the long pipe, at the same time that it contributes a genial warmth to the atmosphere of the room, which is lighted by a splendid chandelier, adding brilliancy to the rich costumes and headdresses of the lady guests. Contrasting wonderfully with the noise and bustle going forward is the faithful old house-dog, fast asleep, not far from the mangal.

By and by the Adonis and the belle of the evening (the latter after much coaxing and persuading) walk into the centre of the rooms with all the grace and dignity of people born and bred at court. Now step we a measure; the music at first is low, and the motions of the dancers, each armed with an embroidered handkerchief, slow and graceful also. Presently both musicians and dancers warm with the theme, till ultimately the music gets deafeningly loud and awfully rapid, and the dancers so excited that they whirl and twirl about—very gracefully withal—but so rapidly as to

perfectly bewilder and make one giddy. The old lady spectator is positively enchanted, and claps with her old wizened-up hands to encourage and urge on the dancers at such a rate that one can almost hear the bones rattling together. Towards the end, everybody assembled is expected to clap hands, till, just as the dance terminates, the old dog awakes from a trance of terror, and joins his wail to the equally discordant voice of the musician.

So the evening passes. Now a dance, now a song, very often amateur; then some wretched lunatic of a foreigner comes out of a corner with a fiddle, and scrapes out some national anthem or ditty. Sometimes a profusely moustached professor of the guitar gives an extract from some favorite opera, accompanying the music with a low bass growl, his voice reminding one of some fierce animal trying to make its way through a thicket. So passes the evening till nigh upon midnight, when lanterns are relit and cloaks resumed, the ladies enveloping themselves in white sheets up to the very eyes, and sailing out into the dark night like so many ghosts issuing forth from a vault. A glass of something hot before leaving, and a freshly-lighted cigar, and we follow in the wake of the departed, waking the still night into countless echoes with snatches of songs sung in far distant lands, and which are pleasanter to us as souvenirs than a thousand soirées at Aleppo, diverting, entertaining, and profitable though these better undoubtedly are.

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LINES.

BY LEMUEL H. WILSON.

GENTLY close the heavy lid,  
For the brightness all has fled  
From the violet eyes;  
Part the tresses from her brow,  
It is pale and icy now;  
Press thy lips to lips of clay,  
For the soul is far away,  
Wandering in the skies.

Fold anew those taper hands,  
Clasped by tender, flowery bands  
All unconsciously;  
Deck with flowers the radiant hair,  
She is wondrously fair;  
Is it *death*, or is it *sleep*?  
Press again your quivering lip  
To those lips of clay.

Strong heart, where is now thy pride?  
She has fallen by thy side—  
Here thy joys end;  
Ah, the world is dark! but where  
Wilt thou hide thy deep despair?  
For the sods are pressing *new*  
Damp and heavy on her brow,  
Where the willows bend.

Wander there at twilight hours,  
Beautify the tomb with flowers  
Watered oft with tears;  
Feeble heart, thy boasted strength  
Dwells in agony at length,  
For her smile you are denied,  
And the world is dark and wide,  
Shadowed deep with fears.

Heard ye not the cadence sweet  
Of her voice, with song replete,  
In the heavenly choir?  
Saw ye not the violet eyes  
Beaming with a glad surprise?  
But the vision passed away,  
Leaving on my path a ray,  
Quickening desire.

Toll thou on with patience; "hope  
Bears the fainting spirit up."  
Thou shalt meet again  
In a fairer world than ours—  
Land where never-fading flowers  
Grace the heavenly plain.

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HOW TO REACH THE HEART.—We have found throughout a not very long career, but very extended experience, that kindness is the surest way to reach the human heart, and that harshness is a northern, frost-laden blast, hardening a current that should flow as merrily as a brook in spring. Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes; it finds its way into the hidden treasures of the heart, and brings forth treasures of gold. Harshness, on the contrary, seals them forever. What does kindness do at home? It makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brows of the father and the man of business less severe in their expression, and the children joyous without being riotous. Abroad, it assists the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate—those in the broad way who perhaps have never been taught that the narrow path was the best, or had turned from it at the solicitation of temptation. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches it turns to virgin gold—the true gold, wherewith we purchase contentment, peace, and love.

We should forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

In order to deserve a true friend you must first learn to be one.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one: a great deal may arouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.

## THE DUET.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(See Plate.)

"THERE is a family moving into the big house on the hill." Willie Holmes fully appreciated the importance of his announcement, and expected the flood of questions which followed it. A family moving into the big house on the hill! Why, the big house had been empty ever since Willie was a wee, toddling baby, and he was now fourteen years old. He, in company with the other village boys, had spent hours of unmitigated enjoyment playing tag in the large deserted garden, or, creeping in through the long closed windows, roaming at will in the wide halls and empty rooms. It was *the* house, *par excellence*, of Linwood, towering in its lofty position over the little clusters of cottages in the vale formed by the hill's rising, and occupying, with its wide sweep of garden, orchard, and fancy ground, almost the whole eminence. There were men in the village who had seriously thought of taking possession of the pretentious brick mansion; but from year to year it had been postponed, the builder and proprietor having left it with an agent, who did not urge its claims.

"Who are they, Willie?" The question was put by his elder sister Nettie, who opened her large blue eyes with great interest at his announcement.

The Holmes family were at tea when Master Will came in with the latest news, and he dashed off to make himself presentable before he gave Nettie an answer. They were Robert Holmes' only children, yet beside Nettie sat one evidently much at home in the family. A tall, well-knit figure, curling brown hair, large hazel eyes, and handsome features made Wilson Rivers no unsightly addition to the farmer's well-spread board, and Nettie had evidently found this out. She was a simple, modest country girl, this heroine of mine, and when the young doctor came with his introductory letters to ask board at the farmer's, Nettie's voice was one to urge his claims.

He was a man of sparkling intellect (yet not frothy, for his brilliants were pure, dug from the mines of knowledge) and courteous, winning manners. Soon popular in his profession, he had learned early in his stay at Linwood to find the home parlor the most attractive of them all. To Nettie his presence was a source

of never-ending delight. Stories of travel, incidents gleaned from the ever-varying scenes of an active life, bright scraps of book knowledge, criticisms that related the novel or recited the poem, these were the interests that made Nettie's eyes glow, her cheeks flush, and hastened the day's toil that the evening might be all free for listening. She was so pretty, so intelligent in spite of her modest estimate of herself, so eager to listen, yet so winningly shy, that Wilson was only too ready to join her when she stole softly into the parlor after tea. He was not her lover by protestation, yet in these long winter evenings, the summer rambles, drives, or rides, two hearts were fast knitting together in this pleasant cottage of Linwood. Two years had Dr. Rivers lived with Farmer Holmes at the time my story commences, and Nettie had grown from a shy, blushing school-girl into a beautiful maiden, modest yet, but self-possessed, and in the social gatherings of the village a belle amongst her companions. No party was complete without Nettie Holmes, and of course the Doctor was her escort to all. Many sly, laughing speeches were made about Nettie's beau, but she heeded none of them. No words of love-making had ever passed between herself and Wilson, Rivers, yet she felt confident in the certainty of his love, sure that at some good time he would tell her of it. It was part of her very being, this love and trust, and so, happy and constant, she waited for him to confirm his actions by speech. He was her constant companion, her teacher, her protector, her escort, and in her pure little heart she firmly believed her lover.

And after this long preamble, during which Willie has washed his hands and taken his place at the tea-table, we come back to the eventful fact—the big house on the hill was taken.

"Such furniture!" said Willie, with much energy. "Such chairs and tables! All the way from New York they came! The folks are New Yorkers, too. They've got a big box that is a piano, somebody says."

"Oh," said Nettie, with wide opened eyes, "I do so long to hear a piano! Who are they, Willie?"

"Why, there's a lady and three daughters. One of them is married, and has two more little girls; then there's a grown up son. The married one is named Sawyer; her husband is in the navy, and he's away. The mother is a widow; her name is Loftus."

"A widow!" cried Wilson.

Nettie looked at him in utter amazement. His face was white as death, his bloodless lips parted, his eyes fixed on Willie with a strange stare. Seeing that he had attracted the attention of all the family, he gave a nervous little laugh, and abruptly left the table.

Nettie's interest in the big house and its inmates was lost in her wonderment about Wilson. He was always so self-possessed and quiet that this sudden agitation was as new as it was alarming. It was quite late in the evening before he joined them in the parlor, but when he came he was self-possessed and quiet as if no word had ever stirred the depths of his heart to such marked manifestation. His manner to Nettie, always affectionate, had a new tenderness, his voice a new tone that thrilled her with happiness; yet there was a sadness lurking in the depths of his dark eyes, a shadow on his brow that had never been so deep. He was never gay, but his usual manner was cheerful; now it was quiet and sad, as if a new, strange grief had befallen him.

It was not long before the new-comers were the queens of the village. With wealth and style, the young ladies were gracious in manner, courteous to callers, and prompt to make friends. Walter, the son, was handsome enough to win his way easily in the hearts of the villagers, and the big house was one of the most popular in Linwood. They had been in their new home but a short time when Nettie called with her mother to welcome them and extend the hospitality of the farm to the new-comers. The little village beauty returned delighted with her visit; Mrs. Loftus and Mrs. Sawyer were so kind, the girls, Winnie and Emily, so handsome, and the son so courteous. Nettie could talk of nothing else, and the Doctor listened eagerly. He asked a thousand questions, calling the girls by their Christian names, and flushing out of his customary dignity to pour forth his eager interrogations.

"You will go with us on Thursday evening, will you not?" said Nettie. "We are invited to tea, and the invitation includes you. There will be no company, but Emily has promised that I shall hear the piano."

"I go! No—I—well, yes, I will go," said

the Doctor, and again his pale face made Nettie wonder.

Thursday evening, the eventful evening, came, and at what would be deemed in cities an unfashionably early hour the guests arrived at the big house. Mrs. Holmes, Nettie, and Willie came first; the others were to join them after tea. The afternoon passed pleasantly, though Nettie, in her constant little heart, wished Walter would not be quite so attentive, and was glad that Wilson was not there to see. It was early still when Farmer Holmes and the Doctor arrived. Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Loftus were in the nursery, deep in the mysteries of a new apron pattern, and upon Nettie fell the task of introducing the Doctor and her father. The latter was cordial and pleasant in his greeting, but the Doctor's face was pallid, and the hand that held Nettie's cold as death. He made a stiff bow, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, evidently ill at ease. Nettie, accustomed to see him the life of society, courteous and popular, puzzled her brain in vain to account for this strange manner. It threw a chill over them all. At last, to break the spell, the sisters threw open the grand piano, and began to play, first Emily, then Winnie, and finally both sat down for a duet.

Where was the pleasure Nettie expected to derive from hearing that wonderful instrument? Gone! lost in her strange bewilderment over Wilson's conduct. From the moment when the piano was opened his face had changed from its cold reserve to a look of the most eager interest. He had come nearer and nearer to the piano, till, leaning forward, his whole soul was in the eager eyes watching the players.

Walter Loftus had drawn Nettie down to a seat, and was leaning over near her, talking with lovelike earnestness, and his mother, gliding softly in, took the seat to her right; yet, while her answers were polite to the host, her ear could catch Wilson's quick breathing, and if she turned her head, it was to see his eyes fastened upon the players. At last the long duet was over, and the groups round the piano moved their position. Nettie stood up, Walter still beside her.

Her heart was sick with a new sensation. Never in his warmest moods had Wilson's eyes rested upon her as they now rested upon Emily Loftus, and when Mrs. Sawyer took her turn at the piano, Nettie saw Wilson bend over the young lady with an earnest face and tender manner that cut her heart like a knife. All the evening he was beside her, and the walk home was taken in silence. This was but the

beginning of her sorrow. Day after day, Wilson Rivers was the guest of the big house, and while Nettie, keeping her heart still for him, spite of its pain, was cold and distant to Walter, his attentions to the fair Emily redoubled. They walked together, and rode. The long evenings, before spent in the farmhouse so pleasantly, were now lonely and sad for Nettie, while Wilson was away at the big house.

Poor little Nettie! Her sweet face grew pale over her sick, sad heart; and if for an hour Wilson's still gentle attentions called back the smile to her lip, it faded when he left her. What were her modest charms to this dashing, accomplished city girl's? Nothing! Though he broke her heart, she found excuses for him in the beauty of her rival.

It was late in the fall, and the Loftus family had been some two months in Linwood, when one evening Nettie passed through the grounds on her way from the village home. Farmer Holmes lived, as did many others, on the south side of the hill, while the shops of the village were principally on the north side. The path through the garden of the big house was a thoroughfare for those passing over the hill, and Nettie took it. She did not raise her eyes, from a long fit of musing, till she stood in front of the house; then the light from the parlor windows, striking across her path, made her look up. One look, and she stood as if nailed to the spot.

It was a cruel scene for her loving heart that was passing in that gayly furnished parlor. Wilson was standing by the fireplace, and Emily Loftus was before him. Some tale of interest his eager lips were telling, for she listened with flushed cheeks and quivering lip, till he opened his arms to fold her in a long, close embrace. Then the door opened, and the rest came in. Emily sprang to her mother's side, telling some new found happiness, and then as the group closed round Wilson, Nettie, with a cry of pain, ran forward with a fearful speed homeward. Home! home to shut herself close in her little room, and pour forth her bitter woe in choking sobs. She had so loved, so trusted him, that it seemed as if she could not bear this proof of faithlessness and live. The long night passed without one hour of sleep.

How wildly and blindly she had loved him! Many nights before she had lain awake to think of him; but then it was to recall his soft, sweet voice, as it murmured low cadences of poetry, or in clear clarion tones taught her to sing some favorite ballad, praising her clear bird-like voice. It was to think of his goodness, his kind care

in his profession, and humbly to wonder how he could love so ignorant and simple a country girl as herself.

Now, now, she felt bitterly that, while she had been loving with all the fervor of her warm impulsive heart, he had been trifling, testing, perhaps, his powers of pleasing. The morning found her pale and weary, but with the innate pride of womanhood she rose, resolved that he should not triumph over her whom he had slighted and injured.

She was in the dining-room when he entered, and she fairly started when she saw his face. All the gravity, the half sadness which had always marked it, was gone, and in its place shone a joy that was radiant. Never had his face lighted with such a smile as he gave her then, crossing the room to take her hand in a warm cordial pressure.

"Can you give me an hour after breakfast?" he asked; "I have something to tell you, Nettie."

Never had his voice dwelt with such lingering fondness upon her name. Was he about to make her the confidante of his love? She believed this; yet she could smile and say,

"Certainly!"

His impatience to tell was as great as was her dread of listening; for he hurried through the meal, and then, not speaking of her untouched cup and plate, he took her little cold hand and led her into the parlor.

"Nettie," he said, as soon as he had seated himself beside her, "I am going to tell you who I am!"

Nettie opened her big blue eyes.

"Yes," he said, laughing, "I know! I am Dr. Wilson Rivers, medical practitioner of this lovely village of Linwood; but that is not all. My father died when I was but ten years old, leaving my mother a widow with five children—two sisters older than myself, one sister and brother younger. Between this young sister and myself there was the strongest tie of love, and we were from babyhood almost inseparable. When my own father had been some two years dead, my mother married again, and then my misery commenced. I cannot tell you all the persecutions my stepfather lavished upon me, simply because I of all was the only one who opposed my mother's marriage. To her he was a kind husband, he was proud of my beautiful sisters, and my brother was too young to cross him; but his hatred for myself was one of the ruling passions of his life. I was a high-spirited, passionate boy, and my patience was soon exhausted. Daily my father's anger was

visited upon me for some petty fault, till, driven desperate by persecution, I ran away from home.

"For two years my life was passed working hard for my bread as a newsboy in Philadelphia. I had, fortunately, money enough for my passage from New York, and something to purchase my first bundle of papers. Then, under the exposure, fatigue, and lonely homesickness, my health gave way. I was very ill, but from that illness dates the change in my life. The landlady of the house where I boarded, a kind-hearted woman, sent for Dr. Rivers, one of the warmest hearted, most eccentric old bachelors that ever lived. Something in his forlorn little patient interested him, and he soon won my confidence. I will not weary you with the history of our friendship. Suffice it to say, that I rose from that sick bed to become the adopted son of my physician. He was wealthy, and had me educated in his own profession. Before he took me home, he exacted from me a promise that I would never return to my stepfather, and I willingly gave it. Upon his death, I became, by his will, heir to his property, and, having a strong love for my profession, sought out a quiet home where I could at once enjoy my practice, and the delights of country life.

"And now, Nettie, comes the happy part of my story. I have found my mother, sisters, and brother free from the tyrant who made my boyhood so wretched. I was afraid they would never forgive the prodigal who so suddenly and selfishly left them, and for weeks I dared not speak. Last night my sister spoke so tenderly, so regretfully of the brother whom she had lost that I could keep silence no longer. I shall never take the name they have all adopted, but my mother is Mrs. Loftus, and my sisters are your friends."

Happy little Nettie! Spite of herself, the joy she felt would spring up to her expressive face, the dimpling smile to her lip, the color to her cheek. And when, in a more tender, earnest tone, Wilson preferred a suit near to his heart, there did not live in Linwood a prouder, happier little maiden than Nettie. With the frank simplicity of a child, she told him all her doubts and misery of the past few weeks, receiving reiterated assurances of his faithful love.

It was a happy evening—the one that followed this confidence. In the parlor of the big house, the newly-found brother brought the blushing little Nettie to his mother, sisters, and brother, as a claimant for love, and most cordially was she welcomed.

They were all standing round the piano, when

Emily struck the first chords of a duet from Martha.

"Ah, Em!" said Wilson, "can you ever guess how, when you played that once before, I was longing to rush at you like a maniac and clasp you in my arms?"

"You showed it in your eyes," said Nettie, in a low tone that reached his ear only; "from that duet dated all my dream of misery."

"And my hope of happiness," he said, softly, "dates from those strong chords."

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### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

*Pearl the Second.—February.*

By Numa named, to Neptune dedicate,  
And patroned by St. Valentine the Good—  
I at Time's portals with thy welcome wait  
As a true lover of the seasons should.

Thy span, by two suns briefer than the rest,  
Hath little that is genial to bestow!

The stream still hides within the Ice King's breast,  
And Winter sits upon his throne of snow.

The wind still whistles through the leafless trees,  
And Nature, in her desolate array,  
Waits—like a devotee upon her knees—  
The veil that falls; the clouds that rolls away—

Waits, in the patience of a perfect hope,  
The coming of a better, brighter day;  
When roses shall their blushing bosoms ope,  
And yield the far-famed odors of Cathay.

Within thy circle fireside pleasures yet  
Have power to charm; the song and tale go round  
The hearth where all the loving ones have met  
When Night has round each home her mantle-bound.

Within thy circle lies the natal hour  
Of good Saint Valentine, the lover's friend;  
Youths and fair maidens own his magic power,  
And all their wishes to his welcome tend.

And thou canst also claim my natal day,  
Who was our country's Founder, Father, Friend!  
Whose hallowed precepts we would still obey!  
Whose gift of Freedom we would still defend.

For these we welcome thee! for these we twine  
The fragrant flower of Memory for thee!  
Amid the odors floating round thy shrine  
We yield thee tribute on our bended knee.

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A PHILOSOPHER being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

Out of good men choose acquaintances; of acquaintances, friends.

HEALTH constitutes the happiness of the body  
—virtue that of the mind.

## “HUSKS.”

“And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.”

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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 39.)

### CHAPTER III.

SUMMER had come to the country with its bloom and its beauty, its harvests and its holidays. In town its fever heat drew noisome smells from overcharged sewers, and the black, oily paste to which the shower that should have been refreshing had changed the dust of crowded thoroughfares. Cleaner pavements, in the higher portions of the city, burned through shoe-soles; glass radiated heat to polished stone, and stone radiated, in its turn, to brick, that waited until the evening to throw off its surplus caloric in hot, suffocating waves that made yet more oppressive the close nights. The gay procession of fashionable humming-birds had commenced their migrations, steam-boats and excursion-craft multiplied at the wharves, and the iron steed put forth all his tremendous might to bear onward the long train of self-exiled travellers.

The Hunts, too, must leave town; Lucy must, at all events, have a full season, and a brilliant one, if possible, for it was her second summer, and much might depend upon it. Her mother would accompany her, of course; and equally of course her father could not; that is, he must return after escorting them to Saratoga, and spend the remainder of the warm months at home. His business would not allow him to take an extended vacation. The boys were easily disposed of, being boarded every summer at the farmhouse of an early friend of Mr. Hunt's, where they were acceptable inmates, their clothes as well cared for as they were at home, and their morals more diligently cultivated. The younger girls caused that excellent manager, their mother, more perplexity. This was not the first time she had repented her indiscretion in allowing Sarah to “come out” before her elder sister had “gone off.” But “Sarah was so tall and so womanly in her appearance that it looked queer, and would set people to talking if I kept her back,” she was accustomed to excuse her impolitic move to her friends. This summer she realized, as she had not done before, the inconvenience of having two full-fledged young

ladies upon the carpet at once. Lucy's elegant and varied wardrobe, and the certain expenses in prospect for her and her chaperon at Spa, seaside, and *en route*, left a balance in hand of the sum allotted for the season's expenditure that was startling in its meagreness. Mrs. Hunt was a capital financier, a peerless economist, but the exigency taxed her resources to the utmost.

One morning she arose with a lightened heart and a smoother brow. “I've settled it!” she exclaimed to her husband, shaking him from his matutinal doze.

The “Eureka!” of the Syracusan mathematician was not more lofty in its exultation. Forthwith she unfolded to him her scheme. She was a native of New Jersey, “the Jarseys” she had heard it called in her father's house—had probably thus denominated the gallant little State herself in her girlhood. In and around the pretty, quiet village of Shrewsbury there were still resident scores of her relatives whose very names she had sedulously forgotten. One alone she could not, in conscience or in nature, dismiss to such oblivion. This was her elder and only sister, long married to a respectable and worthy farmer, and living within a mile of the “old place,” where both sisters had drawn the first breath of life. Twice since Mrs. Hunt had lived in the city had this kind friend been summoned on account of the dangerous illness of the former, and her presence and nursing had restored peace, order, and health to the household. The earlier of these occasions was that of the second child's birth, and in the softened mood of her convalescence Mrs. Hunt had bestowed upon the babe her sister's name—Sarah Benson—a homely appellative she had oftentimes regretted since. At distant and irregular intervals, one, two, three years, Mr. or Mrs. Benson visited their connections in “York;” but the intercourse grew more difficult and broken as time rolled on and the distance widened between the plain country folk and their rising relations. Then, again, death had been busy in the farmhouse; coffin after coffin, of varying lengths,

but all short, was lifted over the threshold and laid away in the village graveyard, until but one was left to the parents of the seven little ones that had been given to them, and to that one nature had denied the gifts of speech and hearing. Grief and the infirmities of approaching old age disinclined the worthy pair to stir from home, and their ambitious sister was too busy in building up a "set" of her own, and paving the way for her daughters' distinction, to hide her light for ever so short a period in so obscure a corner as her former home.

Aunt Sarah, however, could not forget her nursing. Every few months there arrived some simple token of affectionate remembrance to "the child" she had not seen since she wore short frocks and pinafores. The reception of a basket of fruit, thus dispatched, was the suggestive power to Mrs. Hunt's present plan. She had made up her mind, so she informed her husband straightway, to write that very day—yes! that very forenoon, to "Sister Benson," and inquire whether she would board Sarah and Jeannie for a couple of months.

"I don't s'pose she will let me pay board for them, but she will be pleased to have 'em as long as they like to stay. It's never been exactly convenient for me to let any of the children go there for so many years, and it's so fur off. But dear me! sometimes I feel real bad about seeing so little of my only sister!"—a heavy sigh. "And there 'll be the expenses of two saved, out and out, for they won't need a great variety of clothes in that out-of-the-way place."

"But how will the girls, Sarah and Jeannie, fancy being sent off so?" inquired Mr. Hunt.

"Oh, as to that, it is late in the day for my children to dispute what I say shall be done; and Sarah's jest that odd that she 'll like this notion twenty times better than going to Newport or Saratoga. I know her! As to Jeannie, she is satisfied to be with her sister anywhere. She is getting thin, too; she looks real peaked, and there's nothing in creation so good for ailing children as the salt-water bath. They have first-rate still-water bathing not a quarter of a mile from sister's. It's jest the thing, I tell you! The wonder is it never came into my head before."

Mr. Hunt had his sigh now. "Somehow or other he was always down in the mouth when the family broke up for the summer," his wife frequently complained, and his lack of sympathy now excited her just ire.

"Upon my word, Mr. H.! anybody would think that I was the poorest wife in the world

to you to see and hear you whenever I talk to you of my plans and household affairs. You look as if you was about to be hanged, instead of feeling obliged to me for turning, and twisting, and contriving, and studying, day and night, how to save your money, and spend what we must lay out to the best advantage. I can tell you what—there's few women would make your income go as far as I do."

"I know that, my dear. The question is"—Mr. Hunt paused, cleared his throat, and strained his nerves for a mighty effort, an unprecedented exercise of moral courage—"the question is, Betsy, whether our income is stretched in the right direction!" Mistaking the stare of petrified incredulity he received for fixed attention, the infatuated man went on: "This doubt is always forced upon me when we separate in July, some to go to one place, some to another, a broken, wandering family for months together. I am growing old, and I love to have my children about me; I begin to feel the want of a home. There is Johnson, in the —— Bank, gets five hundred less per annum than I do; yet, after living quietly here a few years, he bought himself a snug cottage up the river, and has his family there in their own house, everything handsome and comfortable about them. I have been in the harness for a long while; I expect to die in it. I don't mind work—hard work! but it seems to me sometimes that we would all be better satisfied if we had more to show, or rather to hold, for our money; if there were less of this straining after appearances, this constant study to make both ends meet."

"And it has come to this!"—Mrs. Hunt sank into a chair, and began to cry. "This is my thanks for slaving and toiling for better than twenty years to get you and your children a stand in the world! It isn't for myself that I care. I can work my fingers to the bone, and live upon a crust! I can scrape and save five dollars or so a month! I can bury myself in the country! But your children! those dear, sweet girls that have had the best education money can buy, and that to-day visit such people as the Murrays, and Sandersons, and Hoopers, and Bayers, and meet the Castors and Crinnalls at parties—millionaires, all of 'em, the cream of the upper crust! I don't deny that I *have* been ambitious for them, and I did hope that you had something of the same spirit; and now to think of your complaining, and moping, and groaning over the money you say I've been and wasted! Oh! oh! oh!"

"You misunderstood me, my dear; I merely

questioned whether we were acting wisely in making so much display upon so little substance. We are not millionaires, whatever may be said of the girls' visiting acquaintances, and I tremble sometimes to think how all this false show may end."

Mr. Hunt's borrowed courage had not evaporated entirely.

"That's distrusting Providence, Mr. H. ! It's downright sinful, and what I shouldn't have looked for from you. I can tell you how it will end. If both of us live ten years longer, you will see your daughters riding in their own carriages, and leaders of the *tong*, and your sons among the first gentlemen of the city. If this does not turn out true, you needn't ever trust my word again. I've set my head upon getting Lucy off my hands this summer, and well off; and, mark my words, Mr. H., it *shall be done!*"

One part of her mother's prophecy was fulfilled in Sarah's manner of receiving the proposition so nearly affecting her comfort during the summer. Lucy wondered at the cheerful alacrity with which she consented to be "hidden away in that horrid bore of a farmhouse," and Jeannie cried as her elder sister "supposed that they would eat in Aunt Sarah's kitchen, along with the servant-men."

"Lucy, be quiet!" interposed her mother. "Your aunt is not a common poor person. Mr. Benson is a man of independent means, quite rich for the country. They live very nicely, and I have no doubt but that your sisters will be happy there."

Sarah had drawn Jeannie to her, and was telling her of the rides and walks they would take together, the ducks and chickens they would feed, and the merry plunges in the salt water that were to be daily luxuries. Ere the recital was concluded, the child was impatient for the hour of departure, and indignant when she heard that Aunt Sarah must be heard from before they could venture to present themselves, bag and baggage, at her door. There was nothing feigned in Sarah's satisfaction; her preparations were made with far more pleasure than if she were to accompany Lucy. The seclusion that would have been slow death to the latter was full of charms for the book-loving sister. Aunt Sarah would be kind; the novel phases of human nature she would meet would amuse and interest her; and, besides these, there was Jeannie to love and pet, and river, field, and grove for studies and society. She panted for the country and liberty from the tyrannous shackles of city customs.

Aunt Sarah wrote promptly and cordially, rejecting the offered compensation, and begging for her nieces' company as long as they could content themselves in so retired a place. Simple-minded as she was, she knew enough to be sure that the belles and beaux of the neighborhood would be very unsuitable mates for her expected visitors. If her own girls had lived, she would have asked nothing higher for them in this world than to have them grow up respected, beloved, and happy, among the acquaintances and friends of their parents; but "Sister Betsy's children had been raised so differently!" she said to her husband. "I don't know what we will do to amuse them."

"They will find amusement—never fear," was the farmer's response. "Let city folks alone for seeing wonders where those that have lived among them all their lives never found anything uncommon. They are welcome to the pony whenever they've a mind to ride, and Jim or I will find time to drive them around a'most every day; and what with riding, and boating, and bathing, I guess they can get rid of the time."

Before the day set for the coming of the guests there appeared upon the stage an unexpected and welcome ally to Aunt Sarah's benevolent designs of making her nieces' sojourn agreeable. This personage we will let the good woman herself describe.

"You needn't trouble yourself to fix up for tea, dear," she said to Sarah, the afternoon of her arrival, as she prepared to remove her traveling-dress. "There's nobody here besides husband, and me, and Charley, except husband's nephew, Philip Benson, from the South. He comes North 'most every summer, and never goes back without paying us a visit. He's been here three days now. But he is just as easy as an old shoe, and sociable as can be, so you won't mind him."

"Uncle Benson has relatives at the South, then?" said Sarah, seeing herself called upon to say something.

"One brother—James. He went to Georgy when he wasn't more than sixteen years old, and has lived there ever since. He married a rich wife, I believe"—sinking her voice—"and has made money fast, I've heard. Philip never says a word about their wealth, but his father owns a great plantation, for husband asked him how many acres they worked. Then the children—there are four of them—have had fine educations, and always spend money freely. Philip is not the sort to boast of anything that belongs to him or his. He is a good-hearted

boy. He was here the August my last daughter—my Betsy—died, and I shall never forget how kind and tender he was then. I can't look at him without thinking how my Alick would have been just his age if he had lived. One was born on the fourth and the other the fifth of the same April."

Keeping up a decent show of interest in these family details, Sarah divested Jeannie of her sacque and dress, and substituted a cool blue gingham and a muslin apron. Then, as the child was wild to run out of doors, she suffered her to go, charging her not to pass the boundary of the yard fence. Aunt Sarah was dressed in a second mourning de laine, with a very plain cap, and while the heat obliged Sarah to lay aside the thick and dusty garment she had worn all day, she had too much tact to offer a strong contrast in her own attire to her unpretending surroundings. A neat sprigged lawn, modest and inexpensive, was not out of place among the old-fashioned furniture of her chamber, nor in the "best room," to which they presently descended.

Aunt Sarah ushered her into the apartment with some stiffness of ceremony. In truth, she was not herself there often, or long enough to feel quite at ease, her property though it was. Alleging the necessity of "seeing to the tea," she bade her niece "make herself at home," threw open a blind that she "might see the river," and left her.

First, Sarah looked around the room. It was large and square, and had four windows, two in front and two in the rear. The floor was covered by a well-saved carpet, of a pattern so antique that it was in itself a curiosity; heavy tables of a mahogany dark with age: upright chairs, with slippery leathern seats; a ponderous sofa, covered with haircloth; small mirrors, with twisted frames, between the windows; two black profiles, of life-size, over the mantel, and in the fireplace a jar of asparagus boughs, were appointments that might have repelled the looker-on, but for the scrupulous, shining cleanliness of every article. It was a scene so strange to Sarah that she could not but smile as she withdrew her eyes and turned to the landscape commanded by her window.

The sight changed the gleam of good-humored amusement to one of more heartfelt pleasure. Beyond the grassy walks and flower-borders of the garden behind the house lay green meadows, sloping down to the river, broad and smooth at this point, so placid now that it mirrored every rope and seam of the sails resting

quietly upon its surface, and the white cottages along the banks, while the banks themselves, with their tufts and crowns of foliage, drooping willows and lofty elms, found a faithful yet a beautified counterpart in the stream. The reflected blush of the crimson west upon its bosom was shot with flickers of golden light, and faded in the distance into the blue-gray twilight. The air seemed to grow more deliciously cool as the gazer thought of the hot, pent-up city, and beds of thyme and lavender added their evening incense.

The hum of cheerful voices joined pleasantly with the soothing influences of the hour, and, changing her position slightly, Sarah beheld the speakers. Upon a turfy mound, at the foot of an apple-tree, sat Jeannie beside a gentleman, whose hands she watched with pleased interest, as did also a boy of fifteen or thereabouts, who knelt on the grass before them. Sarah divined at once that this was her aunt's deaf and dumb son. The gentleman was apparently interpreting to Jeannie all that passed between himself and the lad, and her gleeful laugh showed it to be a lively dialogue. Could this be Mr. Benson's nephew, the beardless youth Sarah had pictured him to herself from Aunt Sarah's description? He could not have been less than six-and-twenty, had dark hair and a close, curling beard, an intelligent, handsome face, and notwithstanding his loose summer sack and lounging attitude, one discerned plainly traces of uncommon grace and strength in his form.

"What is he, I wonder? A gallant professional beau, who will entangle me in my speech, and be an inevitable appendage in the excursions? I flattered myself I would be safe from all such drawbacks," thought Sarah, in genuine vexation, as she obeyed her aunt's summons to tea.

Perhaps Mr. Benson read as much in her countenance, for, beyond a few polite, very unremarkable observations, addressed to her when his hosts made it a necessity for him to do so, he paid her no visible attention during the whole evening. The next day he set off, the minute breakfast was over, with his gun and game-bag, and was gone until sunset.

Sarah sat at her chamber window as he came up to the back door; and, screened by the vine trained over the sash, she watched him as he tossed his game-bag to Charley and shook hands with Jeannie, who ran up to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"What luck?" questioned his uncle.

"Nothing to boast of, sir; yet enough to

repay me for my tramp. I have been down to the shore."

"Philip Benson! Well, you beat everything! I suppose you have walked as much as ten miles in all!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah, with a sort of reproachful admiration.

"I dare say, madam, and am none the worse for it to-night. I am getting used to your sand, uncle; it used to tire me, I confess."

He disappeared into the kitchen, probably to perform the ablutions needful after his day's walk and work, for it was several minutes before he returned. Charley had carried the game-bag to the mound under the tree, and was exhibiting its contents—mostly snipe and red-winged blackbirds—to his little cousin.

"It is refreshing to see something in the shape of man that is neither an effeminate dandy nor a business machine," soliloquized Sarah. "Ten miles on foot! How I would like to set that task for certain of our Broadway exquisites!"

"She isn't a bit like a city girl!" Aunt Sarah was saying, as she followed Philip into the outer air.

"I am glad to hear that she is likely to be a nice companion for you, madam. I thought, from her appearance, that you would suit each other," was the reply, certainly respectful enough, but whose lurking accent of dry indifference sent the blood to Sarah's face.

Hastily withdrawing from the open window, and beyond the reach of the voices that discussed her merits, she waited to recover equanimity before going down stairs. In vain she chided herself for her sudden heat. Mortified she was, and even more ashamed of herself than angry with the cool young man who had pronounced her to be a fitting associate for her excellent but unpolished aunt. While his every look and intonation bespoke the educated gentleman, a being as different in mental as in physical muscle from the fops who formed her sister's train, had he weighed her against the refined women of his own class and clime, and adjudged her this place? At heart she felt the injustice, and, stimulated by the sting, arose the resolve that he should learn and confess his error. Not tamely or willingly would she accept an ignoble station at the hands of one whom she inwardly recognized as capable of a true valuation of what she esteemed worthy.

She looked haughty, not humbled, when she took her seat opposite her critic at the tea-table. "A nice companion," she was saying over to herself. The very phrase, borrowed, as it was, from Aunt Sarah's vocabulary, seemed to her

seasoned with contempt. She kept down fire and scorn, however, when Mr. Benson accosted her with the tritest of remarks upon the probable heat of the day in town as contrasted with the invigorating breeze, with its faint, delicious sea flavor, that rustled the grapevines and fluttered the white curtains at the dining-room door and windows. Her answer was not exactly gracious, but it advanced the one tempting step beyond a mere reply.

Thus was the ice broken, and for the rest of the meal, Aunt Sarah and "Uncle Nathan"—as he requested his nieces to style him—had respite from the duty of active entertainment, so far as conversation went. To Sarah's surprise, Mr. Benson talked to her almost as he would have done to another man. He spoke of notable persons, places, and books—things of which she had heard and read—without affectation of reserve or a shade of pretension; and to her rejoinders—brief and constrained for awhile—then, as she forgot herself in her subject, pertinent, earnest, salient, he gave more than courteous heed. It was the unaffected interest of an inquirer; the entire attention of one who felt that he received more than he gave.

They parted for the night with a bow and a smile that was with each a mute acknowledgment of pleasure derived from the companionship of the other; and if neither looked forward to the meeting of the morrow as a renewal of congenial intercourse, both carried to their rest the effects of an agreeable surprise in the events of the evening.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK had passed since the arrival of the city nieces at the farmhouse. An early tea, one of Aunt Sarah's generous and appetizing repasts, was over; and through the garden, out at the gate that terminated the middle walk, and across the strip of meadow-land, danced Charley and Jeannie, followed at a more sedate pace by Philip Benson and Sarah. Seven days' rustication had wrought a marked change in the town-bred girl. There was a lighter bond in her step, and in her cheek a clear, pink glow, while her eyes looked softly, yet brightly, from out the shadow of her gypsy hat, a look of half surprise, half confidence in her companion's face.

"One week ago," he was saying, "how firmly I made up my mind that you and I could never be anything but strangers to each other!

How I disliked you for coming down here to interfere with my liberty and leisure!"

"But even then you thought that I would prove a 'nice companion,' for Aunt Sarah perceived my suitability to her society," was the demure reply.

"Who told you that I said so?"

"Not Aunt Sarah herself, although she considered it honest praise. I overheard it accidentally from my window, and I can assure you properly appreciated the compliment, which, by the way, was more in the tone than the words."

"And you were thereby piqued to a different style of behavior. Bravo! did ever another seed so worthless bring forth so rich a harvest? I am glad I said it. Here is the boat."

It was a pretty little affair—Charley's property and care, and he was already in his seat at the bow, oar in hand. Philip helped Sarah in, placed Jeannie beside her, and stationing himself upon the middle bench took up a second pair of oars. A noiseless dip of the four, and the craft glided out into the stream, then up against the tide, the water rippling into a foamy wake on either side of the sharp bow. A row was now the regular sequel to the day's enjoyments, and to Jeannie, at least, the climax of its pleasures.

"Pull that way, please, Mr. Benson!" she cried. "There! right through that beautiful red water!"

A skilful sweep brought them to the spot designated, but the crimson deserted the wave as they neared it, and left dull gray in its stead.

"It is too bad!" complained the child, pointing back to the track of their boat, quivering amidst the fickle radiance she had thought to reach by this change of course. "It is behind us and before us—everywhere but where we are!"

"Is there a moral in that?" questioned Philip, smiling at Sarah.

"Perhaps so."

A fortnight before, how assured would have been her reply! How gloomy her recognition of the analogy! Changed as was her mood, a shade fell over her countenance. Was it of apprehension, and did Philip thus interpret it?

"I could not love Life and this fair world as I do, if I conceded this to be universally true," he said. "That there comes, sometimes, a glory to the present, beside which the hues of past and future fade and are forgotten, I must and will believe. Such, it seems to me, must be the rapture of reciprocal and acknowledged

affection; the joy of reunion after long separation from the beloved one; the bliss of reconciliation after estrangement. Have you ever thought how much happier we would be if we were to live only in the Now we have, and never strain our eyes with searchings for the lights and shades of what may be before us, or with 'mournful looking' after what is gone?"

"Yet is this possible?" asked Sarah, earnestly. "Does not the very constitution of our natures forbid it? To me that would be a miserably tame, dead-level existence over which Hope sheds no enchanting illusions; like this river, as we saw it three days ago, cold and sombre as the rain-clouds that hung above it. O no! give me anything but the chill, neutral tint of such a life as thousands are content to lead—people who expect nothing, fear nothing—I had almost said, *feel* nothing!"

"That is because every principle of your being is at war with commonplaces. Tell me frankly, Miss Sarah, did you ever meet another woman who had as much character as yourself?"

"I do not know that I understand the full bearing of your question." She leaned on the side of the boat, her hand playing in the water, her lips working in an irresolute timidity that was oddly at variance with their habitual firmness.

"I am aware," she began, slowly and gravely, "that I express myself too strongly at times; that I am more abrupt in language and action than most other girls. I have always been told so; but it is natural to me. My character has many rough and sharp edges that need softening and rounding—"

"In order to render you one of the pretty automatons, the well-draped, thoroughly-oiled pieces of human clockwork that decorate men's homes—falsely so called—in these days of gloss and humbug!" interrupted Philip with energy. "I am sick to death of the dollish 'sweet creatures' every boarding-school turns out by the score. I understand all the wires that work the dear puppets—flatter myself that I can put them through their paces (excuse the slang!) in as short a time as any other man of my age in the country. The delightful divinities! A little music, and a little less French; a skimming of the arts and sciences; and it is a rare thing to meet one who can tell an art from a science ten days after she has graduated—a stock of pet phrases—all hyperbolic, consequently unmeaning—a glib utterance of the same; a steady devotion to balls, beau-catching, gossip, and fancy-work; *voilà* the modern

fine lady—the stuff we are expected to make wives of! Wives! save the mark! I never think of the possibility of being thus ensnared without an involuntary repetition of a portion of the Litany—“From all such, etc. etc.!”

He plied his oars with renewed activity for a moment, then suspended them to continue, in a softer tone: “And this is the representative woman of your Utopia, Miss Sarah?”

“Did I intimate, much less assert, such a heresy?” responded she, laughing. “But there is a golden mean somewhere—a union of gentleness and energy; of domestic and literary taste; of independence and submission. I have seen such in my day dreams. She is my Ideal.”

“Which you will one day embody. No reproachful looks! This is the sincerity of a friend. I have promised never to flatter you again, and do not violate the pledge in speaking thus. From my boyhood, I have made human nature my study, and it would be hard to convince me that I err in this case.”

“You do! indeed you do!” exclaimed Sarah, with a look of real pain. “I lack the first characteristic of the portrait I have drawn. I am not gentle! I never was. I fear that I never will be!”

“Let us hear a competent witness on that head. Jeannie!” to the child, who was busy spelling on her fingers to Charley; his nods and smiles to her, from the far end of the boat, being more intelligible to her than were her attempts to signal her meaning to him. “Jeannie!” repeated Philip, as he caught her eye. “Come, and whisper in my ear which of your sisters you love the best. Maybe I won’t tell tales out of school to the one you care least for.”

“I don’t care who knows!” said the saucy, but affectionate child. “Sis’ Lucy is the prettiest, and she never scolds me either; but she doesn’t make my clothes, and tell me nice stories, and help me with my lessons, and all that, you know. She isn’t my dear, *best* sister!” And, springing up suddenly, she threw her arms around Sarah’s neck, with a kiss that answered the question with emphasis.

Sarah’s lip trembled. The share of affection she had hitherto dared to claim as her own had barely sufficed to keep her heart from starving outright. She had often dreamed of fulness of love as a stay and comfort, as solace and nutriment in a world whose wrong side was ever turned to her. Now there dawned upon her the sweetness and beauty of a new revelation, the *bliss* of loving and being beloved. Over life floated a warm, purple tinge, like the sunset

light upon the river. For the first time within the reach of her memory her heart *rested!*

In the smile whose overflowing gave a tender loveliness to her features, Philip saw the effect he had wished and anticipated, and, motioning to Charley to let the boat drift with the current, he picked up the guitar, that, by Sarah’s request, was always taken along in these excursions.

“The dew is on the blossom,  
And the young moon on the sea:  
It is the twilight hour—  
The hour for you and me;  
The time when memory lingers  
Across life’s dreary track,  
When the past floats up before us,  
And the lost comes stealing back.”

It was a love song, inimitable in its purity and tenderness, with just the touch of sadness that insured its passage to the heart. Sarah’s smile was softer, but it was a smile still, as the melody arose on the quiet air. When the ballad was concluded, she only said: “Another, please!”

Philip sang more than well. Without extraordinary power, his voice had a rich and flexible quality of tone and a delicacy of expression that never failed to fascinate. To the rapt and listening girl it seemed as if time could bring no more delicious fate than thus to glide on ever upon this empurpled, enchanted stream, the summer heavens above her, and, thrilling ear and soul, the witching lullaby that rocked her spirit to dreams of the youth she had never had, the love for which she had longed with all the wild intensity, the fervent yearning, her deep heart could feel.

Still they floated on with the receding tide, its low washing against the sides of their boat filling up the pauses of the music. The burning red and gold of the sky cooled into the mellow tints of twilight, and the pale curve of the young moon shone with increasing lustre. Jeannie fell asleep, her head upon her sister’s lap; the dumb boy sat motionless as stone, his dark eyes fixed on the moon; there seemed some spell upon the little party. Boat after boat passed them, almost noiselessly, for far into the clear evening went the tones of the singer’s voice, and the dullest hearer could not withhold the tribute of admiring silence until beyond its reach.

And Sarah, happy in the strange, restful languor that locked her senses to all except the blessed present, dreamed on, the music but a part of her ideal world, this new and beautiful life. Into it stole presently a theme of sadness. a strain of grief, a heart-cry, that, ere she was

aware, wrung her own heart-strings with anguish.

"The long, long, weary day  
Is passed in tears away,  
And still at evening I am weeping.  
When from my window's height  
I look out on the night,  
I still am weeping,  
My lone watch keeping.

"When I, his truth to prove,  
Would tattle with my love,  
He'd say, 'For me thou wilt be weeping,  
When, at some future day,  
I shall be far away;  
Thou wilt be weeping,  
Thy lone watch keeping.'

"Alas! if land or sea  
Had parted him from me,  
I would not these sad tears be weeping;  
But hope he'd come once more,  
And love me as before;  
And say, 'Cease weeping,  
Thy lone watch keeping.'

"But he is dead and gone,  
Whose heart was mine alone,  
And now for him I'm sadly weeping.  
His face I ne'er shall see,  
And naught is left to me  
But bitter weeping,  
My lone watch keeping."

If ever a pierced and utterly hopeless soul poured forth its plaint in musical measure, it was in the wondrously simple and unspeakably plaintive air to which these words are set. There breathes in it a spirit wail so mournfully sincere that one recognizes its sob in the very chords of the accompaniment. The mere murmur of the melody, were no words uttered, tells the story of grieving desolation.

Sarah did not move or speak, yet upon her enchanted ground a cloud had fallen. She saw the high casement and its tearful gazer into the night, a night not of music, and moonlight, and love, but chill, and wet, and dreary. Rain dripped from eaves and trees; stone steps and pavements caught a ghastly gleam from street-lamps; save that sorrowful watcher, there was no living creature abroad or awake. She grew cold and sick with looking into those despairing eyes; the gloom, the loneliness, the woe of that vigil became her own, and her heart sank swooning beneath the burden.

As he ceased the song, Philip looked up for some comment or request. To his surprise, she only clasped her hands in a gesture that might have been either relief from or abandonment to woe, and bowed her head upon them. Puzzled, yet flattered by her emotion, he refrained from interrupting her; and, resuming his oars, lent the impetus of their stroke to

that of the tide. Nothing was said until the keel grated upon the shelly beach opposite the farmhouse. Then, as Philip stooped to lift the unconscious Jeannie, he imagined that he discerned the gleam of the sinking moon upon Sarah's dripping eyelashes.

The fancy pursued him after he had gone up to his room. Seated at his window, looking out upon the now starlit sky, he smoked more than one cigar before his musing fit was ended. It was not the love-reverie of a smitten boy. He believed that he had passed that stage of sentimentalism ten years before. That Southerner of the male gender who has not been consumed by the fires and arisen as good as new from the ashes of half a dozen never-dying passions before he is eighteen, who has not offered the heart and hand, which as often as otherwise constitute his chiefest earthly possessions, to some elect fair one by the time he is one-and-twenty, is voted "slow" or invulnerable. If these susceptible sons of a fervid clime did not take to love-making as naturally as does a duckling to the pond by the time the eggshell is fairly off of its head, they would certainly be initiated while in the callow state by the rules and customs of society. Courtship is at first a pastime, then an art, then, when the earnestness of a real attachment takes hold of their impassioned natures, it is the one all-absorbing, eager pursuit of existence, until rewarded by the acquisition of its object or thwarted by the decided refusal of the hard-hearted Dulcinea.

This state of things, this code of Cupid, every Southern girl understands, and shapes her conduct accordingly. Sportively, yet warily, she plays around the hook, and he is a very fortunate angler who does not in the moment of fancied success discover that she has carried off the bait as a trophy upon which to feed her vanity, and left him to be the laughing-stock of the curious spectators of this double game. She is imperturbable to meaning *Équivoques*, receives pretty speeches and tender glances at their current value, and not until the suit becomes close and ardent, the attachment palpable to every one else, and is confessed in so many words, does she allow herself to be persuaded that her adorer is "in earnest," and really desires to awaken a sympathetic emotion in her bosom.

Philip Benson was no wanton trifler with woman's feelings. On the contrary, he had gained the reputation in his circle of an invincible, indifferent looker-on of the pseudo and real combats, in Love's name, that were con-

tinually transpiring around him. Chivalrous in tone, gallant in action, as he was, the girls feared while they liked and admired him. They called him critical, fastidious, cold; and mockingly wondered why he persisted in going into company that, judging the future by the past, was so unlikely to furnish him with the consort he must be seeking. In reality, he was what he had avowed himself to Sarah—a student of human nature; an amateur in this species of social research—than which no other so frequently results in the complete deception of the inquirer. Certainly no other is so apt to find its culmination of devotion in a cold-blooded dissection of motive, morals, and sentiment; an unprincipled, reckless application of trial and test to the hearts and lives of its victims and final infidelity in all human good, except what is concentrated in the inspector's individual, personal self. Grown dainty amid the abundant supply of ordinary material, he comes at length to disdain common "subjects." Still less would he touch one already loathsome in the popular estimation, through excess of known and actual crime. But a character fresh and noble from the Creator's hand; a soul that dares to think and feel according to its innate sense of right; an intellect unhackneyed, not vitiated by worldly policy or the dogmas of the schools; a heart, tender and delicate—yet passionate in love or abhorrence; what an opportunity is here presented for the scalpel, the detective acid, the crucible, the microscope! It is not in fallible mortality to resist the temptation, and even professors of this ennobling pursuit, whose motto is, "The proper study of mankind is Man," are, as they allow with shame and confusion of face, themselves mortal. Of all the dignified humbugs of the solemn farce of life, deliver me from that creature self-styled "a student and judge of character!"

In Sarah Hunt, Philip discovered, to his surprise, a rare "specimen;" a volume, each leaf of which revealed new matter of interest. The attentions he had considered himself bound to pay her, in order to avoid wounding their kind hosts, were soon rendered from a widely different motive. It did not occur to him that he was transcending the limits of merely friendly courtesy, as prescribed by the etiquette of the region in which he was now a sojourner. He was, by no means, deficient in appreciation of his personal gifts; rated his powers of pleasing quite as highly as did his warmest admirers, although he had the common sense and tact to conceal this; but he would have repelled, as an aspersion upon his honor, the charge that

he was endeavoring to win this young girl's affections, his heart being as yet untouched.

"Was it then altogether whole?" he asked himself to-night, with a coolness that should have been an immediate reply to the suggestion.

Side by side, he set two mental portraits, and strove deliberately, impartially to discern any traces of resemblance between the two. The future Mrs. Benson was a personage that engrossed much of his thoughts, and by long practice in the portrayal of her lineaments, he had brought his fancy sketch very nearly to perfection. A tall, Juno-like figure, with raven locks and large, melting eyes, unfathomable as clear; features of classic mould; an elastic, yet stately form; a disposition in which amiability tempered natural impetuosity, and generous impulse gave direction to gentle word and deed; a mind profoundly imbued with the love of learning, and in cultivation, if not strength, equal to his own; discretion, penetration, and docility combined in such proportions as should render her her husband's safest counsellor, yet willing follower; and controlling and toning the harmonious whole, a devotion to himself only second in degree, not inferior in quality, to worship of her Creator. This was the Ideal for whose embodiment our reasonable, modest Cœlebs was patiently waiting. Answer, O ye expectant, incipient Griseldas! who, from your beauteous ranks, will step into the prepared niche, and make the goddess a Reality?

And how appeared the rival picture in comparison?

"No, no!" he ejaculated, tossing the remnant of his third cigar into the garden. "I must seek further for the 'golden mean.' Intellect and heart are here, undoubtedly. I must have beauty and grace as well. Yet," he continued, reluctantly, "there are times when she would be quite handsome if she dressed better. It is a pity her love for the Beautiful does not enter into her choice of wearing apparel!"

In ten minutes more he was asleep, and dreamed that he stood at the altar with his long sought idea, when, as the last binding words were spoken, she changed to Sarah Hunt, arrayed in a light blue lawn of last year's fashion that made her look as sallow as a lemon, and, to his taste, as little to be desired for "human nature's daily food."

Poor Sarah! The visionary robe was a faithful reflection upon the dreamer's mental retina of a certain organdie which had formed a part of Lucy's wardrobe the previous summer, and,

having become antiquated in six months' time, was altogether inadmissible in the belle's outfit of this season.

"Yet it cost an awful sum when it was new!" reasoned Mrs. Hunt, "and will make you a very useful dress while you are with your aunt, Sarah. It's too good to cut up for Jeannie!"

"But the color, mother?" objected the unwilling recipient.

"Pooh! who will notice that? Besides, if you had a good complexion, you could wear blue as well as anybody."

Sarah's stock of thin dresses was not plentiful; and, recalling this observation, she coupled it with the fact that she was growing rosy, and dared to equip herself in the azure garment, with what effect she did not dream and Mr. Philip Benson *did!*

(To be continued.)

## WIDOWS: PART II.

### THE YOUNG WIDOW.

"The storm that breaks the aged oak  
But bows the slender elm."

It is all very well while the young widow goes about shrouded in her black garments, veiled like a nun, and as demure and reproachless as the lady abbess herself. People cry "poor thing," and think the better of themselves for their pity. But youth is stubborn stuff; it will contend for its rightful share of cheerfulness, no matter how it is hedged round by sorrow and care. The poor flower, planted in some dreary, shady nook, will send out its long stem, and crook, and bend, and fairly turn a corner, till it gets its face to the sunshine, and there it will bloom as bewitchingly as if its root and leaves were not hidden away in the dampness and gloom. So it is with the human heart in the glad morning of life. It is made for joy, and it knows it. Put it where you will, cramp it with poverty, cumber it with care, rack it with sorrow, or give it weary nights of pain, and it will yet smile through its tears, and win a sweetness out of woe.

The time must come when the widow in "her teens" will find it unnatural to be shut out from the free, pure air of heaven. Those heavy folds of orape seem to wall her into the desolation of the living tomb; they are cast aside, and her young face looks out once more on the world, which to her now lies in shadow.

Where is the loving pity, the tender sympathy that so welled up for her a twelvemonth ago? Winks, and nudges, and significant

"hems!" have taken the place of all that kindly current. Not that she is the less the object of general attention. Men love contraries, and even monstrosities; they will go hundreds of miles to see the midnight sun, and crowd and push to have a peep at the Tom Thumb man, the five-legged sheep, or the "bearded woman." It is perhaps as much to this peculiarity of our nature as to its nobler side that the young widow owes the conspicuousness of her position. Girlhood's bloom and the garments of mourning, the heart of youth and earth's sorest grief, these are combinations which cannot pass unnoticed. If a beautiful face chance to be within the closely quilled cap, the charm is complete. Even wiseacres, who pretend to adhere to that moral nursery theory—"handsome is that handsome does"—will be found quickening their pace or stretching their necks to have one look at the fair round cheeks or the dark eyes that are half shadowed by that long veil.

Now comes the perilous time for the young widow. She must walk circumspectly, if she would escape the wounds of that venomous adversary, the human tongue. Critics seem to have their *sorrow-metres*, by which they are enabled to tell exactly the degree of grief or resignation suited to this stage of her affliction, and wo be unto her if she come short of the standard! Alas! if, under any provocation, she should let slip a merry word or suffer her old, girlish laugh to ring out on the telltale air! If she have a pretty foot, she must be careful not to show it at a muddy crossing; if she have a white hand, it must never be ungloved on the background of her sombre garments. There must not be a trace of vanity or coquetry in her deportment, though she may have been a perfect bundle of these womanly imperfections in her days of maidenhood.

- For the young widow who feels reviving within her the natural joyousness and craving for society of her own age there seems no place provided. There is no rest for the sole of her foot on the social platform. She does not feel altogether in sympathy with the matrons of forty or fifty because she has been for a few months a wife. She has few subjects of interest in common with them. The cutting and making of children's clothing do not seem to her the great end of life, with or without a sewing-machine. She has no Jennie or Tommy to dress out like a Parisian doll; she wants no new patterns for little pants, no royal road to quilling ruffles. She has no housekeeping cares to confide; she probably lives with some

uncle, or aunt, or mother, or brother, and knows no more of the kitchen of the establishment than of those mysterious African regions never penetrated by Park or Livingston, or the Frenchman who discovered (not invented) the gorilla. When these notable ladies discourse about their several "lords and masters," she can but sit a silent listener; there is no centre of attraction for her now. What wonder that she is a little "flighty," somewhat eccentric in her orbit! It is plain that she is out of place among the bobbing headdresses and busy knitting needles. If the young widow goes back to her old companions, the merry associates of her girlhood, she finds herself no more at home with them. They do not feel that she is any longer one of them. She can see that they do not expect her to join in their plans for amusement or their chatter about the beaux. Her own sense of propriety, too, forbids much to her which seems innocent for them. What shall she do? Who shall be her associates?

We do not forget that there are true young hearts which, having once loved and been left desolate, look upon the world as a place where they may give joy, but no longer receive it. On their quiet way they go, ministering to the suffering and cheering the sorrowful, giving forth to all who need the love that the one beloved object no longer monopolizes. It is not of these unselfish mourners we are speaking; we have for them no meed of praise; they are sure of a better and a more enduring treasure, when they who bear well the cross shall receive the crown.

We all acknowledge that we believe true affection to be the legitimate provocation to matrimony by the universal estimation of the misery and desolation of widowhood. Here, as in most cases, the generally received theory is the right one. Unfortunately, however, there are cases where Hymen's torch is quite innocent of any acquaintance with Cupid, and is merely lighted up as one might bring out a candle to put the seal to some deed of land or other weighty document. Women have married for a home, for a place of shelter, for an elegant establishment, for freedom, for an incomparable trousseau, to look pretty as a bride, to go to Europe, because such a man was cruelly "handsome, or rich, or the rage," and for what other senseless reasons the foolish creatures themselves only know. They have found themselves in a bondage which love only can make light, and the Christian heart hallow into happiness. Must such young widows grieve as if life were suddenly made all darkness for them?

There are true women who have given their best affection for but a name, a fleeting shadow, a worthless, effervescent interest that has fled before the honeymoon is over. They have found themselves tightly linked to one who has forfeited their every claim to respect or the faintest shadow of esteem. Can such wives continually mourn when the stern hand of death sundered the chain that had become so galling?

Everybody has a heart, speaking physiologically, a valuable apparatus, with which the most ingenious mortals cannot well dispense. There is a finer kind of mechanism, however, which we sometimes call by the same name, which is by no means so universal as the fleshly symbol. Some poor souls come into this world hopelessly shallow in their feelings. Whether they are thick-skinned or thin-skinned is a matter of no moment, since there is nothing to be shielded or covered, there are no sensibilities to be blunted, there is nothing to be wounded. They can't feel; you might as well find fault with a fish for his cold blood, or a mole for his blindness, as with them for floating placid or simpering along the changing river of life. Cloud or sunshine, rough water or smooth, it is all the same to them; on they go to make those comfortable, fat old ladies who "go to sleep evenings," and are never in anybody's way. What, then, is to become of those young widows who have worn mourning, but shed no bitter tears, and of those other elastic spirits who have had their sorrow cured by the very vigor of their youth and the upspringing of the natural wells of joy?

They generally answer the question for themselves in the most satisfactory manner, and another question too at the same time, a question which is to be "popped," bolted out if it is ever to find its way to the intended ear or the ear of the intended. They do well; they have Old Testament and New, example and precept, Ruth and Paul on their side. Young folks will toss their heads and speak slightly of them, young chits whose hearts go pit-a-pat at the sight of a handsome pair of boots and are all in a flutter at a word from a beau. It is very unselfish, truly; not at all the thing set down in novels! We would not put it in a book if we were writing one ourselves. Yet we are glad when we see the poor things find shelter in an honest man's home. The world is a rough place for a lone woman, and a dangerous one, too, when she is young and pretty, or warm-hearted. A kind, manly arm, thrust between her and malicious, peering faces, is just what she needs.

The young widow may marry if she be capable of a true affection, and its object be worthy of her choice, and there will be many kindly people to bid her God speed! She may marry, but her love-making must be of the discreetest sort; there must be no moonlight walks, no tender looks, no window-seat *tête-à-têtes*; they are barely allowable for the misses; they will not do at all for you, Young Widow. They are not to be forgiven; no, not for many a long year. The ill-natured public has a very tenacious memory; don't store it with tittle-tattle about your indiscretions. You must not be foolish, and blush and look conscious. If you cannot help it, you had better shut yourself up until you have a wife's right, and a husband to face the world for you. Do not have a long engagement; you will be the "town-talk" until you are married, and you may as well abridge as much as possible the period of your notoriety. Have a quiet wedding, no endless string of bridesmaids to titter behind your back, and be amused at your youthful airs. You have been through it all before, and everybody knows it. If you are conscious of the springing of a new affection, as pure and true, and perhaps higher and nobler than the first, keep this knowledge to yourself. Don't talk about your love for your second husband, but show its fruits in your home; you do not want to be a laughing-stock in polite circles. Your character may have been chastened by your sorrow; you may make a far better wife than before, but don't tell your good resolutions; let them be found out by their fulfilment. Above all, let *him* whom you have chosen have reason to rejoice that you have borne the yoke in your youth, and have been purified by passing through the fire.

The school-mistress is always haunted by hints of the regulations of the last teacher as authority for her proceedings; the more such hints she receives, the more oil of birch is administered to the advisers. Take warning, and do not founder on the rock fatal to such luckless pupils. Your first husband may have been a saint, a model in every department of life, but don't quote him for the benefit of number two. Your skein of silken bonds may seem to be winding ever so smoothly, but this will be sure to bring on a snarl which it will take more than patience to set right. Profit by the past yourself, but let it be a "dead past" for others. People never want your experience dug up and dissected for their benefit. Everybody has skeletons enough of his own mistakes to rattle in his ears when he wants a warning.

We speak generally, but if you marry a widower, the remark may be closely applicable.

But a truce to giving advice. Take our best wishes, Young Widow, so soon to be a wife. We are glad to see the wee wave-tossed, stranded bark once more trimmed and set for another voyage. All fair winds attend thee, and bring thee and thine into the blessed harbor where "there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage."

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## FLOWN.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

Come with the duster, come with the broom:

Throw all the medicine vials away;  
Up with the windows and back with the blinds—  
Let in the light of the glad, young day.  
Drape all the room in the saintliest white;  
Gather fair roses to put in the vase,  
And lay one—the purest of all you bring—  
Beside the snow of that still, dead face.

Roll on your fingers her hair's pale gold,  
And twine it around her forehead white;  
And fold her still hands together, so,  
That the wedding-ring may be in sight.  
That ring—she has worn it but one swift year,  
And very happy you two have been;  
Few clouds have lowered above your world,  
And few are the griefs that have entered in.

Yet you will remember—you think of it now—  
As you press wild kisses on those mute lips,  
How once you answered not back their love,  
And the thought will lash you like scorpion whips.  
You had quarrelled, you know, and she came first.  
Tembling with hiding her yearning love,  
And you—so foolishly piqued and proud—  
Refused the kiss of your penitent dove.

But it matters not now. To-morrow—the hearse.  
The dirge, the grave, and the empty nest:  
The dark-eyed pansy, her favorite flower,  
We'll plant all around her shadowy rest.  
And when in the summer-time you are there,  
Sit silent and breathless, that you may hear  
The tones of her spirit-voice, and feel  
The breath from her white wings floating near.

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PARENTS must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only *government*, firm and mild, but *sympathy*, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

## CROSS PURPOSES.

PEOPLE never look well travelling in cars ; women as a rule look worse than men. To be sure there is nothing particularly pleasant in seeing a gentleman leaning back in his seat with his felt hat pulled over his eyes, and his mouth open ; but men generally are enabled to while away the time with a magazine or book, and jumping out at every different station to get a breath of air, or a newspaper. But ladies cannot leave their seats ; they are always thirsty ; they do not dress well ; they look sleepy, and dusty, and dowdy, and no matter how hungry they are they cannot eat ; for surely no lady in her senses would eat in the cars, unless she was perfectly oblivious to her outward appearance. Now there are exceptions to every rule. And if you had been at the depot one fine afternoon in April, 18—, you would have seen the neatest little figure jump off the cars on the platform, and receive a kiss from a fat, pompous, good-natured looking individual ; and soon I had her little hand tucked through my arm as I led her off to the boat. When I had found a nice seat for her on the upper deck, I sat down opposite her, and we began a most interesting conversation ; but before I tell you what we said I must tell you who she was.

Now, when I was a young man, I was not sent to college, more 's the pity, but to a merchant's office, where I commenced at the beginning, made fires and swept out. For all that, I used to be very fond of visiting a pretty little cousin of mine, with long fair curls and blue eyes, who lived in a great house in the upper part of the city of New York. Time went on, and my love grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, when one evening I ventured my all of bliss in life and lost. Soon after she married a Captain Evans in the Navy, and went away beyond the seas ; but though lost to me I always loved her the same ; and when long years after she came back widowed to her childhood's home, with her little Laura, it was to me she ever looked for comfort and support in her affliction ; and when she died she placed her orphan child in my care, and made me promise, by the memory of my love for her, ever to be her good and true father.

I took a house, a plain old-fashioned house, and a prim, neat housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, who was Laura's nurse ; and then we three

lived together in a homely, contented way, my little girl ever a gladdening sunbeam, making the dark places light and the world all cheery. But pleasant things cannot always last ; and so one day I took my Laura to school. She was fourteen, and the old house and the old man must be left, and the duties of life commenced. How well I remember, as I stood on the doorstep, how tightly the little arms were clasped around my neck, and the deep, heart-breaking sobs which came from under a mass of wavy brown hair, floating on my breast. I could never have bidden the dear child to leave me, but she, knowing my pain, pushed me from her, dried her tears, and smiled a good-by.

Every succeeding vacation the bright presence filled my home, each time more beautiful, more mischievous, more lovable ; and now that she is seated by my side, watching the water as we glide along, there is in my heart a measureless content to know that she will not leave me again, and as my heart speaks to her through my eyes, and I meet her answering smile, through the din of the noisy crowd the low words fall on my ear—"Our little parlor will never see another parting, dear uncle, for you will keep me with you always."

"Always, dear child," I answer ; "and God bless you and make you happy with me."

Any afternoon that summer, if you were passing my house, you would have seen the figure of my darling as she sat in the window, sewing and waiting for me to come home. There she sat and watched, and as I turned the corner of our street and came in sight, she was gone ; but a moment after she had the front door open, and was ready with her warm, welcoming kiss. Those days were the pleasantest of my life, and my thoughts were all of peace and contentment ; still my little girl soon drooped for want of company ; she missed the gay companionship of her school friends ; she missed the hum and never-ceasing noise of a large household. Here she was, only eighteen, in the early freshness of youth, shut up with an old man and woman—all her little confidences pent up in her breast, all her wild fancies and girlish dreams lost.

The young never confide in the aged ; nor would it be natural. One just entering into life is so sanguine, so full of joyous anticipations, has such an intense enjoyment of simple

things, such a perfect confidence in the world, such a capacity for realizing and appreciating the bright, hopeful summer, basking in the full splendor of its sunbeams with scarcely a thought of the coming autumn. Oh, youth, thou hast gone from me forever, and left me nothing but dreams, idle dreams of faces and scenes so gradually fading away that even as I recall them they are dim—dim from my failing eyesight and the thick, clouded breath of time!

As I sat thus ruminating, one sultry summer evening, in my easy-chair, the half-finished cigar held lazily between my fingers, glancing now and then at the white-robed figure in the obscurity of the curtained window, and just catching the refrain of Laura's low-toned song, I formed a plan which, before a week elapsed, I saw executed. Yes, before the week was over, I had left Laura with Mrs. Brown, down at the sea-shore, where she could have the advantage of seeing nature, the ocean, and society, which latter, I thought, she needed most.

Three weeks passed away in which I never once received a word from Laura, as I had left town on a fishing excursion with some old friends. When I returned I took the cars for the sea-shore, and upon arriving at the nearest station, very impatiently received the intelligence that I must wait for the next stage to the house. At last it came, and after half an hour's dusty drive, we drew up at the end of the long porch of the hotel, when whom should I see but Laura promenading arm in arm with a gentleman? As I stood mutely gazing at her she turned, caught sight of me, and in another instant her arms were round my neck, and she had kissed me again and again.

When I had made myself presentable, Laura and I went in to a late tea. As we walked together up the long dining-hall, every one turned to look at her. I thought she appeared to be a great deal dressed, and when I hinted something of the kind she laughed, and told me that there was to be a "hop," she believed, that night.

After tea we took chairs and sat out on the porch. I asked Laura, "Who was that gentleman?"

"A friend of mine."

"How came he a friend?"

"Oh, I don't know; I suppose because he sat opposite me at table."

"And made love to you with his eyes while he passed the peas and asparagus?"

"Just exactly; how smart you are, uncle!"

"Well, but you must have been introduced to him, or else I shouldn't have seen you walk-

ing with him, little mischief. You did not know your old uncle was looking at you."

"O yes; his mother introduced him to me, and he has been very kind. The fact is, uncle, that I never knew what it was to be lonely till I came here. I did not know any one but your friend, old Mr. Lee, and a dreadful prosy old fellow he is. When I had bathed and taken a walk, there was nothing to do till tea-time, and then I would rather have been alone than have to talk to Mr. Lee; so I wandered up and down the beach till I was tired, and then after tea I would saunter through the parlors, then up and down the porch till I felt as if I couldn't draw another breath. I was overcome with *ennui*. I had determined the third night on asking Mr. Lee to send me back to the city the next morning, and just as I thought of him, he came towards me, bringing a lady whom I recognized at once as my *vis-à-vis* at table; he introduced her as Mrs. Grantley. I found her very pleasant, and after we had chatted a little while I said how dreadfully dull I thought it, and how I longed to be at home; but she said she would not hear of such a thing till she had tried her powers on me, and then together we walked into the parlor and sat down. Just then the band commenced a quadrille, and Mrs. Grantley asked me if I would dance. Without waiting for an answer, he introduced me to her son, and directly I was at the head of the room, in my place, and dancing. Afterwards we walked out on the porch, then, after a pleasant little talk, he took me back to his mother. I had had no chance of seeing how he looked while I was dancing with him, so, as he moved away, stopping now and then to exchange a word with other little groups of persons, I scrutinized him closely.

"How true it is that a man's beauty is in the expression of the face, not in the features! Mr. Grantley was not even good-looking; his features were large, his eyes black, and his hair quite gray; he was neither young nor old, but in the prime of life; his figure was large and portly, and he stooped slightly when walking, but one would hardly notice it unless it was pointed out. The expression of his face and his whole bearing were rather stern and commanding, but when he smiled it changed him entirely; there was perfect sunshine in it, 'twas irresistibly pleasant, one looked at him in amazement, and as the smile faded away you lost something, and could not rest till you had provoked it again. It was his nature to like few persons or things, but what he liked he liked well. He was not at all a lady's man,

but he liked to converse with them, and generally was a favorite. Among gentlemen, and particularly young men, he was universally liked, he adapted his conversation so perfectly to the persons with whom he conversed, and always seemed to feel such an interest in them."

"You surely did not find out so much about him in that one evening?" I said.

"Yes; that is, these were my first impressions, and I have never seen any reason to change them."

"Well, you have given him a most excellent character. Am I to understand he has no faults?"

"Indeed, uncle, it is hardly fair to ask me such a question; I suppose he has faults, but in the little time I have known him he has always been polite and kind. To be sure, at times, I have wondered whether he really liked me or not, as sometimes he has taken great pains to be near me, going out walking with me in the morning, reading to me in the afternoon, and promenading the porch with me in the evening; then I might not see him again for the next day or two unless meeting him at meals. But one doesn't mind that much, as you know, otherwise I might get tired of him; there, 'speak of the spirit, the ghost will appear.'"

Just then Mr. Grantley crossed the piazza near us, and Laura calling him, he came up and was introduced to me. We entered into conversation; Laura left us and joined Mrs. Grantley in the parlor, where she was soon the centre of a little group, looking so bright and beautiful that, like a foolish old fellow that I was, I would pause in the conversation and call Mr. Grantley's attention to her ringing laugh and happy face, and indeed he was looking her way himself, and seemed to enjoy hearing and seeing her as much as I did.

After a very pleasant week, I was obliged to return to the city, and Laura would not hear of my going home alone, so I took her with me. The night before we left we were all sitting in the parlor talking over pleasures past and of anticipated meetings in the future, when Mrs. Grantley said:

"Why can't you all go to Havana with me this winter? I am obliged to go on business; and if we could only make up a party, how delightful it would be! Won't you and Laura join us, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, my dear madam," said I, "you would not want me to take such a journey at my time of life? I should never survive it."

"Now, Mr. Smith, that excuse will never do.

You only want us to compliment you on your youthfulness, etc. etc."

"I think you would enjoy the trip very much, Mr. Smith," said Edward Grantley. "Indeed, it is not much of a voyage in a good ship, and it would, no doubt, be very interesting to Miss Laura as well as yourself."

"O do, uncle!" chimed in Laura. "I want to be on

The sea, the sea, the open sea,  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

Just to think how glorious to be where one can see no land—nothing but sea and sky!"

"And here is Miss Gardner and her brother, and Mary Henry going; that will be three. Edward and I are five, and you and Laura seven. Now do say you will go!" said Mrs. Grantley.

"O please, Mr. Smith," resounded from all sides.

"Indeed, my dear ladies, I cannot think of such a thing for myself; but if Mrs. Grantley will take very good care of my little girl here, I can see no reason why *she* shouldn't go."

"O, uncle, how could you think I would be so selfish as to leave you at home all alone! If you do not go, neither do I."

"Yes, but, Miss Laura, it would only be three short weeks, and I'm sure your uncle would like you to go," said Miss Gardner.

"O, yes, do go!" insisted the others.

"But, Laura," said I, "the very time you are gone, I will take to travel on business and make a visit to Mr. Lee. So now, as you see I can enjoy myself, you won't hesitate about going?"

"No; if you can arrange your plans so nicely, I'm sure I should be delighted to go. What month will you start, Mrs. Grantley?"

"Not till the first of December, for Miss Gardner says that in November it is oppressively warm, and the fever still raging."

"Well, you know, Laura," said Mary Henry, "this is the last of September, and it is only two months to wait. Just think how delightful it will be to go from winter to summer! The climate in the winter months at Havana is perfectly delightful."

"Oh, I'm sure I shall be pleased with everything!" said Laura.

"Particularly the sea-sickness, Miss Laura," said Mr. Grantley.

"That is malicious; you shall not dance with me for being so impertinent; I only hope you may have it for the whole party. Come, uncle, let us finish the evening with an old-fashioned reel."

We all stood up, and when through the

dance I told Laura she must bid them all good-by, for we were to start very early in the morning; so immediately there commenced a general leave-taking, accompanied with innumerable kisses. I was rather curious to see how Laura would part with Mr. Grantley, but I could see him nowhere; he left the room as we commenced dancing, and had not come back. Just then I heard Laura say:

"You must remember me to your son, Mrs. Grantley."

"He will be disappointed at not seeing you, I am sure. I wonder where he is! Just wait one minute, and I will find him."

"Not on any account, Mrs. Grantley. I don't want him to come if he can't come of his own accord."

The next morning early we were off, and reached home safely that evening. Altogether, both Laura and I thought our trip had been pleasant. I tried to tease Laura about Mr. Grantley letting her go away without bidding her good-by, when she very coolly told me she had bid good-by to him that morning.

"This morning!" I said; "why, Laura, where did you see him?"

"It was while you were attending to the baggage. I was sitting waiting in the stage when Mr. Grantley came up and bid me good-morning."

"What did he say?"

"O, I believe he remarked on the beauty of the morning, hoped I would have a pleasant journey, and that he might have the pleasure of calling on me in the city."

All through the months of October and November Laura was very busy. She took Spanish lessons three times a week with her friends who were going to Havana, and, besides, went to a great many parties. The Spanish class, I told her, I thought was a great humbug. It generally met at Miss Gardner's, a pleasant old maid with a handsome brother; and I used to call for Laura about ten o'clock in the evening, and I scarcely ever entered the parlor without being greeted with shouts of laughter, and there was generally a game going on, "Blind Man's Buff," or "Fox and Geese." As for books, there was not a sign of them. I used to think, therefore, that they had not learned much; but Mrs. Grantley assured me that the young folks behaved very well during the lesson, and these games were only the winding up of the evening.

Laura and Mary Henry became quite intimate. They were hardly ever apart, and seemed to enjoy each other's society very much. They read

together, made calls, and if I took Laura to the theatre or opera, we generally called at Miss Gardner's for Mary, who was her niece.

One evening I was reading out aloud a new novel to Laura and Mary, while they were busied over some laces and ribbons, when there was a ring at the door, and the maid handed in a basket of flowers with a card for "Miss Laura Evans." Mary began to admire the flowers, and I to guess at the donor, but there was not a single clue. I asked Laura if she could guess who sent them. She laughed and blushed, but said: "O, no! she could not guess, but the flowers were beautiful, and that was enough for her."

At length the day approached for them to sail; and on Tuesday morning, the first of December, we were all assembled on the deck of the steamer to bid adieu to the gay party. It was rather cold; so I proposed going down in the cabin to look at their state-rooms. We all went down and spent an hour very pleasantly in conversation, till the call came to clear the decks, and away we went down the side of the vessel, calling out little forgotten last words. The cannon boomed over the waters, and right gallantly the vessel glided away. I waited till Laura's handkerchief was no longer visible, and then hurried back to my office.

#### Laura's Diary.

*Dec. 1st.* After we were well under way, and the vessel as yet steady, Mrs. Grantley proposed that we should each retire to our state-room, take off our bonnets and cloaks, and prepare everything in case we should be sick. Mary Henry and I occupied a state-room opposite to Mrs. Grantley and Miss Gardner; the gentlemen were several rooms distant. When we were in our room, I asked Mary "if she did not think Mr. Grantley was uncommonly pleasant this morning?"

She said, "Yes, and no wonder, for he had met an old acquaintance on board, one of the loveliest-looking women she had ever seen, with a little boy about six years old."

"Then I suppose she was married?" I said, in as unconcerned a voice as I could.

"O, yes—a widow; and I think it is her cap that makes her so bewitching."

"A widow! Then it is Mrs. Ellis. I have often heard him speak of her."

"Why," said Mary, "if that is Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Grantley is guardian to her little boy."

"Indeed," I said, and then, not caring to hear any more about her, I walked out into the

cabin, and sitting down upon the sofa, gazed long and earnestly at a very pretty group. There was Mr. Grantley sitting at a table writing, while Mrs. Ellis, leaning over his chair, dictated a list of things she was sure she would want, as she expected, she said, to be dreadfully seasick. Mr. Grantley was much amused at her decided manner and coquettish little ways, and at the unavailing attempts she made to keep her little boy still, who was racing up and down the cabin, striking against the chairs and tables with his little whip, and then trying to climb into Mr. Grantley's lap. After a while she coaxed him into a chair, set his nurse to watch him, then, sitting down beside Mr. Grantley, they spoke much lower, and seemed absorbed in their subject of conversation.

Gradually most of the ladies had taken seats, some with fancy work, others with books, all looking very sober. All our party but Mr. Grantley were sitting together. Occasionally Mrs. Grantley would pass her smelling-bottle around with a most significant smile, and if we looked at all sober she would scold us.

At last the vessel commenced to rock slowly from side to side, and the ladies standing around the stove took seats. As the motion increased, I threw a shawl around my shoulders, vowed I would go on deck, and persuaded Mary to accompany me. We made our way up the stairs, and stepped out on deck. For a time the change was pleasant, and we quite revived; but the wind seemed to freshen so fast that Mary said she could stand it no longer; so down we went into the cabin. A great many ladies had disappeared, among them Mrs. Grantley and Miss Gardner. I left Mary lying on a sofa, and hastened to their rooms. They were in their berths, but only complained of headache. I returned to Mary, sat down beside her, and bathed her head with bay-water. I glanced around the cabin. The ladies gradually laid down their work and books, then lanned their heads on their hands, and then one by one retreated to their state-rooms. Mary also I helped into her berth; then returned for the bay-water. I had just time to see Mr. Grantley and Mrs. Ellis still earnestly engaged in talking, when the vessel lurched, and losing my balance, I fell, but immediately getting up I protested I wasn't hurt, although Mr. Grantley had rushed to help me.

*Dec. 2d and 3d.* The next two days are blanks. I was seasick, and I know of no more dreadful sensation. Occasionally I would hear voices in the cabin, and sometimes I could distinguish the conversation. Regularly every meal Mr.

Grantley knocked at his mother's door, and then at ours, endeavoring to make us more comfortable, and vainly urging us to make an effort and come on deck, declaring we would never be well till we did.

*Dec. 4th.* This morning I felt so miserably weak from having eaten nothing, and lying so long in my berth, that I got up and dressed as well as I was able, threw a shawl around me, and staggered out to the cabin, when I sank down on a sofa in perfect despair. Oh, how I wished for home and my dear uncle! I felt how absolutely alone I was, no one to care for me, and, burying my face in my handkerchief, I sobbed from very weakness.

"How glad I am, my dear Miss Laura, to see you up once more! How do you feel this morning?" said Mr. Grantley.

I partly lifted my head, and then, to cover the blush I felt rising, I dropped it again, when he sat down beside me, and said he was quite a doctor, and would have to prescribe for his little patient. I told him I was not sick, but felt so weak and faint that I could not rise.

"Yes, yes," he said, "and a little homesick;" and then he softly stroked my hair, and said, "Poor child, I will soon make you well." Soon after the steward brought him a wineglassful of brandy, which he made me drink. A moment after he asked me if I could stand, and I did. He put my arm through his, and helped me up on deck. I never shall forget how glorious the ocean looked that bright, warm day; and after Mr. Grantley had fixed me in an arm-chair, and placed another for me to rest my feet on, he went down to look after his other patients, and I was all alone on the sea.

There are some scenes which are so grand, so wondrously beautiful, that one gazes with awe upon them, and forgets, for a time, one's personality in their greatness.

"Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense, the pulse's madd'ning play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?"

I watch the waves ever shifting, now rearing aloft, now dissolving away in some deep cavern, dashing their spray high over the deck, foaming under the wheels, till my eyes tire of the never ceasing motion.

At last I began to wonder where all the ladies were, and to dislike being the only one on deck. There are plenty of gentlemen up here, and it is such a novel sight to see a lady on deck that they really stare at me till I am quite uncomfortable. What a pair of eyes that is sitting round the corner there! I wonder why

they look so strange? Ah, their owner is coming this way. When he passes, I'll take a look at him. He walks well. I do not think he minds this unsteady deck any more than if he were on Broadway. Oh, no! not Broadway; he is a Spaniard. That olive skin, those piercing eyes and jetty hair betray him. Perhaps he is going to Havana. He looks intelligent; he comes this way as if he would speak to me if he dared. It almost makes me laugh to think how I look—my hair all uncombed, my boots unlaced (I tried my best this morning to lace them, but it made my head swim so to stoop I had to give it up), not a bit of a collar. Ah! what would I have thought of myself a week ago in this plight? If I were asked what would cure vanity, I should recommend sea-sickness. Here comes Mr. Grantley at last.

"I am sorry I had to leave you alone so long, Miss Laura, but I was getting the rest of the party up. And now what will you have for breakfast?"

I thanked him, but was sure I could eat nothing.

"Now, my dear child, you must do as your doctor says."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says eat a little dry toast, and have a tumbler of lemonade. Ah, there come the rest of the party!"

Sure enough, there they were. Mrs. Grantley first, looking a little pale; Mary on her arm, paler; and Mr. and Miss Gardner, quite natural; and, to my surprise, last of all came my friend with the handsome eyes, all but concealed with shawls. Who can he be, I wonder? As Mrs. Grantley came up, I tried to rise to get her a chair; but she would not let me; said she was better than I was, and indeed they were quite gay. For my part, I was anything but well; my head ached so I could scarcely see, and I told Mrs. Grantley I must go down again; but she said it wouldn't do, and she made me lie down on a long bench while Mr. Grantley brought some pillows for my head and the Spaniard gave me a shawl. When I was fixed, Mary Henry said:—

"Wouldn't it be nice to have breakfast up here?"

"Indeed, I am going down to the table," said Miss Gardner. "You'll never get anything up here."

"Yes; but if I assure you that you shall have everything that you want?" said Mr. Grantley. "At any rate, Miss Laura shall have her toast here, and whoever will stay, speak."

"I'll stay with Laura, and you can all go down to the table," said Mrs. Grantley.

Miss Gardner was going, and taking Mary's arm, said she should accompany her.

"Miss Mary, you surely won't desert us!" said Mr. Grantley.

"Why, Mr. Grantley, you could not expect me to leave you all alone at the table!" Mary looked at me mischievously, and then walked off with Mr. Gardner, his sister having disappeared. Mr. Grantley followed.

I leaned over to Mrs. Grantley, and asked her, "How old she thought Mr. Gardner?"

"Too old for you, my dear, but not for Mary Henry."

I laughed a quiet laugh to myself, for Mr. Gardner was several years younger than Edward Grantley. But then what was Edward to me? He was so kind, and he seemed to watch so closely to see if I wanted anything; and then I so often meet his eye, and, I am sure, always blush. I am almost afraid he thinks I like him. This will never do, and I am determined I shall not let him think I care anything for him. I will try the Spaniard. See if I can't flirt a little, too; it seems the order of the day on board ship. Let me see; how shall I begin? When he talks, I must appear much interested, not say much myself, and then he will be so in love with the sound of his own voice that he will want to come and talk to me again. I will promenade this evening; that will be an excellent idea, and we will have some music, and I will ask him what is his favorite song, and sing to him.

But I wonder where Mr. Grantley is all this time? Mrs. Grantley and I have finished our breakfast. I thought he was going to take his breakfast with us. What can he want to go to the table for? Suddenly it flashed on my mind that Mrs. Ellis had not been sick, and he was most likely with *her*. I was on the point of asking Mrs. Grantley if she had seen Mrs. Ellis, when I thought how ridiculous it would sound, as I had never been introduced to her.

How should I meet Mr. Grantley? I felt aggravated to think I should so easily have allowed myself to care for him, and he had only treated me as a friend. To be sure he had sent me baskets of flowers all winter, had always sought my society, and his eyes had spoken more than was right if he never loved me. I should like to be indignant, and not look at him again; but then of course he would think I was jealous; much better to be perfectly oblivious outwardly to everything that is passing around me, but inwardly form my own resolutions. I

suppose I was so excited by all the events of the morning that out of weariness I fell asleep, for the next thing I remember was a clear, ringing laugh, joined by several other voices, and, hastily rising, there I saw our whole party, and the centre of the group was Mrs. Ellis. She was just finishing some anecdote, her eyes sparkling full of fun, and every one around looked amused. They had not noticed my rising, and not until I was preparing to go down into the cabin. Mrs. Grantley said: "Why, Laura, are you going down? Edward, do help Miss Evans."

Mr. Grantley came forward and offered me his arm. I would rather not have taken it, particularly as I saw Mrs. Ellis give me anything but an agreeable look; still I was determined to act as if nothing had happened to either of us, although we were scarcely the same persons four days ago. I was surprised to find how much better I felt. At the state-room door Mr. Grantley said he hoped I would soon be ready to come up again, and that I must try to eat some dinner; he would give me half an hour to dress, and then would come after me. I asked what time it was, and was surprised to find it was almost three o'clock. What a long time I must have slept!

After plaiting my hair, I coiled it around my head *à la couronne*, and then, to help me in my proposed flirtation, dressed all in black, and threw a long lace veil over my head and shoulders. But it was no use; I couldn't look Spanish. I was ready before the half hour was out, so, throwing a shawl around me, I hurried up on deck.

Mrs. Grantley gave me a seat beside her, and then introduced me to Mrs. Ellis and the Spaniard, whom they called Mr. Domine.

"You have just come in time, Laura," said Mary Henry, "for Mr. Grantley is going to repeat 'The Twa Dogs' for us."

"Indeed, Miss Laura, your friend is romancing, for there is the gong, and this dog is ravenous. How do you feel, mother? Mrs. Ellis looks as if she were quite ready for something eatable, and Mr. Gardner has been consulting his watch for the last hour."

"That is a base calumny," said Mr. Gardner, "and I appeal to Miss Henry to support me."

"O no, Mr. Gardner; pray support me down to dinner."

"Now, then, Gardner, lead off; and Miss Laura—"

"Comes next with me," said Mrs. Grantley.

"No, indeed; that will never do. Here,

mother, you come with me and Mrs. Ellis. Mr. Domine, take good care of Miss Laura."

I asked Mr. Domine if he had seen Miss Gardner. He said yes; she had gone down with her brother. At the table Mr. Domine sat between me and Mary Henry. He was very pleasant and intelligent; he had read a great deal, and travelled over half the globe. I had determined to like him before I was introduced to him, and there was that in his manner so bold and energetic that one's good opinion was fairly taken by storm.

After dinner he took a seat by me in the cabin, and entertained me exceedingly with his adventures by sea and land. It seemed that he lived mostly in Havana, but was often in New York. He said he was well acquainted with uncle, and had often taken dinner with him, but I had always been at school. I asked him how he became acquainted with the Grantleys. He said his mother and Mrs. Grantley were own cousins, and that he had been there spending the evening the night before they sailed; and they had persuaded him to join their party, although he had not intended leaving New York until the next steamer.

After tea Mary asked me if I was able to walk. 'Twas a beautiful night, with a new moon, and I felt able to do anything; so we walked up and down, not gracefully, for we had a great deal of fun swaying from side to side with the rocking of the vessel. Mrs. Ellis was fortunately down stairs, and Mr. Grantley and Mr. Domine were smoking together. They soon joined us, and Mr. Grantley asked me if I would take his arm. I was amused to see how disappointed Mr. Domine looked, although he very politely offered his arm to Mary.

How pleasant Mr. Grantley was to-night, although more reserved than usual! I felt there was something between us, a coolness I could not exactly account for; still I enjoyed my walk very much.

Presently Mary and Mr. Domine sat down, and Mrs. Ellis joined them; then I noticed that Mr. Grantley's manner changed, and supposing of course that he wanted to go and talk to Mrs. Ellis, I said I would go down in the cabin if he would excuse me. He bowed very gravely, I thought, and then went over to Mrs. Ellis and sat down. I knew he would, and yet there was a strange pang at my heart as I saw it.

Nearly every one had left the cabin, so I took a book and opened it, not to read, but to think. At first it seemed as if it was my fault that Mr. Grantley had changed so, and I thought over and over again all that had passed since I left

New York (and each day seemed a year), and of all the pleasure I had anticipated in being so much with my dear friends; and now how bitterly I felt that all pleasure was gone because *he* had changed!

Then I could scarcely bear to think of Mrs. Ellis. How I hated her clear, pleasant laugh, which I could hear distinctly through the port-holes! and I thought with contempt of her pretty, coquettish ways. At any other time I would have admired her; but now that all the attention that Mr. Grantley had once paid me was given to her, I viewed her every action with a jealous eye.

About nine o'clock Mr. Domine came up to my sofa. I bent on carrying out the flirtation so prosperously begun, asked him to sit down, and in the midst of a spicy argument Mr. Grantley and Mrs. Ellis came down, and then Mrs. Grantley, with the rest of the party; they

all joined Mr. Domine and me but Mr. Grantley, and he, after glancing towards us, walked off to the other end of the cabin. Seeing that he was annoyed at finding Mr. Domine with me (as if he had any right!), I suddenly felt a wonderful impulse to talk which I could not control, and never was I so gay as that evening. A surprised glance ever and anon from Mr. Grantley only heightened my excitement; and at last, on bidding them good-night, every one seemed to be amazed at the new phase in my character. Mrs. Grantley kissed me, and said I was quite myself again. Strange to say, Mrs. Ellis shook hands very cordially with me, and said she knew we should be good friends. I said yes; she would find me merry as she was. Mr. Domine said only "Good-night," but I am sure I blushed as I met his earnest glance of admiration, and Mr. Grantley saw it as well as I.

(Conclusion next month.)

## LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

### LETTER II.

DEAR MR. GODEY.—Brewstir got my fotygraff took the other day, with my new goldy brown silk frock, with black satin flowers up and down the sides. I can't hardly think it's me a settin' in that great chair with such a glistin'-in' frock on, and my poor little fan peekin' out of such a fixed up pile of close; but then everybody says it's a perfect picter of Miss Broomcorn. Brewstir says so, too. I wonder what Susan and the boys would say if they could see it. I 'speat they would say it was drefle funnyfined for aunty.

Well, where did I leave off in my last letter, about my schoolkeepin' over in Pendle Holler? Oh, I was goin' to Parson Jones's to board the next week. Well, I went home with the little Joneses. There was Ganis, and Gamaliel, and Japha, and Mercy Ann, and Mehitabel, and Content, six, all there was of them but the baby, went to my school. I couldn't help thinkin' that I must look some like a little old hen with a passle of chickens, when I went along the road with such a flock of little ones with me. I noticed that the square room door was open when we come to the gate. The children run up the path and hollered, "mother, here's the schoolma'am." Miss Jones come to the door and asked me how I did, and sot out a chair, and introduced me to the Elder and Deacon Moody, and his wife who was there

a visitin'. Deacon Moody was a little glum man, and looked as if he was asleep half the time; but if ever you see anybody wide awake it was his wife. Her eyes was big, and round, and black, and she would look at you over her specs for ever so long without winkin'. She was so fat and round that she looked for all the world jest like a great bolster tied in the middle. She had on a black bombazine frock, a checked apron, a black silk neck hankercher on her neck, and a great red knittin' sheath, shaped like a heart pinned on her side. She sot in the big rockin'-chair, and rocked, and knit, and talked all the afternoon. Says she:

"Now, Elder Jones, I want to know what *you* think about Tild Button's verses. Seems to me her mother's too sensible a woman to let Tild grow up a wuthless kind of a verse-maker, while she does all the potwraslin' herself. If Tild was my girl, she should spin somethin' else besides rhymes, I can tell you. Now, what do you think, Elder?"

"Well," the Elder said, "he didn't know Matilda Button wasn't so good-lookin' as some, but he believed she was pious."

"I dunno about folks's looks bein' much 'count in this world, Elder," says she, lookin' over at me; "I never reckon on Polly Mariar's havin' such oncommon eyes, and hair, or such pink cheeks, and such a slim figger, for I know things of this world pass away; but Polly Mariar

will make as stiddy a woman as Tild Button. Some folks' piety goes further than others, though, and as for them verses in the 'Starry Banner,' why, I hearn folks say Tild Button never wrote them verses, she took 'em out of a book. They do say she stays up in the garret half the time, readin' a passle of old books and papers. A putty show she 'll make when she gits married and goes to housekeepin', for I can tell you that's what 'll show off whether she has got any 'conomy and knack of turmin' off work or not. Needn't anybody ask me how many tablecloths, and towels, and kiverlids and quilts Polly Mariar's got, for I sha'n't tell, though she ain't but nineteen come March. Miss Broomcorn, how do you git along keepin' school?"

She took me up so sudden that I didn't know what to say at first, but I finally said I believed I did as well as could be expected.

"My Brother Jeff used to keep school," says she. "You've heard of him, ain't you, Elder? Well, Jeff kep school twice in Pendle Holler, once on Harrinton Hill, three times on Coot Hill, and the last winter before he died, he kep the school over in the Kingdom. Jeff saved a nice passle of money keepin' school. Poor feller! he had the fever and died at our house, and his coffin was cherry, and cost twelve dollars, but I didn't grudge it a bit. I reckon there ain't many school-teachers like Jeff. Deacon Moody, what on airth be you a doin' with your head agin Miss Jones's white winder curtains? As if bleached muslin wouldn't sile any quicker than new tow. Seems to me you'd better go and see if Dolly ain't got into mischief, or don't want to be watered, nor nothing. It 'll wake you up to stir round."

The Deacon went out, and Miss Jones went to settin' the table in the kitchen; so the Elder and I had Miss Moody all to ourselves. She talked and talked, and the Elder seemed to be listenin' all the time; but when she asked him a question he didn't always answer, just as if he knew what she'd been a saying.

When Miss Jones got tea ready, Miss Moody was ready, too. She folded up her knittin' and unfolded her pocket hankercher, and set down by the warm biscuits, just as calm as ever could be, while the Elder asked a blessin'. When Miss Jones passed the plum sass round, Miss Moody asked her where she got the plums.

"Why," says Miss Jones, "they come from my sister's over in Mullintop."

"Dear me," says Miss Moody, "I wonder what's the reason somebody at the Holler hadn't got plums to spare for their paschure."

When I have anything good I always says to the Deacon: 'We must save some for our paschure. There's nothing too good for a good paschure; and I bleve it does 'em good to let 'em know you 'preesheate 'em.'"

Parson Jones said he thought she was very kind to think of the paschure. Miss Moody was jest butterin' her third biscuit when all the little Joneses come rushin' in cryin' for their suppers, but, somehow, it didn't disturb Miss Moody a bit. She seemed to 'preesheate Miss Jones's supper, and laid into the soft gingerbread and cookies as if she'd been without a good while. After she had declared to Miss Jones that she hadn't but a slim appetite, she pushed back from the table with the rest, and took out her knittin' agin. Just about that time Squire Kenyon come along and stopped to speak to the Elder, and Miss Moody took off her specs, and asked him if his family was well. Says she:

"You have my sympathy, Square. You're a forlorn creetur in that lonesome house with that little touty child. Elder Jones here don't know nothin' about it. Look at all the olives round his table, and his pardner ready to anticipate his woes. I tell you, Square, nobody can feel for you as well as them that's been in a similar predicament. But you mustn't let it wear on you, Square; you're a young man yet, and your little gal must have somebody to larn her to work. A good stiddy, sensible gal. One that knows enough to presheate a man of your parts, Square. For pitty's sake, don't be bamboozled into marryin' a soft headed gal that is always full of feelings, and never has a mind to work, as some folks I know on. A woman like *that* is wuss than nothin'. I've seen such matches afore now as would scare a man out of all notion of matrimony. I would not advise ye to be in a hurry, either; better wait awhile, Square. Ef you git lonesome, come up and see the Deacon. We'd be dreffle glad to have ye come. Won't we, Deacon?"

Deacon Moody said something, I couldn't hear what, and Miss Moody begun agin. She asked him fifty questions about his wife, and who doctored her. Says she:

"Square Kinyon, I believe my soul your wife would a been alive this minit, if you hadn't employed that are old goose of a Dr. Stirrup. I tell you what, I've known ever so many cases where he as good as killed 'em. There was Jemima Smith, used to be Jemima Kibbin. He doctored her a year stiddy, and kep a tellin' the poor soul she was 'gettin' better all the time, and after all, I vow, the creeter

died. I allers laid it to Stirrup a killin' her. Well, Square, you 'll be sure to come and fetch your little gal. Polly Mariar's 'mazin' fond of children. Miss Jones, do you and the Elder come over, too. It's a'most a year sense you've been to our house. Dew come, Elder. I allers enjoy a visit from the paschere."

All this time she 'd been a puttin' on her things, and so she went out bobbin' her head all round for a good-by. After they 'd fairly gone, I went and offered to help Miss Jones do up her work. You 'd better believe there was a nice lot of it to do. While we was washin' the dishes Miss Jones bust out a laffin', and said, "She might as well laff as cry." She felt like cryin', but a good laugh was better for a body than a cry any time.

"Would you believe, now," says she, "Miss Moody brought me six eggs and a pint of caraway seed? and she kep me at work the whole afternoon. First I plaited a cap border for her. Then I cut a pattern for Polly Mariar's new frock, and another for a sunbunnet, and then she lugged in a bundle of piller covers, and wanted me to mark 'em all with copperas-colored thread. I told her I hadn't time, but I sent Polly Mariar my sampler, and told her how to do it herself. Then she managed to tell me what she 'd like best for supper; and if I didn't want to offend a deacon's wife, who has a sharp tongue, I must make some hot biscuits and soft gingerbread. Then the Deacon's horse couldn't go in the paster 'cause she jumps fences, and she musn't eat musty hay, for she has the heaves, and so the end of it was that the Elder had to borrow oats of Deacon Pendle, and a scythe, and a chance to mow a little clover in Square Kinyon's medder, and make Miss Moody comfortable about Dolly. O, dear, if I was a minister I 'd quit preachin', and go to peddlin' tin, or tappin' shoes for a livin' before I 'd wear a coat for everybody to pick holes in!"

After Miss Jones had got all the children washed and put to bed, she had to take her needle and go over their clothes. 'Twas a rip here and a tear there; a button gone in one place, and a buttonhole broke in another. Then the boys wore their father's old clothes made over, and you needn't wonder they come to pieces.

Well, I boarded at Elder Jones's a week before I come home without findin' somebody there a visitin'. The Elder didn't go about among the folks much, they said, and so they come to see him. They was out of meal, and butter, and flour half a dozen times, but some-

how Miss Jones managed to git a good meal always. She was a drestle proud woman; she would have died before owned to anybody that she couldn't do as well as the best, and she did contrive to make a drestle little do as well as most folks do a good deal. The Elder wasn't so cute as she by a long reach; and I ruther 'speat the folks took some advantage of him, because he wasn't sharp.

One day, after school, I took little Hetty Jones, and went over into Square Kinyon's medder after strawberries. Hetty said she knew a place where they got ripe ever so early. The clover was just beginning to blow, and all along the wet places silver weed and evan root grow, and lilies showed their red buds round among the grass. The bobolinks fluttered around the willers, and sung as if they was distracted. Well, Hetty and I couldn't find any early strawberries ripe, so we went along the fences, and got our hands full of posies. While we was picking the white silver weed blows, Nat Stowers, a big, shambling goose of a boy, come running along by us, with a face as white as a miller's, and eyes fairly dartin' out of his head. When he see us, he stopped short.

"Hetty Jones, schoolma'am," says he, "if you don't want to see a ghost, you 'd better run."

"Where, where?" says Hetty and I.

"Over in the Perkin lot. I seen it myself—an offle-looking creetur, with a hairy face, an eel-skin hat on his head, with a brim as broad as Tild Button's Sunday bunnit, and a white sheet round him, and a-settin' under a white umberill, a-chalkin' on a board, with a cudgill in t'other hand. Better b'l'eve I run sum! My patience! you don't catch me goin' where sich things walks day times agin, though."

"Let's go home," says Hetty. "I don't want to see a ghost."

So we went right home, Nat keeping close to us, and talkin' about the ghost every minit, till we was about as scared as he was.

Well, from that day the Perkin lot was haunted. Not a soul dared to go there, because the ghost with the white umberell was seen a few days after in a field close by; then it was seen walkin' round on a hill, with a pack on its back and the white umberell over its shoulder. A story got out that it was the spirit of Gran'ther Lambert, who used to be an old Revolutioner, and got all cut up with troopers' swords at Yorktown, and lived to make a vow that he 'd kill a British soldier for every one of them fourteen bloody gashes, and a general officer for the print of horseshoes on his breast

when they rode him down and crushed him under their horses' feet. He used to say he should sartinly walk if he died afore he accomplished it. And he died without killin' but twelve, and lamented it to the very last. So of course it was Gran'ther Lambert, luggin' round his wife's old faded out green umberell and his knapsack, and allers chalkin' down twelve on a paper before him.

When I'd been school-keepin' about six weeks, I went over to Deacon Pendle's to stay over Sunday, and Miss Button come in to see me. She and I sot in the front room together. While Miss Pendle was at work in the kitchen, Miss Button come and stood before me, and throwed back her head, and put her hands behind her. Says she: "Betsy, you've a tender, sympathizin' mind; you can appresheate my trials and share my joys. Prepare now to be suffused with anger." And she took a letter out of her pocket, and held it up before me. "I blush to show it to you," says she; "but I did think Square Kinyon had a mind above common men. I was fool enough to want to hear him talk, to see if he knew anything; if there was a single strain of music in his soul; and now, the—the—the—poor old fool, he thinks I'd like to marry him, and he's wrote to me about it. Oh, Betsy, to think that I should be suspected of courtin' a widower, with a red-headed little girl to bring up! Oh, it's terribly mortifyin' to me! But I know now just adactly what I'll say to him. Let's you and I go up stairs and write a letter to him." So we went up stairs. Miss Button put the winder-curtains down part way, and sot down and begun to read me the letter. It was a ruther funny love-letter. He said he had ten cows, and he'd give her the likeliest of the gray colts, and he had a famous lot of new geese feathers to make into beds and pillows, and with the best medder land in the Holler, he reckoned a body could live tolerable comfortable, if they tried. He should have asked her before, only she must take into 'count his bereaved state of mind sence Miss Kinyon's death. Every line or two Miss Button would stop and laugh. After she'd gone over it all, says she: "I know what I'll say to him. Give me your pen." So she began to scratch, scratch, lookin' as tickled as could be all the time. I declare, I begun to think she was handsome. Her big brown eyes had long, curled-up lashes. She had a straight nose, short upper lip, and the dimples danced over her cheeks like a baby's. All at once she laughed right out. "Hark," says she:—

"MOST RESPECTED SIR: I was surprised to get your letter offerin' to marry me. I should be obliged to ye, and proud into the bargain, if I only thought I was the properest girl you could find for a wife; but there's Dolly Jinks is ever so much better-lookin', besides being a good deal younger, and Polly Mariar Moody's not very old, if you wa'n't very strict about age, and she's got a good settin' out, everybody knows; Jane Darrer, Rowa Stirrup, Liddy Perkin, and the two Stowers' girls would either of 'em suit you better than me, bein' younger, and so better suited to your age, handsome, and of course a better match for a handsome man like Squire Kinyon. I might mention the schoolma'am; but I don't know as the trustees would consent to let her go these two months, less you paid another to finish the school, which wouldn't be convenient. As for me, I'm a disconsolite, forlorn creetur, and when you are married and gone, you won't be disconsolite any longer.

"The moon is shinin' like a bride  
Arrayed in silver white;  
I'll go and bathe my burnin' brows  
All in her coolin' light.

"But you, beside your kitchen fire,  
On smilin' beauty gaze;  
Her eyes like sparks, with beauty bright,  
Her young cheeks all ablaze.

"Your most obedient servant, I take my leaf  
of you, SERAPHINA MATILDA M. BUTTON."

When she'd read it all, she laughed so loud and so long that Miss Pendle come up to see what was the matter. She looked surprised enuff when Miss Button said she was only answerin' one of her love-letters. I didn't feel just right about her puttin' in somethin' about me; but then such a girl as she was always would do just about as she pleased. She folded up the letter, put it in her pocket, and said she meant to send it to him next day. And says she: "I'll bet a bundle of goose-quills he will run right off to see Dolly Jinks or some of them girls. I hope they will give him the mitten. The old goose! to think he thought a body couldn't ever be civil without being purrin' round for a chance to be Miss Kinyon second. Well, I give him a dose; but la sakes, he won't take the hint what I think about him." All the rest of the evenin' she kept laughin' about Squire Kinyon and his medder land, his cows and geese feathers. "Oh," says she, "what a prospect for a nice young woman! And that long-tailed gray colt, which the Squire would always want to use, and yet be so clever as to 'low me to call it mine! Oh, the dear old cle-

verly! he shall have a wife, and a pretty *young* fool, too!" I declare, I begun to pity the Squire, she run on so about him.

But it wasn't long before we had something else to talk about, for Nat Stowers come in, lookin' as if he couldn't hardly keep still, he was so runnin' over full of news. It stuck out of his eyes, and almost pushed his hat off, and he had to cram his hands into his pockets pretty nigh up to his elbows to keep it from flyin' out of them.

After he'd sot down, the Deacon said: "What's the news, Nat?"

Poor fellow! his eyes rolled in his head, and he grinned at us without sayin' a word. Of course we begun to want to know what it was.

"Come," says the Deacon, "what is it, Nat?"

Nat chuckled to himself a minit. Says he at last: "You hain't seen nary ghost around here lately, have you?"

The Deacon said he thought we hadn't, though he did see a big-horned owl t'other night, round after a hen.

"Well," says Nat, "I seen one, Sam Jinks seen one, 'n' to-day Tom Potter seen one, 'n' spoke to him, too. 'Twa'n't Gran'ther Lambert, either; you never would guess who 'twas, for you don't know. It's a feller from York, I s'pose; any way he's got a tailor made coat 'n' shiny boots. I swaow, I dunno what on airth his hat must a been. 'Twa'n't pickety straw, nor pam leaf, but a kind of Lagehorn, like Tild's flat. His trowsers was some kind of store cloth, any way. Tom said so, and I seen him arter Tom did, a-settin' on a log, markin' on a piece of paseboard, 'n' I crept up close, 'n' looked at him. Tell you what, he's got an offle-lookin' mess of hair on his chin! Reckon he don't peddle razor straps any way! He! he! he!"

"Nat," says Miss Button, "you don't mean that *you* see this chap, when he wasn't a ghost, and he goes round markin' on a piece of paper, and wears store clothes all the time."

"Wall, yes, I dew, Tild. I was hoein' corn over in the ten acre lot, 'n' I watched him. He sat ever so long a-lookin' at that old elm tree down by the pond, 'n' markin' on his board; but bimeby he got up 'n' went off to them rocks, 'n' looked about a spell, 'n' then he went across the hill out of sight. He's got a regular umbrella, on'y it's pooty light-colored; s'pose it's the fashion in York. Reckon Tild'll be arter gittin one."

"O dear," says Miss Button, "I'm disappointed. I did hope it was a real live ghost at last, and I wanted to see it myself. It's such

a comfortable feelin' to get over a good scare. How I should have liked to seen that old Granny Endor!"

"O yes, Tild," says Nat, "you're allers diggin' back into futurity. I don't know about witches. Ef I did, I'd be sartin to catch it. Gran'ther does cuss 'n' swear 'bout this here ghost enuff to scare a feller. Wish to goodness gran'ther'd get religion; I'd go fishin' every Sunday, then, for he wouldn't make me work so stiddy. I say, Tild, that 'ere York chap had a pictur of your dad's old mill, jest as nateral as could be. He showed Tom ever so many picters; he's a-makin' 'em all the time. I swaow, I didn't know anybody follered that bizness."

Well, after we had talked the matter over and over, and asked Nat ever so many questions, and he had told us that he was "a proper, handsome feller," Miss Button put on her bunnit and asked Nat if he wouldn't go home with her. Oh, if you could have seen Nat's face! He blushed up to his hair, and grinned so's to show every tooth in his head. When they went out, he crammed his hands into his pockets, and shied off one side, considerably ahead of Miss Button. Deacon Pendle laughed to see 'em.

A spell after that Miss Button come in to see me one Saturday night. I asked her if she had seen the ghost yet. She looked as red as fire, and turned me off by askin if Square Kinyon had offered to give me one of the gray colts yet? I wouldn't tell her a word about it, because Nat Stowers had come in only the day before, and told us that York chap had been to Bethuel Button's two or three times, and made picters of all the old trees round, and Bethuel himself into the bargain. He'd seen them, and after a good deal of coaxin', he owned that he made a picter of him, too, jest as nateral as life. Miss Button said she come to tell me what a good time I should have, a boardin' with the Jinkses. Marm Jinks was a regular subjeck for 'notomy. Poor thing! She was always havin' her throat burnt out with fustick for some trouble or other with the tonsors in her throat. She had the bronika, and everything else under the sun; and she kep and took more medicin' than all the rest of the folks in Pendle Holler put together. I never saw Miss Button in such good spirits as she was that night. She laughed, and told stories, and, finally, she got to repeatin' poetry. The Deacon and Miss Pendle laughed dreflively over some of her funny stories about the rest of the folks. And after she'd gone, the Deacon

said he was afraid something would happen to Matilda, she was so uncommon happy. I don't know whether he dreamed it or guessed it, but as true as I live, about three weeks afterwards, Nat Stowers come into Miss Jones's one morning, when I was there, to tell us that Tild Button had drowned herself in her father's mill-pond the night before, leavin' a paper on her table, sayin' it was for love she did it. He s'posed it was for love of the picter-maker. We was dreflely horryfied about it. About noon, Nat come in agin, and said as they hadn't found her body in the water, they 'sposed she'd hung herself. Elder Jones went right over there to see about it. Towards night he come back, and said that the unfortunit girl wasn't dead, but she 'd run off with a painter—a city chap without an acre of land in the world; and her father said he s'posed he was as poor as a shin bone. Squire Kinyon come in

to inquire about it; and when Elder Jones told him that, he kind of grinned, and said he didn't feel surpris'd at it. *He* knew long ago that Tild, poor thing! had a good deal more genius than common sense. She hadn't a mite of 'presheashun for anything real solid and substanshal. Her taste run to poetry and other flummiddles. Guess she 'd find out, in course of time, that there were some sense in havin' a comfortable property. In his opinion, she 'd only jest done as we might have expected long ago.

Of course, there was a good deal said about it. Custard pies, sponge cake, and tea was used extravagantly; and even the Widder Soule, who hadn't been a visitin' before in ten years, did go out of an afternoon a dozen times, jest to talk about poor Miss Button. But no more this time from

Your obedient friend,  
BETSY BROOMCORN.

## LESTER'S REVENGE.

BY ANNA M. BINGEN.

(Concluded from page 75.)

### CHAPTER II.

"By the strong spirit's discipline,  
By the fierce wrong forgiven,  
By all that turns the heart from sin,  
Are mortals won to heaven."

THE little church in the Pennsylvanian village of —— had been greatly blest. Luke-warm professors had been aroused, past differences and animosities had been permitted to sink into oblivion, and when from united hearts the voice of strong supplication had been lifted up in behalf of the thoughtless throng of spectators, God had answered prayer by causing many hitherto careless ones to ask what they should do to be saved. The meeting had been prolonged many weeks, and must now close; but the minister seemed loth to dismiss his congregation on this the last night of the "special effort." He stood for a moment looking at the expectant throng, then requested that the seats nearest the altar should be filled by those who had lately joined the church. In answer to his wish, there came, as room was made for them, eighty-three, who professed to have lately "passed from death unto life."

"There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth."

There came, with quick, impulsive steps, many

whose young, ardent manhood exulted in the new title they had won, and whose untried hearts fully believed that the hopes which friends indulged of their future usefulness would not be disappointed; and there was also the calm, measured tread of thoughtful, far-seeing middle age; there was the graceful maiden, gliding timidly to the place of which she felt unworthy; and the serious matron, whose earnest eyes seemed to glance after those whom she would fain bring with her. What various wants, what various needs were there! Mr. H. was not one of those whose tears have such ready flow that their congregations grow indifferent to them; but now his eyes were filled to overflowing as he looked at those who would, if faithful, be "stars in his crown of rejoicing." Would they prove faithful? How earnestly he besought them to do so! how imploringly he urged them to use aright the talents which God had given them! to make every blessing which He had bestowed a something which should advance His interest! How many hearts recorded in that solemn hour the promise that they would be valiant soldiers of the cross; that neither "height, nor depth, nor any other creature" should be enabled to separate them from the love which passeth understanding! How many resolved that they would never again murmur at poverty, but would

strive even in its midst to show that the religion of Christ was more than a recompense! and how many of those blest with this world's goods inly vowed that they would "feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and help to send the Gospel to distant lands!"

One of the number, a most lovely girl, had been escorted to church by our former friend, Lester Howard, now a noble-looking young man, within a few months of his majority. She was his betrothed wife, the sister of his college friend, Harry White, with whom he had spent a number of vacations. He and Harry had arrived in the village that afternoon, but he had had no opportunity to converse with Ellen till they started for church, when she seemed timid, as if desiring to speak, but lacking courage. He had thought it singular that she should wish to go to church on the first evening of his visit; but it was all explained when, as the call was made for the new members to come forward, she arose and passed him with downcast eyes. She found a seat in one of the side pews, and he could see her plainly. He watched her jealously, but she was listening to her minister so attentively that she seemed to have forgotten his presence. The small, gloved hands were clasped together, and the graceful form was bent slightly forward, while the red lips trembled, and the soft brown eyes looked strangely bright, shining as they did through tears. Could it be that that earnest-looking girl was the darling, frolicsome Nellie, whose ringing laugh had been such music to his ears? How purely beautiful she looked as she stood with bowed head to receive the closing benediction, then turned with sweetly serious eyes, and moved quietly with the throng who were pressing their way along the aisles! He almost dreaded to have her reach the spot where he stood. What had they in common now? Would she not desire to break their engagement? For in that moment Lester seemed to feel that there was a measureless distance between himself and the followers of Jesus.

For some moments after they left the church they walked in silence; then Ellen said: "You were surprised, were you not, Lester?"

"Yes," he answered, briefly.

"But not displeased, I hope? You would not be if you knew how far happier I am than I used to be."

"No," he said, hesitatingly, "not displeased. But oh, Nellie, you were good enough before."

"What do you mean by good enough, Lester? We cannot be good enough so long as we remain unfit for heaven, can we?"

"But you always were fit for heaven," he replied, resolutely.

"Oh, Lester, how mistaken you are!"

"Not at all; and besides they can get along without you up in heaven, and I need you here; so why not be contented where you are?"

"I am contented, more than contented to stay my allotted time in this beautiful world, where I hope to be so useful and so happy; but, believe me, I am far more so since I have been enabled to look fearlessly into the future, to consider this life as a bright pathway leading to a more glorious one."

Again did Lester ask himself if this could be the Nellie who used to declare in her laughing way that the butterflies and herself were exceptions to all general rules, being created merely that they might enjoy themselves.

"I suppose," said he, speaking slowly, and, as he fancied, very calmly, "you will wish to have our engagement broken, now that you have become pious?"

She looked into his face. The bright moonbeams falling upon her own showed him how pale and startled it was.

"Do you wish it, Lester?"

"No," he answered, his assumed indifference giving way, "I do not wish it. It would be like tearing my heart in two to give you up, but I supposed I should have to do it."

"Not unless you wish to," she whispered, clinging to his arm; "only you must promise not to retard me in my Christian course. I hope, I believe that you will yet be brought to see as I have seen."

"I cannot say I see much hope of that," he answered, lightly. "But now that you have made a profession, I have no wish that you should, as Christians say, backslide; I always despised such fickleness."

And who will not echo the sentiment? Who but has a measure of scorn mingled with the pity they feel for those who have professed the name of Jesus, and then renounced Him?

The next morning Lester had an interview with Mr. White, whose consent to their engagement had not before been asked. That gentleman looked grave, and replied that, if he were to take into account nothing but his personal liking, he would say yes at once; yet, as he really knew nothing about him except that he was Harry's college friend, he must defer his answer till he could write to a friend residing in Kentucky, who would make all necessary inquiries. To so reasonable a proposition our young friend could make no objection, nor did he desire to do so. There

was nothing in his past life nor in his position at home which he cared to conceal from his future father-in-law.

The next day there was a picnic at "The Oaks," a much frequented resort for pleasure-parties. Every kind of carriage was in demand in the village that day, and it was with some difficulty that Lester secured a small buggy, and had Ellen to himself during the ride. Harry and a number of others were going in Mr. White's carriage; but such arrangements did not suit our lovers, who preferred to be alone, and soon permitted the rest of the gay party to distance them.

"Now, Nellie," said Lester, suddenly turning his handsome, wilful face toward her, "I hope you will not refuse to dance with me to-day?"

A delicate color tinged the young convert's cheek. "I hope not, Lester; for I hope you will not ask me."

"You must have a high opinion of my gallantry! But, seriously, dearest Nellie, what possible harm is there in one moving to music more than without it?"

"I don't think there is any harm in dancing of itself; but you know how everybody looks upon it."

"What of that? You ought to judge for yourself," he said, though, in his heart, he thought it would answer as well as if she would let him judge for her. "And if you think it intrinsically wrong, give it up; but if not, do not be bound by the narrow prejudices of others."

"But my church forbids it, Lester; and, surely, I should be an unworthy member if I could not give up so slight a thing in compliance with her demands; and, besides, you know what you said about my giving up."

"Why, I said I did not wish you to give up your profession of religion; but if your church makes such ridiculous demands, why, join one that does not."

"I do not wish to join any other; and, besides, if I am not able to see any wrong in dancing, it has been called wrong till almost every one thinks it out of place in a Christian, and I will not so shame my profession." The sweet voice was low, but very firm, and Lester was puzzled and annoyed.

He had grown up thinking "will" and "will not" very unrefined, improper words for a lady to use. His ideal of feminine loveliness was his gentle, yielding, clinging mother. True, she had committed a grave error in submitting so blindly to his stepfather's will, but

he argued he himself was an honorable man, very different from William Allen. So there would be no danger of any one's acting wrongfully while obeying him; and he did so detest those loud-voiced, strong-minded women. Ellen, with all her vivacity, had hitherto been very gentle; and now it dawned upon him, for the first time, that she could also be very firm. He could not tell whether to like or dislike this new phase of her character. If she displayed it to all the rest of the world, and remained yielding to him, it would be all right; but he had an unpleasant feeling that, if he interfered with her ideas of what was *duty*, she would not do so. A very unpalatable thought was that to our Lester, who had lost none of his old self-will. He struck his horse a quick blow, and drove on rapidly and in silence. Ellen was deeply pained.

"Lester," she said, humbly, "you are not angry at me for refusing to do what I believe is wrong?"

"No. If you believed it wrong, I wouldn't be. But you said you did not. You yield to the foolish whims of others, and refuse to oblige me."

"I did not mean that," she said, eagerly. "I only meant I did not think it in itself wrong; but, knowing as I do how the world views it, I could not conscientiously dance. But I cannot bear to see you look angry!" The young head, with its wealth of smooth, brown hair, was leaned lovingly on his shoulder, and Lester Howard, as he kissed the tearful face, said she should do as she chose in all things.

The picnic passed off pleasantly. Ellen was importuned again and again to dance, but she steadily refused. Her happy, smiling face was perfectly unclouded, even while uttering her firmest denials; and those whose invitations she declined turned away, admiring and respecting her as they had never done before.

Two weeks passed rapidly away, and Lester came to the sage conclusion that to a *woman* religion was certainly a beautifier, for each day his Nellie grew dearer, and her love more precious.

One evening they were sitting together, Mrs. White, Ellen, Harry, and Lester, when Mr. White entered the room with an open letter in his hand. "Well, Lester," he said, joyously, "I have news from Kentucky."

"All right, I hope," said Lester, with a smile.

"Yes, all right. And what is more, I have made a very pleasant discovery."

"Are we to share the pleasure?"

"To be sure you are; but in the first place, I suppose you know that I have been married twice; and that Harry and Ellen are the children of my first wife; though," he added, looking affectionately at his wife, "there has never been any difference between them and the others."

"I am aware of all this," said Lester, wonderingly.

"Well, and do you know who my first wife was?"

"No, sir. I have never heard anything about her."

"She was Alice Allen; and her only brother, of whom I have for many years lost sight, is your mother's husband. Why didn't you tell us your stepfather's name was Allen? We should have traced up the relationship long ago."

"I never mention Mr. Allen when I can possibly avoid it," was the haughty reply, spoken with a flushed face. "And had I known of the relationship, as you term it, I should probably never have been here."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Didn't he and you agree?"

"No, sir; we did not. My uncle and guardian took me from my mother nearly eight years ago, to save me from his abuse."

"There must have been wrong on both sides," said philosophic Mr. White.

"No, there was not," replied Lester, hotly. Then, meeting Ellen's pained, astonished look, he turned quickly away and walked into the street, questioning himself as he did so: "Could he marry William Allen's niece?" It seemed impossible; yet could he give up his Ellen? No, no! that he could not. Love and hate were holding a fierce conflict in his heart; but love, all-conquering love triumphed. And when he returned, he hastened to apologize for his rudeness.

This was in June; and the wedding was appointed for the following November. Lester would be of age in September, and he had long since determined to celebrate his birthday by warning his stepfather to leave his house. But now he feared, if he did so, he would lose his bride, and concluded to adjourn this (to him, pleasant task) until after his marriage. But in the midst of his plans he was summoned home to his mother's deathbed. He started without delay. How slowly the cars seemed to creep along! How harshly the gay laughter of his fellow passengers grated on the ears, which were in fancy listening to Lizzie Howard's loving cradle-songs. The journey accomplished,

he alighted at the door of his childhood's home. Old Tom was there, with great tears rolling down his honest black face.

"O, Massa Letter, she gone! The bestest mistress ever lived!"

Lester wrung the hard, old hand, and followed Tom to the parlor. There she lay—the thin face and thinner hands cold and pale, and the pulseless heart still in death. Lizzie was now, for the first time, deaf to the sorrow of her son, who threw himself on his knees beside her in an agony of grief. The many times when his boyish waywardness had brought tears to the gentle eyes, and the bitterer tears which he knew she had shed at being separated from him, seemed all before him.

"O, mother, mother! O, my mother!" he said, as he bent to kiss the clammy brow.

"Almost her last breath was spent in blessing you," said the kind-hearted minister, who was standing near. "She had learned to take her troubles to her Redeemer, and she wanted you to fly to the same gracious refuge."

The young man arose, and, sitting down, buried his face in his hands, while his companion, after hesitating a moment, left him alone with his dead. What his thoughts were during that silent communion we may not tell. But when, at last, little Alice came softly into the room, with her hands full of flowers, her brother took her on his knee, and eagerly scanned her face.

Yes, she was like her mother. There was no trace of her father in the delicate features and deep blue eyes. She laid her little weary head against him, and they mingled their tears together.

"O, Brother Lester," sobbed the child, "mamma wanted to see you so much, and now she's dead!"

He held her closely to him as he answered:

"We will try to think she is better off, Ally."

Before the little girl could reply, her father came slowly into the room, and, after looking for a moment sadly at his dead wife, turned and offered his hand to her son, who, however, drew back.

"Lester," said Mr. Allen, "let us forget our past animosity. Your mother begged that it might be so, and made me promise to offer you my friendship. Here, in this solemn presence, I do so."

"It is useless," answered Lester, "for, until I learn to forget how unhappy she was as your wife, I cannot have any friendly feelings toward you, and this is not a good place in which to forget it."

He placed Alice on the floor, and abruptly left the room, and they did not meet again till they silently took their places at the funeral. From his mother's grave Lester went to his uncle's house, leaving Mr. Allen for the present in possession of the old homestead. Poor Mr. Allen! his was indeed a hard position. His wife's annuity died with her, and he had nothing upon which to depend. The comfortable fortune which he had inherited from his father had long before been exhausted; and now, with failing health, he had no profession, no means of supporting himself or his daughter, the daughter who was dearer to him than any human being, save Lizzie, had ever been, for he had really loved Lizzie as much as his selfish heart could love. He could think of nothing except becoming a hanger-on and decoy for the gamblers with whom he had associated; and the prematurely old and broken man really shrank from his former life, and longed to lead a new one. He thought once or twice of applying to Mr. White for a situation, but did not know what kind of one to mention, being aware that there was none which he could fill. Then, too, how could he appear in poverty before the man whom he had entirely lost sight of in his days of affluence? How bitterly he regretted having attempted that dark crime! That wild, hopeless longing to recall the miserable past—pray God thou mayest never feel it, dear reader! His days were spent in the library, where he would sit for hours by the table, with his head resting on his folded arms, silent and motionless, till the entrance of his little Alice would rouse him for a time from hopeless to agonizing grief.

It was some relief when, two weeks after his wife's death, Mr. James Howard rode over, saying he had come to propose to him a plan by which he would be at liberty to retain possession of the establishment till winter, when Lester would be married and want it himself.

"What is the plan?" he moodily asked.

"Why," said Mr. Howard, striking his boot smartly with his riding-whip, "Lester has heard that you are likely to be in some embarrassment from having your income so suddenly cut off; and, as he is anxious to keep his sister with him, he wished me to tell you that, if you will give her entirely to his care, and will leave Kentucky in November, you can stay here till then, and he will give you five hundred dollars to start with. But you must agree to stay away when you go."

"Give up my child, and for such a paltry

sum! Does he think I will do it?" ejaculated Mr. Allen, indignantly.

"No," replied Mr. Howard, calmly, "he does not suppose you will if you can do any better; but the question is, can you? If you take your daughter with you now, where will you go? Five hundred, though, as you say, a paltry sum, will yet supply your necessities until you can get into some business, and send for Alice, who will in the mean time be tenderly cared for by Lester, who is going to marry your niece, Ellen White. There can be no doubt that she will feel kindly towards your child, who is her cousin, and is, I believe, a namesake of her mother's."

Mr. Howard spoke as if he thought Mr. Allen's getting into business would be an easy task; but in his heart he knew he had neither energy nor health to enable him to do so; that Alice, once given to her brother, would never be reclaimed. How dreadful are the effects of indolence upon our nature, both moral and physical! How the skillless hands fall wearily, and the enervated brain refuses to arouse from its helpless torpor, even when stern necessity bids us work or die! If we turn in pitying sadness from those who are by nature rendered incapable of planning or working out anything good or useful, should we not shrink in horror from allowing our God-given activity and vigor to be thus prostrated?

William Allen arose and paced the room with slow, despairing steps. *Oh, if he only possessed his former neglected, wasted power to act, how quickly would he give to this haughty man scorn for scorn!* But—but—he could not now; both head and hands were weak; there was no upspringing power to do or dare within him. He must take what was thus doled out to him; there was nothing left for him but submission. He must leave his child with her brother, and perhaps with the money thus obtained he might regain a portion of what he had lost at the gaming table. "Luck must change some time."

With a flush of shame on his once handsome face, with tears of bitter humiliation in his eyes, and with the feeling in his heart that of all the despicable objects on the face of the earth he was the most abject, he said he would consent to Lester's proposition.

Mr. James Howard's house was superbly illuminated, and its parlors were thronging with guests called together to welcome "Cousin Lester and his bride," who had arrived, and were to stop there before going to their

own house. The bride charmed every one by her graceful ease; yet she seemed to be watching for some one, and glanced up brightly every time an elderly gentleman came to be presented to her, for each time she expected to see her uncle. Lester surmised what was in her thoughts, but he skilfully avoided giving her a chance to question him till all the company were gone, and they sat with his aunt and uncle in the now quiet parlor.

"How have you enjoyed yourself, Cousin Ellen?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Very well; only I was disappointed in not seeing Uncle William. Is he sick?"

The gentlemen exchanged glances, and Mrs. Howard looked a little discomfited.

"Why, no, he isn't sick; but you know he and Lester are not on good terms; so we did not invite him."

"I thought," said Ellen, looking beseechingly at Lester, "that you had overcome your past dislike."

"Not a bit of it," he said, carelessly. "But don't look so disturbed, Nellie; he is not worth any trouble."

"Oh, Lester, to speak so of your father!"

"He is not my father."

"Well, your stepfather, then."

"That is a very different name, Nellie; one to which I owe no respect."

"Don't say so, Letty. I love my stepmother as much as I could an own mother."

"You would not if she had made your father miserable, and abused and worried you every way she could," said Lester, earnestly. "Indeed, Nellie, I have every reason to detest him. When I tell you what he did, you will not wonder that I could not willingly see him at a party made for us."

The young wife looked very much distressed. "But your sister, little Alice—you surely do not feel so toward her?"

"No; and I am in hopes her father will let her stay with us."

"He has promised to do so, for the present at least," said Mr. Howard. "But do not let us annoy ourselves by talking about him any more at present. It is time we were all seeking rest."

Ellen sighed. This was a state of affairs very different from what she had expected. The next day Lester rode over to his old home, and returned, bringing his sister with him. The little girl was warmly welcomed and caressed; but she looked depressed and troubled. Her dark blue eyes fixed themselves on her new sister's face with a timid, questioning look

which brought Lizzie Howard very freshly to her son's memory.

"Well, Ally," he said, placing an arm lovingly around her, "what do you think? Is she as pretty as I told you?"

"Yes," said the child, with slightly quivering lips. "She is pretty; and I think she looks some like papa. Don't you think so, Brother Lester?"

"No," he said, shortly. And the encircling arm was quickly withdrawn.

Ellen took her hand in hers. "Come to my room, dear. I want to show you some things I brought for you." They left the room, and Lester sat wondering if it could be possible that his sweet, young wife resembled his hated stepfather.

"So you think I look like your father?" said the bride, when Alice had examined and admired the presents.

"Yes, I do; and I think Lester would say so, only he don't like papa. Can't you coax him to like him?" The little face and the sweet tremulous voice were both good pleaders, but Ellen required no such argument.

"I will certainly try, dear Ally. But why does he dislike him?"

"I don't know; he always did, and mamma used to cry about it. Papa tried to make up after she died. I heard him; but Lester would not."

"Where is your father now?"

"I don't know. He went away to-day, and he is going to write to me. He would have taken me with him, only he is too poor. I wish he wasn't so poor. I want to be with him, now mamma is gone," said the child, with choking sobs.

Ellen's eyes filled; and her voice trembled as she drew the delicate little creature closer to her, and tried to soothe her grief.

"Hush, darling! God will make it all right. We must pray to him."

"That is what mamma said, and I do pray; but it doesn't do any good."

"Don't say that. God answers our prayers in the way that is best for us, even if it is not in the way we wish."

"If you had seen Lester to-day, when papa went away, you would feel as badly as I do," persisted Alice. "He stood on the steps, and watched him get on his horse, and he looked so glad and so strange. I can't tell you how he looked, only he seemed to hate dear papa."

If the generous little heart could have imagined the pain her words gave, they would not have been spoken. But in happy ignorance

she went on. "We are going there to-morrow; but it won't seem like home without any mother or father either."

Just then the tea-bell rang, and Lester was heard coming for them. "Come, Ally, bathe your face, and get ready for supper," said Ellen, glad of the interruption.

When the meal was over, Mrs. Howard persuaded Alice to go to the nursery with the other little ones; and the young husband and wife, going away by themselves, talked long and earnestly. She told him of Alice's grief, and begged him to forget past animosities, and permit her to invite Mr. Allen to visit them as her uncle, if he could not receive him as his stepfather. But he absolutely refused, telling her it was a murderer at heart with whom she wished to associate. Then Ellen, for the first time, heard of the fearful peril in which he had once been placed, and, as she clung to his arm, that thought for a time absorbed all others.

The old homestead was beautifully refurnished, and Lester proudly introduced his lovely wife to her new home. Guests came thronging there, and each one declared there could be no pleasanter place to visit. But let us ask: Was the affable master of the mansion as happy as he had expected to be? Young, handsome, talented, of high social position, in possession of a beautiful home and an ample income, loving and beloved, his seemed an enviable lot in life. That which he had panted to do was accomplished. Mr. Allen had been driven away in childless poverty, and was, no doubt, as unhappy as his stepson could desire. Yet that stepson walked through his splendid parlors, rode by the beautiful river, conversed with his wife, chatted with his friends, and vainly tried to still the upbraiding conscience, which *would* whisper that the mercy he had shown was not that which he would wish to receive.

Every letter Alice received from her father added to his discomfort. What would he not have given to prevent their corresponding? The little girl did not try to talk to him of her father, or tell him the news which came in her frequent letters. But his presence did not prevent her from drawing her little stool to Ellen's feet, and resting her arms upon her lap, while, with the sweet delicate face so like her mother's, upraised toward them both, she would tell how "Papa says his health is so poor now, he is hardly able to walk around;" or, "Papa boards at a little country tavern, in the northern part of Ohio. He says it is not very comfortable, but it is cheap." Or else,

"Papa says he wonders if you look as his sister used to; I am named for her, you know;" and still again, "Papa says he would give anything he has in the world for a kiss from his little daughter." Often these revelations would be interrupted by passionate bursts of sobs, and Ellen would soothe and caress her; every caress seeming to Lester like a reproach to himself. He began to think that, after all, he did not possess the generous, noble nature for which he had given himself credit; but still he resolved that he would *not* yield. He would not give up his revenge.

The nearest church was three miles distant; yet, to please his wife, he attended regularly with her. But this only added to his unhappiness. Why was it he had never before heard such sermons? Were they all aimed at him? or was it mere accident that the errors of his past life, the sins which he had glossed over as trifles, and really considered as of small account, should now be painted before him as hideous deformities—acts which must bring the wrath of God upon him? Without telling Ellen his destination, he rode over many times to see their minister, who saw, with joy, how deep were his convictions of sin, how ardent his longings for peace, and gladly pointed him to the Lamb of God. They prayed together, and the good man repeated to him many precious promises from Scripture, which he felt *he dared not claim*, for he had of late examined the Bible, and had read there: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." And his stubborn heart still resolved that, though he would give up all things else, he would not yield the hatred which had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." He was willing, he said to himself, to give to the poor; to forsake all sinful amusements; to be a faithful attendant at the house of God. And he tried to shut his eyes to the fact that he was keeping back anything, to make himself believe that he had taken away every hindrance which it was in his power to remove, and had, as his minister told him, nothing to do but to have faith in Jesus. But he could not so deceive himself. He knew he had not done all he could. He could invite Mr. Allen to his former home; or he could, without any inconvenience, grant him an annuity, and let him claim his child. Then he tried to justify himself: "He had not injured Mr. Allen. He had done nothing positively bad; in fact, he had given him money, though he had no claim upon him; and had only obliged one he de-

tested to leave the country. The unhappiness which Mr. Allen suffered in his solitary poverty was the just penalty of his crimes."

If the just penalty of yours was visited upon you, where would you be? "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. How dare you assume to yourself the prerogative of the Most High?" answered the inward monitor.

His misery became too great to hide. Ellen saw, and looked forward with trembling hope; but he would not talk with her, for he felt that, knowing all as she did, she would detect the wrong which his minister had failed to discover. All this time he thought only of fleeing from the wrath to come, and thought that this great sacrifice was demanded of him before God would fit him to stand when the heavens should be rolled together as a scroll.

One evening he sat with his wife and sister, and tried for some time to join in their conversation; but, finding it impossible, arose and threw himself in a most uncomfortable position on the sofa. Ellen looked at him for a moment; then, seating herself at the piano, played several of his favorite pieces of music, after which little Alice came to her to bid her good-night. A few pleasant words of conversation ensued, and when the child left the room, her brother seemed relieved, for he composed himself in an easy attitude on the sofa, and his wife looked pleased as she saw him do so. Turning again to the piano, her fingers wandered over the keys, and now her voice blended with the notes.

She sang several hymns, but they were all joyful ones; they told of the happiness of heaven, of the joy the believer feels, of the faith which looks beyond the tomb, and brings the invisible to view; and the singer's voice grew exultant, and there came to her face the same expression which he remembered to have seen that never-to-be-forgotten evening when he first saw her stand among the children of the Heavenly King. Ah! there was another part to the story, a part to which he had given little heed. There was happiness to be obtained as well as misery to be avoided; there was love, boundless love to be gained and enjoyed; love which could pardon even his transgressions, and fill and bless his anguished soul.

His heart seemed to expand. How strange that he should ever have felt hatred toward one for whom Christ died! He resolved that the tenderness of the future should, if possible, atone to Mr. Allen for the harshness of the past. And now the precious promises which he had been unable to claim came to his heart

with thrilling power. By faith he laid hold upon them, and the voice of God whispered: "Thy sins be forgiven thee!"

One week later he alighted at his own door, bringing with him a wayworn, weary man, to whose arms little Alice sprang with a wild cry of joy. As Mr. Allen lay that evening on the sofa, the one where Lester had reclined a week before, with Ellen and his daughter beside him, he suddenly turned toward his stepson.

"Lester, I feel overpowered by your generosity. Can you forgive all my wickedness and injustice toward you?"

"Do not speak so, father," was the humble reply. "I have more need to ask forgiveness than to give it." And so Lester's revenge was consummated.

Could his mother have been there, how would she have rejoiced! Perchance she did, for "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," may we not suppose that the most rapturous note in all that burst of gladness will be sounded by those who have loved the erring one while on earth, and now exult in the anticipation of spending with them a blissful immortality?

## THE LIKENESS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

SWEET semblance of a living joy!

I gaze upon the pictured face,  
And think I feel the warm embrace  
Of him, our Albert, our dear baby-boy.

Not less beloved, because the least  
Of the dear "trio" who so bless  
The hearts that answer each caress,  
Welcome to Love's imparadising feast!

'Tis morn to thee, thou little one;  
Oh, mayest thou have as bright a noon!  
An eve illumined by a moon  
To shed sweet peace when this thy day is done.

There are bright flowers clust'ring round,  
Filling thy path with odors sweet;  
With satisfying joys replete:  
Within thy happy home those flowers abound.

Might I annihilate the space  
That intervenes 'twixt thee and me,  
Dear little one, how sweet 'twould be  
To clasp thee in a lingering embrace!

I gaze upon the shadowy brow—  
I meet no glances from thine eyes,  
No baby laughs I hear, no cries;  
'Tis for thy mother's sake I love thee now.

And so shall grow my love, sweet elf,  
Until we meet, and thou shalt be  
Dear as the home-brood are to me;  
And I shall love thee for thine own sweet self.

# NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.

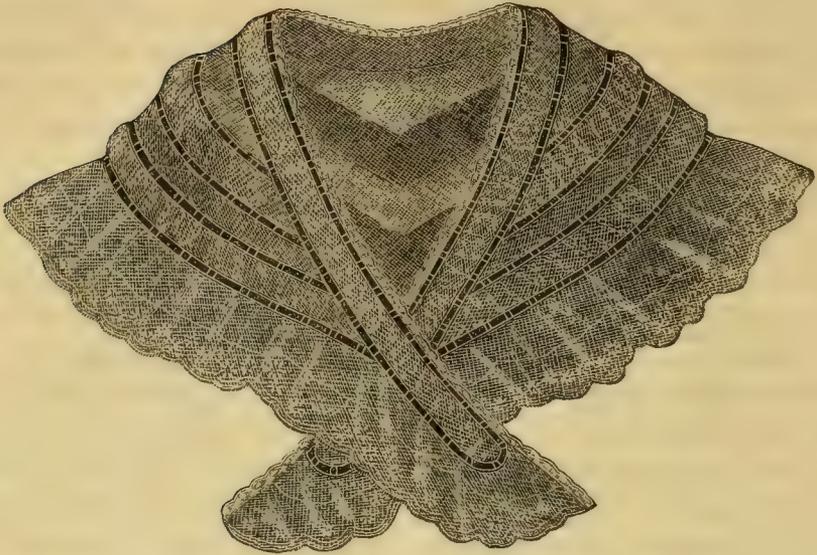


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 1.—Fancy fichu, made of puffs of white net sewed on black, and a beading with black velvet run through between every puff, and finished with a deep blonde lace.

Fig. 2.—White muslin breakfast-cap, with azurline blue trimming.

Fig. 3.—Garibaldi costume for a little boy. A pretty style.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

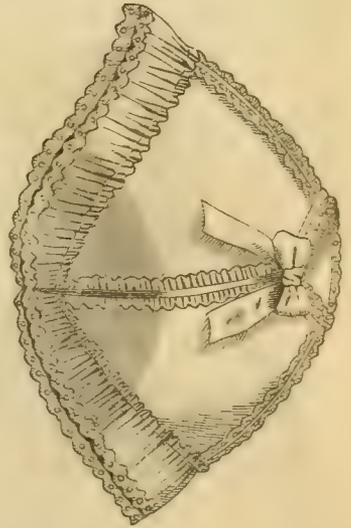


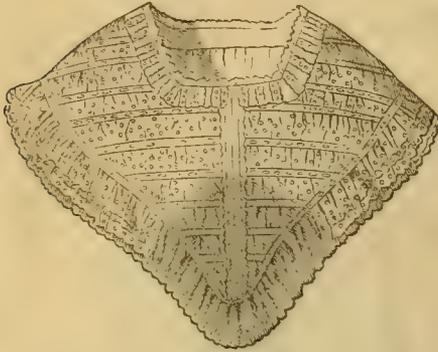
Fig. 4.—Night-dress for a young girl.

Fig. 5.—Christening robe.

Fig. 6.—White muslin pelerine, trimmed with worked ruffing.

Fig. 7.—Spencer cape, made of puffs of spotted white lace and

Fig. 7.



inserting. Under the narrow bands of inserting round the neck is run a violet ribbon.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S  
ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

*Carriage Dress.*—Material of slate-colored silk, or fine mohair, trimmed with Humboldt blue glace or black, according to the taste of the wearer. Plain high body, with *Ceinture Suisse* of blue silk, and a scarf of the same,



terminating in a bow, and ends rather low in the neck; the body itself is, however, close at the neck. The sleeves are slightly shaped at the elbow, and trimmed with bands of silk.

*Mignon.*—A full bishop sleeve, box-plaited, and set on a plain cap, top and bottom. At the top the box plaits are trimmed and laid on to form a frill, with an epaulette cap falling below. The bottom is plaited to a plain band, over



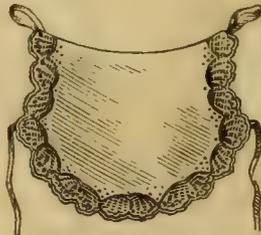
which a deep cuff is set; this cuff has a second row of trimming set on in points.

*Boy's Sack.*—A plain high neck sack, made of drab alpaca, and braided with crimson; it is confined at the waist by a pointed belt, braided to match. The sleeve has but one



seam, and that is at the back; it is open, and the band braided, but displays the shirt sleeve. The style is suitable for a boy from three to five years, and requires from three to four yards of material.

*Baby's Bib.*—May be quilted or made of bird's-eye diaper, worked on the edge, and lined with fine white muslin. The strings, which may be



observed hanging down, pass through the loops on the shoulders, and tie behind, securing it firmly in its place.

*Infant's Wrapper.*—Made of a delicate corn-colored cashmere, and lined with white flannel. The body is plaited in to a yoke. The trim-



ming is a broad band of blue wool de laine, stitched on. The skirt is long, and is intended for the comfort of an infant in cold weather.

#### LADY'S CARD-CASE, IN GOLD THREAD AND STEEL BEADS ON KID.

(See engraving, page 129.)

THE card-case is one of those articles so necessary for use that it can never be dispensed with, but must in reality be the companion in hand of every morning visit. The design we are now giving is arranged for working on kid, in an outline of gold thread, the interior parts being filled with the very smallest of the cut steel beads that can be procured. The end of the gold thread must be passed through to the back of the kid on commencing the outline of the pattern, and the same must be repeated on the return of the gold thread at its conclusion. The border round the edge is formed of a loop of the gold thread, having a single steel bead placed in its centre, carried round with as much regularity as possible. The color of the kid may be either bronze or gray, either of which contrasts well with the gold and steel color of the work. When the work has been completed it may be sent to the proper persons for making up; or if in the country, where doing this might be difficult, then the lady herself may stitch it over a cardboard shape, lining the inside with silk, carrying a row of fine steel beads round the edges, as closely as possible together, so as to cover the stitches; sewing up the side and one end in the same way, and only leaving one end open for receiving the cards. The cotton for this bead-work should be No. 40.

#### CROCHET MUFF.

(See engraving, page 129.)

BEFORE giving directions for the muff we will explain the stitches. For the fur stitch, pick up three stitches in one row, then three in the under row, then three in the first row, and so on to the end of the row, just as you would do Afghan stitch; you will have all the stitches on your needle. Then make a chain of three and pull it through one stitch, then a chain of three and pull it through the second stitch, and so continue; this makes the fur part of the muff.

In Gobelin stitch you make the first row of Afghan stitch; then after that you pick up between the stitches instead of taking up the stitch.

To widen, you pick up between the stitches, besides taking up the regular stitches.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR MUFF.

The muff consists of two pieces, an outside and lining.

Set up with No. 5 needle 49 stitches with white zephyr for the under part of the fur, and work 53 rows of Afghan stitch. In each stitch of white work one stitch of the fur (as we explained) with *chinee* worsted. For the pink lining of the muff set up 41 stitches, and work in single Gobelin stitch 60 rows with No. 4 needle.

A piece of muslin with wadding is placed between the lining and muff; they are sewed together, and on the ends the muff and lining are caught together with a row of plain crochet, then a row of open crochet or holes, through which are run cords and tassels.

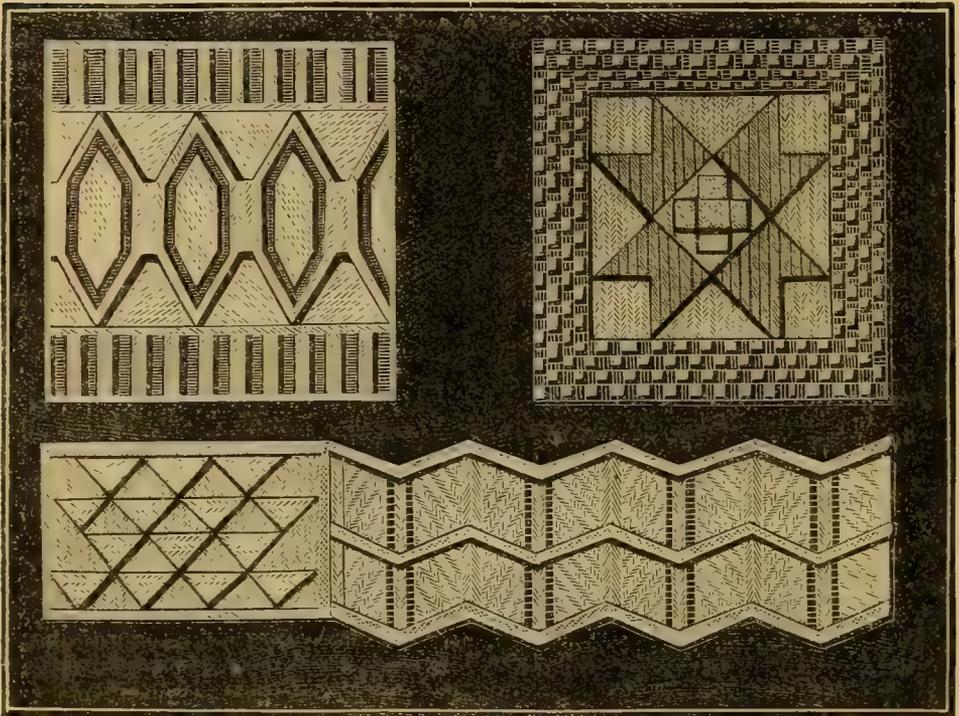
#### NAME FOR MARKING.



## KNITTED COUNTERPANES.

BORDER FOR A COUNTERPANE.

STAR PATTERN FOR COUNTERPANE IN SQUARES.



COUNTERPANE KNITTED IN BREADTHS.

## BORDER FOR COUNTERPANE.

Cast on 41 stitches.

1st row. Knit 10, seam 3, knit 15, seam 3, knit 10.

2d. Knit 8, seam 2, knit 3, seam 15, knit 3, seam 2, knit 8.

3d. Knit 8, seam 1, knit 2, seam 3, knit 13, seam 3, knit 2, seam 1, knit 8.

4th. Knit 9, seam 2, knit 3, seam 13, knit 3, seam 2, knit 9.

5th. Knit 8, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 11, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 8.

6th. Knit 10, seam 2, knit 3, seam 11, knit 3, seam 2, knit 10.

7th. Knit 8, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 9, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 8.

8th. Knit 11, seam 2, knit 3, seam 9, knit 3, seam 2, knit 11.

9th. Knit 8, seam 4, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 4, knit 8.

10th. Knit 12, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 12.

11th. Knit 8, seam 5, knit 2, seam 11, knit 2, seam 5, knit 8.

12th. Knit 13, seam 2, knit 11, seam 2, knit 13.

13th. Knit 8, seam 6, knit 2, seam 9, knit 2, seam 6, knit 8.

14th. Knit 14, seam 2, knit 9, seam 2, knit 14.

15th. Knit 8, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 8.

16th. Knit 15, seam 2, knit 7, seam 2, knit 15.

17th. Knit 8, seam 8, knit 9, seam 8, knit 8.

18th. Knit 16, seam 9, knit 16.

19th. Knit 8, seam 9, knit 7, seam 9, knit 8.

20th. Knit 17, seam 7, knit 17.

21st. Knit 8, seam 8, knit 9, seam 8, knit 8.

22d. Knit 16, seam 9, knit 16.

23d. Knit 8, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 8.

24th. Knit 15, seam 2, knit 7, seam 2, knit 15.

25th. Knit 8, seam 6, knit 2, seam 9, knit 2, seam 6, knit 8.

26th. Knit 14, seam 2, knit 9, seam 2, knit 14.

27th. Knit 8, seam 5, knit 2, seam 11, knit 2, seam 5, knit 8.

28th. Knit 13, seam 2, knit 11, seam 2, knit 13.

29th. Knit 8, seam 4, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 4, knit 8.

30th. Knit 12, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 12.

31st. Knit 8, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 9, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 8.

32d. Knit 11, seam 2, knit 3, seam 9, knit 3, seam 2, knit 11.

33d. Knit 8, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 11, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 8.

34th. Knit 10, seam 2, knit 3, seam 11, knit 3, seam 2, knit 10.

35th. Knit 8, seam 1, knit 2, seam 3, knit 13, seam 3, knit 2, seam 1, knit 8.

36th. Knit 9, seam 2, knit 3, seam 13, knit 3, seam 2, knit 9.

Repeat from 1st row.

PRETTY STAR PATTERN, FOR COUNTERPANE IN SQUARES.

*Materials.*—Six pounds knitting cotton, No. 6, three threads.

Cast on 50 stitches.

1st row. Knit 2, seam 2, repeat.

2d. Seam 2, knit 2, repeat.

3d. Seam 2, knit 2, repeat.

4th. Knit 2, seam 2, repeat.

Repeat these 4 rows till 12 are done, and continue 8 stitches in the same pattern up each side; for the 34 stitches that form the centre pattern, knit in the following manner:—

1st row. Seamed.

2d. Plain knitting.

3d. Seam 9, knit 1, seam 14, knit 1, seam 9.

4th. Plain knitting.

5th. Seam 9, knit 2, seam 12, knit 2, seam 9.

6th. Plain knitting.

7th. Seam 9, knit 3, seam 10, knit 3, seam 9.

8th. Plain knitting.

9th. Seam 9, knit 4, seam 8, knit 4, seam 9.

10th. Plain knitting.

11th. Seam 9, knit 5, seam 6, knit 5, seam 9.

12th. Plain knitting.

13th. Seam 9, knit 6, seam 4, knit 6, seam 9.

14th. Plain knitting.

15th. Seam 9, knit 7, seam 2, knit 7, seam 9.

16th. Plain knitting.

17th. Seam 9, knit 16, seam 9.

18th. Plain knitting.

19th. Seam 1, knit 15, seam 2, knit 15, seam 1.

20th. Plain knitting.

21st. Seam 2, knit 13, seam 4, knit 13, seam 2.

22d. Plain knitting.

23d. Seam 3, knit 11, seam 1, knit 4, seam 1, knit 11, seam 3.

24th. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

25th. Seam 4, knit 9, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 9, seam 4.

26th. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

27th. Seam 5, knit 7, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 7, seam 5.

28th. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

29th. Seam 6, knit 5, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 5, seam 6.

30th. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

31st. Seam 7, knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 4, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3, seam 7.

32d. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

33d. Seam 8, knit 1, seam 2, knit 4, seam 4, knit 4, seam 2, knit 1, seam 8.

34th. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

35th. Seam 7, knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 4, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3, seam 7.

36th. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

37th. Seam 6, knit 5, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 5, seam 6.

38th. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

39th. Seam 5, knit 7, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 7, seam 5.

40th. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

41st. Seam 4, knit 9, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 9, seam 4.

42d. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

43d. Seam 3, knit 11, seam 1, knit 4, seam 1, knit 11, seam 3.

44th. Plain knitting.

45th. Seam 2, knit 13, seam 4, knit 13, seam 2.

46th. Plain knitting.

47th. Seam 1, knit 15, seam 2, knit 15, seam 1.

48th. Plain knitting.

49th. Seam 9, knit 16, seam 9.

50th. Plain knitting.

51st. Seam 9, knit 7, seam 2, knit 7, seam 9.

52d. Plain knitting.

53d. Seam 9, knit 6, seam 4, knit 6, seam 9.

54th. Plain knitting.

55th. Seam 9, knit 5, seam 6, knit 5, seam 9.

56th. Plain knitting.

57th. Seam 9, knit 4, seam 8, knit 4, seam 9.

58th. Plain knitting.

59th. Seam 9, knit 3, seam 10, knit 3, seam 9.

60th. Plain knitting.

61st. Seam 9, knit 2, seam 12, knit 2, seam 9.

62d. Plain knitting.

63d. Seam 9, knit 1, seam 14, knit 1, seam 9.

64th. Plain knitting.

Knit 12-rows the same as at the beginning, and cast off.

## KNITTED COUNTERPANE, IN BREADTHS.

*Materials.*—Knitting cotton, No. 6, four threads; about five pounds is sufficient.

CAST on 107 stitches.

1st row. Plain knitting.

2d. Seamed.

3d. Plain knitting.

4th. Seamed.

5th. Plain knitting.

6th. Slip 1 \*, knit 2 together, knit 7, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 9, knit 2 together, repeat from \*, knit the last stitch.

7th. Seamed.

Repeat the 6th and 7th rows alternately 8 times more, then repeat from the beginning, till you have the stripe the length you wish it; for the close stripe that unites the breadths, cast on 27 stitches.

1st row. Plain knitting.

2d. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

3d. Knit 5, \*, seam 1, knit 7, repeat from \* once, seam 1, knit 5.

4th. Seamed, except the 2 stitches at the end, which knit.

5th. Knit 4, \*, seam 3, knit 5, repeat from \* once, then seam 3, knit 4.

6th. Knit 2 stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

7th. \*, knit 3, seam 5, repeat from \* twice, knit 3.

8th. Knit 2 stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

9th. Knit 2, \*, seam 7, knit 1, repeat from \* twice more, knit 2.

10th. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

11th. Knit 9, \*, seam 1, knit 7, seam 1, knit 9.

12th. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

13th. Knit 8, \*, seam 3, knit 5, seam 3, knit 8.

14th. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

15th. \*, knit 7, seam 5, \*, knit 3, seam 5, knit 7.

16th. Knit 2 plain stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

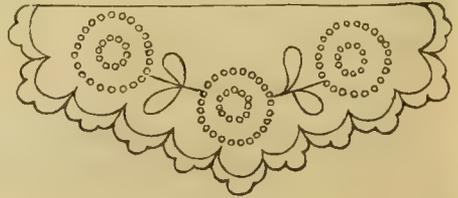
17th. Knit 6, seam 7, knit 1, seam 7, knit 6.

18th. Knit two plain stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

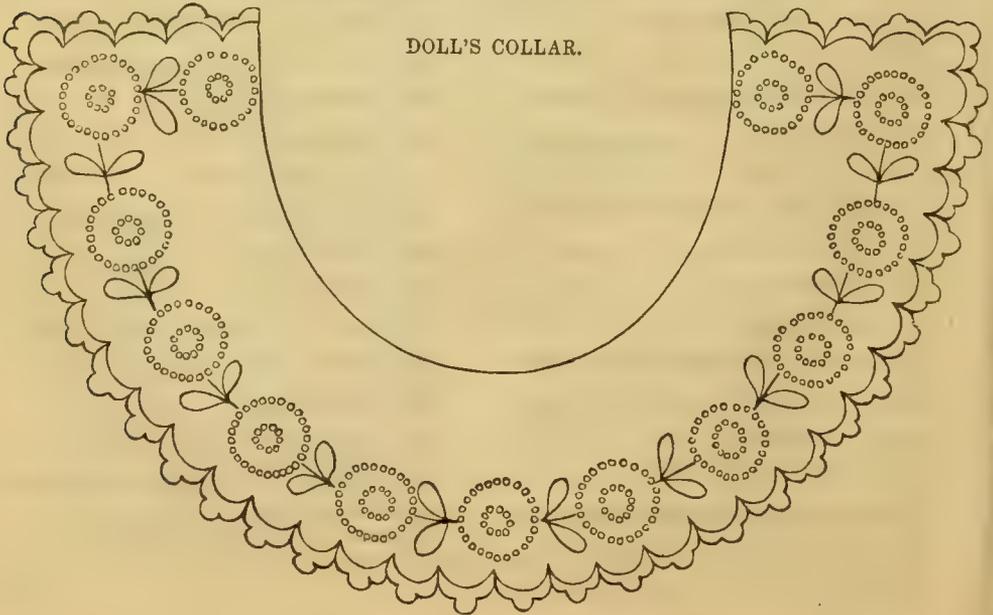
Repeat from 3d row, till you have done the length of the breadth.

## FOR THE JUVENILES.

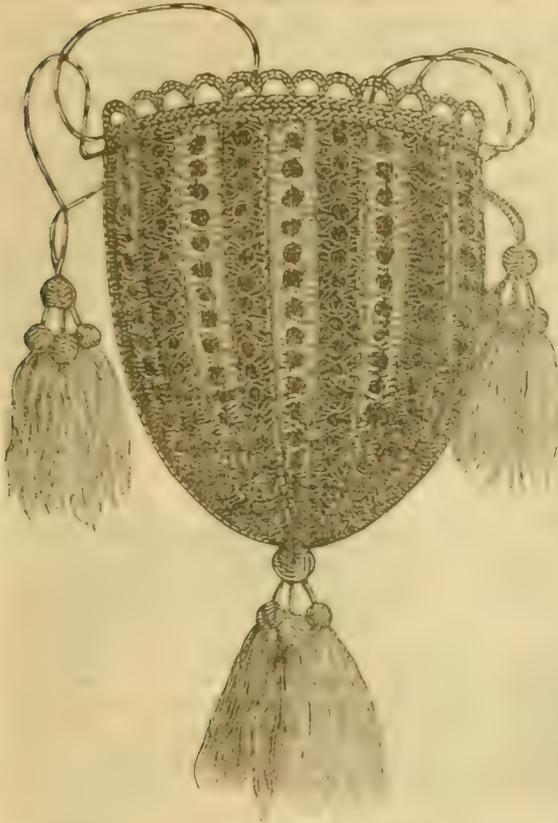
## DOLL'S CUFF.



## DOLL'S COLLAR.



## BAG PURSE IN SILK KNITTING.



THESE very pretty little purses are now much used. They are knitted in rather coarse knitting-silk, of two or more colors, according to taste—blue and brown, or violet and scarlet, or pink and black; but as this is entirely a matter of taste, we only suggest these colors as contrasting well together. To commence: Cast on to a steel knitting-needle of a fine size forty-five loops; knit the first row, purl the second, knit the third, purl the fourth. The fifth row is the open row. Knit the first loop, silk forward, knit two together, silk forward, knit two together to the end of the row. Knit the sixth row, purl the seventh, purl the eighth. These eight rows form the stripe. The next row is the commencement of another stripe, and must, therefore, be again a knitted row. Repeat these stripes until there are twenty. Join the two edges together, and gather one end in for the bottom of the purse. The top is to be finished with a narrow crochet border. A pretty ornamental cord is then inserted through the

knitted holes close to the crochet edge, and finished with three tassels to match, one on each side, and one where it is gathered in at the bottom; and this very useful and very pretty purse is completed.

## GENTLEMAN'S BRACES IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

(See engraving, page 130.)

THIS sort of work allows much taste to be displayed in it, as, a variety of colors being employed, the advantageous effect of shading can be introduced, which, however slight, is still a great improvement to all flower-work. The material on which the embroidery is executed should for this purpose be a stout ribbon, either plain or watered; the latter looks the most handsome. The color of the ribbon must depend on the taste of the worker, as well as the arrangement of the work; the leaves of the pattern must be in a variety of greens, from light to dark; and the more different shades of green, the better the work looks. The color of the flowers must depend upon the color chosen for the ribbon; if a white or a black watered ribbon were selected, then the flowers might be in various colors; crimson, violet, and maize look well among the green leaves, on either a white or black ground. This sort of embroidery is worked in the same manner as muslin—that is, in satin stitch; the silk used should be the proper embroidery silk, which is less twisted than sewing silk, and fills up better. When the ornamental part of the work is completed, it must be sent to a proper person, accustomed to the manner of making up these articles, the work being previously covered with a strip of muslin to preserve it from either being frayed or soiled. When finished, they will be found a very ornamental and suitable present.

## VARIOUS HERRING-BONE STITCHES AND MODES OF WORKING THEM.

BOTH the plain and fancy herring-bone stitches are much used in ornamenting children's garments, and as very little expense is incurred, this trimming is likely to continue

long in favor. The stitch in all its varieties makes a pretty heading to embroidered borders, and often saves the expense of an insertion. Washing colored jackets and little frocks worked with two rows of this stitch in coarse cotton look neat and pretty; and for infants' clothing, such as robes, gowns, etc., the introduction of the stitch as a finish to the embroidery is now very general. The borders of cambric handkerchiefs look very nicely worked in *red embroidery* cotton in any of the stitches we have illustrated, and an ordinary worker could accomplish this in two hours—not a long time, considering the result. The stitches need little description, as the mode of working can be so easily seen on referring to our illustrations.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1 is the simple herring-bone stitch, with which we feel sure all our readers are acquainted.

Fig. 2

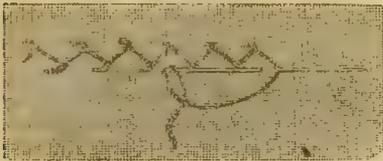
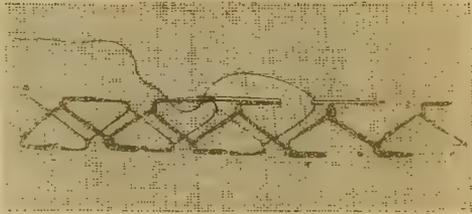


Fig. 2 is another form of herring-bone stitch,

which is worked by placing the needle straight in the material, and always keeping the thread underneath the needle. Two little dots show plainly how the needle is to be inserted for the next stitch.

Figs. 3 and 4. The first illustration shows the manner in which the stitch is worked, and

Fig. 3.



the second the appearance of it when finished. The first half of the stitch is executed in the same manner as Fig. 2, but spreading it out a little, and the other half is the stitch repeated,

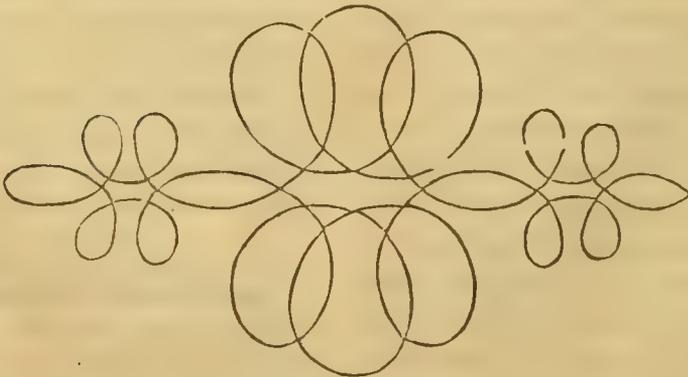
Fig. 4.



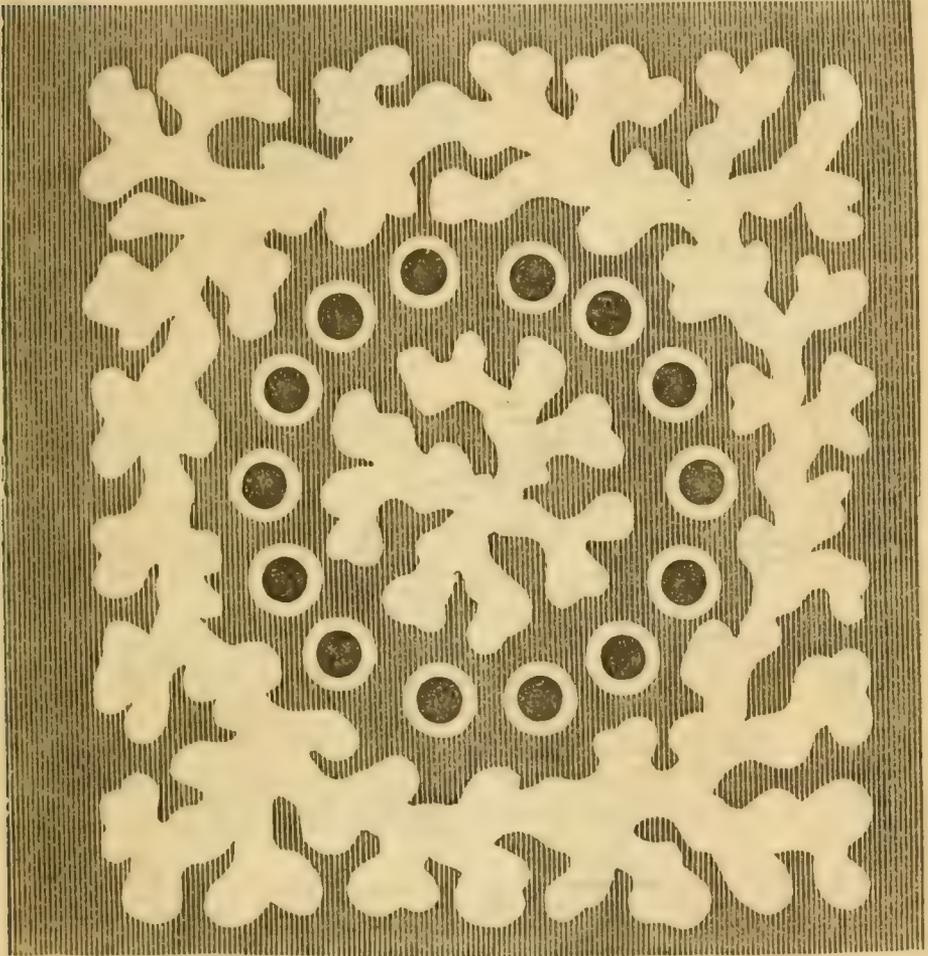
the contrary way. That our readers may more clearly understand the method of working this stitch, it is shown with two different sized cottons, and small dots are engraved, showing where the needle is to be put in for the completion of the stitch.

We have more of these stitches, which we will give in our next number.

BRADING PATTERN.



## CORAL PATTERN ANTIMACASSAR IN APPLIQUE.



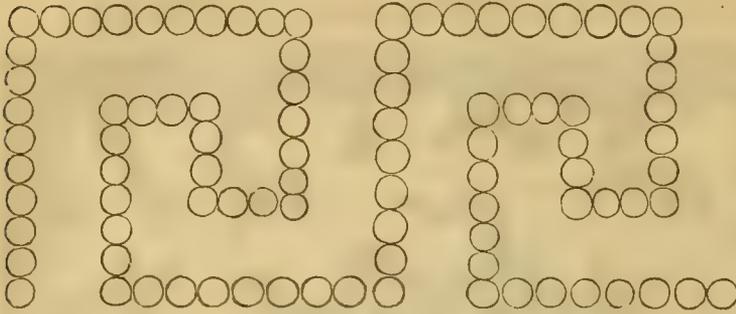
THE style in which this antimacassar is arranged is one that is just now very much in favor. The work itself is executed on mosquito net, the applique being in a medium muslin, neither too thick nor too clear. It is on this muslin, that the pattern should first be traced before the two materials are tacked together, which must be done carefully, not only all round, but in many of the parts not occupied by any portion of the design. The outline must then be worked either in chain stitch or with a sewn, over line, the first of these being recommended by its ease and quickness, the second being a little richer and more desirable. In whichever way the coral part of the pattern may be done, the spots should all be worked in

chain-stitch, commencing with a little raised spot in the centre of each, and working round and round in a continuous line, each circle as close as possible to the last, until the right size has been reached. All the superfluous muslin must then be cut away and a rich fringe carried all round. The proper cotton for working this coral pattern is No. 20, the spots being No. 16.

SILK EMBROIDERY.



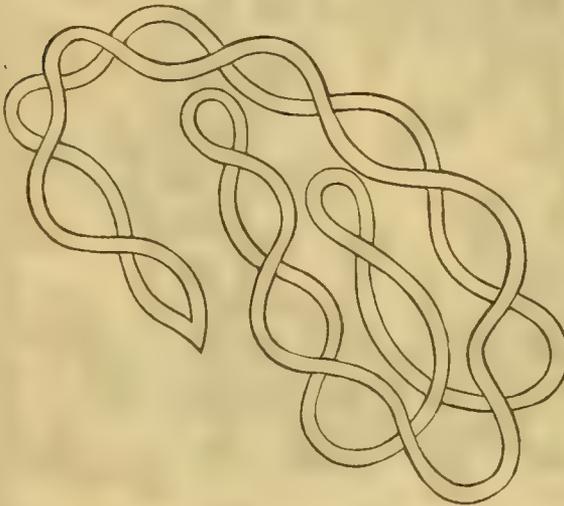
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PILLOW OR BOLSTER CASES.



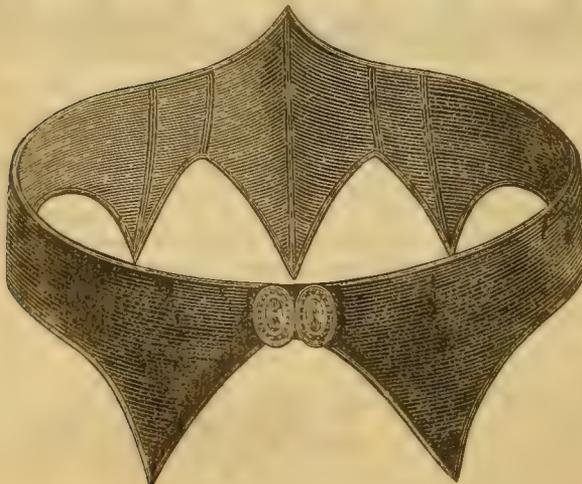
EMBROIDERY.



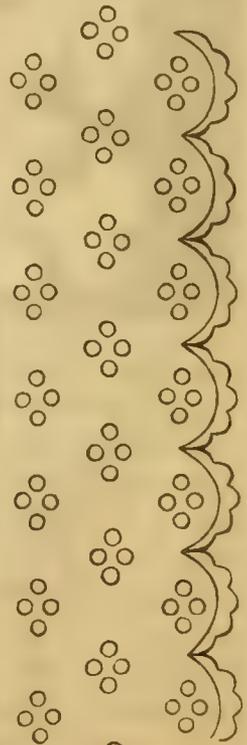
BRAIDING PALM FOR THE END OF A SASH.



WAISTBAND.



EMBROIDERY.



## Receipts, &c.

### ECONOMY OF THE TEA-TABLE.

As a test in general to distinguish genuine tea from the substituted let it be infused, and some of the largest leaves spread out to dry; when the real tea-leaf will be found narrow in proportion to its length, and deeply notched at the edges with a sharp point, whilst the shoe-leaf is notched very slightly, is darker in color, rounder at the point, and of a coarser texture.

In preparing the tea, a good economist will be careful to have the best water—that is, the softest and freest from foreign mixtures. If tea be infused in hard and in soft water, the latter will always yield the greatest quantity of the tanning matter, and will strike the deepest black with the sulphate of iron in solution; consequently, according to the technical term, it will always be found “to draw best.”

In the management of the tea-urn it may be observed that a polished urn may be kept boiling with a much smaller quantity of spirits of wine than when a varnished or bronzed urn is used, so that a silver urn is absolutely an object of economy.

In order to make a good cup of tea M Sayer recommends that, before pouring in any water, the teapot, with the tea in it, shall be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by means of a spirit-lamp, or in front of the fire (not to class, of course, and the pot then filled with boiling water. The result, he says, will be in about a minute a delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn in the ordinary way.

Tastes differ regarding the flavor of teas; some preferring all black, others all green, and many a mixture of both in different quantities, though most persons, when not fearful of their nerves, agree that fine hyson is the best. A good mixture, in point of flavor, we know to be two-fifths black, two-fifths green, and one-fifth gunpowder, all being, of course, of superior quality.

Presuming all ladies to be intimately acquainted with the mode of making tea, yet to some a few hints may be serviceable:—

First, never make tea in any other than a highly-polished teapot; for it is a chemical fact that metal retains the heat longer than earthenware, and the better it is polished the more completely will the liquid be kept hot, and the essence of the tea be extracted.

Secondly, see that the water be really boiling, not simmering, as is too commonly the case when taken from an urn, but kept either on the fire until boiled, or in one of those metal tea-kettles warmed by a spirit-lamp.

Tea retains its fine flavor better if kept in little tin canisters, instead of a caddy. It is impossible to prevent the admission of air into caddies; therefore it is better only to put a small quantity of tea into them at a time.

With regard to coffee, the best kind is always the cheapest. Burn it at home in small quantities, taking care, in using a close roaster, never to fill it more than half. Turn the roaster slowly at first, more rapidly as the process advances, and keep up a lively fire by the repeated addition of chips or other inflammable materials in small quantities. Burn it until of a light chestnut color. Keep it in close canisters or bottles. Grind it as wanted. Boil it in a vessel only half full, to prevent boiling over, in the proportion of one ounce and a half to a pint of water. Put in a few hartshorn shavings or

isinglass, if you will; but if the coffee is taken off the fire whilst boiling, and set on again alternately, until nothing remains on the top but a clear bubble, and then some poured out to clear the pipe, and poured back again, it will be as fine as if cleared artificially. Long boiling does not make coffee stronger, but destroys its color, and renders it turbid. In making coffee, the broader the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel, the better it will prove.

### MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**SHOULDER OF VEAL ROASTED.**—It is best to have the knuckle cut off. In the under part will be found a good place to deposit some stuffing. Roast and serve up as the fillet or loin. A shoulder weighing twelve pounds will require full two hours and a half to roast. It is well to have the thick part near the knuckle placed before the fire, so as to get more roasting than the thinner part.

The *breast of veal*, though far from profitable, is very savory. Paper the joint, and roast for about an hour and a half. Serve with gravy and melted butter. The sweetbread may be skewered to the breast, and roasted at the same time.

The *neck of veal* is rather a lean joint for roasting, and requires to be larded with bacon, or well buttered, and frequently basted. The scrag end must, of course, be cut away, so that six or seven chops only remain. An ordinary sized neck will take two hours' roasting. The *larding* is done thus: Cut some fat bacon into pieces two inches long and a quarter of an inch square; put the larding-needle through the flesh about an inch and a half, then put one-third of the length of the piece of bacon on it, draw the needle out, and it will leave the bacon in the meat, about a quarter of an inch sticking up outside. Such a joint will require about two hours' roasting.

**OYSTER PIE.**—Take a large dish, butter it, and spread a rich paste over the sides and round the edge, but not at the bottom. The oysters should be fresh, and as large and as fine as possible. Drain off part of the liquor from the oysters. Put them into a pan, and season them with pepper, salt, and spice. Stir them well with the seasoning. Have ready the yolks of eggs, chopped fine, and the grated bread. Pour the oysters, with as much of their liquor as you please, into the dish that has the paste on it. Straw over them the chopped egg and grated bread. Roll out the lid of the pie, and put it on, crimping the edges handsomely. Take a small sheet of paste, cut it into a square, and roll it up. Cut it with a sharp knife into the form of a double tulip. Make a slit in the centre of the upper crust, and sneak the tulip in it. Cut out eight large leaves of paste, and lay them on the lid. Bake the pie in a quick oven.

**OMELET.**—Twelve eggs beaten as for custard, one cup of thick, sweet cream, and a little salt; have your spider well buttered; pour in your mixture, set it over a slow fire, stir it occasionally until it thickens; pour it immediately into a deep dish. This makes a very nice dish for breakfast.

**BAKED MUTTON CHOPS.**—A FRENCH RECEIPT.—Put each chop into a piece of paper with pepper and salt, and seasoning of such herbs as are agreeable. Add a little butter; put each into another piece of paper before baking. When done sufficiently, in a quick oven, they are to be served, having the outer paper removed, the first paper being left in order to retain the heat and gravy.

**POTATO PUFFS.**—Take cold roast meat, either beef, mutton, or veal and ham, clear it from gistle, chop small, and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles. Boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a dust of flour, cut it round with a saucer, put some of your seasoned meat on one-half, and fold it over like a puff, prick or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is an excellent method of cooking up cold meat.

**FRENCH STEAKS.**—Cut some cold veal into the form of mutton chops; season them well with Cayenne pepper and salt. Put some butter into a pan, and melt it over the fire; dredge in some flour, and add some good gravy. Put in the slices of veal, after having sprinkled them over with egg and bread-crumbs, and stir all well together. When sufficiently cooked, lay them neatly round the dish, and put into the middle of it some kidney beans or mashed potatoes, over which pour a rich white sauce.

**DRIED BEEF.**—Slice dried beef very thin, put it in the spider with water sufficient to cook it tender; add sweet cream (or sweet milk with a little butter will answer); let the milk come to a boil, stir in a little flour, previously wet with cold milk, and let it boil long enough to cook the flour. This is an excellent dish to eat with baked potatoes.

**FRIED POTATOES.**—How few cooks know how to fry potatoes! There is nothing so easy to get, and yet so palatable for breakfast, with a thick tender beefsteak or a mutton-chop fizzing from the gridiron. To fry raw potatoes properly, they should be pared, cut lengthwise into slices, an eighth of an inch in thickness, dropped into a pan over the fire containing hot beef drippings, turned frequently, nicely browned all over, but never burned. The addition of a little salt and pepper while in the pan, and a little flour dredged over them, is an improvement. We have, however, found that a thick slice of good salt pork instead of the beef drippings, answered well. Every one to his taste.

**SALAD DRESSING.**—Rub through a fine sieve a middle-sized mealy potato and the yolk of two hard-boiled eggs, both cold. Put this into a basin, with a dessertspoonful of dry mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, a small quantity of pepper, and a pinch of Cayenne; and mix it well with a wooden spoon. Add to this a fresh egg, well beaten, and a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, and work the whole together; and then, stirring it with the right hand, with the left pour in oil by degrees until it forms a thick paste; now add two teaspoonfuls of common vinegar by degrees, still keeping it stirred, and continue the addition of oil and vinegar in corresponding quantities till, by continued working it forms a stiffish, but perfectly smooth, cream-like sauce. Add a little more anchovy sauce or seasoning, if required; and, if too thick, dilute it by adding a little milk. This dressing will keep some days if no milk is used; or for a small salad half the above quantities will be sufficient.

**POACHED EGGS.**—Poached eggs make several excellent dishes, but poaching them is rather a delicate operation, as in breaking the egg into the water particular care must be taken to keep the white round the yolk. The best way is to open the small end of the egg with a knife. When the egg is done (it must be very soft), it should be thrown into cold water, where it may be pared, and its appearance improved before it is dished up. Poached eggs are served up upon spinach, or stewed endive, or alone with rich gravy, or with stewed Spanish onions. They may also be fried in oil until

they are brown, when they form a good dish with rich gravy.

### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**A PLAIN CAKE.**—To three or four pounds of the best flour put two teaspoonfuls of yeast, and a tumbler and a half of lukewarm milk. Leave it half an hour to rise; then take six eggs, a little rose-water, and a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar; work it all well together, and beat it *thoroughly* for three quarters of an hour. Butter a mould, put in the dough, let it rise, and then bake it.

*Another.*—One pound of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of moist sugar, half a pound of treacle, a quarter of a pound of candied peel, half an ounce of allspice, half a pound of butter, two eggs, a teaspoonful of pearlsh to be dissolved in a teacup of warm milk. The above ingredients make a very excellent and inexpensive luncheon cake—one which keeps well some weeks, and can be highly recommended.

*Another.*—Take one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two eggs, a few caraway seeds, one gill of milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake it in a nice oven, not too quick.

**ALMOND PUDDING.**—Beat in a mortar half a pound of sweet, and a very few bitter, almonds with a spoonful of water; then mix four ounces of butter, four eggs (which should be well beaten), two spoonfuls of cream, and one of brandy; nutmeg and sugar to taste. (The brandy should be warmed with the butter.) Butter some cups well, and fill them half-full with the above mixture. Bake them thoroughly, and serve with butter, wine, and sugar.

**SNOWDON PUDDING.**—Quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, the same of suet, and also of sugar, four well-beaten eggs, the rind and juice of a lemon, four table-spoonfuls of preserves, two ounces of candied citron or lemon cut into slices. Butter a mould, and stick it over with some of the pieces of candied citron; pour the above mixture into it, and boil it for four hours. Melt a little of the same preserve, and pour it over for sauce.

**MALTESE CREAM.**—Steep a quarter of a pound of macaroons at the bottom of a glass dish, in brandy. Cover them with some choice preserves, such as apricot or pine-apple, pound two ounces of the best sweet almonds, mix them with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, butter to the size of a walnut, a little white sugar, and lemon-peel. Rub these through a fine colander, with a wooden spoon, on to the preserves. Surround the whole with a whip of thick cream, white wine, lemon-peel and juice, and loaf-sugar.

**GROUND RICE CAKE.**—Break five eggs into a stew-pan, which place in another containing hot water; whip the eggs ten minutes till very light, then mix in by degrees half a pound of ground rice, six ounces of powdered sugar; beat it well; any flavor may be introduced; pour into the buttered pan, and bake half an hour.

**CURRENT CAKE.**—One cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of water or milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, cup of currants.

**LIGHT CAKES.**—Put a small quantity of flour into a mug, mix it with very good milk, with a lump of butter the size of an egg, a little barm, an egg, a teaspoonful of honey, and a little ginger; beat them well, and let them rise before baking.

**PAN CAKES.**—One pint milk, four eggs, half teaspoonful saleratus, a little salt, stiff enough for batter; serve with sauce.

**GRAHAM CAKE.**—Two cups of sour milk, two cups sugar, one nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls saleratus.

**WAFER GINGERBREAD.**—Equal quantities of flour, butter, treacle, and loaf-sugar. The butter, sugar, and treacle to be made warm, then mixed with the flour; add the grated rind of a lemon, ginger to your taste, and some candied citron and lemon cut into small pieces. Butter the tin well, and run this mixture thinly over them. Bake in rather a quick oven. When done, remove the gingerbread with a knife, cut it into square pieces, and roll them over a stick, in imitation of wafer cakes.

**BRANDY CREAM.**—A pint of cream, the juice of two lemons, sugar to your taste, two ounces of isinglass dissolved in a teacupful of water; whisk the cream a little by itself, then whisk in the lemon-juice and sugar, then the brandy (a large wineglassful), then the isinglass, strained and cool. If put in too warm, it will turn the cream. This quantity is sufficient to fill two moulds.

**IRISH CAKES.**—Melt one ounce of butter in one pint of boiling water, and pour it on two and a half pounds of *whole meal*; mix it well up, and knead it into a stiff dough; make the cakes an inch thick, any size or shape you please; though the triangular form is best. Bake them on a bakestone, and butter them whilst they are hot, and before sending them to table.

**RAISED CAKE.**—Three cups of dough, three cups of sugar, one cup butter, three eggs, one nutmeg, and raisins, one teaspoonful of soda.

**FRIED WAFERS.**—Two eggs, two large spoonfuls of sugar, one nutmeg, flour enough to knead up hard; roll thin.

#### THE TOILET.

**POMADE DIVINE.**—Take a pound and a half of beef marrow, put it into spring water ten days, changing the water twice each day; then drain it, put it into a pint of rose-water for twenty-four hours, and drain it in a cloth quite dry. Then add storax, benjamin, cypress, and orris, of each one and a half ounce, half an ounce of cinnamon, two drachms of cloves and nutmeg, all finely powdered and well mixed with the marrow. Then put it into a pewter vessel with a top that screws on, and over that a paste, that nothing may evaporate. Hang the vessel in a copper of boiling water, and let it boil two hours without ceasing; then put it through fine muslin into pots for keeping, and when cold cover it closely. If a pewter vessel is not at hand, a stone jar, with a paste between two bladders, will do.

*Another receipt.*—Take four pounds of mutton suet, one pound of white wax, an ounce and a half each of essence of bergamot and essence of lemon, and half an ounce each of oil of lavender and oil of organum. Melt the suet, and when nearly cold stir in the other ingredients. The organum has considerable power in stimulating the growth of the hair.

**HONEY WATER.**—Take a pint of proof spirit, as above, and three drachms of essence of ambergris; shake them well daily.

**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.

**COLD CREAM.**—Take a quarter of an ounce of white wax, and shred it into a basin with one ounce of almond oil. Place the basin by the fire till the wax is dissolved; then add very slowly one ounce of rose-water, little by little, and during this beat smartly with a fork, *to make the water incorporate*, and continue beating till it is accomplished; then pour it into jars for use.

*Another receipt.*—Take of best lard one pound, spermaceti four ounces; melt the two together, and add one ounce of rose-water, beating it as above directed.

**RED LIP SALVE.**—Take of white wax, four ounces; olive oil, four ounces; spermaceti, half an ounce; oil of lavender twenty drops; alkanet root, two ounces. Macerate the alkanet for three or four days in the olive oil; then strain and melt in it the wax and spermaceti; when nearly cold, add the oil of lavender, and stir it till quite firmly set.

**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.

#### PRESENCE OF MIND.

(From Hall's Journal of Health.)

1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back, and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cold water with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee; these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a half pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter, or lard are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly is to cover it profusely with cobweb, or flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be spry, or the man will be dead in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around near the part *between the wound and the heart*; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, twist it round until the blood ceases to flow, and keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, *between the wound and the heart*; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen that pressure for an instant, until the physician arrives so as to gine up the wound by the coagulation or hardening of the cooling blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect on the flames; if not extinguished, or a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over, or better, envelop yourself in a carpet, bedcloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woollen.

6. If a man asks you to go his security, say "No," and run; otherwise you may be enslaved for life, or your

wife and children may spend a weary existence, in want, sickness and beggary.

7. If you find yourself in possession of a counterfeit note or coin, throw it in the fire on the instant; otherwise you may be tempted to pass it, and may pass it, to feel mean therefor as long as you live, then it may pass into some man's hands as mean as yourself, with a new perpetration of iniquity, the loss to fall eventually on some poor, struggling widow, whose "all" it may be.

8. Never laugh at the mishaps of any fellow mortal.

9. The very instant you perceive yourself in a passion shut your mouth; this is one among the best precepts outside of inspiration.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**OIL STAINS IN SILK AND OTHER FABRICS.**—Benzine collas is most effectual, not only for silk, but in any other material whatever. It can be procured from any chemist. By simply covering both sides of greased silk with magnesia, and allowing it to remain for a few hours, the oil is absorbed by the powder. Should the first application be insufficient, it may be repeated, and even rubbed in with the hand. Should the silk be Tussah or Indian silk, it will wash.

Oil stains can also be entirely removed from silks and all dress materials, also leather, paper, etc., by applying pipe-clay, powdered and moistened with water to the consistency of thick cream, laid on the stain, and left to dry some hours, then lightly scraped or rubbed off with a knife or flannel, so as not to injure the surface. If the pipe-clay dries off quite light in color, all oil has been removed; if it comes off dark-looking, then more should be laid on, as grease still remains to be removed. Pipe-clay will not injure the most delicate tints of silk or paper.

**GINGER ALE.**—To ten gallons of water, put twelve pounds of sugar, six ounces of bruised ginger (unbleached is the best). Boil it one hour, put it into a barrel with one ounce of hops and three or four spoonfuls of yeast. Let it stand three days; then close the barrel, putting in one ounce of isinglass. In a week it is fit for use. Draw out in a jug, and use as beer.

**TO TAKE THE BLACK OFF BRIGHT BARS.**—Boil one pound of soft soap in two quarts of water, slowly, till it is reduced to one. Take as much of this jelly as may be required, and mix to the thickness of cream with emory. Rub with this mixture on a piece of woollen cloth, till all the dirt is removed, then wipe clean, and polish up with fine glass (not sand) paper.

**TO CLEAR WHITE OSTRICH FEATHERS.**—Wash the feathers by passing them through a strong and hot solution of white soap, rinse in tepid, then in cold water, then bleach with sulphur vapor, and placing them near the fire, pick out every part with a bodkin.

**ARTIFICIAL CHEESE.**—Well pound some nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonfuls of wine vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd, tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain, then open it, take out the spice, sweeten it with sugar and rosewater, put it into a colander, let it stand an hour more, then turn it out, and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

**HOW TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL MOSS.**—Form a piece of plain knitting with some green wool; after you have

knitted as much as you will require, put it into cold water for some time, and then bake it in a slow oven; after which, carefully unravel it, when it will present the appearance of moss, and is extremely useful in the making of artificial flowers, baskets, and other ornaments.

**SPECIFIC AGAINST SEASICKNESS.**—Many of our readers are accustomed to feel "sensational" qualms on leaving land; and a specific to give relief will, by them, be welcomed. Dr. Hastings, of Cheltenham, communicates a plan which he has adopted with frequent and complete success to prevent nausea: "Let the voyager provide himself with about a dozen yards of a common calico bandage, and directly he goes on board, bandage his abdomen, beginning low down over the haunches, and bandaging up over the pit of the stomach, not too tight, and then let him lie down, and go asleep, as he is almost certain to do, unless kept awake by the noise and tossing of the vessel." The Doctor asserts that this treatment is based on true physiological principles, and its simplicity renders it worthy of a trial by any one who is, as he states himself to be, "a martyr to seasickness."

**TO PREVENT MRSLIN OR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES BLAZING.**—The light fabrics manufactured for ladies' dresses may easily be made blaze-proof. The most delicate white cambric handkerchief, or fleecy gauze, or the finest lace, may, by simply soaking in a weak solution of chloride of zinc, be so protected from blaze that, if held in the flame of a candle, they may be reduced to tinder without blazing. Dresses, so prepared, might be burnt by accident, without the other garments worn by the lady being injured.

*Or,*—after the clothes are washed, let them be rinsed in water in which a small quantity of saltpetre is dissolved. It improves the appearance, and renders the linen or cotton proof against blazing. Window and bed curtains should also be so rinsed.

**HOW TO MAKE ROSE-WATER.**—When the roses are in full bloom, pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of them; put them in a cold still over a slow fire, and distil gradually; then bottle the water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

**TO DESTROY BUGS.**—When bugs have obtained a lodgment in walls or timber, the surest mode of overcoming the nuisance is, to putty up every hole that is moderately large, and oil-paint the whole wall or timber. In bed-furniture, a mixture of soft soap with snuff, or arsenic, is useful to fill up the holes where the bolts or fastenings are fixed, etc. French polish may be applied to smoother parts of the wood.

**TO PUT MEAT.**—Take two pounds of rump steak, and cut it up in very small pieces, and put it into an earthen jar, having first placed half a pound of fresh butter at the bottom of it. Cover the jar well over with paper, which should be tied or stuck down with paste. Place the jar in a saucpan of water, and let it simmer gently. When nearly done, season the meat well by adding salt, Cayenne pepper, cloves, allspice, and a pinch of ground mace. Tie the jar up again, and let its contents boil until tender, and then let it get cold. Wash, scrape, and bone half a dozen anchovies, and pound them with the meat, adding six ounces of oiled butter. This will take some time to do well, as the gravy should be worked in with the meat. Take some small open pots, press the meat into them, and pour some oiled butter at the top of each.

# Editors' Table.

## HOME AND ITS INFLUENCES

I love that dear old home! My mother lived there  
Her first sweet marriage years and last sad widowed  
ones.

The sunlight there seems to me brighter far  
Than wheresoever else.—MRS. KEMBLE BETTER.

Oh, it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home had she none.—THOMAS HOOD.

HAPPINESS is the magnet that draws all hearts; in giving this precious blessing on earth the influences of domestic life can hardly be over-estimated.

A child born and trained in a happy, well-ordered, and religious home has a blessed lot; no matter how lovely the home may be, in memory it is a joy forever. The reality of home happiness must have for its foundation faith in God and obedience to His laws; those who make the home must illustrate its happiness by tender love, gentle, yet careful watchfulness, cheerful discretion, wise self-control, and gay, good temper; these feelings and graces will insure an amount of innocent enjoyment which the wealth of the world could not purchase.

The young married pair who commence housekeeping in a cottage of two rooms may be far happier than the family in a palatial residence, if the cottage is rightly managed and the palace is not; and these results are in a great measure dependent on the character and conduct of the *mistress of the home*. Woman has, by her influence, the power to make or mar domestic life.

We have often urged these truths on our readers, but general propositions are not so impressive as living illustrations, and a work recently published in London\* throws new light on the hidden causes of the dreadful degradation exhibited by women in a penal prison, which seem to have their root in the utter want of good home training. A writer in an English journal remarks justly on this subject: "The book is a suggestive one. Here are the extremes of vices to which we only see remote tendencies in ourselves, our friends, our acquaintances, and the outer world; but enough to wake painful sympathies, to see horrible likenesses, to make us own common nature. We begin to realize, more than in thoughtless security men care to do, all we owe to the beneficent chains of decorous habit, to humanity from extreme temptation, to training in the humanities of life." The authoress gives an appalling picture of the wickedness of these wretched women; but the key is furnished in her graphic description of their neglected childhood and evil homes:—

"In the prison the teaching that should have begun with the women in their girlhood is commenced, and executed in a few instances, a sanitary influence; but ignorance, deep-besotted ignorance, displays itself with almost every fresh woman on whom the key turns in her cell. It is the great reason for keeping our prisons full, our judges always busy; three-fourths of our prisoners, before their conviction, were unable to read a word, had no knowledge of a Bible or what was in it, had never heard of a saviour, and only remembered God's name as always coupled with a curse. Some women have been trained to be thieves and worse than thieves by their mothers, taking their lessons in crime with a regularity and a persistence that, turned to better things, would have made them loved and honored all

their lives. They have been taught all that is evil, and the evil tree has flourished and borne fruit; it is the hardest task to train so warped and distorted a creature to the right and fitting way. Praise be to those hard-working, unflinching prison chaplains who strive to their utmost, and are not always unsuccessful!"

On the other hand, wherever there has been some good seed dropped into the tender heart of the little girl, however imperfect and sparingly it may have been imparted, its beneficial tendencies were apparent. To this the Reviewer alludes as a great matter for encouragement "that good teaching is seldom absolutely thrown away. The mind which, however unwillingly, or with however little seeming profit, has received some religious truths in childhood, is in a different condition from one whose earliest impressions were all evil. As far as appearances go, a tender mother, a careful home, school, and church may be forgotten, their good influences disregarded, their memory trampled upon; yet every seed that is sown is not wholly and utterly eradicated." The Prison Matron remarks that something of a soothing Sunday influence is to be found even in a prison, some little respect for the Sabbath by the most obstinate prisoners:—

"It has struck me more than once that the best women—the good conduct women of all classes—are often grave and thoughtful (on Sunday). Now and then a matron, suddenly entering a cell, may find a prisoner in tears; and it is always a prisoner who has had some semblance of a home in early days, or some well-meaning father or mother."

Then the capabilities of these sin-darkened minds for the reception of God's glorious truths are shown in many minute yet striking particulars which the writer gives us, and remarkable traits are disclosed of the innate love of beauty and ornament in the feminine mind. One suffering common to all these women is the absence of anything to please the taste. They evidently hunger for some gratification to the eye, will tear out the pictures from the library books to stick them on the walls of their cells, though only for an hour or two, and snatch at the few homely flowers in the airing-ground, which become such objects of envy and contention that the theft is soon discovered and punished. Says the authoress:—

"I have a remembrance of looking through the inspection of a cell some years ago, and perceiving a prisoner, with her elbows on the table, staring at a common daisy, which she had plucked from the central patch of grass during her rounds—one of those rude, repulsive, yet not wholly bad prisoners, from whom good-splendour of sentiment was anticipated. Yet the wistful look of that woman at her stolen prize was a gleam of as true sentiment as ever breathed in a poet's lines. A painter might have made much of her position, and a philosopher might have moralized concerning it; for the woman wept at last, dropped her head down on the table between her clasped hands, and shed her bitter tears silently and noiselessly."

These painful pictures are relieved to us by the knowledge that as yet we have no such places in our country filled with multitudes of miserable women, as this book describes the inmates of English prisons. As yet the crushing poverty of European civilization is not felt in our land. To keep this humanity we must cultivate the virtues of *home*. We women must be in earnest to aid

\* Female Life in Prison. By a Prison Matron.

the instruction of the poor. There should not be a little girl permitted to run the streets in rags and beggary. An institution is needed in every large city where such neglected girls may be sent and well cared for; but much might now be done by private benevolence. We lately saw it recorded that the wife of a Brooklyn lawyer has for some time past opened her house every Saturday to receive the little daughters of the poor; that about forty gather around her; to these she gives a dinner, and then instructs them in sewing; and in other ways, by conversation, reading, and singing, is not only making their lot happier, but preparing them by her wise and tender care to become useful girls and good women. Such private charities are among the noblest deeds of humanity.

#### WOMAN'S WORK AND ITS REMUNERATION.

In the last "Table" we gave an excellent "letter," setting forth the benefits of "Household Work." It will, we are sure, be approved by thoughtful men as well as by our constant readers—the best and kindest women of the land. There is need of keeping this subject before public sympathy till it shall become the universal heart-feeling—that women, who are obliged to support themselves, shall have the opportunity of finding employment. The time is fast approaching, indeed has already come to many individuals, when all the aid we can give to bereaved widows, fatherless girls, and destitute women, will be sorely needed.

Still we have great cause of thankfulness as we compare the poverty and suffering of women and children in our country with those of the two greatest nations of Europe—England and France. The miserable condition of the poor, especially women, in England, need not here be described; we hear it in every report from that Old World metropolis. But the equally hard fate of women in France has not been so familiar to Americans. We have thought French women shared more equally with the men of that nation in work, and its just remuneration.

A very sad description of the condition of workwomen in France has lately appeared.\* One short quotation will put the case very clearly:—

"A workwoman who labors twelve hours daily, receives barely enough to satisfy hunger, and has nothing left to pay for her clothes and lodgings. In the country the wages of factory girls and dayworkers are tenpence; these, however, are the lucky or skillful ones; for many get no more than sevenpence half-penny, sixpence, or fivepence a day. I know some who, when working at home, cannot obtain more than fourpence by twelve hours' work. Be it understood, that they are neither fed nor lodged, receive neither fuel nor candles; they get fourpence and nothing more. There are some who hire themselves for food alone, and others who work for absolutely nothing, being obliged to serve an apprenticeship, which lasts several years. Such, in the state of our civilization, is the lot of an indigent woman."

"Surely," says a British Reviewer, "M. Texier is fully justified in asserting that many Frenchwomen might envy the condition of negro slaves. Slave women have to work, but they do not die of hunger or cold. We know why these workers are so badly paid—they are too numerous. In France, as in England, the complaint is general, that *men are superseding women in many branches of industry*. The Emperor can do much; but as for a remedy for this evil, it will puzzle the greatest statesman to suggest one. It is clear, however, that something must be done, and that speedily. Why are the

soldiers in the French army deteriorating every generation? Because their mothers are half-starved. Why is woman's virtue but a name among a certain class? Because Frenchwomen cannot live by the work of their hands. The importance of the subject is overwhelming."

Let us American women be thankful that our country does not permit her daughters to be thus degraded.

#### OUR POETS.

"Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot  
The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

So sang Pope, and matters have not mended, practically, since his day.

We have warm sympathy for young poets, even when one sends us his or her "first piece." With all its crudities, we feel loath to dash the high hopes of the writer; and we have been happy to encourage all whom we found had sense to understand that study and labor must perfect the poet, that the rejection of worthless verses was the kindest course we could take to help the author. The many letters we receive on this subject cannot be, generally, answered—we have not the time; therefore, we give these few remarks as a reply to those who have asked our counsel, or a place in the "Lady's Book," which we have been obliged to decline.

Concerning poetry, which most surely and deeply moves the popular mind, it must be fraught with human interest; it must portray human feelings, affections, passions; the more truly and vividly it does this, the greater will be its influence, and of course its popularity.

Metaphor, simile, and allegory are but the drapery of the spirit of poetry, which must breathe the language of the human soul, in its most secret communings with itself, or with nature, and nature's God. This poesy, when it reveals most truly the terrible struggles of the soul with the temptations of earth and sin, as well as its most earnest hopes of forgiveness and heavenly happiness, assumes its highest character. In these revelations of the heart's history, men have, naturally, the advantage over women, because the former are not usually troubled with that delicate reticence of sentiment which the latter *cannot* easily lay aside. Therefore men speak out their feelings, and give expression to their passions. This was the secret of Byron's power. Had Mrs. Hemans chosen thus to unveil the sanctuary of her domestic griefs and wrongs, she might have moved the world to tears, and made herself the idol of popular sympathy. But she, woman-like, preferred to be the silent victim rather than the accuser of the husband she had loved, whom she no doubt always continued to love.

Mrs. Norton is the only poetess, we recollect, who has given expression to her own domestic miseries and heart sorrows. She has been complimented with the title of "the Female Byron!" We do not consider this an enviable distinction; but Mrs. Norton is a writer of true genius, a real poetess; yet, in comparison with Mrs. Browning, she falls in tenderness, sympathy, and piety. We would prefer our young countrywomen should study the works of the latter in their efforts after the highest model of woman's poetic genius.

Man has a different standard; we do not know that it is higher; measured by its moral power, it is often lower; but there is no need of comparisons.

We usually place, in our Editors' Table, some poetic offering from the hand of a lady; this month, we give the place of honor to the poem of a gentleman; it cannot fail of favor from our readers.

\* Les Choses du Temps Présent: Par Edmond Texier Paris: J. Hetzel, 1862.

## LITTLE WIFE.

I care not for the rising storm,  
I do not heed the wind,  
Nor listen to the angry wind  
That roars around the wood.  
I only know my joy my sister,  
If 't is just ahead I see,  
The light that tells my little wife  
Is waiting there for me.

My gentle wife! my darling wife!  
My soul's own joy and pride!  
Ten thousand blessings on the day  
When you became my bride.  
I've never known a weary hour  
Since I have held your hand—  
I would not change my worldly lot  
For any in the land.

Oh, sweetly from her loving lips  
The blissful words she says!  
There is no happier voice to me  
Than she and her lullaby waves.  
Ah! and indeed would he my heart,  
And dark the world would be  
If not for this dear, little wife  
That ever waits for me.

GEORGE COOPER

**SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN IN NEW YORK.**—We have had recent notice of this noble Free School, now open at the Cooper Institute. In some respects it has been more successful than the "School of Design for Women in Philadelphia." The New York School is under the entire supervision of a lady, Mrs. Henry M. Field, eminently accomplished and fitted for the post, and who is engaged in the service from an earnest devotion to its object. Mrs. F., as principal, is aided by several competent teachers, and the school is organized into classes, according to their tastes, objects, and advancement, by the judgment of the Principal, and all in successful operation. There are classes for beginners, classes in drawing, in landscape, in wood-engraving, and it is hoped to add, ere long, a class in modelling. There are now about 150 pupils, mostly free. An article in *The Commercial Advertiser* says:—

"One effect of the hard times is seen in the superior class of pupils who now enter the school. In a time of war the very poor cannot commence a long course of instruction. They must turn their hands to work which will yield immediate support. They cannot wait a year or two to earn a profession. At the same time, thousands who hitherto have been in good circumstances now find their incomes cut off or greatly reduced, and in this uncertainty as to what may be their condition hereafter, they look forward to some resource for their daughters, and hence seek the advantages of such an institution as this.

"Nor is there change in the character of the pupils to be regretted. The institution is indeed open to all with the utmost liberality. Yet it is evident that to pursue art with a prospect of success, requires a natural taste and capacity for it, and at least some degree of previous culture. It is from this class of young women, belonging to families of good position, and who are themselves beloved and refined, that must come the pupils who will do most honor to the institution, and be most successful in the study and practice of art."

**FRENCH ON FRENCH FASHIONS.**—A grand ball was held at the Imperial Villa at Biarritz, and according to a letter from that place:—

"The toilettes of the ladies were richer than ever. Hair-powder seems to be coming into vogue again, for many of the ladies used it on this occasion."

Very probably. The admirable revival of hoops should naturally be followed by a return to hair-powder. The saucy, gregariousness with which the French ladies follow their leader, and the English ladies

them, is, though a gosselike, a gratifying attestation of their attachment to the Grinoline Dynasty. Venus forbid that the Empress of the French should wear rings in her nose; but if she were to adopt such ornaments, her example would doubtless be followed by our wives and daughters.

**THE SEWING-MACHINE.**—The benefits of this wonderful invention increase every year of its trial. There are no dangers attending its use, but real pleasure as well as profit in its results. Indeed it seems to realize the power of good fairies, such as children love and to have in their elders often regret that they have outlived this pleasant faith—more than any other of the labor-saving inventions. The Sewing-Machine comes into the heart of home; it helps in the domestic circle; it has an important influence on family comfort and social happiness. No wonder that good men are willing to sound its praises, that "poets, orators, divines, philosophers, and economists have decanted upon its bearings on social interests and the destiny of woman." It is worthy of this praise.

Last month the "Fairy Sewing-Machine" was introduced to our readers by an artist, that not only every lady who has a taste for *needle-work* should have a household help, such an one as comes from the manufactory of *Wheeler & Wilson*, in the perfection of its work and equal to all kinds and varieties of stitching, is the Queen of Sewing-Machines, which we wish could be introduced into every home where women are found.

Mrs. Mary Howitt says of this machine: "It is an ever ready, ever capable friend in need; one who never wearies, never loses its eyesight over the most delicate work, nor ever, in fact, can be overworked. It can be going suddenly to the Antipodes, or a distant part of the world, or if your benevolence longs in the cold winter weather to clothe the poor in warm garments, you need not hesitate as to what shall do this noble and necessary needle-work. These machines are good general help in every household, with the advantages, especially of the ever-ready threaded needle ready to do your bidding. Such has been the experience in our family. Need I say more?"

**MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1223 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.**

This school has now entered on its seventh year; the success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is 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 Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

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

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

**TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.**—We shall find place for the following articles:—"Afloat"—"The Vertical Railway"—"Himself, Herself, Myself"—"Constance"—"Little Wife" (see Editors' Table)—"The Gift I ask"—"Flow-

ers"—"I see thee when the twilight folds"—"On!"—"Twilight Musings"—"Cheerful Thought."

These articles are declined: "Thrilling Days"—"Jo Hartley, or Spring"—"Amis"—"Too Soon"—"Burnside's March"—"Evaline"—"Xarifa"—"Song"—"My Experience in Fishing" (we have no need of new contributors at present)—"Coming home from the war"—"Thou art gone" (too long for the space we can spare our poets)—"Charles Seymour, or The Promise Fulfilled"—"Unreal"—"Madrigal"—"Gone"—"An Apologue"—"Who was to blame?"—"A Love Story"—"Carrie Belmont"—"Social Parties"—and "Growing Poor."

We have many MSS. on hand not yet examined.

Those who desire a reply to letters must inclose an envelope stamped. If articles are to be returned, stamps must be sent.

## Health Department.

BY JNO STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

**THRUSH.**—This is a very common disorder of children. It is, perhaps, more generally known among the people as "the thrush." The *symptoms* are redness and dryness of the mouth, fretfulness, feverishness, difficulty in sucking, and frequently more or less disturbance of the stomach and bowels. The inflammation of the mouth is followed or accompanied by the appearance of small white or yellow specks on the tongue, lips, inside of the cheeks, and sometimes on the gums. These deposits or specks may fall off, leaving the surface of the mouth healthy; but most commonly the curdy exudation continues to spread until the whole, or the greater part of the membrane lining the lips, gums, etc. is involved. The patches may remain distinct, or they may run together. They are renewed as long as the inflammation continues; and they sometimes extend to the throat and upper part of the windpipe. Recent investigations seem to prove that the exudation of thrush consists of, or is caused by certain microscopical parasitic plants, to which learned men of course give a very long hard name. Thrush prevails most extensively, and in its worst forms, in hospitals, and other places where a number of children are collected together, and where they are exposed to the evils of impure air, innutritious or insufficient food, uncleanliness, and other depressing influences. It should be remembered always that thrush is not so much a disease in itself as it is a symptom of general constitutional debility, and more particularly of derangement of the digestive organs, caused by bad air and bad food.

The *treatment* should be directed mainly, then, to the improvement of the general health. For this purpose the great, and generally all-sufficient remedies are pure air, proper nourishment, and the warm bath. The nursery-room should be well ventilated, and in pleasant weather the little one should be carried out in a carriage or in the nurse's arms. But remember that the carriage should be open, so that the little patient can have the full benefit of the free air and the bright sunshine. And if the child is toted in the nurse's arms, see to it that its head is not enveloped in cloaks or shawls.

If the child is still at the breast, the mother should give special attention to her own health, carefully guarding against excessive drugging, late hours, de-

pressing mental influences, unwholesome food, and in short everything that tends to disturb the mental and physical equilibrium. If the child is weaned, the diet should be pretty much the same as that before recommended under the head of "Diet after Weaning." Sour and unripe fruits should be particularly avoided. The warm bath will have a fine effect in soothing irritation, in equalizing the circulation, and in eliminating morbid matters from the system. It should be used at least once a day.

If the discharges from the bowels are green and offensive, small doses of magnesia, or rhubarb and magnesia may be given; but this will not often be necessary, with proper attention to the directions above.

In the way of local treatment the mouth should be frequently and gently washed out with a rag wet in cold water. For the removal of the curd-like exudation, borax may be regarded as almost a specific; but it should never be forgotten that the mere removal of this is the smallest and least essential part of the treatment. The borax may, however, be properly conjoined with the other measures recommended. The best form of using borax is in solution. This is made by dissolving the salt in cold water. The strength of the solution should be varied according to the degree of sensibility, but as a general rule the water may be saturated, that is, as much may be put into it as it will dissolve. With nurses, a mixture of borax and honey is a favorite remedy. Equal parts of powdered borax and loaf sugar we have found to be an excellent and convenient application; but some writers suppose that all sweet things tend to favor the production of the microscopic growths to which we have alluded.

(Selected From Hall's Journal of Health.)

**HINTS ABOUT THE TEETH.**—Natural teeth, clean, perfect, and sound, are essential to the comeliness of any face; they not only add to the comfort and personal appearance, but contribute largely to the health of all; hence, special and scrupulous attention should be paid to them daily, from the fifth year, each tooth being minutely examined by a skilful, intelligent, and conscientious dentist every third month, up to the age of twenty-five, when they may be considered safe, with semi-annual inspection. Avoid cold and hot food and drinks most sedulously. If a "pick" is ever employed, let it be of wood or quill. Never use a dentifrice prepared by stranger hands. Tartar on the teeth is formed by animalcules, some of which are instantly killed by soap; others by table-salt; hence wash the teeth with a wet brush drawn across a piece of white soap every other night at bed-time, using the salt but once a week, which, perhaps, whitens the teeth as safely and as well as anything else.

Pure sugar melts without a residue, and passes into the stomach at once, hence cannot possibly hurt the teeth by its adherence to them. Heat, and cold, and acids are the things which injure the teeth on the instant of touching them. Sugar can only act perniciously in so far as, by its too free use, it causes dyspepsia. A doughnut daily will sooner hurt the teeth than a lump of sugar. Teeth hereditarily poor may be kept in a good state of preservation for many years, if well watched, kept plugged in a finished style, cleaned as above, and the stomach is made to do its duty, by a temperate, active, and regular life.

The teeth should be washed with a stiff brush on rising, and with an old, used brush immediately after

each meal, always employing lukewarm water, or holding cold water in the back part of the mouth until it is warmed. Never eat an atom after the teeth have been washed for the night. Always use the brush slowly, lest by a slip, a tooth may be scathed or broken. After meals, let the bristles of the brush be moved up and down by a twisting motion, making each one a tooth-pick. A yellowish tint to a tooth is proof of its soundness; hence do not seek to keep them of a pearly whiteness; it destroys them.

## Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE PIRATES OF THE PRAIRIES: or, *Adventures in the American Desert*. By Gustave A. Mard, author of "The Prairie Flower," "The Trail Hunter," etc. etc. Those who have been interested in the previous volumes of this series of novels will be looking anxiously for the appearance of the present work. A. Mard well sustains his reputation as one of the best writers of fiction of this peculiar class.

From Geo. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND: *A Narrative of the Military Operations of Major General George B. McClellan during the months of May and June, 1862*. By Joel Cook, Special Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press with the Army of the Potomac. An interesting and well-written narrative, laying modest, and we venture, therefore, to say, just claim to truthfulness, to the extent of its author's own personal knowledge and observation. We may regret that it is not so complete, in many important particulars, as a history of the memorable siege of Richmond ought to be; but at the same time we can be thankful for what is afforded us, meanwhile waiting patiently till the period when the restraints of military prudence shall be removed from our obtaining a full knowledge of all the facts.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A HISTORY OF FRANCE, *from the earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in 1852*. This work is one that admirably fills a hitherto vacant place in our literature. Though embracing in the limited compass of some seven hundred pages a general history of France from the earliest to the present times, it exhibits few of the dry characteristics of an abridgment in its style, and is really an interesting and readable volume, even to those who have had the opportunity to peruse the fuller and more detailed general and special histories of France, by French authors of undoubted genius and research. As a convenient book for reference, containing all necessary facts for a clear understanding of French history, this volume will prove of invaluable service.

CAMP AND OUTPOST DUTY FOR INFANTRY. By Daniel Butterfield, Brigadier General Volunteers, U. S. A. The present war has occasioned the publication of numerous works designed for the instruction and convenience of the soldier, among which not the least important and interesting is the little volume before us. It contains full, yet concise, directions concerning outpost duty, together with standing orders, extracts from the army regulations, rules of health, and much other

necessary information for both officer and soldier. The book is not too large for even a soldier's limited means of conveyance, and is substantially bound.

MISTRESS AND MAID: *A Horaeobol Story*. By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. etc. This is a simple, unpretending novel, detailing the various incidents and events in the lives of three sisters, the Misses Leaf. It describes first their humble way of living, with their little village school, then their removal to London, in the hope of providing a home for, and retaining an influence over their scapegrace of a nephew. Then come trials unforeseen, yet which must be, and are bravely met, until the story is finally brought to a satisfactory end. Elizabeth Hand, the "maid," is a striking character; and being placed in favorable circumstances, develops many noble traits, which, even in her humble position, make her almost, if not quite, a heroine.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. F. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA CRITICALLY EXAMINED. By the Right Rev. John Wm. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. The author of this work gives a careful review of the Pentateuch, and records his impressions, convictions, and doubts concerning it. Some of his criticisms, it cannot be denied, are of a character to challenge serious consideration, and to lead the believer in the inspiration of the Bible to seek anxiously for explanation and reconciliation. Others, meanwhile, seem to us too trivial to deserve as much importance as he gives them. Strangely enough, there appears to be at this time almost a rivalry among certain Christians as to who shall succeed in casting the most doubt upon the reliability of the Scriptures. At all events their criticisms upon it in many portions will not compare unfavorably with those of noted infidel philosophers of both the past and the present. All this may betoken, and we may, at least, hope that it does, an agitation in religion which will result in the final justification and triumph of truth.

From ABBEY & ABBOT, New York:—

MAY DREAMS. By Henry L. Abbey. This is apparently the production of a young poet, and bears the impress of more than ordinary talent. Whether its author does or does not possess the higher gift of genius time alone can definitely answer. What he has already written gives good promise; but reminiscences and half-echoes of the strains of Shelley are not to be relied upon as proof positive of any unusual degree of poetic genius.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE. *Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests; and Ishmitians*. By Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cord Dreams," "John Brent," etc. Theodore Winthrop was a rare spirit. An ardent lover of nature, thoroughly enjoying the adventurous life of a wanderer in the wilds of the North-west, he was also endowed with high intellectual gifts, among which was that of being enabled to perpetuate his enjoyment upon paper for the gratification of others. His descriptions are vivid, and his feelings are preserved in all their keenness; so that one can almost hear the dash of the waves, and delight in the sound of the wind among the pines. His command of language is remarkable, and in its use he is sometimes

extravagant. The major portion of the book before us is a narrative of a hasty journey, with Indian companions, from Port Townsend to the Dalles of the Columbia. It is not beyond criticism, but there is a vigor and dash about the style that charms us in spite of all.

**THE POET'S JOURNAL.** By Bayard Taylor. In the poems forming the first portion of this volume, and from which it derives its title, few readers not wholly unacquainted with the personal history of Mr. Taylor will fail to recognize what may be presumed to be a fair transcript of their author's past, so far, at least, as the poetic side of his life is concerned. Melodious and smooth in versification, and almost faultless in finish, they nevertheless lack that warmth of passion which is the life of all heart histories, and without which the poetry of love, sorrow, and happiness has few attractions for any but those metaphysical sentimentalists who find in the transcendental effusions of the German muse their model of poetic excellence. However, where Mr. Taylor is not seemingly overborne by the influence of a foreign literature, he presents us with many fine passages, and even with whole poems, worthy of a high place in our imaginative literature.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

**OUR EMBELLISHMENTS FOR FEBRUARY NUMBER.**—"The Duet," an admirable engraving, as all our subscribers will pronounce it; and an excellent story will be found illustrative of it. It is seldom that eleven figures in a picture are so distinctively made out, and yet each figure has an individuality about it that is unmistakable.

Our Fashion-plate—well! our Fashion-plates require nothing said about them; they are a speciality of Godey, and are now recognized as the only true exponent of the fashions. We feel proud of them; proud because ours is the only magazine in this country that surpasses those of England and France. In this country no attempt at imitating them has yet been made.

"Chair Seat." This pattern is worked on canvas. The small pattern in the corner has no connection with the seat.

"The New Sewing-Machine" will appear in our March number.

**MIXED JOY.**—We are receiving more subscribers now than we ever did any previous year that we have been in business; this is joy unmixed. Now comes the mix. We shall have to pay nearly all we receive to the paper-makers; but—and here comes the inevitable but—we think we do not fare the worst. We deal with a firm that think that they have souls to be saved, and do not take the advantage of the combination, for combination it is in some respects; for we are informed that many of the Eastern dealers, who have no souls, have a year's stock on hand, and are grinding the publishers to the utmost extent. We hope these men will be marked for a future time. We do not wish them eventually to return to that condition from which their stock is formed—rags! for we have a more forgiving disposition.

**FIVE COPIES FOR \$3.**—We have no such clubs, and will not send even under the old terms five copies for \$3. We publish our terms, and whatever they are we abide by them, and any attempt to make us swerve from them is in vain.

**PANIC IN PAPER.**—The rise we make of club subscribers to \$2 a copy will not begin to pay us, but we do not increase more in hopes that before long the price of paper may decrease. It is how about 100 per cent. above what it was when we issued our December number, and still going up. The small amount we have increased is but a trifle compared to that of the daily papers. They have raised 50 per cent. Papers formerly issued at two cents are now sold at three. This will pay; but our rise is very small. Could we raise our price 50 per cent., we would smile at the rise of paper. Our present prices will be found on the cover of this number, and these terms we cannot depart from. We annex an article from the *Baltimore American*:—

"At the present price of printing paper the subscribers to newspapers are scarcely paying more for their printed sheets than the prime cost of the white paper on which they are printed. The advance in price in the last ten days is fully twenty-five per cent., or nearly one dollar per ream on the paper used by the *American*. But this is not all. We are threatened with a still further advance, and the probability is that the white sheet will soon cost more than the subscriber pays for the printed sheet. This condition of affairs cannot, of course, be sustained by the press, and we look to a very general advance in the charge to subscribers and agents for their papers. Some of the Northern papers have already advanced from two to three cents per copy, and the New York dailies are said to be discussing the imperative necessity of an advance."

Since the above was written, the prices of the New York dailies have been advanced from two to three cents.

"This increase in the cost of paper is said to be mainly caused by the fact that the government contractors are using rags in the manufacture of blankets and cloth for the army, producing the article called 'shoddy.' They have bought up all the stock in the market, and will in due time force upon the government this miserable substitute for cloth. Another cause of the advance is the government tax on paper, and all the chemicals used in its manufacture.

There is probably no species of business so heavily taxed as the newspaper proprietor. He is required to pay all these combined taxes on the paper manufacture, has an additional tax of three per cent. on all the advertisements in his paper, and pays the tax on all other material used in his business. Then his income, if any should be left, is taxed, and, unless he advances the price to be paid by his readers—which will be light to them—the probability is that he will at least escape the tax on incomes."

**THE AMERICAN PUZZLE** was sent us for a notice in our December number; it is just in time for February. When will people learn that our immense editions require us to be out and stirring early? Well, the American Puzzle is a very ingenious matter, and will well repay a patient study. It is ingenious, and is somewhat like the old Chinese puzzles, so rife with us some years since. The inventor, J. M. Mueller, Detroit, Michigan, did not mention the price, but we presume it can be had on application to him.

### SEASONABLE CONUNDRUMS:—

By what female name would a hen object to be called?—Addie-laid (Adeidae).

What part of India resembles another part!—The one that's Simla.

When is an artist like a cook?—When he's drawing a little duck.

On what food should a prizefighter train?—Mussels.

Why are the wearers of moustaches and beards the most modest men in society?—Because they are the least bare-faced.

A question for Coroners.—Must a man have "wound himself up to a pitch," before jumping off Waterloo Bridge?

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

A MONTH ago and we were hopeful at the prospect of a protracted opera season, but we have given up now. Two or three indifferent performances by troupes that come here to make good their losses in other cities are all that we dare expect. Will the time ever come that the plans and purposes for which the Academy was built—to establish a resident opera, with a school for the education of home talent—shall be realized? While we await a reply we walk down to that cosy little Opera House in Eleventh Street, where Carnacross & Dixey put everybody in a good humor with their burlesques and exaggerations. Here we see scenes from *Trovatore*, and *Concerts à la Musard* in a style that would astonish Verdi and make Jullien roar. Of one thing we are satisfied—that burnt cork and broad caricature are not of necessity a drawback to good music.

*New Sheet Music for the Piano.* Horace Waters, New York, publishes President Lincoln's Grand March, by Helmsmuller, embellished with the best likeness of the President we have seen, 50 cents. Music Box Galop, by Hering, beautiful composition, seven pages, 35 cents. L'Etoile de la Mer, fine valse, 35. Hillside Polka Quickstep, very pretty, 35. Volunteer's Polka, by Goldbeck, 25. New Katy Did Schottische, 25. Also the following three pieces by Baker, as played at Laura Keane's Theatre: Love Waltz, Seven Sons' Galop, played in the popular burlesque, and Laura Keane Waltz. Each 35 cents, or the three for \$1.

Mr. Waters also issues the following songs and ballads, each 25 cents: Fond Mother, thou art Fading Now. Pleasant Words for All, pretty song and chorus, by Roberts. Shall we Know Each Other There? Come Sing with Me, song and chorus. Flora Lyle, and Mother's Love is true, two sweet songs by Keller, sung by Bryant's Minstrels. Was my Brother in the Battle? Jenny's Coming o'er the Green, No Home, no Home, Slumber, my Darling, and I Will be true to Thee, five of the latest songs by Foster, author of Gentle Annie and other popular melodies.

Prof. Grobe's latest compositions comprise Variations of No One to Love, ten pages, 50 cents. Himmel's noble Battle Prayer, transcribed, 50. Variations of Foster's Fairy Belle, 50. Also the following easy pieces, at 25 cents each: Gideon's Polka, New York Mazourka, Somerset Schottische, Banjo Polka, Krentzer Minuet, Battle of Winchester, and Airs of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries.

The Skating Quadrille is a fine seasonable composition by Vaas, ornamented with handsome moonlight skating scene, 50. Snowflake Polka is another piece for the season, and very pretty, 25. Still another fine seasonable composition is the Skating Polka, by Franz Seab, 25. Volunteer's Quickstep is a fine easy piece by F. Karl, author of our music in this number, 25. The Lafner, beautiful waltz by Otto, 25. Fairy Polka Redowa, pleasing, graceful piece by Vaas, 25. Schreiber's Band Drum Polka, capital composition, played by many of the military bands, 25. The last five 25 cent pieces we can send for \$1, and they are all very pretty.

*New Music by the Editor.*—We have published new editions of the following songs: Beautiful Valley (third edition in a few weeks). Poor Ben the Piper (seventh edition). O Lady, Touch those Chords Again. The Minstrel's Grave; and The Passing Bell, or Home Returning from the Wars. Price 25 cents each, or we will send the five to any address for \$1.

Orders for any of the foregoing carefully attended to,

and the music mailed promptly and carefully. Address the Musical Editor, at Philadelphia,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM.—The New Year commenced the thirty-third volume and sixteenth year of this valuable family journal, and we are glad to see in its interesting columns renewed proofs of its popularity and prosperity. It deserves its long success. Its political course is eminently national and independent. In regard to the business interests of Philadelphia it has shown enterprise, and integrity, which entitle it to the confidence of our merchants and manufacturers. As a literary journal the reputation of the *City Item* is unsurpassed. Its novellettes and tales are admirable, its poetry is far above the ordinary average, and among its contributors are many writers of celebrity. Its criticisms on the drama and the fine arts are intelligent and discriminating. In wishing our contemporary a happy New Year our wishes ask no more than it well deserves, and we take pleasure in expressing this brief opinion of a journal which has so long been an honor to the American Press. The *City Item* is published at 112 S. Third St., at two dollars a year.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO SEND US DRAFTS OR CHECKS.—Be particular, when you purchase a draft or check to send us, that the same has the proper stamp affixed to it by the person from whom you procure it.

*Extracts from the Law.*

"Stamps must be affixed to all documents by the party issuing the same."

"The person using or affixing a stamp must write thereupon the initials of his name, and the date when used."

"The penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind without the same having thereon a stamp to denote the duty, is \$50, and such a paper will be invalid and of no effect."

Any check on a bank, or sight draft, over \$20 requires a two cent stamp; \$20 and under no stamp is required.

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 1863, we will say, and we are then informed that certain numbers in 1862 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.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$1.50. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

LOSS OF DECEMBER NUMBERS.—We have had many applications for duplicate December numbers. We wish it understood that no fault lies with us. A large western mail was destroyed by fire that contained an immense quantity of our December issue intended for our subscribers.

## HERE IS A CHANCE FOR SOME FAIR LADY.

A BACHELOR'S THOUGHTS ABOUT MATRIMONY.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Your Lady's Book has so long supplied to me the place of a refined, agreeable, and entertaining companion that I had scarce felt the forlornness of bachelorhood until reminded of my miserable condition by a recent visit to my friend Joe Hopkins, which, I must confess, has seriously disturbed my mental equilibrium. You see I am a bachelor, and Joe was my college chum and classmate. Well, Joe is married and settled in life, and as happy a man as the sun shines on. He declares matrimony to be the ultimatum of human happiness, the grand panacea for all ills, the last lingering remnant of paradise below. *His* wife is the sweetest thing in nature, the sum total of human excellence; no man ever so blessed in a companion as he; in fact, *his* is the most felicitous union ever formed since Father Adam gave a rib to get his Eve. The dear creature is consulted on all matters of taste, propriety, and expediency, and everything is referred to her consideration as though she were an oracle. I don't believe Joe has bought a hat since his marriage without her approval. He goes and comes at her bidding like a well-trained spaniel, and seems to delight in the service. All my persuasions to get him into the country for a little rustication were of no avail, because he could not leave "wife." Well I wonder how I would like such matrimonial servitude? such absolute subjugation to petticoated angel! But I suppose love's silken chain is no more burdensome than the glossy ringlets that cluster about the face of a fair maiden, or the white plume that decks the head of the victorious general.

The contemplation of Joe's felicitous condition causes very uncomfortable sensations about my heart, and makes me almost willing to submit to the bondage of this mysterious matrimonial chain. But then what if the silken should vanish with the sweetness of the "honeymoon," and I should hear the clank of iron and feel the irksomeness of perpetual bondage, from which no magistrate could release me? That would be misery past endurance. To be sure, if my spouse had sense and skill, I never should feel the weight of chain nor hear the clank of bondage. But how could I secure such an one? The getting of a wife is such a hazardous undertaking, there is so much of the uncertainty and risk of the lottery about it that I am almost afraid to incur the risks and responsibilities. What if she should beguile me with all the sweetness of a Desdemona until she had bound me fast, and then transform herself into a veritable shrew? What if to kisses and caresses should succeed frowns and repulses? All the horrors of old bachelorhood would be preferable to such a catastrophe. If I could get the right kind of a wife—a woman with sense and soul, affection and emotion, intelligence and discretion—in whose judgment I could confide, and in the lovingness of whose nature I could repose; one whose sympathies would beat responsive to my own; and when a thrill of joy gladdened my heart, it would glow in her eye; when grief and trouble agitated my breast, it would quiver in her lip; and when oppressed and dejected in spirit, I should hear words of encouragement in her gentle tones; if such a wife were mine, there would not be a happier man in existence than I. I would like, too, that she should possess some originality, some hidden resources of mind and character for varied circumstances to develop, so that I might discover occasionally new beauties and virtues. I would weary of a monotonous being, were she ever so good and sweet.

Sameness, even though flavored with the essence of goodness, would soon become insipid. I want something more pungent, something of the flash and sparkle of spirit that can foam occasionally. I like a demonstrative nature that can give expression to the inner life, so that I may know when hopes elate, and when fears depress; when the soul is stirred with joyful emotion, and when deep grief broods upon the spirit. I like the natural play of feeling, well regulated by amiability; in short, I want a woman, modest, unaffected, and refined, whose emotions spring spontaneous, like the song of birds; whose conversation flows with graceful ease and lively interest; with a soul to appreciate the good and beautiful, and a hand and heart to will and do. If I could find such a woman, I would commit myself to the matrimonial noose in less than a week. "Would that Heaven had made me such a wife!"

TO CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.—We hope a different plan will be practised than that of former years. For instance, a visitor will go into a house and find everything looking clean and somewhat comfortable; the inference is that no charity is wanting here, because the woman of the house happens to be tidy, and the children's clothes whole, though, God help her! she has struggled hard and worked late to make things look comfortable. The same visitor will enter another house, and find everything dirty; children ragged, and the mother, perhaps, under the influence of liquor, but he doesn't see it. She tells a lamentable story, and charity is bestowed without stint. The really poor, but modest woman is chary of her words, and her chance of help is small. "Reform it altogether, I pray you."

"THE SKETCH-BOOK."—A collection of easy landscape studies, drawn from nature by E. W. Holmes, 1711 Filbert Street, Philadelphia. We commend this series of sketches to all beginners. Mr. Holmes is a well-known drawing-master of this city, and would not publish anything but what would be useful to the student. There are fifteen sketches in the number now before us, and all admirably drawn.

EXTRACT from a letter:—

GALENA, ILL.

I have again busied myself in renewing my old club; happy to find its price remains the same, although every other article has so increased in price.

MRS. R.

Very glad you availed yourself of the present low prices. After the issuing of the February number, you will see that they are increased.

VALENTINE MONTH.—This is the month when Valentines are sent. A most agreeable one to send us would be a \$3 note, for one year's subscription to the Lady's Book.

THE MUSIC IN THE LADY'S BOOK.—Various complimentary letters have been received upon our music. There is one advantage that our subscribers have. They receive the music in the Book long before the music publishers issue it. By the time it is in others' hands, our friends are perfect in it. In fact, it is an "old song" to them.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—We do not send books by mail—it costing us much more than we receive, and the books being lost, occasioning us a great deal of trouble. We mean bound books, published by others.

**THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.**—We furnish an engraving of the celebrated "Craig Microscope," a description of which we published in our last November number. This is the only instrument of high power that requires no local adjustment, and can therefore be readily used by every one, even by children. It magnifies about 100 diameters, or 10,000 times. As a Gift or a Present to a friend or child, it is excellent, being elegant, instructive,



amusing, and cheap. The Microscope will be sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of \$2 25; or, for \$3 00 the Microscope and six mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. A box containing twelve different mounted objects will be sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of \$1 50. Address HENRY CRAIG, Homoeopathic College, Cleveland, Ohio.

**GODEY'S NEEDLES.**—It will be seen by the advertisement on our cover that these useful little articles have advanced in price. The increased duty and premium on exchange, now nearly 50 per cent., and the premium on gold to pay duties, have obliged us to increase the price to 30 cents per 100, including, of course, the case that contains them.

Dec. 1862.

DEAR SIR: I must be exceedingly poor when I have decided to do without your Book. I take it to endeavor to become a judicious economist. Believe me, you have no greater devotee than myself. Mrs. S., Maryland.

17\*

CANADA WEST.

MR. GODEY—DEAR SIR: I have succeeded in getting a club for your truly valuable book. I am, dear sir, fond of your book, and most happy to recommend it to my acquaintances. It has been taken in our family for the last year. Its moral purity and ennobling sentiments make it worthy a place in every family. I wish you increased prosperity. B.

**TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.**—A new preparation called Newton's Prepared Colors for Albumen pictures is for sale by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price, with a bottle of Reducing Liquid complete, with full directions for painting, so that any person, though not an artist, may paint in a most beautiful manner, and very rapidly, the *cartes de visite* and photograph, etc., \$3 25.

There has been offered for sale a worthless imitation that will injure the photograph. See that the box obtained has the name and seal of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who are sole agents for the United States.

J. E. T. & Co. have also beautiful copies of flowers from nature (photographs) for coloring with these colors, or for copies for drawing and painting, which they will send by mail for 25 cents each. Also, *cartes de visite* of all distinguished persons.

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.

LETTER from an editor:—

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 8th came duly to hand, and I hasten to reply. My P. O. address is ———; and I already get your valuable magazine in exchange. Could you witness the effect of the intelligence of the receipt of Godey on our better half, you would rest assured that it is one of the "indispensables" of our household. Hoping that we may ever receive your valuable magazine in exchange, I remain, with due respects, Very truly yours, D. F. S.

"HRSKE."—We are glad, though not surprised to find that this story is creating a great sensation. In answer to the editor of the *Matison Herald*, and the same answer will do for all others, the story is copyrighted, and cannot be copied.

"I KNOW I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart.

"No, indeed, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

**PARENTS HAVE MUCH TO ANSWER FOR.**—At one of our dancing-schools for juveniles one of them was overheard to say to another: "My ma allows me to speak to you here, but I musn't anywhere else. You all try to imitate me, and you do in some things; but my dresses you cannot imitate, as they are made in Paris." When this child grows older, will she not remember the parental instructions of her youth?

The above memorandum was made ten years since. We came across it recently, and now state that the father of the child above referred to failed, took to bad habits, and soon died. The family is now very poor.

**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.

**BARNUM OUTDONE.**—A Berlin letter tells the following amusing story of a hoax:—

"I cannot conclude the present letter without mentioning a little incident that occurred here in the course of the present week, and in which some ingenious rogue has verily out-Barnumed Barnum. A member of the company of players at Callenbach's Theatre was to have a benefit night, and the question was how to get together a good audience, as the usual attendance at that place of amusement, even if doubled, would produce far too slender a sum to satisfy the expectations of a benefit night. Accordingly, some days before the memorable evening, there appeared in all the Berlin papers an advertisement to the following effect: 'A gentleman, who has a niece and ward possessing a disposable property of 15,000 thalers, together with a mercantile establishment, desires to find a young man who would be able to manage the business and become the husband of the young lady. The possession of property or other qualifications is no object. Apply to —.' Hundreds upon hundreds of letters poured in, in reply to this advertisement. On the morning of the benefit day each person who had sent a reply received the following note: 'The most important point is, of course, that you should like one another. I and my niece are going to Callenbach's Theatre this evening, and you can just drop in upon us in box No. 1.' Of course the theatre was crammed. All the boxes, all the best-paying places in the house, were filled early in the evening by a mostly male public, got up in a style which is seldom seen at the Royal Opera itself. Glasses were levelled on all sides in the direction of box No. 1, and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece when she should appear in company with the uncle. But uncles are proverbially 'wicked old men;' and in the present case neither uncle nor niece was to be found, and the disconsolate lovers—of a fortune—were left to clear up the mystery as best they could. The theatre has not had such an audience for years, and of course the chief person concerned reaped a rich harvest by the trick."

**CLUB of \$10.**

Your Lady's Book has afforded us so much pleasure for the last two years that I have found very little trouble in making up a club. Miss H., Ohio.

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.

**PUT UP THE NAMES.**—Why don't all the railroad stations in this country follow the English practice, and have the name of each distinctly and conspicuously put up for the information of passing travellers? In New England the fashion is common, but not in New York, Pennsylvania, and some of the Western States. Why do the latter neglect such a convenience? Is every stopping place supposed to be so well known to strangers that exhibiting its name might be a superfluous accommodation? What complacency! Or is the accommodation of strangers a matter of no consequence? What a business idea! Reform it altogether, gentlemen. Put up the names—put up the names!

A COUNTRY editor, speaking of a blind sawyer, says: "Although he can't see, he can saw."

**MACKINAC, MICH.**

DEAR SIR: Would you like to know the mode of conveyance by which the Lady's Book reaches these almost Arctic Regions? It is by dog-teams. From Saginaw to this place, a distance of over two hundred miles, our mail matter, in the winter season, is brought to us on men's backs, and dog-teams. We have a weekly mail; and each weekly party consists of two men and three dogs, with a long *traine de glisse*, to which the latter are harnessed. This *traine* is generally made of an oak board two or three-eighths of an inch thick, about a foot wide, and eight or ten feet long, with the forward part nicely turned up. On this are strapped mail-bags, and the provisions for the men and dogs. This would sound strange to those who live in well-improved parts of the country. Yesterday the thermometer ranged between four and twenty degrees below zero; and this morning it stood twenty-four degrees below. The ice in these straits, and Lake Huron in this vicinity, is from eighteen to twenty-eight inches thick; no sign of an early opening of navigation.

I hear that your subscribers at this place are much pleased with the Lady's Book. A. H.

WE commend the following to the publisher who gives place to the remarkable sayings of children:—

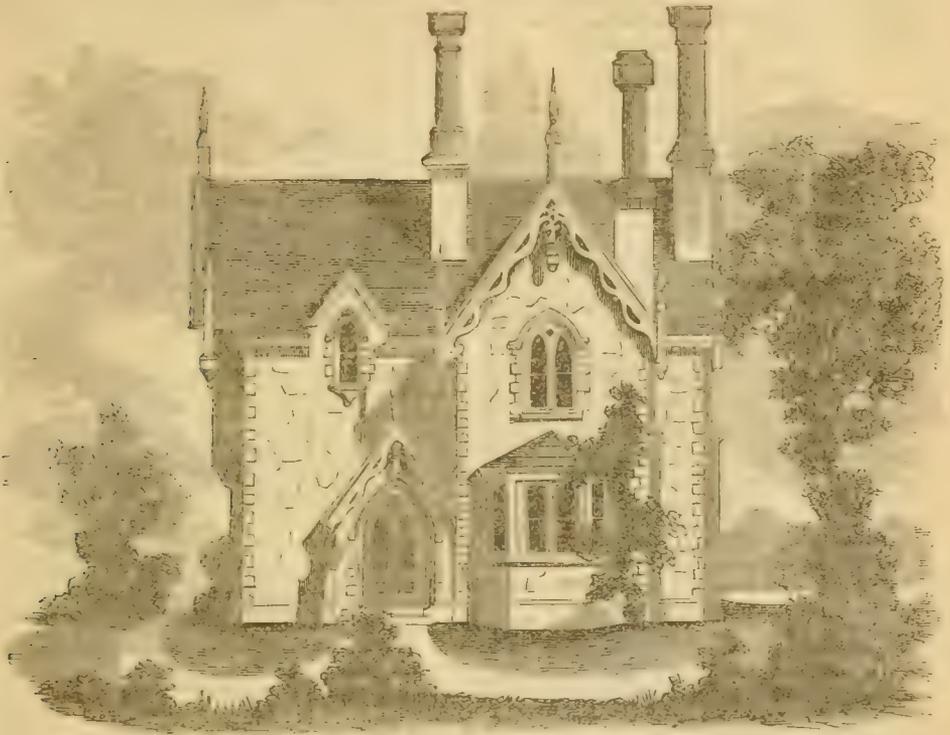
**ON THE IRREVERENT USE OF THE BIBLE.**—The introduction of God's Holy Word, when accompanied by a light and trifling remark, is a palpable abuse of its sacred truths. And can any language be too severe, in reprehension of conduct so repulsive, which is not only an offence to all Christian principles, but a gross insult to the Almighty? And those persons who value not the Holy Scriptures for the blessed Gospel which they contain, would do well to reflect upon the remark of a celebrated author, whom the world hath styled "a Colossus of literature," that "A jest drawn from the Bible is the *most vulgar*, because the easiest of all jests." Thus considered, even in a worldly point, it is conduct so perfectly low, that no gentleman would be guilty of such coarse profanity, which proves at once a deficiency of intelligence and *common sense*.

"Within that awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries,  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom God has granted grace;  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, and force the way,  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

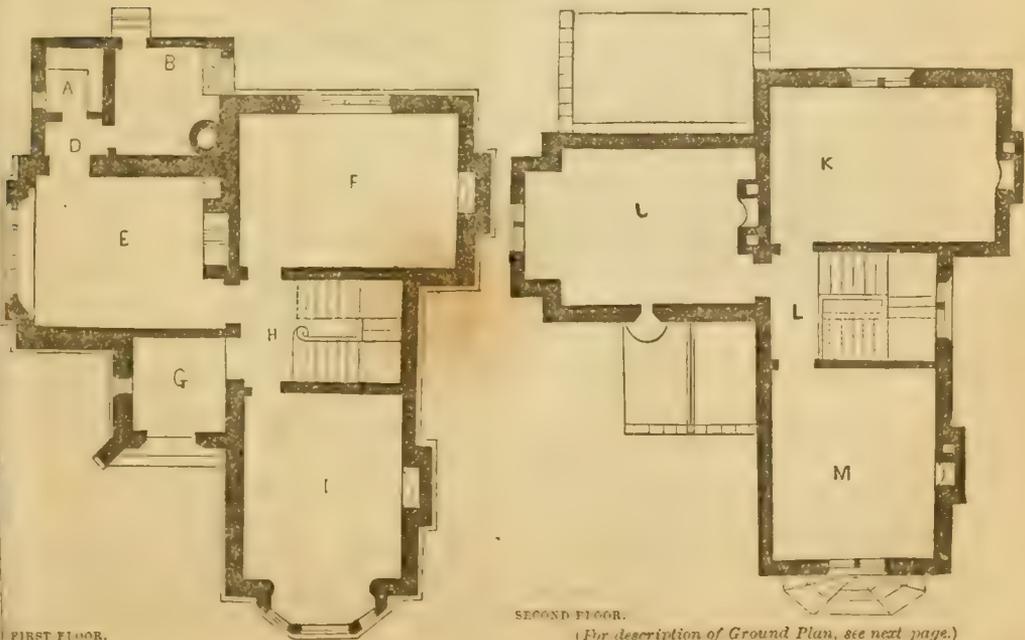
**A RULE THAT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS.**—A mail has been burnt somewhere. Well, we are asked with the utmost *nonchalance* to supply the numbers lost therein. We do so. A steamer is sunk carrying the mail. We are again asked to supply the deficiency. We do so. When money is mailed to us, and a mail car is burnt, or the money lost, or a steamer sunk, we are asked to sustain the loss. Really the rule should be established that we are free somewhere. If we were not obliged to furnish numbers lost, we could sustain the loss by mail, or vice versa. Fix it as you please, we are content; but don't let all losses fall on our shoulders. Sometimes a person in California will send a letter containing \$10 by express. It is delivered to us with a charge of \$3 upon it, when the same by mail would only cost ten cents. We are asked to supply the deficiency. Do we do it? That question will be answered only on application at our office.

AN OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE.

(Drawn by SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Philadelphia.)



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.

SECOND FLOOR.

(For description of Ground Plan, see next page.)

First Floor.—A butler's pantry, B kitchen, C sink, D lobby, E dining-room, F library, G vestibule, H hall, I drawing-room.

Second Floor.—J chamber, K chamber, L hall, M chamber.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

ART IN SPORT.

AN almost endless source of amusement, combining at the same time a considerable amount of instruction, may be obtained in the following manner: Take a card or piece of pasteboard, or even stiff paper, such as cartridge paper, and draw upon it the form of an egg—an oval in outline. The dimensions of the oval are immaterial, and the experimenter may suit his own fancy in this respect. With a stout needle, or tracing point, prick quite through the outline, for the purposes of tracing. Some of our readers may be unacquainted with the mode of tracing an outline, and it may be advisable to particularize one method among many. Having pricked out the oval upon the card, get a little red or black lead, powdered, and, placing the card upon a piece of drawing-paper—any white paper will, however, do—rub it over the pricked-out oval, which will be found to be transferred to the white paper beneath, thus:

The powder may be applied either with a piece of wool or wadding, or by means of a dry camel's-hair pencil: care should be taken not to let the tracing-powder get beyond the edge of the pricked card, as in that case a soiled, dirty appearance is given to the tracing. The pierced card will serve, if carefully done, for hundreds of tracings, and it is obviously the best plan to take a little extra pains with that in the first instance.

With this traced oval for a basis, any one with a very little skill will be able to form an infinite number of objects.

The best drawing-tool will be found to be an ordinary black-lead pencil.

Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 are very easy results, suggestive also of others. The rules of procedure are the same in all. Leaving the traced-out oval at first in its dotted form, with the pencil you draw a horizontal line, as the basis of your figure. Let this and the other lines, which serve merely as the scaffolding of your figure, be done faintly or in dots. Next, draw a line through the centre of the oval and perpendicular to the first. These will insure your making the object square and properly balanced. After this you may draw lines parallel to the others; but these are not so material, although they serve as guides.

Fig. 1.

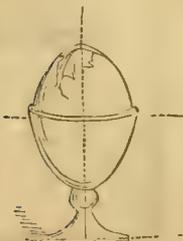
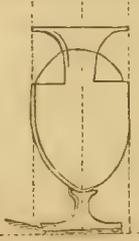


Fig. 2.



Now the imagination and fancy may step in to produce forms having the oval for a foundation; and not only is a very rational source of amusement opened out but the

opportunity is given to a cultivation of the noble art of design, whether as applied to utility or ornament.

It is obvious to remark that the hand of many an amateur artist will readily be able to form the oval

Fig. 3.

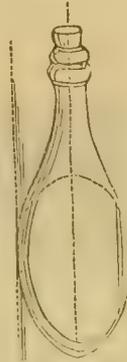


Fig. 4.



without having recourse to the pierced card: but as this portion of our work is intended for all, we have sug-

Fig. 5.

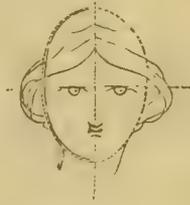


Fig. 6.



gested the above mode as sure to succeed under every circumstance.

Following the same plan in every particular, we subjoin some examples of what may be done with the square.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

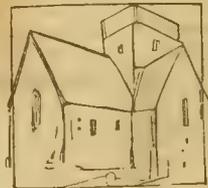
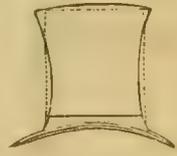


Fig. 9.

The dotted lines (Figs. 7, 8) represent the traced or sketched square and plan lines; the firmer lines suggest objects formed upon that figure. In the same way the thin square outline (Fig. 9) suggests the inner sketch of a church.

## SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to endorse 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. Habis 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.

**EMBROIDERING STAMPS.**—We take pleasure in announcing to the public that S. P. Borden still continues to manufacture his celebrated Premium Embroidery and Branding Stamps. The stamps are in general use in the United States and Canadas, and have never failed to give satisfaction to those who have them. Stamps from any design made to order. They are warranted to stamp on any material. Those engaged in any fancy business would do well to send for a few dozen. Send to S. P. Borden, Massillon, O., or his agents, J. M. Pickering, No. 90, West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Sylvie Harrington, Potsdam, N. Y.; Miss Carrie P. Aydon, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. A. Brooks, 1208 Poplar St., Philadelphia, and Mrs. E. C. Borden, travelling agent. Inked cushion, pattern book, and full instructions with each order. Price \$5 per dozen.

## 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. A. C. W.—Sent materials for coat November 19th.

Mrs. J. Y.—Sent patterns 20th.

E. M. B.—Sent cloak 22d.

Mrs. W. C. B. S.—Sent Richelieu 22d.

Miss J. A. S.—Sent Chemise Russe 22d.

Miss L. A. F.—Sent Marie Stuart hood 23th.

Mrs. M. K. P.—Sent hood 26th.

F. Y. H.—Sent pattern for infant's dresses 26th.

Mrs. P. B. C.—Sent sleeve pattern 26th.

Miss M. Q.—Sent patterns 27th.

Mrs. S. A. C.—Sent cloak 28th.

Mrs. B. D.—Sent articles 28th.

W. R. M.—Sent Moresco 28th.

Mrs. N. F. S.—Sent Moresco 29th.

Mrs. C. P. L.—Sent Cambray 29th.

Mrs. E.—Sent materials for slippers 29th.

Mrs. O. T. M.—Sent Phobus 29th.

M. D. K.—Sent chenille 29th.

Miss L. A. W.—Sent patterns December 2d.

Mrs. J. F. B.—Sent patterns 4th.

Mrs. C. M.—Sent hair ring 4th.

Mrs. D. C.—Sent hair breastpin 4th.

Mrs. M. A. K.—Sent braiding 5th.

Mrs. C. P. W.—Sent Moresco 5th.

Mrs. M. W. M.—Sent Cambray 5th.

Mrs. N. B. C.—Sent Cambray 5th.

Mrs. T. R. C.—Sent embroidery pattern 5th.

Miss M. B.—Sent wool 5th.

Mrs. D. C.—Sent articles 6th.

Mrs. T. A. H.—Sent patterns 6th.

Mrs. L. B.—Sent furs, etc. 6th.

Mrs. F. D. L.—Sent silk fringe 8th.

Mrs. K. H.—Sent pattern 9th.

Miss C. L.—Sent pattern 9th.

Miss S. T. O.—We abominate the system of presents at marriages; they are productive of much mischief. We know a party in this city that issued on their cards "No presents received;" and we approve of such an announcement. Many persons are invited to the ceremony in the mere hope of receiving a present from them, it being understood that those who are invited to the ceremony are expected to contribute. It is a most beggarly system.

Miss V. R. T.—Several of our papers have annexed to the advertisements of marriages, "No cards sent." This is good. Many persons not receiving a card might suppose themselves slighted, but the announcement explains all.

Mary T.—We should not like to ask such a question of the parties. We presume they *are* engaged, but we have not received any announcement of the fact.

E. D. R.—In the December number for 1862 you will find it.

A Subscriber.—Our receipt was to *present* and not *remove*, and so it reads. There is nothing that can remove the marks as they now are.

Mrs. S. H. C.—We do not see why calico dresses should not be as well made as those of a finer material. Surely we furnish trimming enough for any person to select from; and as for bonnets, it is left to the good taste of the wearer to have them fully trimmed or not, to suit their taste or their pocket. There is where the French women excel those of any other country. No matter what the material, the dress fits beautifully, and is trimmed tastefully. Your calico dress can be made after any of the patterns furnished by us, but, of course, not as fully trimmed.

B. A. R.—We cannot advise. We neither know the man or his circumstances.

Miss E. L. A.—We cannot recommend anything to remove freckles, and we have repeatedly said so. You cannot be an "old subscriber" to the Lady's Book, or do not read it thoroughly, or you would have seen our remarks before on this subject. If you use any of the nostrums published, you do it at your own peril.

S. V. O.—Such an announcement was made by the so-called publishers, but unfortunately the magazine never was published.

C. M.—Do not hesitate a single moment. To miss doing a kind action is to miss doing a good one, and how do we know that the opportunity will ever come again? Certainly that opportunity never can return. It has gone to the grave of time in this world, to be inscribed on the great Day Book of another.

Miss R. A. S.—You need not rise from your seat when the introduction takes place.

B. R. K.—According to your notion, the ark would not have held many crinolined ladies.

M. V. A.—Before this reaches you, skating will probably be over. The skates you mention we can procure in New York, but not here. Straps are used in addition to the fastenings you mention.

Mrs. E. R.—Cannot tell how you can dispose of them here. No sale now for such articles.

Mrs. B. R. A.—Yes! no more healthy exercise. Teach your children to ride if you can afford it. It is a useful and healthy exercise. As regards your daughter as a beginner, we would say, commence without the second horn. It is somewhat of a circus trick, yet still useful at a more advanced stage.

Mrs. A. L. B.—Nurses in France all wear caps.

E. A. B.—If it is a genuine Rubens, it would probably sell in London for \$10,000. We doubt its genuineness.

E. S. D.—We don't purchase hair to make hair-ornaments. This answer will do for about a dozen inquirers.

Miss E. R. G.—A lady of our acquaintance uses the following for her complexion: The last thing, before going to bed, she takes a wash rag saturated with warm water and well rubbed with castile soap. She then folds the rag in two, washes her face—but not applying the soaped side to the skin; added to this, she is an early riser, and takes plenty of exercise.

Mrs. G. V. R. O.—\$2 a copy for every copy over two copies. That is, you can get three copies for \$6, and every other copy after that is \$2 a copy, until you reach the club of eleven for \$20, and cheap enough at that.

Miss H. A. S.—You will find it in December number. For your suggestion accept our thanks.

## Chemistry for the Young.

### LESSON XXII.—(Continued.)

538. Does the solution contain *any* metal? Evaporate a few drops in succession over a spirit lamp, on the same spot of a piece of platinum foil. Then, increasing the temperature, heat the solid residue remaining to redness. Either there may or may not be something evolved, according as the alkaline oxide under consideration may be combined with an acid, or the contrary; but, at any rate, a non-volatile and fusible residue will remain, easily soluble in water; therefore the solution contains a metal, and the metal must be kaligenous.

539. The compound of which of the kaligenous metals is it? Not of ammonium assuredly; because the red heat (470) would have dissipated it. Lithium we put out of the field altogether on account of its extreme rarity. Therefore, we must be dealing with potassium or sodium, in some state of combination.

540. The preceding remarks not only apply to solutions of potash and soda, but their salts. Were our researches limited to solution of simple potash or soda, or either of these in combination with carbonic acid, and, indeed, a few other acids, the test of reddened litmus-

paper, or yellow turmeric paper, would be an additional proof of alkalinity.\*

541. It appears, then, we are dealing either with a compound of potassium or of sodium.

542. Take a small portion of the metal sodium, cut it, and examine the cut surfaces. Remark the difference of color between the metals: one is white, verging on blue; the other white, verging on yellow. Throw a little sodium on the surface of water; the resulting decomposition is exceedingly violent, but combustion does not usually ensue. If, however, the sodium be prevented rolling about—for instance, if it be poured on the surface of some thick gum-water—then combustion ensues. Burn a little sodium in this way, and a little potassium in another vessel by its side; observe the difference in the first of the two resulting flames. Potassium burns with a pinkish flame—sodium with a yellow flame. The same remark applies to all the combinations of sodium and potassium, and serves as a means of distinguishing one from the other. Probably, you are familiar with the yellow tinge imparted to a common fire when table salt (*chloride of sodium*) is thrown upon it. Probably, too, with the ghastly yellow imparted by a lighted mixture of alcohol and common salt. If not, try the experiment in a dark room. This yellow tinge, more or less, is imparted to flame by all sodium combinations; but for chemical purposes, the best way of applying this flame test is by means of a thread, as described at 490.

543. Treat the water in which sodium has been plunged, and which has become a solution of soda, exactly as we have directed for the water in which potassium has been immersed. Remark the general similarity of the two solutions—one containing *potash*, the other *soda* in solution. We now have to distinguish these alkaline solutions from each other.

544. Prepare aqueous solutions of soda and potash, either by the contact of sodium and potassium respectively with water, or by dissolving potash and soda. (It is as well to prepare the potash solution, not using liquor potassæ, both in order to impress upon the mind a fact, and to generate potash and soda solutions of equal strength.) Divide each solution into three portions; call the potash solutions *a b c*, and the soda solutions *a' b' c'*. Let the solutions be rather dilute; say 1 of potash (weight) to 20 of water.

545. To *a* and *a'* respectively, add a saturated aqueous solution of tartaric acid. Put *a* and *a'* aside for some hours; finally, it will be observed that crystals have formed in *a*, but none in *a'*. These crystals are bitartrate of potash; in other words—cream of tartar—a somewhat insoluble body. This is one means of distinguishing soda from potash.

546. To *b* and to *b'* add respectively a little bichloride of platinum. With *b* a yellow precipitate falls; with *b'* none. Ammonia also produces this colored precipitate (340); but ammonia is already demonstrated absent. Hence we are dealing with potash. *Hydro-fluo-silicic acid* is also a test for potash. Add some aqueous solution of this acid (511) to *c* and *c'* respectively; with *c* there is a precipitate, with *c'* none. There is one positive test for soda, namely, antimoniate of soda, which throws down crystals of antimoniate of soda. These tests are not only applicable to solutions of potash and soda, but to nearly all soluble compounds of potassium and sodium.

\* As the rule, these papers are a test for the *pure* alkalis, but the presence of carbonic acid, and some other weak acids, does not interfere with the result.

# 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 expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Gealey, 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.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.—Light tan-colored French poplin, braided with narrow black velvet, and trimmed with pinked ruffles of violet silk. The girdle is pointed in front, but at the back is merely a narrow band. Underskirt of fine cambric, trimmed with three rows of magic ruffling. Plain linen collar and cuffs, with shell and marquise pin and sleeve buttons. Back and side combs, studded with coral.

Fig. 2.—Lavender poplin dress, with black velvet figures. Black velvet buttons down the front of the dress. A quilting of alternate pieces of black and lavender silk is placed at the edge of the skirt, and forms a rich side trimming on either side of the dress. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed to match. Fluted ruff and thick undersleeves. White flush bonnet, trimmed with violet velvet, with inside trimming of scarlet geraniums.

Fig. 3.—Black alpaca dress, with two gaufered ruffles on the edge of the skirt. Corsage, with square jockey at the back and fan front, richly trimmed with blue velvet, and made with very deep points. Sleeves trimmed to match. White quilted bonnet, trimmed with blue velvet in the Marie Stuart style.

Fig. 4.—Visiting dress of green changeable silk, trimmed on the skirt with bands of green silk, stitched

on with white. Corsage with revers coat sleeves trimmed to match the skirt. Thick muslin set. Bonnet with white uncut velvet front, green velvet cap crown, point applique cape, and trimmed with Marabout feathers.

Fig. 5.—Dark cuir-colored alpaca, trimmed with narrow black silk bouces and braided medallions. Corsage made with very deep points, both back and front, and braided revers. The sleeves are trimmed to suit the skirt. Linen collar and cuffs. Coral back and side combs.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See engraving, page 119.)

Fig. 1.—Cuir-colored poplin dress, trimmed with quiltings of porcelain blue ribbon. White felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and gay flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress of bull merino, braided with black plaited white gimp and black velvet neck-tie. Gray beaver maletot hat, with black velvet band and ends.

Fig. 3.—Azurline blue quilting silk dress, with black velvet point and steel buckles. Standing collar, with black neck-tie.

## CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

We have already announced to our readers the colors and styles for mantles, dresses, and bonnets for the present season, and but few novelties have appeared lately.

It is evident that the tastes of our ladies incline towards simplicity for promenade toilet, subdued shades being decidedly *la mode*. But for carriage or evening costume, they are more extravagant than ever.

Among the most elegant silks of the season, is a rich green, with ostrich plumes in embossed velvet thrown gracefully over it. Others with a delicate silk embroidery resembling lace; others again with a pattern seemingly of velvet ribbon carelessly folded, yet forming a most beautiful design. On some of these elegant robes we see the Grecian border woven in black velvet, one half yard in width. All these expensive dresses have the same designs reduced for trimming the corsage, sleeves, and sashes.

The newest *moiré antiques* are studded with velvet spots or figures. Others are striped or figured with satin; but in our opinion, these figured ones do not compare in richness with the plain *moiré* which, being so elegant of themselves, require but little trimming.

A new style of trimming is of leather, about three inches in width, with rows of steel or gilt knobs inserted at regular distances. The leather should either be a good match for the dress, or else a strong contrast.

Leather bows are also worn for the neck. Of the leather points, which are now to be had of almost all colors, we have spoken in a previous Chat.

The latest style of fringe is twisted cord, the lower part of each strand resembling a drop button. It is, as it were, a drop button continued up to a heading. We have seen this in three widths, the widest about four inches.

Deep chenille fringe is also worn. We saw lately on Broadway two costumes made alike, one blue, and the other violet reps. A band of velvet was around the bottom of the skirt. The wearers had talmas to match trimmed with a deep black velvet, and below it a black chenille fringe. There were cords and tassels around the neck, which hung down behind. These costumes were

stylish and pretty. Talmas and sacks, like the dress, are much worn, and generally trimmed with braiding, which is still in favor, and likely to be, as it is easy, pleasant work, and does not require the patience and skill of ordinary embroidery. Arabesque patterns, executed with very heavy mohair braid, are the most fashionable. We give in our fashion-plate some very pretty styles of braiding, intermixed with other trimmings. Another very effective trimming, which can be arranged in a variety of styles, is insertions of black lace sewed over white ribbon, the exact width of the lace. We have seen some dresses with quilted velvet sewed on to give the appearance of a corsage or point, also on the skirt to imitate a sash. This is very pretty, and, of course, more economical.

Many of the dresses are made with a swallow tail jockey at the back, and very deep points in front.

Another style of trimming is the crochet and jet ornaments, now made in so many different styles. We see them graduated for the fronts of dresses, pocket pieces, bretelles, sashes, bows, and pyramidal ornaments for each breadth; and for the centre of the back, reaching almost to the waist, also for the sleeves. Velvet buttons, mixed with mother-of-pearl, steel, gilt and jet, are very fashionable.

Braid, instead of being used as a binding for dresses, is now quilted and stitched in between the facings and the dress. It is decidedly prettier, and also a great protection to the dress. Embroidery is also now used on dresses, and the most elegant is steel beads in black velvet. This style is brilliantly effective, and, though expensive, will be much worn.

The newest merinoes and cashmeres are printed to imitate braiding, and, unless closely examined, the deception is complete. The designs are *en tablier* in pyramids on each breadth, or in cordons round the skirt.

There seems to be a tendency to shorten cloaks; and Brodie's "Spring Styles" will be quite short, though longer than the *Senté en barque*. We saw a very beautiful velvet talma with a deep bordering of feather trimming, which was very stylish. One of the newest designs we have seen was trimmed with ribbons stitched on in "true lover's knots," the flying ends also closely stitched down. A very large bow was in the centre of the back, and smaller ones all round the cloak. All cloak sleeves are now made with a seam from the elbow, and with a turned-up cuff. The collars are small, and, in some instances, stand up like a gentleman's shirt collar.

Narrow bands of sable, mink, and chinchilla form a beautiful bordering for the blue *drap de velours* mantles. They are also handsome for a promenade dress. Plush is much used both for bonnets and cloaks.

Children's coats and hats are frequently trimmed with fur, and for that purpose the Siberian squirrel is generally used. Half capes and small pointed collars are now taking the place of the large fur capes and talmas of last season. The collars are universally worn both by boys and girls. The squirrel lapped for large children, and the ermine for infants, are the favorite furs.

Muffs are about the same size—they may be a trifle larger. We have noticed some very fanciful ones. A white velvet, bordered with ermine on each end; another of white velvet, with a Grecian border in Magenta woven on each edge; still another white one, with a brilliant plaid running through the centre of the muff;

others of black velvet were studded with tiny spots in high colors.

The present furor is for muslin bows and scarfs; of which we spoke in our last Chat. The scarfs being more difficult to arrange, and not fitting the neck as neatly as a collar, the bows are generally preferred. We see large bows and small bows, wide bows and narrow bows, long bows and short bows, bows plain and bows highly ornamented. The styles are so varied we can give but a faint idea of them. In general the bows are plain, the ends only being ornamented. Some have straight ends, others pointed, and the trimmings are medallions, tucks, Valenciennes insertions, and lace; also braiding, chain stitching, and rows of black velvet. Some of the bands are straight pieces one yard and a quarter long and a little over a finger wide, with hemmed sides and trimmed ends. Others are double, the seam running down the centre, and graduated in width to the centre of the neck, and the ends pointed.

There is no great variety in headdresses. Detached bouquets of flowers, or bows of velvet, have taken the place of wreaths. The largest tuft is on the centre of the forehead, and the others must be arranged to suit the dressing of the hair. When tastefully arranged, this coiffure is much more successful than the formal wreath. Nets are now only worn for simple toilet, the invisible ones being the most desirable. Knots or bows of ribbon over the forehead or at the side of the head is the prettiest coiffure for a young lady.

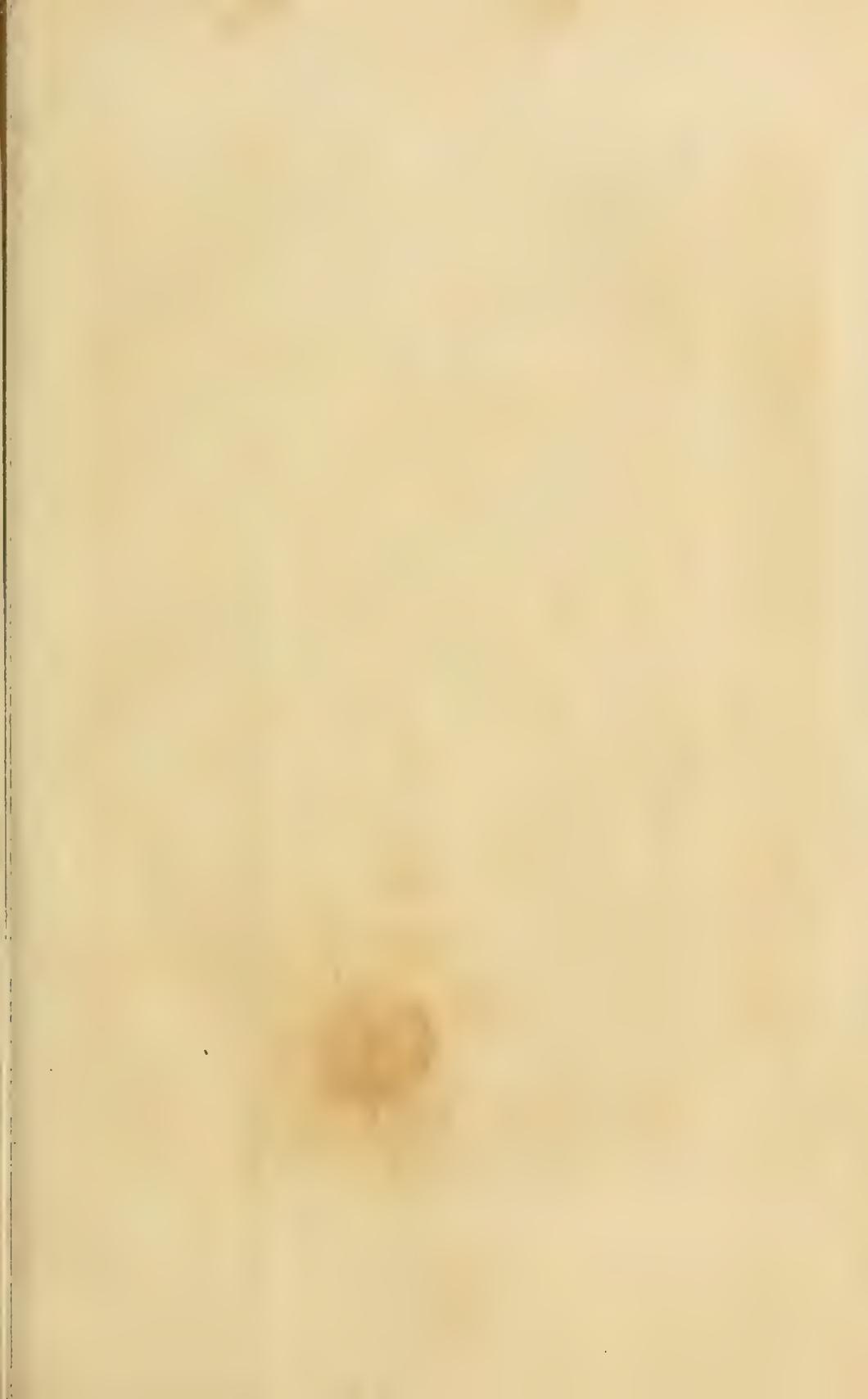
The ornamental back and side combs which we have before noticed still continue very fashionable, and are more beautiful every day. The classical designs are in the best taste, most of them being of the Etruscan or Grecian styles. The hair should be arranged in a bow at the back and very low in the neck. The front can be either braided, rolled, or waved.

Tortoise shell is being worked in much more elaborate designs than formerly. The bow combs are very tasteful, and we see whole sets, consisting of combs, dress and sleeve-buttons, pins, earrings, and buckles to match, made of shell, onyx, marquisite, and enamel. The rage at present is for initials, and we see a delicate Grecian border in gilt or shell, with a large gilt initial in the centre; the same design is in marquisite (a fine steel) on onyx. The sleeve-buttons are all made as in Fig. 1 of our Fashion-plate, one large button, with two small fastenings underneath. Initial buttons are made to order in ivory or colored bone; but the other styles are, we believe, all imported. The more expensive sets have the initials in diamonds; others have a black initial on a gold ground. We have seen a number of sets of buttons enamelled on copper, and set round with the most brilliant brilliants, which have the effect of dia-

monds. They are often imitated in the present style of jewelry. Fancies, violets, and daisies being among the prettiest. Some of the pins are a single roseleaf, upon which a dewdrop is represented by a diamond. Onyx and pearl or onyx and marquisite combine beautifully. Fancy rings are also worn by ladies for the cravats worn with the standing collars.

For our skating friends there is a new crochet cap, a turban with pompon and knit feather, something new and pretty, and equally suitable for children. The handsomest skating skirt we have seen is of silk, quilted with white in arabesque design, and those, with the warm woven or knit Garibaldi shirts, make an exceedingly pretty costume.

FASHION.





THE CAT FOUND A FRIEND



GODFREY'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH 1863



SPRING DRESS.



Dress of silver gray pongee, with a trimming half a yard deep, composed of box-plaited ribbon of a darker shade, sewed on slanting. The corsage, sash, and sleeves are trimmed to match.

(To Mrs. Louisa A. Chamberlin, Lebanon, N. H.)

# The Days when we were Young.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY HENRY C. WORK.

AUTHOR OF "KINGDOM COMING," "FELLIE LOST AND FOUND," ETC.

Op. 16.

*Con Espressione.*

1. Sis - ter! sis - ter! don't you remember The days when we were young! The

long, long days, with a light and a shade Like the pearls of a necklace strung— Like the

THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

pearls of a neck-lace strung? They are gone, with all our yes - ter - days-- We

seek their like in vain; But we will shed no tears for them While the

bright to - days re - main. While the bright to - days re - main.

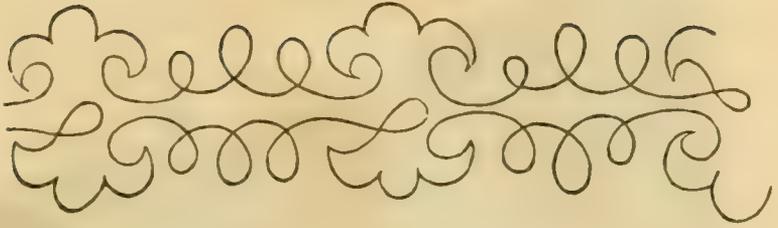
2  
Sister! sister! don't you remember  
The days when we were young?  
The homely house in the far, far away,  
Where the love of our childhood clung?  
There is naught to mark that sacred spot,  
Save now the beaten loam;  
Yet distant altars have we reared  
In the blessed name of home.

3  
Sister! sister! don't you remember  
The days when we were young?  
The mates of childhood—the friends of our youth—  
We companioned and loved among?  
Some are wand'ring far, and some in death  
Have closed their weary eyes;  
But we rejoice in new-found friends,  
While we weep for broken ties.

## SPRING TRAVELLING COSTUME.



Dress of mode-color summer poplin, with two rows of box-plaited ribbon sewed in waves just above the hem or facing. Talma of the same material, and trimmed to match. Mode-color straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbon of the same color. The face trimming consists of blonde tabs and apple-green ribbon.



SPRING TRAVELLING DRESS FOR A CHILD.



Dress of gray cashmere, braided with black velvet. Gray straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and a gray plume. Undressed kid gloves.

**FASHIONABLE DRESSES.**  
(See description, *Fashion department.*)

FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



Fig. 4.

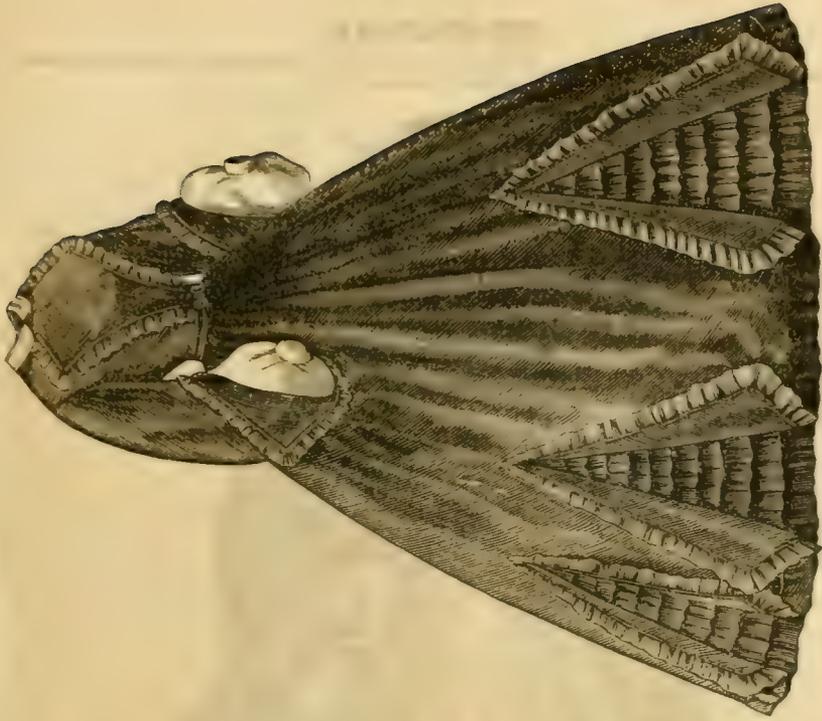
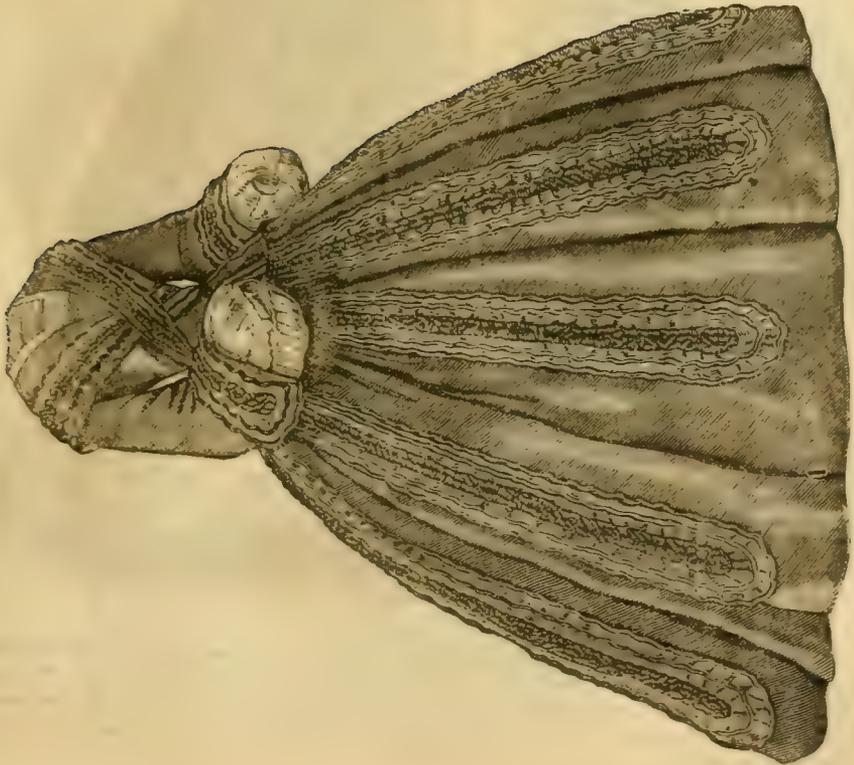


Fig. 3.



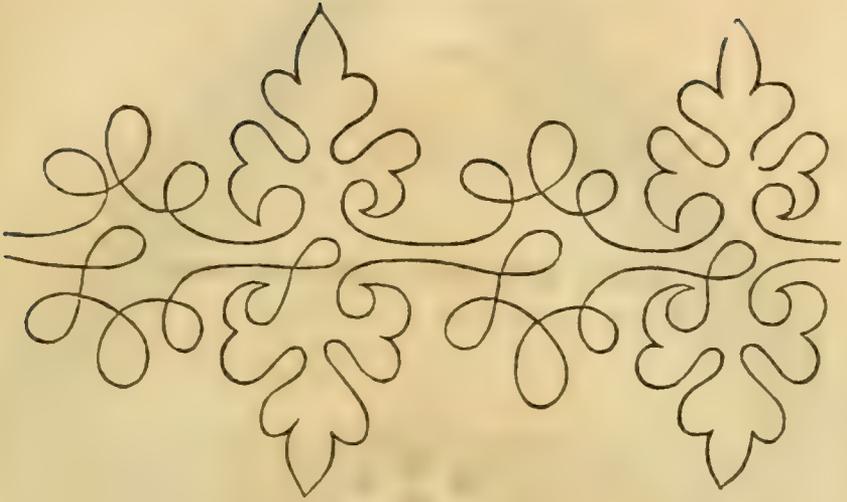
## THE GUADIANA.

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



This peculiarly neat and piquant toilet for the street is made in all shades of light cloth, adapted to the spring season. It will be observed that it is constructed with a *gilet*. The edges are trimmed with taffeta of the same shade of color as the cloth; they are variously ornamented with braid-work, buttons, etc. For a lady of fine figure, especially, a more becoming style could scarcely be devised.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



THE NINA HEADDRESS.

(Front view.)



(Back view.)

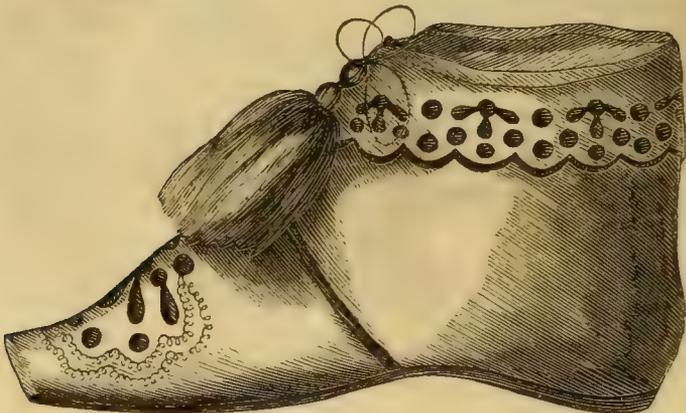
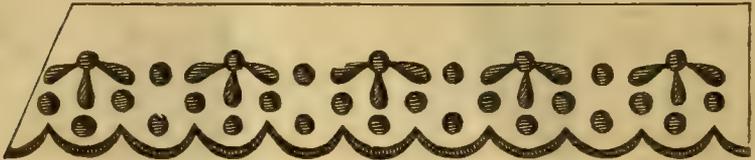
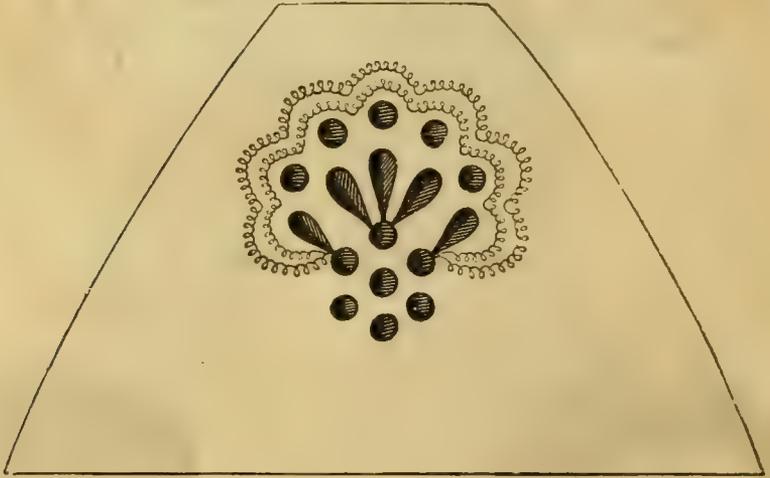


NAME FOR MARKING.

Marie

BABY'S BOOT EMBROIDERED IN SILK.

(See description, Work department.)





**LADY'S WAISTBAND BAG.**

*(See description, Work department.)*



THE NEW SEWING MACHINE.

# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1863.

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### A LADY'S GLANCE AT THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

#### PRECIOUS STONES.

THE development of taste and powers of execution made evident in the display of English jewelry, to be found in the central division of the South Court, seem to us more than proportioned to the time which has elapsed since the former general competition of forces eleven years ago. No one would then have sustained for a moment the pretensions of our own *chefs-d'œuvre* against those of the French jewellers, with Lemonnier (this time unrepresented) at their head; but now the position of things is somewhat changed. Not only is our exhibition of jewelry incomparably richer and more extensive, but distinguished by greater novelty and more enticeable achievements in the art of setting. We can scarcely suppose our fanciful and ingenious neighbors have been idle of late: a double portion of applause is therefore due to the activity which has given us the vantage-ground in an unexpected quarter.

In glancing at the contributions, honorable precedence is due to those of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. The most remarkable gems in this collection are the Nassuck and Arcot diamonds, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster; a splendid suite of diamonds and sapphires exhibited by permission of the Earl Dudley; a remarkably fine ruby, a *pietre chantillant*, set in a tiara, the property of Mr. Holford; and a row of pearl beads, each worth £250. But even more attractive, in our eyes as ornaments, are a parure of diamonds intermingled with very large turquoises of perfect color; another, very delicate, of brilliants and pale coral-tinted pearls; a bouquet of diamonds, consisting of full-blown rose, carnations, fuchsias, and other flowers, tied with a ribbon, and mounted on springs to

form a stomacher; various tiaras of excellent arabesque, star, and scroll patterns; and a dazzling bracelet, with emerald set diamond-wise in the centre. Among the smaller objects, which could only appear trifling in such a neighborhood, a brooch and earrings of small diamonds, each representing a leaf with pink coral berry adhering to it, and a mossrose-bud with leaves, also imitated in diamonds, the flower alone being shaped from pink topaz, are beautiful, and should not be passed unnoticed. Messrs. Hunt and Roskell have contributed to the exhibition, besides this fine display of mounted gems, a mill for cutting diamonds, where the process is explained by the superintendent of this branch of their business. It is, of course, well known that the diamond can only be cut by itself. The first step, then, with stones of ordinary size—for very large ones are not exposed to the possible danger of this process—is to set them in cement on the ends of two pieces of wood, and to grind them together by hand until something like the desired form is attained; the diamond is afterwards embedded in soft metal, well secured by clamps, and subjected to the action of machinery brought to bear in this wise: A horizontal plate of soft iron, about twelve inches in diameter, well charged with diamond powder and oil, is set in rapid motion, performing upwards of 2000 revolutions per minute; the stone, placed in contact with it at the proper angles, presents in due time the required number of facets, sixty-two in the case of a double-cut gem. This part of the work completed, the same process is continued with diminished use of diamond-powder until the surface is sufficiently polished. Nothing can be more interesting than the illus-

tration which different departments mutually afford, and we have drawn attention to this instance, believing that the exhibition of machinery would become a source of greater pleasure to lady visitors if they viewed it—not *per se* as a whole, but sought out in it from time to time a practical knowledge of the processes which lead to the results that specially interest themselves.

The privilege of exhibiting the Koh-i-noor, and the celebrated Lahore rubies, the property of her Majesty, renders the case of Messrs. Gerrard and Co. supremely attractive to the multitude: it is, of course, unrivalled in its display of precious stones. The three large uncut rubies, bearing Persian inscriptions, and set, in India fashion, with fine brilliant drops to form a necklace, now constitute the great subject of wonder, the Mountain of Light being familiar to the public eye, and somewhat reduced from its wondrous size by the further operation of cutting which it has lately undergone, and to which these marvellous rubies must also be subjected before they produce their just effect. In juxtaposition with these are many fine examples of our own more advantageous mode of displaying jewels: parures of diamonds mounted with emeralds, with sapphires, with pearls of divers colors; diamonds arranged in scroll pattern for tiaras; in festoons for necklaces; diamonds, in short, under every conjunction of circumstances, even representing a lion's head with water, expressed by flexible brilliant pendants, flowing from the mouth, to be worn in the form of a brooch.

The collection of first-class gems exhibited by Mr. Hancock, though rather less extensive than the two already mentioned, can scarcely be classed below them. Here, also, we find stones almost worth a king's ransom, and the style of mounting is in each case so very well designed as to give a remarkably striking character to the ornaments. The most prominent decoration of the case is a complete suite of magnificent emeralds and diamonds. The diadem consists of a very open scroll framework in diamonds, within the interstices of which are nine solid pendent emeralds, increasing in size to the centre, and in their tremulous motion flashing out each moment fresh effects of color. The necklace to match has also nine emerald ornaments, with light settings of diamonds and pear-shaped emerald drops. The brooch is of immense size, and is rivalled only by another, equally large, in which the centre stone is a sapphire of exquisite hue, a second having been found worthy to be a pendant to the first. These

are surrounded by a broad arabesque open border of diamonds of simple but most effective design, which forms a complete frame angular on the four sides. Mere verbal description fails to do justice to its beauty, as our readers will admit if they see for themselves. Near at hand are other valuable necklaces, emeralds again, but this time arranged with studied negligence in block fashion; and fine opals with diamond *entourage*, and five large opal drops. Scarcely less precious than these dazzling jewels are a necklace, stomacher or comb, and head ornament of transparent stone intaglios with classical setting: they are masterpieces of the modern antique. Among the more unpretending ornaments, a brooch of the Louis XIV. style, with large pearl and pink coral coupled together, with drops, is worthy of admiration, as are likewise a *négligé* brooch and earrings of diamond form, the centre a chessboard pattern in turquoise and diamonds, with border of pearls, a diamond forming each angle.

The ebony and bronze trophy of Mr. Emanuel, forming so very conspicuous and elegant an object in the nave, is scarcely less thronged with visitors than the three great collections already alluded to, although its contents are necessarily thrown somewhat in the shade by the excess of light elsewhere. The *cheval de bataille* in this instance is the emerald brooch mounted in diamonds, valued at £10,000. Passing over a fine suite of opals and diamonds, for such things become almost common in our eyes when we have spent half an hour in the jewelry department, we may particularly refer to an effective diamond and pearl bracelet, with butterfly clasp—the centre, pearl, with diamond and emerald wings—and to the examples here put forth of Mr. Emanuel's *spécialité* ornaments, made in a kind of pink ivory and gold, inlaid with different gems. This pink substance, closely resembling pale coral, is cut from a rare shell found in the West Indies, and is, from its hardness, susceptible of a high degree of polish, and of being very variously applied.

By no means less noteworthy, though, from its position, less likely to obtain due recognition, is the case of Messrs. London and Ryder, to be sought for in the intricacies of the South Court. Here we find an opal which claims to be the finest in the building. It is not, we believe, the only one with such pretension; but a more perfect specimen of the magic stone could scarcely be desired than the one in question, set as a brooch, with floral margin of brilliants, large emerald drop, and ruby button. Near it, a fine contrast in color, is a wonderful carbuncle,

forming a bracelet clasp, which we are well disposed to accept on its own showing as the finest in the world; and a singular heart-shaped pearl which once enriched a crucifix, very large, but more curious than beautiful. The style of a diamond tiara exhibited here, and copied from the antique, is excellent; and another of pearls, lightly set in the form of scallop-shells, with branches of pink coral between, is, to our own thinking, a really covetable adornment. There is also an exquisite bijou in the shape of a carbuncle watch with radii of small brilliants, suspended from chain and brooch *en suite*. Very delicate to our modern ideas, though barbaric to those of the Greeks, as developed in the collection of M. Castellani, is a bracelet of the lightest pink coral cut into small lily-shaped cup-flowers, with gold stamen tipped with minute gems. This design is also to be met with elsewhere, as likewise the bracelet with revolving clasp pierced to display four small miniatures or photographs, which is somewhat of a novelty. To complete the attraction of this case, we have the Emperor of China's sceptre taken at the sack of the Summer Palace, and an illustration of the art of diamond-setting afforded in the progress of a bracelet. First is given the rough design on a card (commonly called the working model); next, the tracing of the pattern in red lines on black wax, with the stones arranged on a section of it; the silver form prepared, mounted, and pierced to receive the brilliants; and, finally, the half bracelet completed.

It is not a little pleasant, when due tribute has been paid to the gems *par excellence*, and our every faculty seems dulled by their dazzling brightness, to pause before the collections of one or two exhibitors, who may be said to have quitted the beaten track in this art, and to have sought in its byways a field for their skill. If, for example, the visitor seeks out the standing of Mr. Phillips, its chastened coloring affords relief to the eye, whilst the character of its contents well repays curious inspection. A large division of this case is appropriated to the exhibition of Neapolitan coral, at present held in peculiar estimation as one of the most *recherché* styles of feminine ornament. Fashion has for once set her approving seal on what is intrinsically beautiful, and ladies whose possessions are limited only by their desires will have reason to congratulate themselves on the power of substituting at will this simple yet finished style of ornament for others which bear more ostentatiously the impress of their value. Pink coral we have there before us in

all its manifold varieties, from the delicate hue of the blush-rose to a deep tint of cerise, just falling short of the old-fashioned red of nursery associations, which is scarcely admitted to be kindred with these refined treasures of the deep. The value of each rough specimen as won from its rocky bed is dependent on size, form, freedom from flaws, unity of coloring, but above all, on the comparative paleness of its tints; thus a parure consisting of tiara, bracelets, *négligé*, brooch, etc., of the tenderest approach to pink must be regarded as the pride of the collection, though it would be less effective for wear than others of warmer shade which surround it. The beauty of the carving, designed and executed by Italian skill, cannot be too highly praised. The brooches, bracelet, clasps, and other articles of that kind are generally fashioned into beautiful bouquets with fruit forms mingled by the fanciful taste of the artist, who not seldom finds his inspiration in the material, and, by yielding to Nature's suggestions, produces something worthy to become a model, if not exactly recognizable as an imitation. There are, of course, some examples of coral cameos; the favorite design of cherub's head with wings, and a more appropriate one of sea nymphs at play, are well executed; but this style of workmanship appears to be less in request than the groups of flowers. In the tiaras for the head, composed of branch coral variously arranged, the chief novelty we observed was the introduction of little berries or beads among the branches; and in one instance a combination of white and red, which had a striking appearance. For the information of persons who, like ourselves, have had very inadequate notions of the value of such manufactured coral, we may mention that the price of the coronets ranges from £6 to £30; and that the other articles constituting a complete suite would, if fine specimens, cost about £100. Turning from this division of Mr. Phillips' case, we find in another some remarkable ornaments in antique styles, executed under his own superintendence. Unrivalled in its way is a cinque-cento bracelet, opal centre, with elaborate mounting of grotesque masks and many-tinted gems. It is *en suite* with a small tripod jewel-stand, originally designed for a snuff-box, but finally deemed worthy of more honorable office. In necklaces there are specimens of each one of the classical styles—Etruscan with scarabei; Greek with medallion female heads in English porcelain enamel; Egyptian, copied from the original found on a mummy, by permission of Lord Henry Scott;

and also a noticeable collection of Oriental onyxes with cinque-cento setting. Nor must we overlook a bracelet formed of a massive gold band into which are introduced the beautiful green Brazilian beetles, which, by a peculiar process of drying, become hard and durable as stone. A variety of brooches, etc., with Roman, Greek, and Etruscan settings, complete this display of modern antiques. There may be a diversity of opinion as to the real value of such revivals applied to personal ornament; but the highest fashion of the day sanctions them, and, as works of art demanding research and careful study of detail in their workmanship, they are well worthy of examination.

The old-established firm of Lambert and Co., well known as producers of fine church plate, have likewise been fortunate in opening out a new style of jewelry peculiar to themselves. They exhibit, besides mounted specimens, a case of crystals, within which the semblance of some brilliant bird or characteristic head of dog, horse, or stag is rendered with the colors and roundness of nature. This effect is gained by cutting into the reverse of the crystal an intaglio of the form and depth required, which is afterwards carefully colored. Only one artist, we believe, can as yet compass this difficult task to perfection. His designs are evidently studies after nature, so that persons who can afford expensive fancies might probably wear in this form the portrait of some individual favorite. This invention is adapted to pins, rings, and brooches. The price of an average-sized crystal intaglio, mounted, would vary from seven to ten pounds.

Messrs. Howell and James make a fair show in this as in other departments. They exhibit a small suite of white Sidmouth pebbles with antique setting brightened with small beads of purple enamel; also some intaglios belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane; and a variety of jewelry in the ordinary styles without character enough to claim description. The novelties in Mr. Attenborough's collection are gold ornaments of a large buttercup pattern, the open petals forming a shallow basin with central tuft in jewels; but its best features are a diamond butterfly brooch and an emerald and diamond locket, with green enamel and diamond chain. Messrs. Widdowson and Veale present large coral cameos mounted in diamonds, amethysts, with brilliants inserted, etc.; Messrs. Angell a tasteful collection of average value, adapted to the requirements of ordinary purchasers. Colored enamel, beautiful but fragile, is very successfully applied as a background for

jewels by these exhibitors; and we must direct attention to a geometrical-shaped reversible brooch, the central part of which turns on a swivel, and the mourning onyx and diamond give place in a second to some gayer device. This idea, susceptible of so many different modes of execution, will be rather attractive to ladies who are indifferent to variety for its own sake, and only desire in their ornaments the change of color which will adapt them to different dresses.

Among the various representations of Scotch jewelry, those contributed by Messrs. Muirhead display native minerals in very attractive dress. A cairngorm brooch, in which the stone is supported by diminutive stags' heads and antlers in silver, is very well designed; also a suite of the same stone mounted in gold inlaid with pebbles, imitative of the popular cinque-cento. Such memorials of tours in the north may now, if well chosen, have a value apart from that of association, which was formerly the only one we could attach to them.

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**FOOLISH THOUGHTS.**—We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things are awry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in heaven and not on earth. The cricket in the spring builds its little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he is rolling over and over without a home, his heart says, "Oh, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman, who walks behind his plow, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow our plans, we think all is gone to ruin.

A SMILE may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

GIVE a wise man health, and he will give himself everything else.

## THE EXPECTED LETTER.

BY AMY GRAHAM.

(See Plate.)

"MAGGIE, lass! come in! 'Tis too late for Roger to-day, and you are at the door all the day long."

"Nay, only when the work is all done up, father. I can see Roger so much sooner, and my heart is heavy waiting for news."

"You heard last month."

"Last month! Yes, early in May, and 'tis now the last of June. O, father, the days are long where the ocean rolls between Martin and me!"

"You think he will send for you soon, lass?"

"If it were not for leaving you, I should say, I hope so. But when I think of you and Annie here—" And Maggie's voice faltered as she bent over the babe in her arms.

"Well, well, we must get on as best we can. There, my iron is hot, and I must stop chattering."

The heavy clang of the falling hammer filled the blacksmith's shop; but Maggie, who had been hushed to sleep by such music from her babyhood, mused, unheeding the clear, ringing sound.

She was very pretty, this lowly heroine of mine, of the true English type, with rosy cheeks, and a complexion pure and white as ivory. She had dainty rows of white even teeth, which, with a pretty winsome mouth, made her smile very beautiful. Her brown, waving hair was the true chestnut, throwing back in the sunlight rays of golden threads as bright as those of the invader who brought them into sight. She was the eldest child of Mark Lee, the blacksmith of the pretty hamlet of Landsdale, and one of the belles of the village. Yet with the beaux of the whole neighborhood at her feet, Maggie's constant heart had clung to the first love of her childhood—the manly wooer of her girlhood, Martin Hayes. Martin was her cousin by courtesy, the stepson of her aunt, and as handsome a young English boy as ever drove a plough, or made his bow at beauty's shrine. It would have been a difficult matter for either of these young lovers to tell when they first loved. From the time when Martin, some five years old, was first permitted to hold his baby cousin in his arms, his life's devotion was hers, and she gave him a sincere, earnest love in return. So as they grew to

maturity they learned how sad life must be to either were they parted, and, with the same trusting love that had submitted her baby steps to his sturdy little arm, Maggie gave her woman's heart to his honest, manly care. They were very young when the blacksmith opened his large eyes wide at the love-story; but he gave them his hearty consent, only stipulating that Martin should have something wherewith to support a family before he took a wife. Now, as Martin was the eldest of nine children, and the son of a farmer not very well to do in life, this condition cost him many an anxious hour. His time was valuable to his father, so like a dutiful son he worked away, hoping for a turn of Fortune's wheel until he came of age; then, leaving two brothers to take his place, he bade adieu to Maggie, and emigrated to America to win the right to claim his wife.

Poor Maggie! It was the beginning of sorrow for her when Martin pressed the farewell kiss upon her lips, with a promise to send for her as soon as the New World had given him a niche to place her in. The winter which followed his departure was a hard one, and the blacksmith's wife died, leaving a baby only a week old to Maggie's care. She had never had brother nor sister before, and this wee burden became to her tender heart a sore weight. She loved it passionately; but this very love added to her fear lest through her ignorance it should sicken, perhaps die. Mark watched with a father's love over both, worried, too, lest Maggie should tire of her charge, or the babe suffer in such young, inexperienced hands. Yet, as the child grew older, and every steamer brought good news from Martin, the old light came back to Maggie's eye, the smiles to her lips, the roses to her cheeks. Martin was in a pleasant situation in the large wholesale store of Symmes & Brother, of New York. He had entered into their employ as porter; but his honesty, intelligence, and good parts had made his services more valuable till he was admitted as confidential messenger of the counting-house, respected and trusted, with a salary that would soon warrant his sending for Maggie to join him in America. This was the news in his last letter, written just two years after his departure

from England, and Maggie sat in the doorway of the blacksmith's shop musing over it all, thinking proudly of her Martin, tenderly of his love, regretfully of her father, and oh! so anxiously of the little sister on her knee.

Sometimes raising her soft, dark eyes from Annie's laughing face, she looked longingly down the sunny road, as if her very wishes could bring Roger's red coat and gold-banded hat in sight. Roger was the Queen's mail for Landsdale; and Roger was a boy lover of Maggie's. He dearly loved to tease her about the letters, certain that his reward for bringing one would be the sweetest dish of fruit and best glass of ale from Maggie's cellar. The long summer afternoon was fast turning to twilight, and Maggie had determined to go in, thinking her hope and watching over for the day, when Annie, sitting up, clapped her hands to greet Roger's pony as it came down the road on a full gallop.

"Roger! Father! He is coming!"

Mark looked up, gave a little grunt of approval, and then resumed his hammering.

"No letter for me, Roger?" said Maggie, half crying, as he made a feint of dashing past.

"Letter for you, Miss Maggie! Letter—for—you? Why, now you mention it, I think there is a letter for you."

"Quick! Oh, Roger, how long you fumble in that bag! Give it to me."

"Can't. It's against orders to trust the mail out of our own hands. Ah!" and he slowly dismounted and stood leaning against a tree, just out of the reach of Maggie's impatient hand.

"Oh, Roger, give it to me!"

"Miss Maggie Lee," read the provoking Roger, "per Asia's mail. America. Oh, pshaw! it can't be for you. You have no beau away out there."

"Oh, Roger, don't tease me! Come, give me the letter, and you shall have a draught of the old ale you like so well."

"You are sure it is for you?" he said, holding it out, and looking with mischievous eyes into her smiling face, lighted by the pleasant certainty of her anxiously expected letter being there at last.

"Give the lass her letter," said Mark, gruffly, looking up from his eternal hammering; and, with a comic affectation of extreme terror, Roger tossed the letter into the baby's lap, sprang upon his pony, and was off like a shot.

There was a long, long silence. Annie had let the soft white eyelashes fall over her blue eyes; the long shadows were falling round the house

before Maggie raised her eyes from her letter. Then her father's "Well, Maggie," roused her.

"He wants me to return in the Asia, father; or, if that is too soon, to write by her at what time I can come."

"Well, Maggie," for her voice had faltered and her eyes filled.

"Oh, father! you—and—Annie—"

"You expected it, Maggie. You are all ready."

"Yes; but—"

"But you think the little lassie and I will miss you. So we will, no doubt we will, for you've been a good girl, Maggie; but I have been waiting for that letter to tell you a piece of news."

"News?" she looked up, wonderingly.

"I never would have placed a stepmother over you, Maggie, for you've been housekeeper and mother; but as you are to go away to—I pray and trust—a happy home, I am going to marry again."

"Yes—" she gasped, "yes—who?"

"Mrs. Lawrence. She—"

"Oh, father!" cried Maggie, joyfully.

"You are willing to trust Annie and me to her?"

"Annie would have died in the first month of her life if Mrs. Lawrence had not been so kind to her, and so willing to teach me. O, father, she is so good, so gentle! Oh you must be happy; only," and she laid her head lovingly on her father's arm, "she must not make you forget Maggie."

"Nothing can make me forget Maggie. She has been too long the sunshine of my home for that," said her father. "Write to Martin by the Asia that you will leave in the next steamer, for you must stay to the wedding, lass."

It was a quiet, happy wedding a few days later; and accompanied by her father, sister, and the new mother, Maggie went to Liverpool. The parting was sad; but that once over, the young girl would let none but happy, hopeful thoughts fill the hours of the long voyage across the Atlantic. She was going to Martin. Fifty times a day she looked into her little mirror to see if she was as fair as when Martin left her, and the little locket that contained his picture was consulted as often, with speculations as to where and how the past two years had changed him. An old Irish woman, who was on her way to join her "two gurls, shure, in Ameriky," became Maggie's especial friend and confidant; and many an hour was spent in telling her old friend of her true-hearted, manly lover.

"You'll see him at the landing; he'll meet me there. I'm sure he'll meet me, for I wrote by what steamer I would come."

At last the long, weary voyage was over, and the vessel arrived at the port of New York. Maggie's heart beat high; but she kept near her Irish friend, Mrs. Michaelhenny, watching from the deck for the face and form she was sure she could distinguish even in that confusing, crowded mass of human beings. Mrs. Michaelhenny's two "gurls," Mary and Nora, the latter leaning on the arm of "John Murphy, my husband," as she proudly introduced him, good-naturedly waited with the pretty English girl, cheering her with hope, as her heart grew heavy with long, weary waiting. The long day drew to a close; four, five o'clock went by slowly, and all the passengers had left the vessel; the wharf was cleared of its bustling crowd, the heavily laden drays had rolled off with their burdens, hacks full of smiling friends had claimed their relations or visitors from the steamer and driven away, yet Martin did not come.

"Come home with us the night," urged Nora Murphy, "and you'll have the clear day to-morrow to hunt him, sure. John'll show you the way, if you know the store."

"Symmes & Brother, —— Street," said Maggie.

"Och! Ain't I working just forninst it, the other side of the street? I'll take ye in the morning early. Come home now, honey; you are white as a sheet with the worry."

"But I am strange to you," faltered Maggie.

"Never mind that," said Nora, kindly; "you can stay the one night, at any rate. Perhaps he is extra busy, and can't get off."

But poor Maggie could not admit that comforting assurance. She felt sure that no trifle would keep Martin from meeting her at that time, and his employers, of whom she had had many accounts, were not, she was certain, the men to detain him. With a very anxious heart, she accepted the kindly offered hospitality of her new friends, passing a wakeful night full of sad forebodings. He must be sick; perhaps, she shudderingly thought—dead. Oh for morning to see those who knew him!

At last the long night was over, and she could start upon her expedition. John was her polite escort, and left her at the door of Symmes & Brother, promising to come over in a "wee bit" to see if she needed him again.

Through the long store, filled with bales and boxes of merchandise, the trembling girl threaded her way, looking for some one to

question. At last she reached the counting-house. A tall, handsome, rather over-dressed young man stepped down from his high stool to meet her, as she came timidly forward. Her neat, quiet dress and pale face, with the timid manner, gave her an air of interest, and he spoke to her courteously.

"You wish to see some one?"

"Martin Hayes, if you please, sir," said Maggie, raising her eyes, almost imploringly.

If she had struck him a heavy blow, the face of the clerk could not have grown whiter. His eyes fairly glared for a moment, as he repeated hoarsely:

"Martin Hayes!"

With a new terror, as she marked this agitation, Maggie cried:

"Where is he? He is not dead!"

"What is the matter?" asked a gentleman, opening the door of a small private room leading out of the large counting-house. "Who is this woman?"

Maggie looked up. A kind, good face with the silvered hair of some sixty winters met her eye. He was good and gentle; that was written on his face; and she went as quickly as her trembling steps would take her to the newcomer.

"Martin Hayes! Oh, sir, where is he?"

"I cannot tell you." And the kind face grew stern and cold. "Who are you?"

"Maggie Lee," she said, simply.

"And who," he asked, half smiling, as he stepped back and took the seat at a desk in the little room, "is Maggie Lee?"

"I have just come from England, sir, to Martin. We were to be married. Oh tell me, sir, where to find him!"

"This is a bad business, a bad business," said Mr. Symmes, shaking his head. "There, sit down there. Poor child!" for Maggie's white face was quivering with emotion. "I am sorry to say that Hayes has proved a bad fellow."

"Martin!" cried Maggie, the quick indignant blood staining her cheek, as she sprang to her feet.

"Yes; he has disappeared with five hundred dollars of our money in his pocket."

"A thief! Oh, sir, it is impossible! Martin, my Martin a thief? It must be false!" She spoke hurriedly, with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes; then, as she stood facing him, the old man's face seemed to fade away dimly, the heavy whirl of the steamer's machinery sounded in her ears, and she fell fainting to the ground.

"Poor child! poor girl!" and he raised her

gently, and placed her on a sofa. "This is a bad business."

Maggie soon regained her consciousness to look around the office with a bewildered face.

"Lie still for a few minutes," said Mr. Symmes. "So Martin Hayes sent for you, did he?"

For answer, Maggie put Martin's last letter in his hand. It was a letter that made the old man pause and consider. Could the writer of such sentences be anything but an honorable man? Such love, trust, and hope breathed in every line! He spoke with such noble, manly pride of his position of trust in the counting-house, so confidently of winning his way to still further advancement, with such grateful affection of his employers—could this man be a thief! As he read, he recalled the many acts of noble honesty and manliness that had made him confide in Martin; and, for the first time, there crept into his heart a doubt. The detective police were in his employ, but had no trace of the culprit; could he escape them?

Maggie watched the varying emotions that crossed the frank, kindly face.

"Will you please tell me about it?" she said, as he placed the letter in her hand.

"Martin has already told you that he occupied the position of messenger for the counting-house. One of his duties was to carry money to the bank for deposit, and draw it out for use here. Some two weeks ago, I had a payment of five hundred dollars made late in the afternoon, and gave it to Martin with directions to carry it, as he went home, to pay to a man who lives quite near where he boarded. He took the note, and I find went where I directed. Finding the person out, he started in the direction of my house; since then we have no trace of him. The supposition is that he has left the city, probably disguised. He did not go to his boarding-house, and—and—really, my child, I am afraid—yet how he could when he was expecting you—after writing such a letter as that—dear, dear! it's a bad business!"

"He has been murdered! He never stole your money! He could not do it! Why, he is the soul of honesty. Oh, sir, I have known him since he was a little boy; we have been like brother and sister, and—" and here the proud flush came to her face, and she sat up—"I would stake my life on his honesty."

"Then where is he?"

"God only knows," she said, sadly.

At that moment a loud noise and bustle were heard in the store, and the door of the room was thrown violently open. Two men

dragged in a pale, emaciated form with the cry, "Here he is! We found him in the street. Here he is, sir."

The prisoner shook himself free, and stood erect before Mr. Symmes.

"I was on my way here, sir—Maggie!"

She had been looking with strained eyes at his pale, thin face, and in another moment was sobbing in his arms.

"Oh, Martin! I knew you couldn't do it. Tell him, Martin; tell him you are no thief!" "Thief!"

How the angry blood crimsoned his face! By this time the little room was filled with the men, and near the door, with pallid face, stood the clerk who had greeted Maggie as she entered the counting-house.

Mr. Symmes had not yet spoken, but now he stood up.

"There is no one who will more gladly hear you prove your innocence than I will, Martin. Speak, man! Stay, all of you. You all know the suspicion; stay and hear his defence."

With his arm still around Maggie, Martin spoke:

"I left the counting-house two weeks ago, yesterday, with a note for five hundred dollars in my pocket for Mr. Walsh, to be paid him by Mr. Symmes' orders. But one person in the store knew that I held this money. Stop that man!" and he pointed to the clerk, who was stealing across the room. The others looked at Mr. Symmes.

"Stop him!" he said shortly, and two others forced the clerk back to his old position.

"James Reeves was the man who saw me take the money, and heard the directions given. As I left Mr. Walsh's door, I saw him watching me from the curbstone. He heard the servant tell me that Mr. Walsh had gone to Philadelphia for a week. As I started to come back to Mr. Symmes' house, for I was afraid to take the money home, I was attacked from behind, and struck senseless with a loaded cane. When I recovered my senses, I was in the house of a woman who had found me on the pavement, and had me taken in. I have been there delirious for two weeks. To-day is the first day I have been able to speak a coherent word, and I started to come here; two of the porters, seeing me coming, dragged me, like a culprit, to this room. Mr. Symmes, if you want an account of your money, ask John Reeves; where he dealt the last blow with the loaded cane he always carries."

One look at the miserable clerk was enough. With a cry, he threw himself before his em-

ployer, pouring out prayers for mercy with a confused account of debt, poverty, embarrassment, and penitence.

Of course Martin stood acquitted; but the excitement which had borne him through this trying scene once over, he grew pale and faint again. Mr. Symmes insisted upon accompanying him to the little house he had prepared for Maggie, and giving away the bride in the wedding that followed instantly, leaving the pale invalid to the care of his loving little wife.

John Reeves, the thief and would-be murderer, for he had supposed his blow fatal, was discharged, and left for parts unknown.

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### BERTHA.

BY BEATA.

DARK-EYED Bertha sat alone  
By the silent, dim hearth-stone;  
No loved footstep now drew near,  
No cheerful greeting met her ear.  
Heaven help her, sister dear.

Where are ye, oh, ye priceless dead,  
From my side forever fled;  
Speechless, pale, beneath the pall,  
Hearing not, though loud I call?  
Said a voice, "In heaven all."

Raised she then her eyelids wet  
With the tears unshed as yet,  
Raised them to the picture-frame  
Whence the pitying sentence came,  
Fanning hope's exhausted flame.

There a white dove stood above,  
Looking the sure type of love;  
On *his* portrait frame it stood,  
Pure and white as he was good.  
Looking as naught earthly could.

"Tell me, oh, white dove," she said,  
"Whence thou comest, holy shade?  
Art thou not from regions far,  
High boy and such distant star?"  
Said the voice, "From heaven afar."

"Canst thou ease my weary heart,  
Worn with watching—lone—apart?  
Longing—never more to see  
Those dear as vital breath to me,  
Living in eternity.

"Parents, all too soon removed,  
Scarcely known, yet fondly loved;  
She, who long their place supplied,  
Fair and grave, and tender-eyed,  
Resting calmly by their side.

"He who died in early youth,  
Full of promise, strong in truth;  
One who would the world explore,  
Came and went, then came no more,  
Gathered to that solemn shore.

"He who lightened every care,  
Each burden lifted or would share;  
Brightest, fondest, and the last  
That binds me to the happier past,  
All the future overcast!

"Tell me, O thou murmuring dove,  
By all that's dear to thee in love,  
Those my lips in vain recall,  
Shall I meet them, find them all?"  
Said the voice, "In heaven all."

"Weep no more, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won;  
He who loved them hath said,  
'Weep not for the faithful dead,'  
The grave and death both conquered."

Slowly from a swelling throat,  
Dropped the bird each silvery note,  
Sinking then to Bertha's breast,  
Sought and found a welcome rest,  
Singing ever of the blest.

Bertha weeps no more alone,  
Mourning joys forever gone;  
Now no more would she recall  
Silent voices 'neath the pall,  
Waiting to meet in heaven all.

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EARLY WALKING.—Walking, for young and active people, is by far the best exercise; riding is good for the elderly, the middle aged and invalids. The abuse of these exercises consists in taking them when the system is exhausted, more or less, by previous fasting or mental labor. Some persons injudiciously attempt a long walk before breakfast, under the belief that it is conducive to health. Others will get up early to work three hours at some abstruse mental toil. The effect in both instances is the same; it subtracts from the powers of exertion in the after part of the day. A short saunter, or some light reading before this meal, is the best indulgence of the kind; otherwise the waste occasioned by labor must be supplied by nourishment, and the breakfast will necessarily become a heavy meal, and the whole morning's comfort sacrificed by a weight at the chest from imperfect digestion of food. These observations apply especially to elderly persons, who are prone to flatter themselves into the persuasion that they can use their mental or bodily powers in age as in youth.

READING.—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the repeller of the scoff and the knave's poison.

# THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE strong family resemblance which each of the houses composing Brook Village bore to all of the others, often proved no less puzzling than vexatious to such as were strangers in the place, when in pursuit of friends and acquaintances, or persons with whom they wished to communicate in the way of business. Among the number who had successfully performed the feat in question, there being a total absence of knockers and door bells, those who came off with unscathed knuckles, had reason to bless their stars.

The only domicile which possessed any claim to individuality was owned by Mr. Benjamin Sedley. This, however, was not owing to any difference in size or structure, as in both of these respects it was precisely similar to the others, and occupied its place with the same defiance of the laws of order and regularity. The distinction arose from the abundance of flowing vines of various descriptions, which, having overrun one end of the house, crept over the roof, spreading a profusion of foliage over the shining shingles, and hanging in many a rich and graceful festoon from the eaves. Thus, whenever a stranger inquired for the house of Mr. Sedley, he needed only to be told that it was the one with the vines running over it. Some, however, were so particular as to give the additional information that the grass-plot, in front of the house, and the paths winding towards it in different directions were bordered with flowers, when peas and beans would have been altogether more profitable, and that lots of rosebushes, in every nook and corner, stood ready with their thorns to lay hold of whatever garment that was so unlucky as to come within their reach.

But there would sometimes be added, "Mr. Sedley is as easy as an old shoe. He knows that, aside from the income of his farm, he has enough to give him and his family a good living, and so he not only lets many an hour slip away reading a newspaper or some book which, ten to one, isn't true, but lets Mabel have as many flowers as she wants. His wife is a great worker; and sometimes it frets her a good deal to see him waste his time in that way, and to have their daughter out watering her flowers and clipping off the dead

leaves, when she might, like other girls of the village, be knitting socks to pay for her ribbons and laces."

It had long been the secret and fondly cherished wish of Mr. Sedley to have Mabel—who, of several children, had alone survived her infancy—when she should arrive at a suitable age, united in marriage to a young man by the name of Philip Inglis. Philip was the only child of a dear friend of Mr. Sedley long since deceased; who, being several years older than he was, and possessing much force of character and a well balanced mind, had, in their earlier days, been to him his good genius. When they were both married, their friendship for each other, as is sometimes the case on entering into this new relation, lost none of its warmth; and after a while, first in a laughing way, and afterwards more seriously, they used to speak of the marriage of their children as something which might be looked forward to as pleasant and desirable.

Ultimately as Philip, who was six years older than Mabel, approached the period of adolescence, the two friends entered into a sort of compact to do what they could when the fitting time should arrive to bring about an event, which, on many accounts, it appeared to them would be an excellent match. But as their object was to promote the happiness of their children, as well as to gratify themselves, the agreement was not made without expressly premising that no coercion should be made use of to realize their wishes.

Mr. Sedley might have thought less of this compact had it not formed the principal theme of conversation between them the last time that he and Mr. Inglis ever met. They parted in the evening at rather a late hour. The next morning Mr. Inglis started for the West, whence he never returned; an illness contracted soon after his arrival having proved fatal. The promise thus consecrated by death assumed to the survivor an importance and a solemnity which made it still more binding. He had, however, abstained from making any mention of it, even to his wife, although by some inadvertent remark, made now and then, she shrewdly suspected that he had some one in his eye whom he would like for a son-in-law.

The suspicion led her much oftener and more

seriously than she otherwise would have done, to think on the subject of Mabel's marriage as an event which, in the common course of things, would be likely to take place at no distant period. Hence, as was natural enough, the slight resentment occasioned by not being consulted relative to what she considered, to say the least, was of equal importance to her as to her husband, rapidly assumed a graver aspect, till she finally believed herself an injured and slighted woman.

Things were in this state when one day a neighbor, who had just returned from a visit to her friends in a distant town, came to the door as Mrs. Sedley was passing, and handed her a letter. It proved to be from an old schoolmate, and among much miscellaneous matter, interesting only to themselves, contained the following paragraph:—

"By the way, I have been confidentially informed, and the information may be depended on as correct—that a certain gentleman, who at present is boarding with me, contemplates a visit to Brook Village; not for the purpose of spying out the land, but, by personal inspection, to ascertain if the fame which has gone abroad concerning Miss Mabel Sedley's personal charms—superior moral and intellectual qualities inclusive—does not transcend the reality. You may expect him the twenty-fifth of January; and, knowing by experience that it is sometimes productive of much inconvenience to be taken by surprise, I thought I could do no less than to let you know. I am not at liberty to tell his name; but I think there can be no doubt but that you will like him."

In the mean time Mr. Sedley called at the post-office, and, as he expected, found an answer to a letter he had two or three days previously sent to Philip Inglis, inviting him to Brook Village. Young Inglis, who had only a few weeks since returned from Europe, where he had for the most part resided since the death of his father, accepted Mr. Sedley's invitation with much apparent pleasure, and named the twenty-fifth of January as the day, when, no unforeseen occurrence preventing, he should be at Brook Village.

"Well," thought Mrs. Sedley, having read her letter and put it in her pocket, "I shall make a confidant of no one. If Mr. Sedley chooses to be so private about the person he wishes Mabel to marry, I will pay him in his own coin. I rather think, if I am a woman, I can keep a secret."

And to confess the truth, she did not overrate her reticive capabilities; although, had any

one observed her closely, it would have been readily perceived that she had the appearance of one who had a tremendous amount of responsibility resting on her shoulders. If she had actually been one of the pillars of state, it apparently could not have been greater.

## CHAPTER II.

"I BELIEVE," said Mrs. Sedley, addressing Peggy, her able and faithful assistant, "that to-morrow is the twenty-fifth of January."

"Yes 'm, it is," replied Peggy.

"If nothing happens more than I know of, you and I must be up an hour before light to-morrow morning."

"Why, to-morrow isn't washin'-day," replied Peggy, who entertained a decided repugnance to rising in the dark, when the weather was bleak and cold.

"I know 'tisn't; but the truth is, I want to have a good lot of pies, cakes, and other things baked."

"Do tell!" said Peggy. "You're expectin' company, I s'pose."

"Yes, I am. But don't say a word about it to Mabel. I shall tell her myself, when the proper time comes."

"You're expectin' quite a number, I take it."

"No, only one; but then he may stay a number of days."

"That is, if Miss Mabel pleases him; and there's no danger but what she will."

"What put that into your head, Peggy?"

"Oh, I kind of mistrusted when I found there was only one comin', and that one a gentleman."

"Well, I must own that you're not fur out of the way; but then, as I've already said, don't say a word to Mabel about it."

"I don't know," said Mr. Sedley, as he rose from the breakfast-table the next morning, "but that we may have a gentleman—a friend of mine—to take tea with us, and, probably, to pass the night. I thought I would mention it in season, so as to give you time to make whatever preparation you may think necessary." And without waiting to give his wife or daughter an opportunity to ask questions, he left the room.

The manners and customs of Brook Village retained so much of the patriarchal simplicity of the olden time, that the "hired girl," as the maid-of-all-work was generally termed, so far partook of the privileges and immunities of the

family she served, as to always sit at the same table, and in the evening, when the toils of the day were ended, at the same fireside. Nor did the mistress of the household disdain to hold council with her assistant in a case of emergency, as in the present instance.

For some little time, after her husband had informed her of the anticipated arrival of a friend, Mrs. Sedley was in a state of great perplexity, from which she fell by degrees into what is commonly called a brown-study. She soon roused herself, however, and went to the kitchen, where Peggy had already preceded her.

"Now, Peggy," said she, "kindle a fire in the oven, the first thing you do; and if we step round lively, we've got things in such a good way, we can have the baking all done before dinner. Mabel, as soon as she puts the sitting-room in order, will come and make the loaf of plum-cake."

"Who is the gentleman Mr. Sedley is expectin'?" inquired Peggy.

"Of that, I'm as ignorant as you are; but let it be who it will, I must say that I wish he hadn't hit on the twenty-fifth of January to make his visit. Where the gentleman *I'm* expectin' is going to sleep, is more than I can tell."

"You think 'twill be best for the other one to have the parlor chamber?"

"He *must* have it. You know that Mr. Sedley said 'twas a friend of his."

"Well, accordin' to my mind, the room over the kitchen is good enough for anybody."

"So it is; but then you know there's no getting to it without going up the back stairs."

"It's the best thing that can be done, anyhow. After dinner, if I furbish up the old bureau and tables—they're real mahogany and no make-believe—and put the best patchwork quilt on the bed, and a fresh wreath of winter-green around the lookin'-glass, I kind of think 'twill do."

"It will be comfortable, to say the least. Now, Peggy, I will tell you what I mistrust," said Mrs. Sedley, lowering her voice, and assuming a confidential air.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Peggy, "if your thoughts have taken the same turn mine have."

"You remember that, one day a few weeks ago, I told you I had a strong suspicion Mr. Sedley had some-body in his mind he intended for a son-in-law."

"Yes, indeed, I remember every word you told me. I knew well enough that was what you were thinking about."

"Well, between you and me, I hav'n't the least doubt but that the friend he is expecting to-day, is the identical person he has had so long in his eye."

"It is plain as day that it is. Have you any idea who it is?"

"None in the world; but I *do* think that a mother should be allowed to have a voice in selecting a husband for her only daughter."

"Just my mind."

"If he should prove to be awkward and ill-bred, Mabel won't have anything to say to him, I know."

"That's what she won't."

"And it's a comfort to me to know it."

"And to me, too," replied Peggy.

### CHAPTER III.

As was mentioned in the first chapter, the vines clambering up the side, and spreading themselves over the roof of Mr. Sedley's house, made it easy to be recognized by the stranger, that is, in the milder seasons of the year; but in the winter, when roofs, gardens, and fields, and not unfrequently, even the fences were buried beneath the snow, it lost its individuality. This, particularly when it was a busier day than usual, was the cause of much annoyance, on account of the frequency which a sharp, impatient rap was heard at the outer door, which commonly proved to proceed from a stranger in pursuit of some one quite different from the gentlemanly owner.

The twenty-fifth of January proved to be no exception. Peggy, in an earnest, energetic way, which showed that she fully realized the importance of her task, was rolling out some puff paste for cranberry tarts; and Mabel, under the eye of her mother, who, at the same time, was attending to such miscellaneous duties as always will come up ready to be done, was deep in the mysteries of mixing, in due proportion, the numerous ingredients for a plum cake, when there was a summons at the door, louder, and more imperative than usual.

"There, Mabel," said Peggy, "you must go this time, for my hands are all covered with flour."

"No, I'll go myself," said Mrs. Sedley, glancing as she spoke at the coarse homespun apron, which her daughter had put on to shield her neat gingham dress, and the impromptu turban made of a gay silk handkerchief.

This last picturesque addition to her toilet had been hastily assumed for the purpose of

saving her hair from being powdered by the vigorous way Peggy had of bringing her rolling-pin down upon the puff-paste, after giving it a plentiful sprinkling of flour.

"There 's no knowing," thought Mrs. Sedley, as she hastened to the door, "but 'tis the very gentleman I'm expecting; and I should be sorry to have him see Mabel at such a disadvantage, as first impressions are sometimes hard to get rid of."

It, however, proved to be the wife of a well-to-do villager by the name of Grant.

"Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Sedley in an absent manner; for her heart, the moment she found that instead of the gentleman it was nobody but Mrs. Grant, went back to the kitchen; and her thoughts, in some inexplicable way, were getting tangled up with the sugar, citron, spices, and plums, and other good things destined to enter into the composition of the cake, which, in her own mind, she intended should be a satisfactory proof of her daughter's culinary skill.

But Mrs. Grant was full of her own thoughts and plans, which prevented her from noticing the lack of cordiality in Mrs. Sedley's invitation.

"Well, there 's such a cold, biting air, I guess I will," she replied; "but I'm in a desp'rate hurry, and mustn't stop more 'n two minutes."

Mrs. Sedley conducted her into the sitting-room, and handed her a chair.

"Now this is what I call comfortable," said Mrs. Grant, bending over the fire, and spreading her hands so as to catch the warm, crimson glow. "I shouldn't have ventured out this sharp morning, hadn't it been a case of necessity. A certain person, who lives at a distance, is coming to the village to-day, and we're expecting that he will come and take tea with us. We shall be obliged to make rather a substantial meal of it, for 't isn't much likely he'll stop by the way to get any dinner, and so as Mr. Grant was busy, I had to go to the store myself for a few necessities. I might have sent Dolly, but she 's no hand at a bargain, and besides, I wanted her to finish her new dress to wear this evening. You're naturally of a quick discernment, and will understand why I want her to look well as possible, when I tell you that the person we're expecting is a bachelor, well off in the world, and a suitable age for her. They've never seen each other yet; but my brother Sam's wife sent us word about him—he's her nephew—and says he's one of the steadiest, most industrious young men she ever saw."

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"But I thought Dolly was to be married to Alfred March, in a few months?"

"Well, I suppose she's made up her mind to have him. In her eye, there isn't another person in the whole world equal to him, and he thinks the same of her. But Mr. Grant has given out word, since we heard about this other one, that if she does have Alfred, he'll cut her off with a single shilling."

"And you are expecting this other one to-day?" said Mrs. Sedley, emphasizing the last word, and who was so much struck with the similarity of Mrs. Grant's expectations and her own, that for the moment she ceased to think of the jeopardy to which the plum-cake might be subjected.

"Yes, sister Lucy said that he would be obliged to come to Brook Village, the twenty-fifth, on business."

At this moment the clock commenced striking ten.

"I'd no thought 'twas so late," said Mrs. Grant, quickly rising, and muffling her throat and chin with two or three extra folds of her scarlet comforter.

Ere the last stroke of the clock had died away, the door was closed behind her, and in breathless haste Mrs. Sedley went back to the kitchen.

"I was so afraid that you would make some mistake about the cake," said she.

Her mind, however, was put to rest by the satisfactory manner in which Mabel went through the strict questioning to which she subjected her, and she resumed her task as superintendent, undisturbed by any misgivings.

"You think my young friend is a regular gormandizer, I imagine," said Mr. Sedley, who had occasion to enter the kitchen.

"There 's no knowing that he will be the only one who will be here to-night," said Mrs. Sedley, which, by the peculiar way in which she modulated her voice, amounted to an assertion.

Mr. Sedley directed his eyes towards his wife, for a moment, with a questioning look, but perceiving that her attention was, apparently, concentrated on some culinary process, without further remark left the room.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"THERE, Peggy, we can have supper ready at ten minutes' warning," said Mrs. Sedley, with a look of satisfaction, as her eye, for a

moment, rested on the cold chicken and nicely sliced ham which filled two large plates, and then ran along the row of pies, and other etceteras, which she considered proper for the occasion.

"Yes, and less, too, if it wasn't for the toast."

"We must wait till they both come," said Mrs. Sedley.

"Yes, till they both come," repeated Peggy, "and that won't be till the stage comes, half an hour after sunset."

"I shouldn't wonder if the gentleman I'm looking for should come in some kind of vehicle of his own."

"You don't think," said Peggy, opening her eyes considerably wider than usual, "that he will come with a carriage on runners, and a span of horses?"

"'Twouldn't be a mite strange if he should."

"Well, I never."

"You've put the chamber to rights?"

"Certainly; everything is just like wax-work."

"Has Mabel done dressing yet?"

"Yes'm, and has come down into the settin'-room, lookin' as fresh and beautiful as a pink posy."

"You had better go and change your dress now."

"Well, it is about time, I believe. Which do you advise me to wear, my purple calico, or crimson cashmere?"

"Your cashmere, by all means. With such black hair and eyes as yours, 'twill be altogether the most becoming."

Half an hour afterward they were all sitting by the fire—Mr. Sedley reading a newspaper, Mrs. Sedley and Peggy with their knitting, and Mabel looking at the plates of the Lady's Book, being too full of expectation to read, when there was a loud knock at the door.

"Them raps were given by a hand that has a good deal of muscle and *sinner* in it—one that's more used to wieldin' an axe than rappin' at a door, if I've any skill at guessin'," said Peggy.

At the same time she started up from her chair and threw aside her knitting-work in so much haste, and in such a flurry of spirits, that the ball of yarn fell to the floor, which puss, still retaining a vivid recollection of the frolicsome days of her kittenhood, and forgetting that her toilet was unfinished, one side of her face still remaining unwashed, proceeded to put in motion.

"There, I'll give up beat," said Peggy, nearly out of breath, and assuming an upright

position, after numerous futile attempts—some of which involved the necessity of dodging the corner of a table, others of ducking beneath it—to follow and capture puss in her lively and nimble gyrations.

And it was provoking, the audacious way in which the cat would hit the ball, sending it half way across the floor, and then, with a saucy, hilarious bound, spring after it, just in time to escape the upraised hand, ready to pounce upon her. Meanwhile the yarn, in rapid convolutions winding in and out among the legs of chairs and tables, must, in its devious and intricate course, have been a match for the clue which guided fair Rosamond to her bower.

There now came a second knock louder than the first.

"I'll go to the door, Peggy," said Mr. Sedley, putting aside his newspaper.

"Well, Squire, I shall be dreadful obleeged to you if you will," she replied; "and I'll try and get the yarn untangled and wound up; for if I don't, it's crossed this way, that way, and t'other, so that whoever is come will think we've been spreadin' a net for him. And now, Miss Mabel, if you don't want to have Tiny's ears cuffed, you must put her away from here."

"She seems to know how to take care of her ears pretty well," said Mabel, laughing, at the same time putting Tiny into the kitchen, who was much less shy of her than Peggy. She then so energetically and successfully addressed herself to the task of assisting Peggy to disentangle the yarn, that, by the time her father returned, conducting a man who might have been thirty years old, there was little reason to apprehend that Peggy's fears would be realized.

The stranger was a large, full-breasted man, several inches above the medium height. He entered the room with a careless, swinging gait, as if he felt certain that he could not be otherwise than a welcome guest. It was easy to see that his coarse, flaxen hair had been accustomed to have its own will and way, by the manner it bristled up in little obstinate, independent tufts, round a forehead neither high nor expansive, and of a hue which might with as much propriety have been likened to bronze as Parian marble. But if his forehead was small, the same could not be said of the rest of his face, which had in breadth attained a development truly surprising, and to which his nose—diminutive by contrast—on account of the sudden and unexpected upward turn of its

snubbed extremity, gave an expression which seemed to waver in a singular manner between gayety and gravity.

If the width of his face was remarkable, that of his mouth was marvellous. It was, however, a good-natured looking mouth, suggestive of what is termed a good hearty laugh. As for his hand, Peggy made a good guess when she said it was one that had a good deal of "muscle and sinner" in it, while the space covered by his feet gave ample assurance that he was supported on a firm foundation.

"The gentleman, I apprehend, you mentioned that you were expecting," said Mr. Sedley, addressing his wife, a merry smile lurking in his bright gray eyes.

"I supposed it to be the one you were expecting," said she, in a suppressed voice.

"Yes, she was expecting me," answered the stranger, and I supposed you were too." Then turning to Mrs. Sedley, "You of course got the letter telling you that I should be here the twenty-fifth of January."

"Yes, I received a letter telling me that I might expect a *gentleman* the twenty-fifth," she replied.

"Well, she told me that she wrote to you, and glad enough was I; for, as you're all a set of strangers to me, I should 'ave felt kind of shame-faced—bashful like, to come without you're expectin' me. My name is Simon Dowley, as I s'pose she told you."

"You had better lay aside your thick great-coat, and take a seat by the fire, Mr. Dowley," said Mr. Sedley, with an amused look.

"Don't care if I do," was Simon's answer.

There was a silence after he had divested himself of his outside garment, and took the proffered chair, during which he looked intently into the fire. After awhile he turned towards Mrs. Sedley, apparently with the intention of addressing her, but seemed at a loss what to say.

"She told you what I was coming for, didn't she?" said he, at last, after several times clearing his throat.

Mrs. Sedley assented by a slight and rather stiff inclination of her head.

"I thought so," said he, with a little satisfied nod at the perfect understanding which he imagined existed between them, and then, passing over Mabel with a quick, careless glance, his eyes rested with a look of great complacency on Peggy, who, at the same moment being occupied in looking at him, was taken by surprise, and so abashed that she turned nearly the color of her crimson cashmere.

After this there was another lapse into silence, during which Simon Dowley's hand was buried in the depths of his coat-pocket. At length it was slowly drawn thence, with an orange in it.

"She sent her love to you," said he to Mrs. Sedley, "and told me to give you this, 'cause oranges, perhaps, were scarce in Brook Village. There, I'll lay it down on the table, seein' that you're busy with your knittin'-work."

The hand was a second time buried in the coat-pocket, and another orange, much larger and finer looking than the first, was brought to light.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, nodding to Mrs. Sedley, "but she told me that I must give her the big one. You'd understand such matters," she said, and without turning his head in the least, though he threw a glance towards her out of the corner of his eye, he offered the orange to Peggy.

Looking still redder than before, if that were possible, she took it mechanically. For nearly a minute, as if she had discovered something quite out of the common way about it, she kept her eyes fastened on its golden rind, at the same time turning it nervously over and over in her hands. She then rose, and with a solemn, half regretful, yet very positive look, approached Mabel.

"The orange was sent to you," said she. "He has made a mistake."

"No, no, I hav'n't," interposed Dowley, eagerly. "She told me how you looked, and I knew you the minute I set eyes on you. I like your looks—like 'em better'n I expected to. And the little one, she's well enough—good in her place, I dare say; hav'n't a word to say against her—don't wish to slight her. But what do you s'pose such little morsels of hands as hers would be good for to make butter and cheese, and to do the b'ilin' and bakin', washin' and ironin' for a dozen or more, to say nothin' of—"

What more there was to be added to the list remained undisclosed, the enumeration being cut short by another knock at the door.

Peggy, not without a secret longing to retain the gift so persistently pressed upon her, had, after placing it by the orange presented to Mrs. Sedley, gone back to her chair; and as the only available resource to throw off a little of the nervous excitement occasioned by being the object of Simon Dowley's admiration instead of Mabel, bent over her knitting, and commenced making her needles fly, as if she was working on a wager. She started at

this second summons at the door, as if roused from a dream. But Mr. Sedley had already risen.

"Sit still, Peggy, I prefer to go myself," said he; for, seen through the dimness of the twilight shadows, there was something in the air of the person he caught a glance of, as he passed the window, so strongly reminding him of the friend of his earlier days, that he knew it must be Philip Inglis.

After an absence of a few moments, during which could be heard words of warm and cordial greeting, Mr. Sedley returned with a young man whose appearance, in every respect, formed the greatest possible contrast to Simon Dowley's.

The very atmosphere of the room seemed to change at his entrance, bringing with him, as he did, that peculiar air of elegance and refinement, the charm of which lies in its being perfectly simple and unostentatious, and above all, the true type of sincerity, which artifice, however carefully veiled, must ever fail to successfully imitate. That he possessed this last-named attribute, which the poet apostrophizes as the first of virtues, Mabel seemed to have an intuitive perception; though it was not till weeks afterward that she realized with what certainty, by the confidence it inspires, it finds its way to the heart, appealing to its sympathies, and holding dominion over its affections.

Now, at his first arrival, she thought comparatively little of him, except in connection with her father, whom never in her life had she seen look so noble and so animated, and with a countenance so radiant with those kindlier feelings of humanity, of which, had circumstances permitted him to find his true place in society, it would have been seen that he possessed a liberal share.

Long before the evening drew to a close, Mabel saw that the intellectual resources of his young friend were such as to oblige him to look about him rather sharply. This afforded her great satisfaction; for she had many times thought, since she had been old enough to turn her attention to such subjects, that the treasures of her father's mind were running to waste; or what was nearly as bad, lying dormant, from the lack of opportunity to bring them into action.

Mr. Sedley had lost no time in introducing the newly-arrived guest as Philip Inglis, who had recently returned from England, where he had resided for the last ten years.

"Then," said Mrs. Sedley, "he must be the

son of the deceased friend of yours, to whom, as you have often told me, you were in your youthful days much indebted."

"Yes," he replied.

"Which of itself would be sufficient to insure him a warm and hearty welcome," said she, offering him her hand.

As for Simon Dowley, when he found that the name of the lady with whom he had placed himself on such easy, familiar footing, was Sedley, words would fail to describe the look of astonishment and blank dismay which took the place of the self-satisfied expression which had pervaded his broad, shining countenance. He looked alternately at her and Mr. Sedley, now and then snatching a furtive, jealous glance at the newly-arrived guest, as if he feared that his presence might endanger his chance of obtaining the good graces of Peggy. Meanwhile, he listened intently to all that was said, never once closing his mouth, as if he imagined it was a medium through which information might be received, as well as communicated.

But as nothing occurred to confirm the suspicion that in Philip Inglis he would find a rival, he began to feel easier in his mind; and seizing the opportunity afforded by the first pause in the conversation, he took his stand in the centre of the apartment, and first, with a blue and white cotton handkerchief, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he gave it a flourish by way of commanding attention.

"Good people," said he, "it makes me feel kind of sorry to break in upon you when you seem so glad and sociable; but I want to jest say a few words, for I begin to kind of mistrust that I've got into the wrong pew, as the sayin' is. Now, in the first place, ma'am," and he looked at Mrs. Sedley, "if you think it isn't ill-mannered to ask, I should like to know if the letter you and I said somethin' about, was from my Aunt Lucy Dowley?"

"It was not. I didn't even know that there was such a person."

"Jest as I mistrusted. I've got into the wrong pew—that is to say, into the wrong house."

"And where did you intend to go?" inquired Mr. Sedley.

"To Mr. Grant's. You know Jonathan Grant?"

"Yes, very well."

"You see that Miss Grant is my Aunt Lucy's sister by the way of marriage; but this is the first time I was ever in Brook Village, and she and Mr. Grant are both strangers to me, and so

is their darter. When I first come I thought that was she." And he pointed to Peggy. I seemed to have an idee all the time, that Aunt Lucy said that the gal's name was Dolly; but concluded that my memory didn't serve me. I'd ruther 'ave given the best pair of oxen I have in the barn, than that she—I mean her you call Peggy—should turn out to be the wrong one, partly 'cause Aunt Lucy wrote to Miss Grant to give her a hint that I was on the look-out for somebody to take care of the dairy, and do the cookin', and sich like—a pardner for life, you know—not hired help—and gave her to understand that it was more likely than not, that her darter Dolly would suit me."

"You thought there was no danger but that you would suit her," said Mrs. Sedley.

"I declare, now, I never thought of that, and I don't believe that Aunt Lucy did."

"If I'm not much mistaken," said Mr. Sedley, "a worthy, industrious young man by the name of Alfred March, would be Dolly Grant's choice before you, or any one else."

"I wonder if she'd be his?" said Simon.

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Sedley. "Mrs. Grant said as much to me, no longer ago than this morning. She told me, too, that she was expecting some one from out of town, and you are undoubtedly the person she meant."

"Well," said Simon, "now that I've got the lay of the land, as 'twere, I'm glad I come to the wrong house, for I don't believe that Dolly Grant can hold a candle to this black-eyed gal. There are a good many sects in the world, and among the rest, the fair sect; but for all so many belong to it, I've lived hard upon forty year, though folks say I might pass for thirty, and never came across one of 'em before that suited me. And now," and he edged up to the place where Peggy sat knitting fast as ever, "if you're willin' to be my pardner for life, I'm willin' to be yours. If you ain't willin' jest say so; if you are, say nothin', for silence gives consent, you know. Maybe, I may as well tell you now, for 'twill help you to make up your mind, that I own a hundred acre farm, well stocked, and that nobody raises more corn, pertaters, wheat, and all kinds of grain than I do. The house and the other buildin's are in good repair, all of 'em painted red, and look gay as a lark. And then I've a good horse, and a purty little shay; and when I don't want the horse to plough or harrow, he and the shay will be at your service, to go to the store and trade, or ride round jest where you've a fancy to. The horse is as steady as

a mill, and a woman can drive him as well as a man.

This off-hand, business-like manner presented a new phase, in the art of courtship, to the mind of Peggy, conflicting with all her preconceived opinions of its peculiar usages and proprieties. At first there were vague, half-formed thoughts floating in her mind, which, had her skill in language enabled her to utter them, would have been not unlike those expressed by Juliet, when she said to Romeo,

"I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo."

But the panoramic view of the hundred-acre farm, with its herds and flocks, its waving fields of corn and grain, and last, not least, of herself, seated in the "purty little shay" on her way to the store "to trade," which presented itself to her mental vision, outweighed her scruples when put in the balance against them. She, therefore, kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on her work, and "gave no sign," except the involuntary one of reddening up to the roots of her hair.

"It's a bargain!" exclaimed Dowley, after waiting long enough to feel satisfied that she intended to remain silent, and, at the same time, bringing his hands together as a visible sign of ratifying the compact, so suddenly and with so much force, as to sound like the explosion of a pistol, and so startling his intended, that she dropped at least half a dozen stitches.

"Now," said he, "I'll go to Mr. Grant's, and tell 'em about Aunt Lucy, and try and get a chance to let Dolly know that I sha'n't put myself in the way of this Alfred March you think she has a likin' for."

"What if you should like Dolly better than you expect?" asked Mabel, a little mischievously.

"No danger of that," he replied. "I ain't one of your whiffle-minded ones. Besides, a bargain is a bargain; when I make one, I al'ays calc'late to stick to it, and so will you," said he, directing his speech to Peggy. "I know by your looks that you're no more whiffle-minded than I am."

At first Mr. Sedley insisted that he should stay to supper; but he said that he was expected to Mr. Grant's; and Mrs. Sedley, recalling to mind the preparation they had made for him, knew that they would be disappointed should he fail to go. She, however, in consideration of the pains Peggy had been at in "furbishing up the chamber," invited him to return, and pass the night with them, an

invitation which he accepted with undisguised gratification.

"But how am I to find where they live?" said Simon, when he had put on his great coat, and was ready to start; "for the houses here are all as much alike as so many peas."

His anxiety was speedily terminated by the entrance of the man who superintended the farm-work, who undertook to be his escort.

#### CHAPTER V.

"So, after all, Mr. Simon Dowley wasn't the gentleman you were expecting?" said Mr. Sedley to his wife, in a slightly bantering tone.

She made an unsuccessful attempt to call up an angry frown, but smiled instead, as she answered in the negative.

Before there was time to say anything more, Philip Inglis rose, and presented to Mrs. Sedley a little billet.

"Pardon my forgetfulness in not handing it to you before," said he. "It is from Mrs. Leonard, the lady with whom I've been boarding since my return to my native land, who informed me that you were an old friend and schoolmate of hers."

"The bearer of this, Mr. Philip Inglis, is the gentleman I wrote you about," was all that the billet contained.

"You wish to know if I was expecting Simon Dowley," said she to her husband, when she had finished reading it, "and I now ask you if Mr. Inglis is the gentleman you were expecting?"

"He is."

"As I suspected; and I am glad to find that we agree, where I supposed we disagreed," she added, mentally.

Mrs. Sedley answered the questioning looks of her husband and daughter, which her inquiry and remark had involuntarily elicited, by informing them that Mrs. Leonard had written her, some week or two since, that she might expect a visit from a gentleman the twenty-fifth of January, whose name she did not mention, but who, as she found by the line just received, was Mr. Inglis.

"At which I am heartily glad," said Mr. Sedley; "for, to confess the truth, though I hope I'm not deficient in what is required by the laws of hospitality, another guest, while Philip Inglis is here, would, I believe, as far as I am concerned, be regarded as a kind of supernumerary, whose presence would willingly be dispensed with—always excepting"—and he

looked at Peggy—"our newly-acquired friend, Simon Dowley."

Instead of remaining only a few days at Brook Village, as he had at first intended, Philip Inglis continued to linger till the days grew into weeks. His ostensible reason for so doing was to sketch some of the fine mountain scenery in the vicinity of Brook Village, presenting, at this season of the year, as at all others, new and varied aspects with each atmospherical change; for, though a lawyer by profession, he was an amateur artist.

For a time he suffered himself to be deluded into the belief that this was the real cause of his delay. At last, however, he could deceive himself no longer, and when fully convinced of the fallacy in which he had been indulging, he was not long in becoming aware that he had yielded himself to the thrall of the sweet and silent spells which Mabel innocently and unwittingly had woven around him, and which, for that very reason, were more irresistibly fascinating. But the golden meshes, such as held him in bondage, had not spared her. She, too, was a prisoner.

Thus, when in due time winter had again spread his ermine robe over plain and upland, Mr. Sedley's long cherished wish was realized by seeing his daughter the wife of his deceased friend's son. Nor was Mrs. Sedley less pleased with the match than her husband.

Simon Dowley proved that he was as stable-minded as he had claimed to be; the attractions of Dolly Grant having had no power to make him waver in his affection and loyalty to the less youthful Peggy, however hastily they had been bestowed.

They were married soon after the gathering in of the next harvest. Simon having no little pride in being able to install his newly-married wife as mistress of his home, at a time when the cellar, granary, and other places of storage were filled to overflowing with the produce of his farm.

"I ain't sorry yet, and guess I sha'n't be very soon, that I went to the wrong house," said he, in answer to an old acquaintance, who undertook to rally him about falling in love at first sight. "I al'ays used to kind of dread to go into the house rainy days; my old house-keeper, who was a well-meanin' woman in her way, used to look so dull and gloomy. But Peggy al'ays looks so cheery, and steps round so brisk and lively, that I don't care the value of a straw whether it rains or shines. I can tell you that the sunshine of a bright, comely-

lookin' face will go a deal further in the way of cheerin' a man up, when he's down-hearted, than the brightest that ever shone from a June sky.'

And Peggy appeared to be well-satisfied to be the mistress of the red house, and with the enjoyment of the privileges thereto annexed, particularly when her domestic duties for the day—to make use of her own expression—were fairly and squarely done, that of taking an airing in the "shay," either with or without her husband, as might be most convenient.

"If Simon isn't handsome, he is good," she said, the first time Mrs. Sedley made her a visit: "and then his takin' a fancy to me was the means of making Mr. Grant and his wife consent to the match between Dolly and Alfred March, who were just suited to each other."

If additional proof were wanting that Simon Dowley was sincere in felicitating himself on his good fortune in going to the wrong house, it might have been found in the following record in his Account Book, hedged in, so as to keep it from being mixed up with charges of sundry edibles, furnished to some neighbor not so fortunate as to own a farm, by some very remarkable-looking scrollwork done in red and blue ink:—

"PRIVIT MEMRANDUM.

25th of Jinwerry, 18—, the most fortinit day of my life. Take notis. It was the day I went to the 'rong howse. S. D."

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RIDING.

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT RIDING, FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

BY G. L.

BEFORE I commence my subject, I must offer a few of those generally and justly-execrated things—a few prefatory remarks. I offer them in order that my purpose may be clearly understood at this the starting-point, and that so my endeavors may not lay me open to the derision of the thoroughly initiated.

It is a very customary thing to say, that a writer treats the special subject he writes upon as if he *alone* knew aught about it; and as if *the subject alone* was an interesting thing to the world at large. And this is stated in a manner that implies that a certain amount of self-sufficiency is imputed to him; and a certain amount of discredit is, therefore, attached to his manner of carrying through that which he has undertaken.

Now this is a natural, but at the same time permit me to observe, an unjust accusation. It is utterly impossible to teach the few who need teaching, and who wish to be taught, without boring the many who do not require it, with that of which they have heard before.

Another thing; the subject treated of *may not* be an all-absorbing one, or pre-eminent above all others, even in the mind of the author; still, unless he writes as if it were, he will not write *well*. Precision and earnestness must be his down to the smallest point, if a single lesson is to be conveyed, a single attention claimed.

Now I have not taken up a subject on which I am indifferent, consequently there will be no assumption of interest in my manner of writing, for not only do I dearly love riding, but I dearly love horses. I have had many happy hours in their company—much cordial, quiet sympathy from them—many true-hearted friends amongst them. This being the case, that which I say about them comes from the heart, and is not got up for the occasion with labor and difficulty.

These remarks can hardly be hoped to benefit the small town-bred lady, who, at the age of five, is placed on the back of an even-minded, smooth-stepping pony, and under the vigilant supervision of a riding-master. They are for the use of those who, like myself, may have to practise riding in a very rough school and owe to it all the pleasure of a far-off country life.

The little child—and it is for *childish* learners that these first pages are penned—running wild in the freedom of the country, will be sure, when very young indeed to find her way into the stables. The horses will "draw" her surely—the great strong horses, who carry Papa to the hunting-field or over the farm. Let her go; do not attempt to check her, if you mean that she shall *ride* in after-life, not simply sit upon a horse. Above all, do not check her, if she is going up fearlessly to the horses. A generous-tempered horse will never kick, step upon, or bite a child, if that child is taught that it must not clap, pinch, or startle the horse, that to do so is to tease, and that teasing is another word for cruelty, and, therefore will be deservedly punished.

If the child likes the horse, is not afraid of it, and *never* teases it, the horse will like the child, and will soon go over, at the sound of the little voice or step, with a promptitude not even its groom can command. Take her in with you when you visit your horses in the morning; let your little daughter's be the hand that gives the bit of sugar or the carrot; these trifling attentions will cement the friendship wonder-

fully. The bond will soon be a strong one, and when the child is old enough to sit upon its back, that horse may be trusted to carry her.

No matter what he is; he may be the showiest goer in the stable; he may have a mouth so hard that he tests the muscles of a man's arm; or one so fine that an untoward jerk will bring him upon his haunches. For the child he *knows* and *likes*—for the child who knows, likes, and is *not afraid* of him, he will be perfectly safe. Let him feel—no human being will be quicker to feel it—that the responsibility is with him, and he will deserve it.

The child must possess *unbounded confidence* in the horse, and in her own intentions, but not a fool-hardy reliance on a skill she does not possess. Teach her, before she begins to practise the accomplishments, that when the horse simply purposes to do that which is right and proper for him to do, that he is not to be idly thwarted.

Place her before him as he stands ready saddled: let him be patted by her, and spoken to by her. Encourage him to lower his crest and turn his head round sufficiently to enable him to see who it is that you are putting on his back (make the youthful equestrian mount from your hand if she possibly can). Then place the reins (they had better be double ones) rapidly and correctly in her hands, and make the groom quit hold of his head directly. Leave the horse and the child alone together, if neither have before approved themselves to be of a bad disposition. He has a little friend on his back, she is only "on" instead of "by the side of," an animal she loves; they may be safely trusted to their own devices.

I say the reins had better be double, because I think those who commence with the single rein will not afterwards adjust their fingers to the double ones with the rapidity that is not only desirable but essential. Whereas, if accustomed to it from the first, the tiny hand of the lady and the reins arrange themselves to each other in a moment.

The little girl should be made to stand in the correct position for mounting, even if she is too small to place her hand on the pommel. Her weight will be too small to render aid from herself necessary; but teach her that there are only two ways of getting on a horse—a right way and a wrong way: and that you intend from the first that she shall mount properly.

She must stand close to the horse's side with the reins *already in her hands*. I think it has a slovenly air, and is a sort of tacit admission that your horse is a poor-spirited Dobbin, if you wait

till you are firmly seated in the saddle before you gather up your reins.

Now that she is properly settled in the saddle with the reins *properly* adjusted in her hand, with the whip held with the handle under the palm, and the lash slanting away over the near side of the horse's neck. Now that all this is done, she should be made to understand that the next grand point is, that she should sit firmly, gracefully, easily.

The foot, whether it be placed in the old-fashioned slipper, or newer-fashioned Victoria stirrup, should be planted with the toe *up*, but inclining towards the side of the horse. The knee should be pressed against the saddle. Here I would observe, if you value your daughter's having a thoroughly good seat in the future, do not let her commence with the third crutch; it will give her a false balance, a false security and a false position. But to go on with what "should," and not diverge to what "should not" be. She should be "well-placed" immediately in the centre of the saddle; to hang the idea of an inch to the near or off-side is both hideous and unsafe. The elbow of the bridle-hand should be in so much of a line with the shoulder—straight down—as is consistent with ease; the hand should not be permitted to rest on anything, nor should it be allowed to hover, as it were, in an uncertain way in mid-air. The whip-hand should also be brought up to the front, in order (not only that it may be used, but) that it may keep the right shoulder from falling away, as it surely will if the whip-hand is permitted to hang down inanely over the saddle-pocket. For why should it be in the latter position? None but an inefficient watering-place riding-master will hit, or teach to hit, on the flank; it has an awkward, ungainly look; it is essentially bad style; it tells the horse nothing if he has been well-trained, save that you are of a pugilistic turn.

Having told her so far, what to do and what to avoid, let her go off at a walk, and put your instructions into practice. Till she can perfectly balance herself, and accommodate herself to every swerve when the horse is walking, it is hopeless to expect her to do so when he trots. Make her "let her arms go" when he ducks his head suddenly, but be cautious to impress upon her that she holds the reins very firmly the while. She must let her arm go down with his head—not bending her body more than is necessary—and come back with it; in fact she must let her arm act like a spring.

Do not keep her entirely to a straight piece of ground; give her an opportunity of turning a

corner, or, at least, of turning her horse. From a child, the turn-back of the wrist will not be a sufficient indication to the horse, if she desires him to go to the left. Make her, therefore, take the near-snaffle rein in her right, or whip hand, and bend him round. She must take the rein close up against the bridle-hand, and she must place the hand with which she grasps it *palm* upwards, else the action will be ungraceful. If, however, she should want to turn him to the right, she must take an over-hand grasp of the off-rein with her whip-hand. In either case she is to avoid leaning forward and taking a far-off clasp of the rein, as if her arm was going out walking, and the precise spot she desired to touch of the rein was a long way off.

The horse you teach your daughter to ride upon should be no wooden goer, no stiff-legged awkward pony; he should be a smooth, elastic-paced horse, with a fine action in order that she may learn at once what is good, and so by-and-by correct what is amiss in the gait of less perfectly trained horses. Teach her that she is never to let a horse continue in its evil ways. When it starts in a canter with its wrong, or left leg foremost, she must bring him up directly in order that he may feel that he has done something that he ought not to have done. Some horses are clever enough to alter at once in their stride without stopping; but this can scarcely be expected of them under a childish hand. Be very particular on this point; do not allow her to let her horse drop into this evil habit; tell her (the first day you put her on horseback) that if her horse canters with his wrong leg forward (after having clearly explained to her what that means) it will give her a bad seat, and her steed an awkward gait. Tell her also that she is never, on any pretence whatever, to draw her reins up sharp (in the way children too often indulge in) in a purposeless manner, and that she is to understand that if her horse throws his head about, or tosses it up and down, that she must be holding the reins too tightly. Then make her sit "well back" in the saddle, with her head carried "forward" enough not to look as if it were blowing off behind, and let her have a short canter—just one—as a reward for the patience she has shown under your instructions; but the canter had better not be repeated; so, before she is permitted to indulge in that luxurious pace, she must learn to trot.

Vice can never know itself and virtue; but virtue knows both itself and vice.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

BY M. C. GORDON.

As a weary child on its mother's breast  
Sinks sweetly to repose,  
So droops the sun, in the golden west,  
As the evening shadows close.  
The day is done, and the fading light  
Gently whispers, Good-night! good-night!

Good-night, good-night, to careless youth,  
With their ringing laugh of glee,  
They only dream of love and truth,  
Their hearts are wild and free;  
Life still to them is clear and bright,  
Gay, happy ones, Good-night! good-night!

Good-night, good-night, to the sad and weary,  
Whose hearts are filled with grief;  
Oh, life to them is lone and dreary!  
Despairing of relief.

But joy may come with the morrow's light,  
Poor, suffering ones, Good-night! good-night.

Good-night, good-night, to the aged sire,  
Whose form is bent with years,  
His eyes once full of youthful fire  
Are dim with unshed tears:  
His steps may fall ere the morrow's light,  
Poor, weary one, Good-night! good-night!

Good-night to the Christian, bearing  
His banner of light above;  
Neither cares nor dangers fearing,  
Secure of Jesus' love.  
Soon! soon! may be thine upward flight,  
Beloved of God! Good-night! good-night!

## THE GLASS ON THE WALL.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

LONG years had it hung in the ducal hall,  
In its antique frame on the oaken wall;  
Many bright faces had gazed therein,  
And faces dark with the impress of sin;  
Years of sorrow and smiles of mirth,  
The glass on the wall had mirrored forth.

The high-born dame had blushed with pride,  
As she saw her charms in the mirror wide;  
The pure white brow of the maiden fair,  
And the stern dark knight were reflected there.  
And many a tale may the glass on the wall  
Tell of days by-gone in Argyle's hall.

For every year, when the holly bright  
Is woven in wreaths on the Christmas night,  
Visions weird and wild are seen  
By those who gaze in the glass I ween;  
Ladies fair and cavaliers true  
The glass on the wall brings back to view.

Once more is heard the haughty tread  
Of knights and nobles long since dead;  
Passing along in phantom train,  
Breathing with hope and life again;  
All those who have dwelt in Argyle's hall,  
Are seen again in the glass on the wall.

## “HUSKS.”

“And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.”

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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 161.)

### CHAPTER V.

On a pleasant, although rather cloudy forenoon in July, our young pleasure-seekers carried into execution a long-talked-of expedition to the Deal Beach, distant about ten miles from Shrewsbury.

By Aunt Sarah's arrangement, Charley and Jeannie occupied the back seat of the light wagon, and Sarah was to sit by Philip in front, that she “might see the country.” Having accomplished this apparently artless manoeuvre, the good woman handed up to them a portly basket of luncheon, and two or three additional shawls, in case of rain or change of weather, and bade the gay party “Good-by” with a satisfied glow in heart and face. To her guileless apprehension there was no question how affairs were progressing between her niece and her nephew-in-law; and in sundry conferences on the subject between “husband” and herself, it had been agreed that a matrimonial alliance would be the best thing that could happen to either of the supposed lovers. In her simple, pious soul, the dear old lady already blessed the Providence that had accomplished the meeting and intercourse under her roof, while she wondered at “the strange things that come about in this world.”

Philip had been aware of her innocent attempts to facilitate his suit for several days past, and Sarah's blush, as she hesitated, before accepting the proffered seat by the driver, showed that this move was so transparent as to convey the alarm to her also. For a full half-mile, Philip did not speak, except a word now and then to the pair of stout grays, who were Uncle Nathan's greatest earthly boast. He appeared thoughtful, perhaps perturbed—so Sarah's single stolen glance at him showed, and in the eyes that looked straight onward to the horizon, there was a hardness she had never seen there before. She was surprised, therefore, when he broke the silence by an unimportant observation, uttered in his usual friendly tone, and for the remainder of the ride was gay and kind, with a show of

light-heartedness that was not surpassed by the merry children behind them.

There was hardly enough variety in the unpicturesque country bordering their route to give the shadow of reasonableness to Aunt Sarah's pretext in selecting her namesake's seat, and despite her escort's considerate attentions Sarah had an uncomfortable ride; while her manner evinced more of the haughty reserve of their introduction than she had shown at any subsequent stage of their acquaintance. The grays travelled well, and a little after noon they were detached from the carriage, and tied in the grove of scrub-oaks skirting the beach.

While Philip was busied with them, the others continued their course down to the shore; the children, hand-in-hand, skipping over sand-hills, and stopping to pick up stones; Sarah strolling slowly after them. She had seen the ocean-surf before, but never aught like this, with its huge swells of water, a mile in length, gathering blackness and height on their landward career; as they struck the invisible barrier that commanded “Thus far and no further!” breaking in white fury, with the leap of a baffled fiend, and a roar like thunder, against their resistless opponent, then recoiling, sullenly, to gather new force for another, and as useless an attack. The beach was wide and uneven, of sand, whose whiteness would have glared intolerably had the day been sunny, drifted into hillocks and undulating ridges, like the waves of the sea. Here and there the hardy heather found a foothold amid the otherwise blank sterility, the green patches adding to, rather than lessening the wild, desolate aspect of the tract. Fragments of timber were strewn in all directions, and Sarah's quick eye perceived that it was not formless, chance drift-wood. There were hewn beams and shapely spars, and planks in which great iron bolts were still fast. When Philip overtook her, she was standing by an immense piece of solid wood, lying far beyond the reach of the highest summer tides. One end was buried in the sand; the other, bleached by sun and wind,

and seamed with cracks, was curved like the extremity of a bow. Her late embarrassment or hauteur was forgotten in the direct earnestness of her appealing look.

"Am I mistaken?" she said, in a low, awed tone. "Is not this the keel of a ship?"

"It is. There have been many wrecked on this coast."

"Here!" She glanced from the fierce, bellying breakers to the melancholy testimonial of their destructive might. "I have never heard that this was esteemed a dangerous point."

"You can form but an imperfect idea of what this beach is in winter," remarked Philip, signing to her to seat herself upon the sand, and throwing himself down beside her. "I was here once, late in the autumn, and saw a vessel go to pieces, scarcely a stone's throw from where we are now sitting. The sea was high, the wind blowing a perfect gale, and this schooner, having lost one of her most important sails, was at the mercy of the elements. She was cast upon the shore, and her crew, watching their opportunity, sprang overboard as the waves receded, and reached firm ground in safety. Then came a monster billow, and lifting the vessel further upon the sand left her careened towards the land. It was pitiful to see the poor thing! so like life were her shudders and groans, as the cruel surf beat against her, that my heart fairly ached. The spray, at every dash, arose nearly as high as her mast-head, and a cataract of water swept over her deck. Piece by piece she broke up, and we could only stand and look on, while the scattered portions were thrown to our very feet. I shall never forget the sight. It taught me the truth of man's impotence and nature's strength as I had never read it before."

"But there were no lives lost! You were spared the spectacle of that most terrible scene in the tragedy of shipwreck."

"Yes. But the light of many a life has been quenched in that raging chaldron. A young man, a resident of Shrewsbury, with whom I hunted last year, described to me a catalogue of horrors which he had beheld here, that has visited me in dreams often since. An emigrant ship was cast away on this coast, in midwinter. High above the roar of the wind and the booming surf, was heard the cry of the doomed wretches, perishing within hail of the crowd of fellow-beings who had collected at news of the catastrophe. The cold was intense; mast, and sail, and rope were coated with ice, and the benumbed, freezing wretches were exposed every

instant to the torrents of brine that swept over them like sleet. The agony was horrible beyond description, but it was soon over. Before the vessel parted the accent of mortal woe was lushed. Not a man survived to tell the tale!"

For an hour, they sat thus and talked. The subject had, for Sarah, a fearful fascination, and, led on by her absorbed attention, Philip rehearsed to her wonders and stories of the mysterious old ocean, that to-day stretched before them, blanched and angry, under the veil of summer cloud, until to his auditor there were bitter wailings blent with the surge's roar; arms, strained and bare, were tossed above the dark, serpent-like swell of water, in unavailing supplication, and livid, dead faces stared upon her from beneath the curling crests of the breakers.

That day on the Deal Beach! How quietly happy was its seeming! how full of event, emotion, fate—was its reality! Charlie and Jeannie wandered up and down the coast, filling their baskets with shells and pebbles; chasing the retiring waves as far as they dared, and scampering back, with shrieks of laughter, as the succeeding billow rolled rapidly after them; building sand-houses, and digging wells to be filled by the salt-water; exulting greatly when a rough coralline fragment, or a jelly-fish of unusual dimensions was thrown in their way. They all lunched together, seated upon the heather-clumps, around Aunt Sarah's liberal hamper.

"Sister!" said Jeannie, when the edge of her sea-side appetite was somewhat blunted by her repast, "I like living here better than in New York—don't you?"

"It is more pleasant in summer, my dear."

"But I mean that I am happier here! I wish you would write to mother, and ask her to let us live here always."

"But what would she do without her baby?" asked Philip, emphasizing the last word.

The little lady bridled instantly.

"Cousin Phil! I do wish you would never call me a 'baby' again! I am seven years and two weeks old. I could get along very well without mother for a while. Of course, I would go over sometimes, and pay her a visit and get new dresses. Shrewsbury is a nice place; I would like to buy that pretty white house next to Uncle Nathan's, and live there—Sister, and Charley, and I—and you—if you would promise not to teaze me ever!"

"Thank you!" said Philip, with admirable gravity, seeming not to note Sarah's heightened color at this proposal of co-partnership. "You are very kind to include me in your household

arrangements, and nothing would please me better, if I could stay here. But you know, Jeannie, my dear little cousin, that my home is far away from this quarter of the world. I have remained here too long already." There was a touch of feeling or nervousness in his voice. "I had a letter, last night, reminding me that I ought to have left, a week ago, to join a party of friends, whom I promised to meet in New York, and travel with them until the time for our return to the South."

He did not look at Sarah, but she felt that the explanation was intended for her—that, whether intentionally or not, he was preparing her for a blow to heart and hope.

"I shall be obliged to leave Shrewsbury and all my friends there, to-morrow morning, Jeannie!"

The child's exclamation of dismay, and Charles's quick, mute remonstrance to his cousin, as his playfellow communicated the news to him, gave Sarah time to rally firmness and words.

"This is unexpected intelligence," she said, calmly. "We shall miss you. Your kindness has, directly and indirectly, been the means of affording us much pleasure during our visit to our good aunt. It will seem dull when you are gone."

There was a flash in Philip's eye that looked like pleasure—a mixture of relief and surprise, as he turned to her.

"I am selfish enough to hope that you *will* miss me for a time, at least. I shall not then be so soon forgotten. We have had some pleasant days and weeks together; have we not?"

"I have enjoyed them, assuredly."

She was a little pale, Philip thought, but that might be the effect of fatigue. Her cheek was seldom blooming, unless when flushed in animated speech, or by brisk exercise. She spoke of his going with politeness, that seemed scarce one remove from carelessness; and, man-like, his pleasure at the thought that their association in the country-house had not been followed by the results Aunt Sarah wished and predicted, gave way to a feeling of wounded vanity and vexation, that his summer's companion could relinquish him so easily. While he repeated to himself his congratulations that his friendly and gallant attentions had not been misconstrued, had not awakened any inconvenient, because futile "expectations," he wondered if it were a possibility for a girl of so much sense and feeling, such genuine appreciation of his talents and tastes, to know him

well—even intimately—without experiencing a warmer sentiment than mere approval of an agreeable associate's mind and manners, and Platonic liking for him on these accounts.

With the respectful familiarity of a privileged acquaintance, he drew her hand within his arm, as they arose at the conclusion of the collation.

"We have yet two hours and more to spend here, before we set out for home. We can have one more walk and talk together."

They took but one turn on the beach, and returning to their morning's seat beside the half-buried keel, tried to talk as they had done then. It was hard work, even to the man of the world, the heart-free student of human nature. Gradually the conversation languished and died away, and, for a while, both sat silent, looking out upon the sea. Then Philip's gaze came back to his companion—stealthily at first, and, as she remained unconscious of his scrutiny, it lingered long and searchingly upon features, form, and attire.

There were white, tight lines about her mouth, and a slight knitting of the brow, that imparted a care-worn look to the young face, it pained him to see. Her hands were clasped upon her knee, and the fingers were bloodless where they interlaced one another. Was she suffering? Was the threatened parting the cause of her disquiet? If this were so, what was his duty as a man of honor—of common humanity? And if he were forced to admit that he held her happiness in his power, and to accept the consequences that must ensue from his idle gallantry and her mistaken reading of the same, was the thought really repulsive? Would it be a total sacrifice of feeling to a sense of right? It was a repetition, grave and careful, of the reverie of that July night, two weeks ago.

Sarah's hat—a broad-brimmed "flat" of brown straw—had fallen back upon her shoulders, and the sea-breeze played in her hair, raising the short and loose strands, and giving to the whole a rough, "frowzy" look. Her plain linen collar and undersleeves showed her complexion and hands to the worst possible advantage. Upon her cheeks, this same unfriendly wind had bestowed a coat of tan and a few freckles, that were all the more conspicuous from her pallor, while her fingers were as brown as a gypsy's. Her gray poplin dress had lost most of its original gloss, and being one of Mrs. Hunt's bargains—"a cheap thing, but plenty good for that outlandish Shrewsbury"—already betrayed its cotton warp by creases that would

not be smoothed, and an aspect of general lumpness—a prophecy of speedy, irremediable shabbiness. Cast loosely about her shoulders was a light shawl, green, with black sprigs—another bargain; and beyond the skirt of her robe appeared the toe and instep of a thick-soled gaiter, very suitable for a tramp through damp sand, yet anything but becoming to the foot it protected.

With an impatient shake of the head, involuntary and positive, Philip closed his final observation. And cutting off a large splinter from the weather-beaten timber, against which he leaned, set about trimming it, wearing a serious, settled face, that said his mind was fully made up.

What had Sarah seen all this while?

Heavens, over which the films of the forenoon had thickened into dun cloud-curtains, stretching above, and enveloping the world; a wild, dreary expanse of troubled waters, whose horizon line was lost in the misty blending of sea and sky, ever hurrying and heaving to moan out their unrest upon the barren beach. In the distance was a solitary sail; nearer to the land, a large sea-bird flew heavily against the wind. In such mateless, weary flight, must her life be passed; that lone, frail craft was not so hopelessly forlorn upon a gloomy sea, beneath a sky that gloomed yet more darkly—as was her heart, torn suddenly from its moorings—anchor, and rudder, and compass gone! Yet who could syllable the mighty sorrow of the complaining sea? And were there words in human language, that could tell the anguish of the swelling flood beating within her breast?

"Going away! To-morrow!" For a little space this was all the lament she kept repeating over to herself. Pregnant with woe she knew it to be, yet it was not until she was allowed to meditate in silence upon the meaning of the words that she realized what had truly come upon her. She had thrown away all her hope of earthly happiness—risked it as madly, lost it as surely, as if she had tossed it—a tangible pearl—into the yawning ocean. Her instinct assured her that, were it otherwise, the tidings of Philip's intended departure, his suddenly formed resolution to leave her, would have been conveyed to her in a far different manner. Her keen backward glance penetrated Aunt Sarah's simple wiles; his obvious annoyance thereat; his determination to save himself from suspicion; his honorable fear lest she, too, should imagine him loving, where he was only civil and kind. Yes, it was all over! The best thing she could hope to do; the

brightest prospect life had now for her was that her secret should remain hers alone, until the troubled heart moaned itself into the rest which knows no waking. She was used to concealment. All her existence, excepting the sweet delusive dream of the past three weeks, had been a stern preparation for this trial. But she was already weary and faint—fit to lie down and die, so intense had been the throes of this one struggle.

"How long is this to last? How long?"

The exclamation actually broke, in an inarticulate murmur, from her lips.

"Did you speak?" inquired Philip.

"I think not. I am not sure. I did not intend to do so!"

"Grant me credit for my forbearance in not obtruding my prosaic talk upon your musings," he went on, playfully. "It was a powerful temptation—for I remember, constantly, that this is our last opportunity for a genuine heart and head confabulation, such as I shall often linger for, after I leave you—and sincerity! You have done me good, Miss Sarah; taught me Faith, Hope, Charity—a blessed sisterhood!"

"May they ever attend you!"

"Amen! and thank you! And what wish shall I make in return for your beautiful benediction?"

"Whatever you like. My desires are not many or extravagant."

"You are wrong. You have a craving heart and a craving mind. May both be fed to the full, with food convenient for them—in measures pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

"Of what? Husks?" was Sarah's unspoken and bitter reply. She could not thank him, as he had done her. She only bowed, and bending forward, took up a handful of the fine white sand that formed the shore. Slowly sifting it through her fingers, she waited for him to speak again.

Was this careless equanimity real or feigned? The judge of character, the harpist upon heart-strings, made the next move—not the candid, manly friend.

"I am going to ask a favor of you—a bold one."

"Say on."

"By the time I am ready to retrace my steps southward, you will be again settled in New York. Will you think me presumptuous, if I call at your father's house to continue an acquaintance, which has been, to me, at once agreeable and profitable?"

The fingers were still, suddenly. A warm glow, like sunrise, swept over cheek and forehead. A smile, slight, but sweet, quivered upon her lips. Drowning in the depths, she heard across the billow a hail that spoke of hope, life, happiness.

"We will all be glad to see you," she said, with affected composure.

"Not half so glad as I shall be to come. Will you now, while you think of it, give me your address?"

He handed her a card and a pencil. She wrote the required direction, and received in exchange for it the new smooth bit of wood, which had afforded occupation to Philip for half an hour past. It was tendered in mock ceremony, and accepted smilingly. Upon the gray tablet was inscribed, "Philip Benson, Deal Beach, July 27th, 18—." A playful or thoughtless impulse caused him to extend his hand for it, after she had read it, and to add a motto, stale as innocent in his eyes. "*Pensez à moi!*"

"I shall preserve it as a souvenir of the day and place," observed Sarah, slipping it into her pocket.

Twilight overtook them before they reached home, and the night was too cloudy and damp for a promenade, such as they often had in the garden walks and lane, or for the customary family gathering in the long porch. Yet Aunt Sarah was surprised that Philip was apparently content to spend the evening in the sitting-room, with herself and husband by, to spoil the *tête-à-tête* he must be longing for.

Still more confounded was she, when, after her clever strategy of coaxing Uncle Nathan into the kitchen, that the coast might be clear, she heard Philip's step close behind them.

"I must clean my gun to-night, aunt," he said, taking it from the corner; "I shall not have time to do it to-morrow."

With the utmost *nonchalance* he began the operation, whistling softly a lively air over his work. Aunt Sarah gave her partner a look of bewildered despair, which he returned by a confirmatory nod, and a smile, half comic, half regretful.

After breakfast next morning, the nephew-guest said affectionate farewells to his relatives and Jeannie; a grave, gentle adieu to Sarah, accompanied by a momentary pressure of the hand, that may have meant much or little; and upon the snug homestead, settled a quiet that was dreariness itself to one of its inmates.

## CHAPTER VI.

MEANWHILE, how had the time sped to the nominal head of the Hunt household—the solitary, toiling father and husband? The servants were dismissed, when "the family" left town, although Mr. Hunt continued to sleep at home. A peripatetic maid-of-all-work—what the English denominate a char-woman—was engaged to come early every morning, to clear up the only room in the establishment that was used, before the Cashier went out for his breakfast, which he procured at a restaurant pretty far down town. The same quiet coffee-house furnished him with dinner and an early tea, after which last refreshment he was at liberty to pass the evening in whatever manner he liked best. There was nothing in the city worth seeing at this season, even if he had not lost all taste for shows and gayety. Those of his acquaintances who were not absent with their wives and daughters, were living like himself, furniture in overalls; carpets covered; apartments closed, with the exception, perhaps, of one bed-room; and had no place in which to receive him, if he had been in the habit of visiting, which he was not. He was very tired, moreover, by the time night came on, and as the heat increased, and the days grew longer, his strength waned more and more, and his spirits with it. Meekly and uncomplainingly, he plodded through his routine of bank duties, so steady and so faithful, that his fellow-workers and customers had come to regard him as a reliable fixture; a piece of machinery, whose winding up was self-performed, and whose accuracy was infallible.

When, therefore, on a sultry August afternoon, he turned to leave his desk, at the close of business hours, grew terribly pale, and dropped upon the floor in a fit of death-like faintness, there was great consternation, and as much wonder as if no human clock-work had ever given out before, under a like process of exhausting demands.

Clumsily, but with the best of intentions, they brought him to his senses, and in half an hour, or so, he was sufficiently recovered to be taken home. There was a twitching of the lips that might have passed for a sarcastic smile, as he heard the proposal to convey him to his house, but he only gave his street and number, and lay silently back in the carriage, supported by his friends, two of whom insisted upon seeing him safely to his own abode.

"Is this the place? Why, it is all shut

up!” exclaimed one of these gentlemen, as the driver drew up before the dusty steps.

Mrs. Hunt's orders were that the entrance to her mansion should present the most desolate air possible during her absence. It had “an aristocratical look in the summer time, when everybody but nobodies was rustivating.”

Again that singular contortion of the mouth, and the master (?) of the forlorn-looking habitation prepared to descend, fumbling in his pocket for his pass-key.

“I am obliged to you, gentlemen, for your great kindness, and will—not—trouble—you—longer.”

In trying to raise his hand to his hat, for a bow, the ghastly line again overspread his face, and he staggered. Without farther parley, his two aids laid hold of him—one on each side—and supported him into the house, up one, two flights of linen-draped stairs, to a back bed-room.

Mrs. Hunt would have let her husband faint on the sidewalk, before she would have received company in that chamber in its present condition; for the handsomest articles of furniture stood covered up in another apartment, and their place was supplied by a plain bureau, wash-stand, and bed belonging to the boys' room, a story higher up. The wisdom of this precaution was manifest in the signs of neglect and slovenliness displayed on all sides. One could have written his name in the dust upon the glass; there was dirt in every corner and under each chair and table; the wash-basin was partly full of dirty suds, and the towels and counterpane shockingly-dingy.

These things were not remarked by the intruders, until they had gotten their charge to bed, resisted no longer by him, for he began to comprehend his inability to help himself.

“There is no one beside ourselves on the premises—not even a servant,” one of them said apart to his associate, after a brief absence from the room. “If you will stay with him until I come back, I will go for a doctor.”

The invalid caught the last word.

“Indeed, Mr. Hammond, there is no need for you to do anything more—no necessity for calling in a physician. I am quite comfortable, now, and shall be well by morning.”

Mr. Hammond—who was a Director in the Bank, and sincerely honored the honest veteran, now prostrated by his devoted performance of duty—took the hot tremulous hand in his.

“I cannot allow you to peril your valuable health, my dear sir. Unless you positively forbid it, I shall not only call your physician, but

drop in again myself this evening, and satisfy my mind as to whether you require my presence through the night.”

He was as good as his word; but no amount of persuasion could induce Mr. Hunt to accept his offered watch. He would be “uneasy, unhappy, if his young friend sacrificed his own rest so uselessly,” and loath as he was to leave him to solitude and suffering, Mr. Hammond had to yield. At his morning visit, he found the patient more tractable. After tedious hours of fevered wakefulness, he had endeavored to rise, only to sink back again upon his pillow—dizzy, sick, and now thoroughly alarmed at the state of his system. He did not combat his friend's proposal to obtain a competent nurse, and to look in on him in person as often as practicable; still utterly refused to allow his wife to be written to on the subject of his indisposition.

“I shall be better in a day or two—probably before she could reach me. I have never had a spell of illness. It is not likely that this will be anything of consequence. I greatly prefer that she should not be apprised of this attack.”

Mr. Hammond was resolute, on his part—the more determined, when the physician had paid another visit, and pronounced the malady a low fever, that would, doubtless, confine the sick man to his bed for several days—if not weeks.

“It is not just to your wife and children, Mr. Hunt, to keep them in ignorance of so important a matter!” he urged. “They will have cause to feel themselves aggrieved by you, and ill-treated by me, if we practise this deception upon them.”

Mr. Hunt lay quiet for some minutes.

“Perhaps you are in the right,” he said. “Sarah would be wounded, I know. I will send for her!” he concluded, with more animation. “She will come as soon as she receives the letter.”

“Of course, she will!” rejoined Mr. Hammond, confidently; “you are not able to write. Suffer me to be your amanuensis.” He sat down at a stand, and took out his pen. “Where is Mrs. Hunt, at present?”

“I am not sure. Either at Saratoga or Newport.”

Mr. Hammond looked surprised. “But it is necessary, sir, that we should know with some degree of certainty, or the letter may miscarry. Perhaps it would be well to write to both places.”

“The letter! Both places!” repeated Mr. Hunt, with perplexity. “I alluded to my daughter Sarah, sir—my second child, who is

spending the summer with her aunt in Shrewsbury, New Jersey. May I take the liberty of asking you to write her a short note, mentioning my sickness in as guarded terms as you can use, and requesting her to come up to the city for a few days? She has my youngest child—a little girl—with her. If she can be contented to remain with her aunt, Sarah had better leave her there. She would be an additional burden to her sister if she were here."

Whatever Mr. Hammond thought of the marked preference shown to the daughter, above the wife, he said nothing, but proceeded to indite the desired epistle, adding, in a postscript, on his own account, that he would take pleasure in meeting Miss Hunt at the wharf, on her arrival, and for this purpose would be at the boat each day, until she made her appearance in New York.

He went, accordingly, the next afternoon, although very sure that she could not have received his letter in season to take that boat. Mr. Hunt had proved to him and to himself, the utter impossibility of her coming, yet his eyes brightened with expectancy as his friend entered, and faded into sadness as he reported the ill-success of his errand.

"He is evidently extremely partial to this one of his children," thought Mr. Hammond, as he paced the wharf on the second evening, watching, amid noisy hack-drivers and express-men, for the steamer. "I have seen the girls at parties, but do not remember their names. One of them is very pretty. I wonder if she is Sarah!"

It was growing dusk, as the boat touched the pier. So dim was the light, that Mr. Hammond was obliged to station himself close beside the gangway, and inspect the features of each lady-passenger more narrowly than politeness would, in other circumstances, have warranted. They hurried across—men and women, tall and short, stout and slender—until there tripped towards him the figure of a young girl, attired in a gray dress and mantle, and carrying a small travelling-bag in her hand. She would have passed him, had he not stepped forward and spoken.

"Miss Hunt, I believe!"

In the uncertain twilight, he could see that she grew very pale.

"How is my father?"

There was no preamble of civility or diffidence; no reserve in addressing him, a mere stranger; no trembling, preparatory queries: but a point-blank question, in a tone whose impatient anguish moved his kind heart; a piercing

look, that would know the truth—then and there!

"He is better, to-day"—and he led her out of the press of the onward stream. "He has not been dangerously ill. We hope and believe that he will not be."

"Is that true?" Her fingers tightened upon his arm.

"It is! I would not, for the world, deceive you in such a matter."

"I believe you! Thank Heaven! I feared the worst!" She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Hammond beckoned to a hackman, close by, and when the short-lived reaction of overwrought feeling subsided so far as to allow Sarah to notice surrounding objects, she was seated in the carriage, screened from curious or impertinent gazers, and her escort was nowhere to be seen. Several minutes elapsed before he again showed himself at the window.

"I must trouble you for your checks, Miss Hunt, in order to get your baggage."

Already ashamed of her emotion, she obeyed his demand, without speaking.

"You have given me but one," he said, turning it over in his hand.

"That is all, sir."

"Indeed! You are a model traveller! I thought no young lady, in these days, ever stirred from home without half a dozen trunks." To himself, he added, "A sensible girl! An exception to most of her sex, in one thing, at any rate!"

Sarah sat well back into her corner, as they drove up lighted Broadway, and was almost rudely taciturn, while her companion related the particulars of her father's seizure and subsequent confinement to his room. Yet, that she listened with intense interest, the narrator knew by her irregular breathing and immovable attitude. As they neared their destination, this fixedness of attention and posture was exchanged for an eager restlessness. She leaned forward to look out of the window, and when they turned into the last street, quick as was Mr. Hammond's motion to unfasten the door of the vehicle, her hand was first upon the lock. It was cold as ice, and trembled so much as to be powerless. Gently removing it, he undid the catch, and assisted her to alight.

The hired nurse answered their ring, and while Sarah brushed past her, and flew up the stairway, Mr. Hammond detained the woman to make inquiries and issue directions.

"It is all very dreary-like, sir," she complained. "Everything is packed away and

locked up. There's no getting at a lump of sugar, without a hunt for the key, and all he's seemed to care for this blessed day, was that his daughter should be made comfortable. He sent me out, this afternoon, to buy biscuits, and sardines, and peaches for her tea, and told me where I'd find silver and china. It is not at all the thing for him to be worrying at such a rate. He'll be the worse for it to-morrow, and so I've told him, Mr. Hammond."

"Perhaps not, Mrs. Kerr. His daughter's coming will cheer him and quiet him, too, I doubt not. I will not go up now. Please present my regards to Mr. Hunt, and say that I will call to-morrow."

He purposely deferred his visit until the afternoon, supposing that Miss Hunt might object to his early and unceremonious appearance in the realms now under her control; nor when he went, did he ascend at once to the sick-chamber, as was his custom before the transfer of its superintendence. Sending up his name by the nurse, he awaited a formal invitation, among the shrouded sofas and chairs of the sitting-room.

"You'll please to walk up, sir!" was the message he received; and the woman subjoined, confidentially, "Things is brighter to-day, sir."

They certainly were. With wonderfully little noise and confusion, Sarah, assisted by the nurse, had wrought an utter change in the desolate apartment. With the exception of the bureau, which had been drawn out of sight into the adjoining dressing-room, and the bedstead, the common, defaced furniture had disappeared, and its place was supplied by more comfortable and elegant articles. The windows were shaded, without giving an aspect of gloom to the chamber; the bed-coverings were clean and fresh; and the sick man, supported by larger and plumper pillows than those among which he had tossed for many weary nights, greeted his visitor with a cordial smile and outstretched hand.

"I thank you for your kind care of my daughter last evening, sir. Sarah, my dear, this is my friend, Mr. Hammond, to whose goodness I am so much indebted."

"The debt is mine no less," was the frank reply, as she shook hands with her new acquaintance. "We can never thank you sufficiently, Mr. Hammond, for all you have done for us, in taking care of him."

"A genuine woman! a dutiful, affectionate daughter!" was now Hammond's comment, as he disclaimed all right to her gratitude.

"None of your sentimental, affected absurdities, with nothing in either head or heart!"

This impression was confirmed by daily observation; for politeness first, then, inclination induced him to continue his "professional" calls, as Sarah styled them. He seemed to divide with her the responsibility of her position. Its duties were onerous; but for this she did not care. She was strong and active, and love made labor light—even welcome to her. A competent cook was inducted into office below-stairs, and household matters went forward with system and dispatch. The eye of the mistress, *pro tem.*, was over all; her hand ever ready to lift her share of the load, yet her attendance at her father's bedside appeared unremitting. His disease, without being violent, was distressing and wearing, destroying sleep and appetite, and preying constantly upon the nerves. To soothe these, Sarah read and talked cheerfully, and often, at his request, sang old-time ballads and childish lullabys to court diversion and slumber.

Occasionally Lewis Hammond paused without the door until the strain was concluded, drinking in the notes with more pleasure than he was wont to feel in listening to the bravuras and startling, astonishing cadenzas that were warbled in his ears by the amateur cantatrices of the "best circles;" then, when the sounds from within ceased, he delayed his entrance some moments longer, lest the songstress should suspect his eaves-dropping. He ceased to speculate upon the reasons of Mrs. Hunt's protracted absence at a time when no true-hearted wife could, from choice, remain away from her rightful post. When, at the expiration of a fortnight from the day of the attack, the physician declared his patient feebly, but surely convalescent, his young friend had decided, to his entire satisfaction, that things were best as they were. Mr. Hunt had made a most judicious selection from the female portion of his family, and what need of more nurses when this one was so efficient and willing? He caught himself hoping that the fussy dame he had met in society would not abridge her summer's recreation on account of an ailing husband. He had designed going to Saratoga himself, for ten days or two weeks; but he was very well. It was difficult to get away from business, and this affair of Mr. Hunt's enlisted his sympathies so deeply, that he could not resolve upon leaving him. If he had never before enjoyed the bliss that flows from a disinterested action, he tasted it now.

Mrs. Hunt was not kept in total ignorance of

what was transpiring at home. Sarah had written, cautiously and hopefully, of her father's sickness and her recall; repeating Mr. Hunt's wish that his consort should not hurry back through mistaken solicitude for his health and comfort; and they were taken at their word. A week elapsed before an answer arrived—a lengthy missive, that had cost the writer more pains and time than the preparation for her annual "crush" generally did. She was an indifferent penman, and sadly out of practice; but there was much to be said, and "Lucy, of course, circumstanced as she was, could not spare time to be her scribe."

The significant phrase underscored, quickened Sarah's curiosity; but there was nothing for the next three pages that fed or quieted it. They were filled with minute directions about housewifery—economical details, that would have served as capital illustrations of "Poor Richard's" maxims; injunctions, warnings, and receipts sufficient in quantity to last a young, frugally-disposed housekeeper for the remainder of her natural existence. It was a trial to this exemplary wife and mother, she confessed, to absent herself so long from her home-duties; but circumstances had compelled her stay at Saratoga. Of their nature, Sarah had already been informed in her sister's last letter.

"Which I cannot have received, then—" Sarah interrupted herself to say, as she read to her father: "I have not heard from Lucy in four weeks. I have thought hard of her for not writing."

"But," concluded Mrs. Hunt, "matters looks well just now, and I know your father will agree, when he hears all about our season's work, that our labor and Money has been a good investment. Take care of the keys yourself, Sarah. Be prudent, keep a sharp Look-out on the cook, and don't neglect your Poor father. Your Affectionate mother,

E. HUNT.

"P. S. Your kitchen Girl must have a Great deal of spair Time. Set her to work cleening the House, for you may expect us home in two weeks, or may Less. E. H."

Lucy had slipped a note in the same envelope—a thin, satiny sheet, hardly larger than the little hand that had moved over its perfumed page. Her chirography was very running, very light, very ladylike, and we need not say, very itical.

"Mamma tells me, Sarah dear, that she has

given you a *hint* of how matters are progressing between your humble servant and our particular friend, of whom I wrote in my last. The poor, dear woman flatters herself that it is all *her* work; but *somebody else* may have *his* own opinion, and I certainly have *mine*. I have had to caution her repeatedly, to prevent her from showing her delight *too* plainly to my 'Goldfinch,' as Vic. and I have *dubbed* him. Don't be in a hurry with your congratulations, *ma chère*. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;' and although the season is so near over, I may yet see some one whom I like better than *His Highness*. Vic. has a bean, too—a rich widower, less fascinating than *my devoted*; but a very agreeable man, *without incumbrance*, and very much *smitten*. So we pair off nicely in our rides and promenades, and, *entre nous*, are quite the talk. You are a good little thing to nurse papa so sweetly—a great deal better than I am. I told *my knight* of this proof of your excellence the other day, and he said that it was only what might have been expected from *my sister*! Don't you *feel flattered*? Poor fellow! Love is blind, you know.

"Love to papa. I am sorry he has been so unwell. I do not imagine that I shall have time to write again, before we leave this *paradise*. We will telegraph you when to expect us. *Perhaps I may have an escort home*—some one who would like to have a private *conference* with my respected father. *Nous verrons!*

Lovingly, LUCIE."

Mr. Hunt twisted himself uneasily in his arm-chair, as his daughter, by his desire, reluctantly read aloud the double letter. A shade of dissatisfaction and shame clouded his countenance when she finished, and he sighed heavily.

"I am glad they are still enjoying themselves," said Sarah, forcing a smile. "Lucy has secured a captive too, it appears—one whom she is likely to bring home at her chariot-wheels."

"In *my* day, daughters were in the habit of consulting their fathers before giving decided encouragement to any admirers—strangers especially," said Mr. Hunt, with displeasure. "In these times, there are no parents! There is the 'old man' and 'the Governor,' who makes the money his children honor him by wasting, and the 'poor, dear woman,' who plays propriety in the belle's flirtations, and helps, or hinders, in snaring some booby 'Goldfinch.' It is a lying, cheating, hollow world! I have been sick of it for twenty years!"

“Father! my dear father!” exclaimed Sarah, kneeling beside him, and winding her arm about his neck. “You misjudge your children, and their love for you!”

“I believe in you, child! I cannot understand how you have contrived to grow up so unlike your sister and your—” The recollection of the respect his daughter owed her mother, checked the word.

“You do not deal fairly with Lucy’s character, father. She has one of the kindest hearts and most amiable dispositions in the world. I wish I had caused you as little anxiety as she has. Remember her obedience and my wilfulness; her gentleness and my obstinacy, and blush at your verdict, Sir Judge!”

She seated herself upon his foot-cushion and rested her chin upon his knee, looking archly up in his face. She was surprised and troubled at this degree of acrimony in one whose habitual manner was so placid, and his judgment so mild; but for his sake, she was resolute not to show her feeling. He laid his hand caressingly upon her shoulder, and sank into a reverie, profound, and seemingly not pleasant.

Sarah took advantage of his abstraction to remove the wrapper of a newspaper, received by the same mail that had brought her letters. The operation was carefully performed, so as not to invite notice, and the envelope laid away in her work-box. She knew well who had traced the clear, bold superscription, and what initials composed the mysterious cipher in one corner of the cover; nor was this the only token of recollection she had from this source. The article marked in the number of the literary journal, he had selected as the medium of correspondence, was an exquisite little poem from an author, whose works Philip had read to her in the vine-covered porch at Shrewsbury. Slowly, longingly she perused it; gathering sweetness from every word, and fancying how his intonations would bring out beauties she could not of herself discover. Then she took out the wrapper again, and studied the post-mark. On the former papers he had sent, the stamp was illegible, but this was easily deciphered—“Albany.”

“So near! He is returning homewards!” was the glad reflection that flooded her face with joy.

“Sarah!” said her father, abruptly. “Do you ever think of marriage?”

“Sir?” stammered the girl, confused beyond measure.

“I mean, have you imbibed your sister’s ideas on this subject? the notions of ninety-

nine hundredths of girls in your walk of life. Do you intend to seek a husband, boldly and unblushingly, in all public places? to degrade yourself by practising the arts they understand so well to catch an ‘eligible’ partner, who may repay your insincerity and mercenary views by insult and infidelity—at best, by indifference! Child! you do not know the risk match-making mothers and husband-hunting daughters run; the terrible retribution that may be—that often is in store for such! I had rather see you and your sister dead, than the victims of that most hateful of heartless shows—a fashionable marriage! Poor Lucy! poor Lucy!”

“I hope you are distressing yourself without reason, sir. Mother is not the person to surrender her child to one whose character and respectability are not indisputable. Nor is Lucy sentimental. I do not fear her suffering very acutely from any cause.”

“I grant that. You would be more to be pitied, as an unloved or unloving wife, than she. I tremble for you sometimes, when I think of this chance. My daughter, when you marry, look beyond the outside show. Seek for moral worth and a true heart, instead of dollars and cents!”

“I will, I promise!” said Sarah, her amazement at his earnestness and choice of topics combining to shake her voice and constrain her smile. “But there is time enough for that, father, dear. When the man of heart and worth sues for my poor hand, I will refer him to you, and abide entirely by your decision.”

“Mr. Hammond is down stairs,” said the servant at the door. And Sarah, gathering up her papers, escaped from the room before he entered.

(To be continued.)

FAVORITES.—“I have ever found,” says a sensible writer, “that men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for women leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest.”

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

# PHAETON; OR, PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

A CLASSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

(As proposed to be represented in the Back Drawing Room.)

BY WILLIAM BROUGH.

## Characters.

**APOLLO** (otherwise known as Phœbus, Sol, and by many other aliases), god of music, eloquence, poetry, and the fine arts generally; driver of the chariot of the sun—in fact, the sun himself, and therefore it need hardly be added, a shining character.

**PHAETON** (his son). Being the son of the sun, he naturally turned out a very *grand-son* indeed—an aspiring youth, having so great an opinion of himself that he cannot require any more of the author's.

**EPAPHUS**, the son of Io by Jove! (To avoid the possible suspicion that the author is here indulging in a comparatively harmless form of swearing, he would explain that Io was the mother, Jupiter the father, of the individual described.)

**CYCENUS**, a friend and relative of Phaeton, who is said by Ovid to have been changed into a swan in the midst of his lamentations for the death of Phaeton. As the present author has modified the fate of his hero, and only badly hurt instead of killing Phaeton, he has, in like manner, spared Cycenus the transformation into a swan, and only made a goose of him.

**KURRYKOMON**, ostler at the Rising Sun, principally employed in rubbing down the horses of the sun, but occasionally venturing to give a sly rub to their master. As this character is a very unobtrusive one, it is expected to be a great favorite with elderly ladies and gentlemen who like "a quiet rubber."

**PROENOS,**  
**JONESERON,** } The Public in general, and no-  
**ROBINSONIDES,** } body in particular.

**CLYMENE**, the mother of Phaeton, who, through the indiscretion of her "small fry," was nearly getting into a "great frizzle."

SCENE I.—*The abode of Phaeton. A Classical Interior.*

[NOTE. The author has purposely left the description of this scene as vague as possible. An "interior" is easily arranged in any drawing-room, and the manager can consult his own judgment and the resources of the establishment as to what style of furniture may or may not be "classical;" and at the worst, who knows how houses were really furnished at the time when Phaeton lived? The author hereby defies the archæologists!]

**PHAETON** discovered admiring himself in a mirror.

*Phaeton.* Thanks, gracious mirror! well, thou'st done thy duty

Phœbus, Apollo! But I am a beauty.

By Sol, my sire!—as Pat would say, "by dad!"

Good looking-glass! I'm a good-looking lad;  
Perfect in feature, ditto in complexion,  
That's my opinion, *after due reflection.*

[Puts down glass.

*Enter EPAPHUS.*

*Epaphus.* So, Phaeton, you're at it, then, again.

Strange that a youth of sense should be so vain.

*Phae.* Not so. In sober seriousness—

*Epa.* Alas!

You sober! No, you're *too fond of your glass.*

*Phae.* My friend, these observations are not kind;

I am not vain, but then I am not blind;

Sure I can see it (*looks in glass again*)—

*Epa.* That's it, I repeat;

You are blind, made so by your own *can-see-it.*

*Phae.* There, that's enough. I know—of course, you're jealous;

It's just the way with all you ugly fellows.

Handsome and witty both I needs must be,

Why, Beauty's Queen herself's in love with me.

*Epa.* Venus! Pooh, pooh! the ugliest, the most dull can

Inflame her fancy. E'en the grimy Vulcan!

With that coarse blacksmith she for life would settle.

*Phae.* Well, Vulcan you'll admit's a *man of metal.*

Though with his lungs, like bellows, loud and clamorous,

His amorous wooing we may call *sledge-hammerous.*

But look at me, and tell me, did you ever

Behold a youth more lovely, witty, clever,

Brave, elegant, accomplished?

*Epa.* Pshaw! be still;

I'll fight you, race you, swim you, what you will,

To take out this conceit of you.

*Phae.* Have done!

Dare you in aught compare yourself to one

Of whom the Sun's the father?

*Epa.* Stuff!

*Phae.* D'y'e doubt it?  
*Epa.* Not I; I feel quite confident about it,  
 Phœbus-Apollo's not your father.  
*Phae.* What?  
 I tell you that he is.  
*Epa.* I say he's not.  
*Phae.* Then you're—I won't say what.  
*Epa.* And you're another.  
 D'y'e want to quarrel?  
*Phae.* No! I'll tell my mother.  
 And here she comes.

Enter CLYMENE.

*Clymene.* What's all this noise?  
*Phae.* (*Crying.*) O ma!  
 This fellow says Apollo's not my pa.  
*Cly.* The wicked story! Nay, sweet, dry  
 your tears. (*To EPAPHUS.*)  
 And you be off, now, or I'll box your ears;  
 How dare you come here, sir, and try to hammer  
 Into my poor boy's head that dreadful crammer?  
 I'll hammer you.  
*Epa.* Nay, if my courage fails,  
 'Tis not fear of your hammer, but your nails;  
 Since I've been told no fury you can match  
 At bringing folks who vex you to the scratch.

TRIO.

AIR. "The Perfect Cure."

[NOTE. If the saltatory powers of the company are equal to it, and the supply of wind admits of it, the effect of any words sung to this tune is much enhanced by the singers placing their arms straight down by their sides and jumping high in the air on the first note of every bar in the music. The author confesses himself unable to appreciate the wit or humor of this jumping obligato accompaniment: but as it is invariably hailed with roars of laughter when either the original silly song, or any one of the numerous parodies on it, which have been produced on almost every stage is attempted, he supposes there is some recondite joke therein contained of which he would be sorry that the actors in the Theatre, Back Drawing-Room, should lose the benefit.]

TRIO.

*Epa.* (*Jumping.*) So I'll not stay to say good day,  
*Phae.* (*Jumping.*) You'd best not I advise;  
*Cly.* Be off, don't stop. At once, sir, hop,  
 If you regard your eyes.  
*Epa.* Those fingers look as if by hook  
 Or crook my eyes they'd skewer.  
*Phae.* Preserve your sight, at once take flight,  
 Your safety to secure.

*Epa.* Secure, secure, secure, secure,  
 I shan't be here, I'm sure;  
 If I don't mind, I soon shall find  
 My case beyond a cure.

ENSEMBLE.

*Pha. and Cly.* Secure, secure, secure, secure,  
 You'll not be here, be sure;  
 At once then hence, for insolence,  
 She knows } a perfect cure.  
 I know }

*Epa.* (*Repeating.*) Secure, etc. (*as before.*)

[At the end of the Trio EPAPHUS hops out. CLYMENE hopping after him with threatening gestures, PHAETON indulging in a pas seul, expressing, by means of hopping in a corner by himself, his opinion of the fortunate escape of EPAPHUS from facial disfigurement.]

*Cly.* (*Returning.*) I'll serve him out yet, sure  
 as any gun,  
 To try to take the shine out of my son.  
 To dare to say you're not the son of Phœbus!  
*Phae.* Calm yourself, mother, "modus est in rebus;"  
 That I'm the son of Sol full well I know;  
 I am so bright myself it must be so.  
 But how to prove this glorious birth of mine;  
 Speak, mother. Can you not suggest some  
 sign?  
*Cly.* A sign! O! yes—that of "The Rising  
 Sun."  
 Sign of the house he starts from. Thither run,  
 And seek your father—early in the morning.  
 Tell him base slanders have your birth been  
 scorning.  
*Phae.* I'll hasten there. No more shall men  
 deride me.  
 You glorious ray, the road to take, shall guide  
 me.  
 Bright ray of far-off Sol, look down on me.  
 Do, ray. I may add, "Me, far Sol, ah! see."  
*Cly.* Sol far, so good. Excuse pronunciation.  
 You've called up a sol-fa association.  
 Sol, father of my boy! Sol, farther yet  
 Than e'er—  
*Phae.* Pooh! pooh! Try a sol-fa duet!

DUET.

AIR—"I'm off to Charlestown."

*Phae.* I'll seek the town where Sol resides,  
 Where'er that town may be.  
*Cly.* It's in the East. I know, at least,  
 The postal district's E.  
*Phae.* I'll there arrive, before to drive  
 His stage-coach he sets out.

*Cly.* "The Rising Sun," from whence they run,

You'll find, I've little doubt.

*Phae.* I'm off to Sol's town  
Early in the morning;  
I'm off to Sol's town  
Before the break of day.

*Cly.* Well, give my respects to  
Your father with the yellow curls.

*Phae.* I'm off to Sol's town.

*Cly.* I've nothing more to say. } *Together.*

*Pha.* You've nothing more to say? }  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Atrium, pertaining to the Palace of the Sun, otherwise known as the stable-yard of the old original coaching-house, "The Rising Sun."*

[NOTE.—To represent this scene without lavish outlay, it may be—the author would rather not endanger his reputation for knowledge of *mise en scène* by saying that it is—sufficient to have a board resembling a tavern sign placed over a door, if there be a door available; if not, projecting from the side where a door may be supposed to exist, though out of sight. On the board should be painted the words, "The Rising Sun. Good accommodation for Man and Horse." (If a pictorial representation of sunrise can be conveniently added, so much the better.) A placard should be exhibited in some portion of the scene, bearing the inscription, "Daily Excursion round the World! The celebrated fast four-horse coach, THE SUN, leaves this office every morning."]

*Enter KURRYKOMON, the ostler.*

*Kur.* I really never saw a team so nobby! I've seen all sorts of horses, from the hobby Up to the race-horse; but these spanking tits Of Mr. Phœbus beats all into fits. Not Rarey's self could tame them, if he tried. The air they breathe, I'm told, is Rarey-fied. The work they do each day, too! I declare, Right round the world, and never turn a hair. They never tire. Fresh with each morning's dawn,  
They keep on running, like "The Colleen Bawn."  
And then their speed! 'Twould beat, when at their full run,  
A certain army's at certain Bull fun.  
We feed them on chopp'd lightning, nicely stewed,  
And give them for their drink electric fluid.

*Enter APOLLO.*

*Ap.* Now, ostler, are my steeds all ready?

*Kur.* Quite.

Ready to start, your honor.

*Ap.* That's all right.

*Kur.* Shall I go bring them out?

*Ap.* (*Looking at watch.*) No, not just yet. I've lots of time to write out that duet I've just composed.

*Kur.* What! are you then a dabbler In music, too, sir?

*Ap.* Am I what? Vile babbler! Shall I submit to this low peasant's sneers? I, who conduct the music of the spheres! Know I'm the god of music, fellow.

*Kur.* Be you?

I only know you as a first-rate Jehu.

*Ap.* I! Of mankind the musical instructor.

*Kur.* So then you're both a driver and conductor.

Then you could work a 'bus cheap, Mr. Phœbus.

*Ap.* This fellow thinks but *de "omnibus" rebus!*

I drive my team, and sing meanwhile.

*Kur.* Yes, sir.

I see, a sort of warbling wagoner.

*Ap.* Leave me.

*Kur.* I'm gone, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Ap.* Well, he's not far wrong.

I do combine the driver's art with song.

I am the warbling wagoner. No doubt of it.

I don't see the least chance of getting out of it.

Song.

Air—"The Jolly Wagoner."

I not alone go wagoning,  
As wagoning folks go.  
I fill the people's heads full  
Of deathless song also,  
And curious are the changes  
Through which my two trades go.  
"Gee up, my lads: gee woa."  
Then "Do, re, mi, fa, do."  
A curious combination  
Is the warbling wagoner.

*Phae.* (*Outside.*) Ho! House here! Landlord! Hi! Where are you all?

[*Enters.*]

*Ap.* That's somewhat loud, sir, for a morning call.

So early, too. It's not yet time to rise.

*Phae.* Mighty Apollo, I apollo-gize.

*Ap.* Your name and business here? Speak, sir.

*Phae.* I will.

My name is Phaeton. On yonder hill My mother mends my socks. A worthy dame, Whose constant care is to increase my fame, And keep her only son, myself, a swell.

For I had heard of fashions, and—

*Ap.* Well—well.

Go on. Your story.

*Phae.* And I longed to follow  
The peg-top trouser, and the all-round collar.

*Ap.* What is all this to me?

*Phae.* Nay, hear me, though.  
My mother's name 's Clymene.

*Ap.* Say you so?  
Come to my arms, my son—my boy—my trea-  
sure.

Embrace your father.

*Phae.* With the greatest pleasure.

[*They embrace.*]

*Ap.* What can I do for you?

*Phae.* I crave one favor.  
There 's Epaphus, an insolent young shaver,  
The son of Io, swears I 'm not your son.

*Ap.* That son of Io 'll find I owe him one.  
How shall I punish him?

*Phae.* Not that I need.

I wish to prove I am your son, indeed.

*Ap.* Ask any proof you will—whate'er you  
choose.

I swear by Styx your boon I 'll not refuse.  
That oath which even Jove himself would bind.  
So now your wish make klymene.

*Phae.* You 're very kind.  
Then, if I am your son, allow me, pray,  
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

*Ap.* Not that—not that. Ask any boon but  
that,

You stupid boy. You know not what you 're at.  
You drive my chariot! None but I can do it.  
In all Olympus there 's none equal to it.  
The giddy height would turn your head. Less  
hope

For you there 'd be than if on Blondin's rope,  
Or Leotard's trapeze. Nay—fate defend us!  
Boucicault ne'er took "header" so tremen-  
dous

As you 'd take to the earth, if this you try  
on;

And there, like Boucicault, you 'd be a *Dyin'*.\*

*Phae.* Never say die! Pshaw! who 's afraid?  
not I!

None know what they can do until they try;  
Where there 's a will there is a way.

*Ap.* Not so.  
If you 've your will you 'll lose your way, I  
know;

Your landmark 's gone, too late you 'll find  
you 've missed 'em

Amidst the turnings of the solar system;  
While 'mongst the asteroids you 'll get astray,  
And skim the cream off all the milky way.

\* If the eminent tragedian playing Apollo can oblige  
by making the word "dying" sound anything like Mr.  
Dion Boucicault's Christian name, the author will es-  
timate it a favor.

*Phae.* Fear not for me, do you but grant my  
boon.

Skim off the cream! D 'ye take me for a spoon?  
Come, let me mount the dickey.

*Ap.* O my oath!  
I feel 'twill be all dickey with us both;  
But since by Styx I 've sworn your prayer to  
grant—

*Phae.* The Styx I sticks to, so refuse you  
can't;  
Come, let 's be off; give me the whip—

*Ap.* Alack!  
Would I could give it you about your back,  
To flog this notion out of you.

*Phae.* Old chap,  
Will you be good enough to call your trap?  
And shut up your potato one meanwhile.

[*Takes whip from APOLLO.*]

Ya-hup! my beauties! go it! that 's your  
style!

DEBT.

AIR.—"Dirie's Land."

*Phae.* Come, bring out the trap there, look  
alive!

It 's all right, gov'nor, I can drive,  
Four in hand, four in hand, four in hand,  
four in hand!

*Ap.* Well, the only rule I 've to prescribe, is  
In the road, "medio tutissimus ibis."  
Understand? understand? understand?  
understand?

*Phae.* All right, my bricksy-wicksy.

*Ap.* Oh! oh! oh!  
Such confidence  
Shows want of sense,  
My steeds you 'll find are tricksy.

*Phae.* Well in hand, well in hand  
I 'll keep them, as you 'll quick see.

*Ap.* Mind though, my son, the counsel I 've  
bestowed,

Be sure you keep the middle of the road;  
"Medio ibis," as I said before,  
"Tutissimus."

*Phae.* Oh! don't be an old bore.

*Ap.* He won't hear reason; oh, my vow so  
rash!

I know 'twill be an awful case of smash.  
(*Calling.*) Ostler, bring out the steeds! It may  
be they

Are quieter than usual, p'r'aps, to-day,  
To hope so I 'll at any rate endeavor.

(*To OSTLER, who enters.*)

How do they seem this morning?

*Kur.* Worse than ever.

One rears, one kicks, one prances, 'tother jibs,  
And all their nostrils going off like squibs.

Ap. Hear that, my son, and pause in time.

Phae. Not I!

Come, ostler! time's up! now then!

(*Holding up his whip in the style of omnibus drivers.*) Sky! sky! sky!

[*Exit, followed by OSTLER.*

Ap. (*Following.*) Stay, Phaeton, let me come with you.

Phae. (*Outside.*) No!

Ap. To show the way.

Phae. (*Outside.*) I'll find it. Right! Let go!

[*Cracking of whip outside.*

Ap. They're off! The boy'll be killed; the rash young dunce!

I'll go and write his funeral dirge at once.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The open country without the city gates.*

[NOTE.—Under ordinary circumstances the introduction of a classical landscape scene in a drawing-room theatre might be attended with some slight difficulty: fortunately, however, for our purpose, we find the scene in the original legend described as above, "The open country without the city gates." Had it been "with" the city gates, there might be some carpentering needed; but as it is expressly stated to be "without" them, there are of course no gates required. As to the nature of the landscape itself, we find it is to be the "open" country. It can therefore safely be left an open question.]

ENTER *Cygnus and Clymene.*

Cygnus. Phaeton's not returned, you say?

Clymene. He's not.

Cyc. Doesn't it strike you that it's very hot?

Cly. Uncommonly so for the time of year.

Cyc. It's getting hotter, too; my stars!

(*Fanning himself.*)

Cly. Oh, dear! (*Fanning herself.*)

Cyc. Confound it! What's the matter? I'm half roasted.

Cly. No reigning beauty ever was so toasted.

Cyc. Hotter and hotter still; 'tis most amazing.

Cly. It's scorching, really.

Cyc. Scorching, ma'am,  
it's blazing.

Cly. Get me some water; quick! from yonder stream.

Cyc. (*Looking off.*) Horror! the brook has all gone off in steam;

Let's seek some shelter.

Cly. That, too, my advice is.

[*They are going, but are met by BROUNOS, who runs against them.*

Brounos. Which is the nearest shop for penny ices?

Cyc. Can't say. We're pressed for time. Get from our path.

[*They are going again. JONESERON meets them.*

Joneseron. Can you direct me to the nearest bath?

Cyc. No.

[*Once more attempting to go. ROBINSONIDES rushes in.*

Robinsonides. Horror!

Cyc. Well, what now, may I inquire?

Rob. Some one has been and set the Thames on fire.

Cyc. Dolt! no one knows as yet the Thames's whereabouts.

Rob. Pshaw! it's too hot geography to care about:

Some river's blazing—

Cly. Let your wonder cease;

It may well burn, since 'tis some stream of Greece.

But who comes here? Sure I should know that figure.

Enter EPAPHUS, with his face black.

Epa. See here, the heat has scorched me to a nigger,

Burned black, like o'er-baked bread.

Cyc. Quick, let's be takin'

Shelter, in hopes that we may *save our bakin'*.

Cly. But what has caused this universal stewing?

Enter KURRYKOMON, the ostler of the Rising Sun.

Kur. Your son, young Phaeton, it's all his doing;

You and your friends are frizzled up alive, 'Cause he the chariot of the sun would drive.

Cly. What mean you?

Kur. Well, at starting he was bid  
To light the earth, and in one sense he did—

He's set it blazing.

Cyc. How?

Kur. Why, like a bonfire;

He came too nigh, and so he set it on fire.

The horses bolted, and he missed the road.

He call'd out "woa!" the horses never "woa'd,"

But through the sky went on a regular crash, Knocking the stars and planets into smash.

Cly. Where is he now?

Kur. Still in the trap.

Cly. No doubt of it;

Some trap he's fall'n in.

Kur. Well, he'll soon fall out of it.

*Cly.* Alas! that thought my terror but increases.

*Kur.* I've been sent here just to pick up the pieces.

'Twill be a sad drop for him.

*Cly.* That last drop

My cup of misery fills.

*Phae.* (*Calling outside.*) Woa, boys, there! stop! [*A crash\* outside.*]

*Cly.* 'Tis he! it's all up. [*Exit.*]

*Kur.* Not so, it's all down. [*Exit.*]

*Epa.* Through me, who am done black, he's thus done brown.

[*PHAETON is brought in by CLYMENE, CYCNS, and KURRYKOMON. He is suffering severely from a large dab of red paint upon his forehead, supposed to represent a wound, a handkerchief bound round his eye below the hair, suggestive of compound fracture of the tibia, with other indications of personal injury.*]

*Enter APOLLO.*

*Phae.* Pardon me, Phœbus; I'm alone in fault.

*Ap.* Stop! (you're so lame I needn't bid you halt!)

You've had the lesson that you much required;  
To more than mortal could you aspired;

You'd soar above the earth—in skies a rover—

*Phae.* Don't talk of soaring, I am sore all over.

*Ap.* I'll not. One lesson only I would teach,  
Let man aspire to all that man can reach.

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam." That's all.

Bound your desires, or PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

NOTE—Most of our readers are familiar with the story of Phaeton and Phœbus; but as some may have left school and their classical reading long enough to forget it, we insert the following note from *Bretton's Dictionary of Universal Information*. "Phaeton, according to Ovid, a son of the sun, or Phœbus. Venus became enamored of him, and intrusted him with the care of one of her temples. This favor of the goddess rendered him vain, and led to his asking his father's permission to drive his chariot for one day. Phœbus

\* A very effective "crash" may be produced by means of a tea-tray, on which are placed any little articles, such as flatirons, hotjacks, candlesticks, kitchen pokers, a scufflet of coals, and in fact anything that may suggest itself. The whole being thrown down upon an uncarpeted floor at the right moment, will produce an effect which, if not pleasing, will at any rate be startling—the chief end to be aimed at in these days of "sensational" dramas. If it be objected that the noise produced by these means will not be like that of a chariot breaking down, it will, at least, be quite as like as the usual "crash" of regular theatres, where a magnified policeman's rattle does duty for the breaking down of stone walls, wooden fences, iron gates, carriages, chairs, tables, anything, no matter how various in size or material.

represented the dangers to which this would expose him, but in vain; he undertook the aerial journey, and the explicit directions of his father were forgotten. No sooner had Phaeton received the reins, than he betrayed his ignorance of guiding the chariot. The flying horses became sensible of the confusion of their driver, and immediately departed from their usual track. Phaeton repented too late of his rashness, and already heaven and earth were threatened with a universal conflagration, when Jupiter, who had perceived the disorder of the horses, struck the rider with a thunderbolt, and hurled him headlong from heaven into the river Po. His body, consumed by fire, was found by the nymphs of the place."

## SCARLET POPPIES.

BY ENUL.

WELL the slumb'rous flowers become her!

Like a dusky Indian summer

Looked she with their scarlet petals in the blackness of her hair,

As its heavy masses drifted

O'er the perfect arm she lifted,

While the mellow autumn sunlight lit her sumptuous beauty there.

But no hueless words may render

All the deep and liquid splendor—

All the oriental softness of those sleepy-lidded eyes;

Did those parted red lips ever

With a woman's sorrow quiver?

Was that bosom ever shaken with the tempest of her sighs?

No! some breathless eye hath found thee,

With the purple shadows round thee,

In a stierless tropic forest, hushed within a lonely dream.

Thou art Night, superb and lonely,

Crowned with humid blossoms only;

Or the warm and dusky naiad of some sleepy tropic stream.

Not for thee are care and duty;

In the noon-time of thy beauty

Thou shouldst be the young sultana of a swarthy Indian king,

And through fragrant gardens darkling

See the silvery fountains sparkling,

While the languid summer fans thee with her slowly passing wing.

## SONNET.

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

I EVER knew thou must depart from me.

That while my life was at the full high tide,

Thine own was ebbing to the far-off sea.

And so I kept me closely by thy side,

And strove with clinging arms to hold thee back;

Till thou like a sad mist didst glide away,

Leaving the bare waste sands of life's dull track

Stretching their gloom beneath the noontide ray,

O'er which my thoughts, like mournful sea-bird's flight,

Must wheel and circle restless evermore;

Mourning the day that took thee from my sight,

Living thy words and gentle kindness o'er,

Until within the vast and mighty main,

The parted streams shall mingle once again.

## CROSS PURPOSES.

(Concluded from page 171.)

*December 7th.* We were six days in getting to Havana, and it was not until Tuesday at twelve M. that we entered the harbor. The last two days I spent almost entirely with Mr. Domine. He read, talked, and walked with me, and I became as well acquainted with him as I would have done in six months in the city. Of Mr. Grantley I saw but little; to my surprise, he and Mrs. Ellis were hardly ever together.

And now I might have preferred to drop Mr. Domine, but with singular infatuation I still kept up my flirtation, and at length Mr. Grantley hardly noticed me at all. Tuesday night I went to bed in such a maze of doubt and uncertainty, trying to fix some plan of action in my head, that at last I concluded to leave all to fate and abide by the consequences.

The last thing we heard on retiring was that we would reach Havana at midnight, but would anchor just outside the harbor till morning, as no vessels were allowed to enter after sunset or before sunrise. I slept soundly till six, and then was awakened by music from one of the neighboring vessels. The sweet notes of a French horn came wafting airily over the water a plaintive little melody, so slow, so harmonious that I thought to myself of

“Minute drops of rain,

    Ringing in water silverly,  
That, lingering, dropped and dropped again,  
Till it was almost like a pain  
    To listen when the next would be.”

As the last note died away, I rose, and, dressing quickly, hurried up on deck.

My first feeling was one of thankfulness for the danger past: then I looked around me; there was the Moro rising out of the sea and towering high above the surrounding landscape. Its time-worn walls and frowning battlements, and the bold surf, dashing and breaking at its base, thrilled me with its grandeur; there it has stood for ages commanding the entrance to the beautiful harbor, and guarding the quaint old city of Havana. I turned to look on my other side, at the queer, one-story houses, painted blue, yellow, and all the colors of the rainbow, and at the palm-trees, whose large, solid trunks, looking as if they were swathed in canvas, reached to a great height ere they branched forth. There, too, was the cocconut, similar to the palm, except the trunk, which is more like our own trees. The lux-

uriant vegetation so beautifully green, the blue water and bluer sky, formed a perfect picture of fairy-land.

We had to land in row-boats (as the vessels are not allowed to come up to the dock), and it is really a hazardous undertaking to get into one, for the steps down the vessel's side are of the shakiest description and almost perpendicular. We all went safely down except Mrs. Grantley, who was last; *she* would accept of no one's help, and as she stepped into the boat, her ankle turned and she fell forward. Mr. Grantley helped her up in a minute, but she had hurt her ankle severely, and was in great pain. If it had not been for my anxiety on her account, I should have been much alarmed in the boat, for there was quite a breeze blowing, and the Spanish sailors didn't seem to agree about the manner of sailing it; and were frantically gesticulating and screaming at each other all the way. Two or three times I involuntarily caught Mr. Domine's arm as he sat next me, when the boat was lying way over on her side, and the spray dashing in our faces.

However, we landed safely, and leaving to the rest of the party the delightful (?) custom-house squabbling, Mr. Grantley put his mother and me into a “*volante*,” and the old negro driver soon trotted us to the hotel, which was just outside the city proper.

For a week I did not leave the house. Mrs. Grantley was obliged to lie on a couch, and could not move. She preferred my being with her to any one else, although she tried not to keep me, as she was afraid I wanted to be off with the others, who were “sight-seeing” from morning till night; but I assured her it was a pleasure to me to be with her and wait upon her; so at last she consented.

Every afternoon, at four, I wheeled her couch into the adjoining parlor. The first afternoon I did so, Mr. Grantley brought Mr. Domine in to see his mother. While we were having a cosy, cheerful time, Mrs. Ellis came running in. After nodding to us all, she commenced explaining to Mr. Grantley, in a very excited manner, something about the “*Serro*,” “*Harry*,” and Eugene tumbling from a *volante*. What would she do, should she go to him? And by this time she had gradually led him out of the room.

I looked at Mrs. Grantley, and she at me, and then she said to Mr. Domine—

"Can you explain that tableau?"

"Very easily, my dear madam. Harry took Eugene out riding with him; he behaved very well going, and Harry left him with the driver while he went on an errand to the house; it seems that, as Harry vanished, Eugene insisted upon getting into the "volante" again, and jumping in and out he at length fell."

"I hope he was not hurt, Edouard?"

"No; he fell on the grass, and after a little fit of screaming, he was at length induced to sit between Harry and me. And that is how I came here, and also the cause of pretty Mrs. Ellis's excitement."

"Is your name Edward too, Mr. Domine?"

I said; "and who is Harry?"

"Didn't you know that it was, Laura?" said Mrs. Grantley; "they were both named for my father."

"I am always called Edouard, however, in compliment to my first nurse, I suppose, as she was the first to 'Frenchify' my name," said Mr. Domine. "As for Harry, he is my brother. And now, as I see you ladies are satisfied, I have brought you a book, which I hope will serve to lessen the tediousness of your confinement."

"You are very kind, Edouard; but you will have to add to the obligation by coming to read to us," said Mrs. Grantley.

I looked at Mr. Domine to see if he would consent; he met my look, and we both smiled.

So it was arranged, and every day punctually at four he came, almost always bringing flowers or bonbons. It was delightful to hear him read, his voice was so rich and clear, and after an hour's reading he regularly closed the book, and then we talked about what he had read, or on any other topic that happened to interest us. That would have been a happy time if I had never known Mr. Grantley; but that was my trial. And now everything around me seemed so mysterious; Mrs. Ellis was gone, and Mr. Grantley was away on his mother's business. Unfortunately for me, I saw him leave with Mrs. Ellis, and Mr. Domine went part of the way with them too; then Mr. and Miss Gardner had taken Mary Henry and gone to stay a week with some friends. I suspected Mary had an attachment for Mr. Gardner, and was sure that he had for her; but she went away without explaining anything, so that was another mystery. Mrs. Grantley could have solved them all; but I did not like to talk about

her son to her, and indeed she never made him the subject of conversation.

One afternoon we were waiting as usual for Mr. Domine; Mrs. Grantley was getting better very fast; she had walked a few steps that day for the first time. After fixing her comfortably on her lounge, I looked at my watch, and found it was near four. Walking up to the window, I watched the people going by. I felt so sure of seeing Mr. Domine that I stood there for several minutes expecting to hear him enter the room; but the clock ticked away on the mantel, and struck the half hour.

"Come here, Laura," said Mrs. Grantley. "I want to tell you something."

I took my knitting, and drew a chair up to her couch.

"Did you ever think Mary Henry fancied, Mr. Gardner?"

"Indeed," I said, "Mary had never spoken of Mr. Gardner to me except in general terms; still I had thought that she cared for him. By noticing closely her manner, I found she was more attentive when *he* spoke to her, and hardly ever looked at him."

"If that is any proof of love, I should not think Edouard was in love with you; and yet the other night he told me he admired you more than any woman he had ever met; and he has seen a good deal of life for his years."

"I am so sorry you told me, Mrs. Grantley."

"You are a singular child, Laura. Any other girl would have been pleased. However, I'll not repeat any more of his rhapsodies. I am afraid he is not coming this afternoon; so you will be better able to appreciate my news."

"News!" I said. "It is a charity to tell me news. The world and all the people here seem to be stagnating. I am all curiosity."

"I know of two intended marriages, two weeks from to-day, here in Havana."

"Why," I said, "that is the day before we sail."

"Just so; and that is the very reason they are to be married. One I am not allowed to mention yet; and the other you must guess."

"I will guess both, Mrs. Grantley. One is Mary and Mr. Gardner; the other, Mrs. Ellis and—"

"Not another word, Laura. I'm afraid you will extract the secret from me. Ah! there comes Edouard, now."

Instead of Mr. Domine, it was a note from him, and to me, requesting to see me alone that evening. I handed the note to Mrs. Grantley.

"Well, what will you do?"

I said I would do as she thought best.

"Did I have any objection to see him?" she asked.

I thought of the other marriage, the one she would not tell me. Not for an instant did I doubt whose it was; and so I said I would see him.

Evening came at last. All the afternoon I had pondered on how I would act, and I resolved that henceforth I would never think of Mr. Grantley again, but consider him the husband of Mrs. Ellis. Hereafter that love of mine, that he had never asked for and did not want, was to be uprooted and flung away to the winds. How weak! how childish I had been! What a foolish fancy to waste my heart on a man who had never cared a rushlight for me! Others had loved me; why could I not have pleased him? They had raved about my beauty. What good was a pretty face and wavy hair when he did not admire them? They said I was intelligent, and that I sang like a bird. He did not care to talk with me, nor listen to my music. Truly, that afternoon, injured pride drove away all other feelings, and I really thought that all love for Edward Grantley had perished.

I sat upon the sofa waiting. Every footfall sent the blood bounding through my veins. My cheeks glowed with excitement. I could not have endured it much longer, when the door opened and shut. I sat frozen to my seat; I could not move. He came slowly along; he sat down by me on the sofa; he spoke. It aroused me at once. He only said something about "my being kind to have seen him;" but the shock had come and gone; I could feel once more. I tried to commence a commonplace remark, but he stopped me.

"I could not come again to you, Laura. I could not hear you call me Mr. Domine so coldly, so formally, while my whole being was wrapped in love for you! Ah! you know it. You have seen it all along, even from the first time I met you. So I trusted to-night to know all—to be released from the agony of suspense—this restless craving to know my fate! Dear Laura, can you love me? Tell me! *Will* you love me?"

I looked up in his eyes. They shone like bright stars; his teeth were firmly set; he sat expectant, waiting for my answer.

"Would I love him?" The soft air, fragrant with sweets, stole gently through the room; the cold moonlight shimmered on the floor; not a sound broke the cold silence which numbed my heart. "Would I love him?"

Suddenly a laugh rang out on the silence.

I knew it well. It was Mr. Grantley come back—come back from his intended bride—come from her soft caress and lingering kiss.

"Dearest, you *will* love me!" Edouard bent down and took my hand. It remained in his, and I had promised to be his wife.

*Dec. 18th.* All the next week was devoted to "sight-seeing;" Edouard Domine, my affianced husband, accompanying Mrs. Grantley and myself.

After bidding Mr. Domine good-night, I went and sat down by Mrs. Grantley's couch, and told her all. She said Edouard must write to uncle, and I must write too. And then she put her arms around me, and kissed and blessed me.

I retired to my room; but no blessed sleep visited my eyes. The excitement over, the wrong I had done to one who had been all goodness and truth to me, remained staring me in the face, and my overburdened conscience clamored loudly for relief. Still I might have conquered myself; but I had gone too far; and now all I could do was to try and love the one I had chosen, and make him happy.

After I had left, Mrs. Grantley must have told her son all; for the next morning, happening to meet him in the hall, I would have hurried past with a bow, but he stopped me, and said he was going away again in an hour. It was truly unfortunate now we were ready to go about with him, that business interfered; but "I leave you in good hands, Miss Laura; and Mr. Domine will fill my place with better satisfaction."

Here he bent down, and his voice sank into a low whisper which just reached my ear:

"I pray the good God to bless you, and make you happy with the one you have chosen."

He had-gone! But the low tones and trembling hand were still with me. I could not understand it. Had he really liked me so well as a friend, to be so strangely moved at what he had heard? I might have gone on wondering; but Mrs. Grantley called to know if I was ready, and I hurried to her.

We went to the Cathedral; the Captain General's Palace. And every afternoon Edouard called in a carriage for us, and we went out riding on the "Serro," which is the afternoon drive of the ladies. (They never walk, and the "Serro" takes the place of a Broadway.) While driving along, admiring the scenery, we were, at the same time, much amused by the extreme "toilettes" of the Havanese. They looked so odd in their singular "Volantes,"

all dressed as if for a ball, some of them exceedingly pretty, and others quite the reverse.

One evening we went to the "Bishop's Garden," just a pleasant drive from the city. Edouard insisted upon our getting out of the carriage, and we were well repaid; for he took us through long avenues of palms, so long indeed that, looking down from their entrances, we could not discover their end. Then he gathered us gorgeous bouquets of flowers. The house and grounds had long been deserted; but their decay only heightened the picturesqueness of the scene. Mosses covered the walls of the building, and when the dilapidated roof had fallen in branched forth a beautiful tree. What pleased me most were the clumps of canes—such a curious growth of trunks, so thickly woven together, and their light and graceful foliage.

I scarcely ever saw Mr. Domine alone. Occasionally we met in the parlor of an evening, and then he seemed perfectly contented. Sitting by me on the sofa, he would talk of his plans for the future, in all of which I was the central object. He spoke of his only brother, Harry, who was now confined to the house convalescent from a fever, and of a very pretty woman to whom he was going to be married; and he was sure I would like them both.

He was not in the least demonstrative, and never embarrassed me with kisses and caresses. Once or twice when he left me, he raised my hand to his lips, and left his eyes to say the rest. He repeated poetry, and sang for me. Although he was excessively proud and impulsive, yet I never had a thought of fear on account of his passionate temperament. I rather think it flattered my pride to see him so mild and calm with me—so dignified and unbending to others. He overwhelmed me with presents; and, being wealthy, they were always rare and costly.

One evening, two or three days before we started, he came in, his face beaming with pleasure at finding me alone. Truly, as I watched him, my heart smote me with my falsehood. To see him so devoted to me, and the little return I made, so worked on my feelings, that I rose to meet him, and gave him my hand. He held it a moment, and then placed in it a letter. It was from my uncle; very kind, and giving his full permission to the marriage.

After I had finished reading the letter, he slipped a glittering diamond on my finger, and said:

"Is not this the crowning of our happiness,

dearest? Now I may accompany you back to New York?"

I murmured consent.

"How glorious it will be to go home on the sea, when I may walk the deck with you, and pour in your ear my overflowing love; where we will have no fear, for, if aught happened, surely we would die together; and the next best thing to living together is to die together. Oh, Laura, when I think of other women I have fancied I loved, how far superior you are to them all! How far above me in your youthful dignity and merry heart."

"A merry heart!" I echoed it silently. "You must not flatter me, Edouard," I said. "You will make me vain."

"Oh, Laura, how foolish to speak thus. You cannot help knowing your beauty, and you should be glad to hear it from me."

I saw he was rather excited, much more so than usual. I did not, therefore, stay very long with him, but made some excuse to leave. He did not attempt to detain me, although he looked disappointed; so I leaned over his chair, and gently brushed his hair off his temples. Then he threw his arm around my waist, and pressed kiss upon kiss on my lips. I struggled to release myself; for my gentle feelings were all gone, and a bitter feeling of dislike crept in their place. The door opened, and some one looked in. Edouard released me; the door shut again; but we were still alone.

I was not so excited by the whole occurrence as I would have been, had I known who had been witness of it. It seemed as if, at every step in my hateful courtship, I should be rendered miserable by the inopportune appearance of one I never wanted to see again.

I coolly told Edouard that I did not admire his savage way of embracing, begged that in future I might be spared the repetition of such a scene, and that the public parlor of a hotel should have been the last place for such an exhibition.

I was not only annoyed, but really angry. And, as we were to sail in two days, I spent the time in packing, and helping Mrs. Grantley. Not once did I see Edouard alone; although I had made up my mind that I was foolish to give way to my temper, and that I might as well make it up. Strange to say, he took my coolness in the way I least expected: there was no eagerness on his part for a reconciliation. He treated me with the same marked politeness. I was constantly in the society of Mr. Grantley, on account of our approaching

departure; and I observed Edouard watched us both very closely.

*January 1st.* To-day was our last in Havana, and the day of the weddings. After dinner, Mrs. Grantley asked me to come and fix some black lace that she wanted to wear in her hair; and while I was sewing, she said:

"Well, Laura, I suppose Mrs. Ellis and Mary are very happy persons?"

"They should be," I said; "for they have selected fine and noble-hearted men to be their companions for life in this weary world. I know no men for whom I have greater respect than for Mr. Gardner and Mr. Grantley."

"You mean Mr. Domine. Indeed, Laura, you will have to like Mrs. Ellis now. I used to think you did not fancy her. She thought so too, and advised Edouard not to tell you of the near relation she would soon be."

"My relation! You speak in riddles, Mrs. Grantley. And I must be uncommonly dull to-night, for upon my life I cannot see how Mrs. Ellis's marriage with Mr. Grantley can affect either Edouard Domine or me."

"What are you saying about Mrs. Ellis and Edward Grantley? Why, child, Mrs. Ellis marries Harry Domine, Edouard's brother, to-night; and she has been engaged for a year."

"You cannot mean what you say. Mr. Grantley loves her, and she him. Why, then, does she not marry him? Why is she forced to marry another? Why doesn't Mr. Grantley prevent it? Where have they been this long time together? Oh, Mrs. Grantley, you must stop it—it will break his heart!"

"Now, Laura, do not get excited. And for pity's sake let me explain what you do not seem to know anything about. Mrs. Ellis's property was left in a rather embarrassed state, and to Edward she took all her troubles. He is guardian to her son, and has been a kind friend to her—nothing more. When they were away together, as you term it, Edward had taken her part of the way to Harry's home, where he lay sick of a fever. She is a warm-hearted little woman, and truly loving Harry, she risked the contagion, and went to nurse him. She wanted to surprise you; so she told Edouard not to tell you whom his brother was to marry. As for Edward Grantley loving Mrs. Ellis, that is a singular idea to come from *you*, Laura; for he never loved but one woman in his life, and that one was yourself."

"Loved me," I murmured, "loved me!" The room sped around me, the chairs and tables laughed with glee, they sang, the wind

sang, the rattling carriages sang; and the burden of their song was "loved me—loved me!"

I must have fallen into a kind of trance; for when I awoke, a servant-maid was pulling my sleeve, and telling me it was time to dress. I got up, and, going to Mrs. Grantley's closet, I poured out a glass of wine, which I swallowed. Then bathing my face, and never stopping an instant to think, I dressed, and went down stairs. The carriage was waiting; we got in and drove to the church. I do not remember much that happened. I seemed as in a dream; and after the party had returned home and were all in high glee in the parlor, I apologized, left the room, and immediately retired. Alas! not to sleep, but to repeat those words, so full of lost happiness—"He loved me!"

*Jan. 4th.* Instead of going directly home, we went over to New Orleans. I was not seasick, but heart-sick, and never left my stateroom till we reached the "Belize."

The rest of the party, I believe, had a delightful time. And now, sitting on deck and watching the plantations as we pass up the Mississippi, they are talking and laughing away, all in exuberant spirits.

Edouard and I are sitting together a little apart from the others. I am not well yet. My sickness opened my eyes to all that had been passing around me. I could see that Mrs. Ellis had guessed my secret. Being attached to Edouard, and knowing how his happiness depended on me, she had resolutely kept from me her marriage, which would have explained all, and saved me from so much sorrow. From Mrs. Grantley I had learned that her son had truly loved me; but that from the first time he had seen Edouard and me together, he foresaw the end; and when he learned our engagement, gave me up forever. All these things were explained, and many more that had been mysteries to me.

There was but one thing to do: to forget Mr. Grantley, and devote myself entirely to Edouard—to try through life to make his happiness, and so secure my own. It was hard to do, but it might have been harder. I admired and appreciated his character, and loved him as a brother. I felt I could not fail to be calmly happy as his wife. Strange as it may appear, it suited Edouard's character better to love the most; and I am quite sure he preferred me as I was, than if I had been as eager and passionate as himself. I did not know whether I ought to tell Edouard of my love for Mr. Grantley, or not. Duty seemed to point that way; but I

was so afraid of the effect it would have on one so impulsive and then the dreadful trial to me to tell *him*, of all others, what I had kept locked in my own breast so long, made me hesitate.

Edouard aroused me from my reverie.

"Laura, do look at Mrs. Gardner! Who would have supposed that Mary Henry could subside into such a quiet, demure little wife?"

"You do not speak as if you admired a *quiet, demure* little wife, Edouard. What do you think I shall be?"

"Oh! you will be perfection, *of course*. But, really, I think it is excessively tiresome for a woman to grow exactly like her husband. I like variety."

"Mr. and Mrs. Gardner were first cousins," I said, "and you could not expect them to *look* unlike. As to their characters, Mary is so easily influenced by any one she loves, that, doubtless, she will grow like her husband."

"Harry's wife is too much like him to suit my taste. Do you remember—

*'Complexion, stature, nature mateth it,  
Not with its like, but with its opposite.'*

Now, for instance, I am dark, and you are a blonde—"

"Oh, I expect we will be another edition of 'Jack Sprat and his wife!' Isn't it tiresome to sit here and watch the never-ending plantations? Not a mountain, not a hill, not even a tree, except the orange groves, which are very beautiful with their golden fruit. But just think of one of our old oaks. The very idea makes one feel cool and refreshed. What are you looking at, Edouard?"

"I was thinking of the first place Edward Grantley would have to visit in New Orleans."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the shoemaker's; for, ever since he has been on the steamer, he has kept up that everlasting walk, walk, from one end of the deck to the other. I declare, I'll call out to him to stop."

"Oh, no Edouard! I beg you won't. Surely, it can make no difference to you."

"Yes, it makes me nervous. However, your word is law. By the by, Laura, I thought, at one time, my worthy cousin was to gain the prize I have so fast and secure now. You are blushing! Did he ever propose?"

I saw that Mr. Grantley had just passed us.

"Oh, Edouard," I said, "how could you speak so loud? I am sure he heard you."

"And what harm if he did hear? Surely, I have a right to know."

The color which had flushed my face receded, and left me pale and quivering with fear.

"He never proposed to me," I said.

There was an awkward pause; and, as I could not renew the conversation, I went and sat down by Mrs. Grantley, and was wholly occupied till dinner with her opera-glass, gazing indefatigably at the scenery, which, hardly a minute before, I had so railed at.

*Jan. 11th.* A week passed away very pleasantly in New Orleans. We went to the opera twice, and our two pretty brides attracted a great deal of attention. Between the acts, the gentlemen came to our boxes, and we chatted away very pleasantly.

How different the audience was from the stiff, bonneted crowd at our Northern theatres! Here the beautiful Creole girls, robed in silk, satin, and gauze, with their rosy cheeks, black hair, soft, dreamy eyes, and easy, languishing attitudes, the blaze of light, and the sparkling of gems, made the scene one of dazzling splendor.

"Sight-seeing" is often tiresome work; but we were such a party in ourselves, that, on visiting the places of amusement and the "proper things" to be done in New Orleans (such as the French Market, Jackson Square, the Mint, etc. etc.), we experienced nothing but pleasure.

One morning I was sitting by the open window, busily engaged in copying a little drawing Edouard had given me, and thinking over the latest news. Mr. Grantley would not return with us to New York, so said his mother; but would leave to-morrow for Havana, and in a week would sail for Cadiz. Every one was taken by surprise, and Mr. Grantley would have been assailed with multitudinous questions, if he had been there. Fortunately, he had not yet returned from his drive, and fortunately for me, I was left behind this morning when all the rest went to the "French Market."

I well divined the reason for his going, and felt that it was the best for all. I knew how hard it was for *me* to act and look so unconcerned, and natural. I dropped my pencil, and stooped to pick it up; but it had rolled beyond my reach, and I was just pushing back my chair to reach it, when it was handed to me over my shoulder. Wonderingly, I turned, and saw Mr. Grantley.

"I came to bid you good-by, Miss Laura."

I played with my pencil, and did not answer.

"You must make my regards to your uncle, and tell him I would not have left you till I had brought you safely back, but that, as Edouard Domine returns with you, I am

absolved from my part of the agreement. I shall now fulfil my original intention, and visit Spain."

"I did not know you had thought of going."

"No, I did not mention it, as I expected fully to return to New York, and then to go—but not alone," he hesitated. "Perhaps you think it unkind in me to stay and talk with you (he had taken a seat), but remember this is the last time; and last evening, Laura, my mother told me that you knew all, and she also explained some things that showed me at what cross-purposes we had been playing ever since we left New York. Your course now is the true one. I see that you intend fulfilling your engagement; I would not have it otherwise. It is happiness enough to know what *might* have been, and that I was not deceived in thinking that you once loved me."

I laid my head on the table, and wept bitter, bitter tears. Soon Mr. Grantley took his chair, and drew it to the table.

"Do not weep, dear child," he said, "but listen to me a little longer, I am going to advise you to tell Edouard all, before your marriage; for if he found it out afterwards it would be harder to bear than now, and besides it will relieve your mind."

"But I am afraid he will kill himself, or do something dreadful—he is so impulsive," I faltered.

"I do not think so; he loves you too well."

"Yes, he loves me," I said; "but for that very reason I am quite sure he would insist on releasing me from our engagement."

"And you would not be released?"

The words came slowly, as if every one was weighed as it was uttered. There was a dead silence.

"Yes, Mr. Grantley, I would take my release."

"And if after many years he married, and was happy, then, dearest, will you give me his place?"

Tremblingly I gave the promise. "But," I said, as I half opened the door, "if aught happens to Edouard, so help me Heaven, I will live and die alone for his sake."

The next morning Mr. Grantley left.

There was such a hurry and bustle till we left New Orleans that, although I saw Edouard alone, it was not a suitable time to tell him what I knew would give him so much pain to hear, and I put it off with a great dread at my heart.

It was a pleasant trip to Havana again; and as Mr. and Mrs. Domine were going ashore,

Edouard tried to persuade me to go with them; but I had seen enough of Havana, and concluded to remain quietly on the steamer. Edouard stayed with me. Little Eugene, Mrs. Domine's little boy, a mischievous, lovable child, was left in Edouard's care; and I must confess I at last tired of their romps, and retreated to the cabin with a book.

The sun was just setting as I returned to the deck. Edouard was still amusing himself with Eugene, who was in a great gale. He handed me a chair, and then went on with his game.

"It is getting dark so fast, Edouard," I said, "that I hope your brother and sister will soon be back to relieve you of that child."

"Why, Laura? I rather like it; he is so smart, and has taken quite a fancy to me."

"Yes, but I would like to talk with you myself."

He took Eugene by the hand, and asked Mrs. Grantley to take care of him, and then send him back as soon as she was tired.

"Now, Laura, I am ready to hear all you have to say. I wonder what it is about? A regret for not going ashore this warm evening? Just think of an ice at Dominica's!"

"Edouard, do you believe in me?"

"Certainly. Why do you ask such a singular question?" he said, his face grave in a moment.

"And if any one should tell you that I did not love you, but loved another?"

"I would prevent their ever saying it again."

"But, Edouard," I said, keeping my eyes riveted on the chair in front of me, "although I do love you, I once, and that not long ago, loved some one better."

"Not better, Laura! Surely you do not mean that you have been deceiving me all this time?"

I got up and motioned him to come with me. We walked down to the end of the deck, and sitting down there in the stern of the vessel, the waning light wrapping everything around us in gloom, and gradually fading away, I told him all. He had sat so still and quiet through it all, that at last I glanced up in his face. I pray I may never see its like again.

"Laura," he said, and his voice was hoarse with passion, "I release you from our engagement, but on your head be the consequences. Remember, I will never live to see you Edward Grantley's wife."

"Edouard," I cried, throwing my arms around him, "Edouard, for the love of God, do not look so. I promise, Edouard; hear me"—for

he had turned away—"Edouard." I held him tight, in the strength of my despair. "I promised to be your wife, and I will keep my promise." I let go my hold and sank into a chair.

"My wife you will never be," he said; "my love is turned to bitterness; my faith is lost, and my respect gone. I thought you a perfect woman; I find"—

"Oh, Edouard, spare me your reproaches! Think of what I have suffered, and be merciful."

"Merciful! It is well to talk of mercy. Had you any mercy for me? Is it nothing to have gained my love by every act in your power, to have recklessly deceived me, and wounded me past the power of expression? Oh no; it is nothing; I am a man, and have no feeling. I am to be trifled with, fooled; but I tell you you are mistaken. I am proud, passionate, and revengeful. Will you promise me never to marry?"

"I promise."

A piercing shriek rent the air.

Suddenly a dark object floated past us, and the cry "Child overboard!" was echoed in my ear. Edouard threw off his coat. It flashed upon me he was going after Eugene.

"For my sake, Edouard!" I cried.

But he tore away my arms, and sprang over the side. I fell, fainting, on the deck.

So ends "Laura's Diary."

From the time of the accident till a month afterwards she never spoke. The doctors said it was brain fever.

The child, little Eugene, was picked up by one of the boats sent after them, and restored unhurt to his mother's arms. But the one who, for him, so daringly risked his life, perished in his early manhood; his body was never recovered.

I told Laura as soon as she was able to hear it. She was not surprised, as she had guessed it long before.

Once I asked her to let me see her Diary, and after I had read it through I ventured to ask her if she thought Edouard would have jumped over after the child in any circumstances? She said yes, he might have done so, as he was very daring, an expert swimmer, and the child had been placed in his charge. From other things she said, I found she did not consider herself entirely the cause of his death; but her remorse was terrible.

She never recovered from the shock. A year flew by, and on the anniversary of the very

day that Edouard was drowned, Laura died in my arms.

By a strange fatality, the terrible news of Edouard Domine's death reached Mr. Grantley at the same time that he learned Laura was no more. Heart-broken he travels from place to place;

"And long was to be seen  
An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
Something he could not find—he knew not what."

### WIDOWS: PART III.

#### THE GAY WIDOW.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?  
Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedecked, ornate and gay,  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for the Isles  
Of Javan or Gadire,  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails filled and streamers waving,  
Courtied by all the winds that hold them play.

MILTON.

ALL people are not made of the same paste, is an Italian proverb. No heterodoxy is intended by this saying of the land of the "plaster-of-Paris-image-boy." It is vain to declare that babies come into the world, their blank little souls like sheets of white paper, on which skillful educators may write what they will. The raw material is different, essentially different, and wise parents but try to work up to the best advantage the "paste" of which their Billies and Sallies chance to be made. Tough, coarse-grained stuff it is, too often, and yet if wrought in the right way, and in the right spirit, some valuable vessel is sure to be made which, if not the fine porcelain of the costly vase, may yet be as useful in its generation in our humbler sphere. If it be so difficult to change and modify the substantial foundation elements of which character is composed, what shall we say of the fixedness of the completed thing, the full-grown, well-hardened human soul, when it is fairly of age, and standing for itself among its fellows?

There is a Power that can clothe the sullied spirit with a purity as of the dove with silver wings, but only He who made the water wine can so remodel what He has created. All other energies are ineffectual for the work.

Time, change of scene, or even affliction cannot make the light-minded, frivolous, shallow-hearted Miss into a noble, whole-souled, high-principled woman. Even the difficult process of "braying a fool seven times in a mortar

will not take the folly out of him." We speak on the authority of Solomon, that man of wisdom.

We all know this, theoretically; and yet the critical world holds up its hands in astonishment, when the silly, heartless girl, having been the fashionable, giddy wife, becomes that horror of horrors, the Gay Widow! What a tribute is this to the exalting power of affliction! Almost a miracle is expected of the discipline with which the merciful Father chastens his erring children! Yet even sorrow may fail to do its purifying work. The young girl whose dearest joy is a polka with a frisky foreigner; the mother who leaves her babies to nurses with paregoric bottles in their pockets while she spends her nights at parties where it is a breach of etiquette to speak to her own husband—the young girl and the wife made of such "paste" will not be radically changed by shedding a barrel-full of tears, or passing any number of months in a perfect disguise of crape and bombazine. She will surely come out of her black garments, like the butterfly from the dark chrysalis, to flutter abroad as the gay widow, unless a more than human touch has opened her eyes to the beauty of a better path.

Scorn her not, O World! She is a creature of your own making, fed with your milk, trained in your leading-strings, the full development and embodiment of all your theory and practice! We wonder you are not proud of her! She is queenly in the full perfection of her beauty. The willowy grace of girlhood is gone; but who would not prefer the rounded symmetry of the mature, dignified woman? She has gained all and lost nothing, as the swift years have gone by. There is no fluttering excitability in her manner now; she has the calm knowledge without the offensive consciousness of her charms. She feels her power as a queen knows the meaning of her sceptre, but she is like one of royal blood, accustomed to the emblem; she can bear it steadily, and without one hearty toss of the parvenu upon the throne.

Admirers throng around her to catch her winning smiles, or listen to the bewitching flow of her smooth, well-chosen words. She can reckon with wonderful accuracy as to who will send her a perfumed note of proposal in the morning, or who will seek her in the conservatory, whither she will stray at the close of the evening. She will not marry; she has no idea of being worshipped by only *one*, while she can continue to count her votaries by the dozen. This is her secret conclusion; yet she

seems just yearning for an object on which to lavish her garnered wealth of affection, to lack but one thing, the strong arm to lean upon, the true heart where she may nestle.

So think her poor deluded followers, and one after another they are brought to the point, that terrible point for the masculines, more difficult to pass than Point Judith in the worst easterly storm of the season! Wrecked hopes and shattered plans of joy mark that dangerous spot, and its gale of despairing sighs is enough to scare away the timid, and prove for the hundredth time that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

The Gay Widow gives herself no trouble as to what may become of the hearts of her victims after they are fairly laid upon her altar; they may "fizzle" or dry up in the flames, it is all one to her; she has new aspirants to deal with; she cannot waste her time on the completed work. Hers is a cruel avarice! She is ever gathering that which she will not use, robbing the simple of their treasure that she may fill to the brim the coffers of her unsatisfied vanity. Yet she is poor, poor indeed, though on her has been lavished a wealth better than the gold of Ophir.

We have seen the Gay Widow in society, 'mid the glare of the gas-light and the flutter of the gossamer dresses. Could we look in upon her in her morning hours, our harsh condemnation might soften to the tenderness of pity.

How large, dark-rimmed, and sorrowful are the eyes that were so brilliant last night! How helplessly droop those idle hands! The cup of pleasure has ever its bitter dregs! The Gay Widow is still a woman; there is a something within her which cannot be satisfied by a career like hers. She has a dim notion of a better joy which is far removed from her. There is a pure fount which may spring and sparkle by the hearthstone, but there her feverish tongue cannot slake its unnatural thirst. The mutual love which may make glad the humblest fire-side is not for her; true hearts are offered her, but she has no responsive throb for their yearnings. Ever calling forth affection, but never feeling the sweet consciousness of the stirrings in her own bosom of a glad return, she is a starveling in a land of plenty; she is as one doomed to die with thirst, while the mocking waves are tossing around him.

"Water, water everywhere,  
The boards begin to shrink!  
Water, water everywhere,  
And not a drop to drink!"

The Gay Widow is not always the cold, selfish

being we have described. There are sisters who wear the same livery, yet are made of a far nobler "paste."

Snow sometimes comes like a hurricane, and sweeps away the clustering joys that have made glad some home of earthly love. 'Mid the ruins, a widow stands alone. She weeps, and groans, and agonizes, till a pathetic exhaustion brings a temporary relief. Again and again she suffers, till nature can no more. Who would not shrink from such a life? She needs some change; something must be done to rouse and cheer her; so say physicians and friends. (Ah, would she but turn to the Great Physician, all might yet be well!) Little by little she is won back into the social scenes where once she shone in the beauty of girlhood. She finds the old charm is not gone; she still can please and captivate; she can forget for the time the past in the excitement of the present. The taste grows upon her. In the bright evening hours, she is relieved from those haunting memories that crush her with sadness; yet they return anew every morning to call up the hot tears from her eyes. On she goes, seeking a forgetfulness in a draught almost as treacherous as the intoxicating cup. We may not too harshly condemn her, till we have tried to struggle in our own strength with a grief which only God can comfort.

She has fled from the thick darkness, but, alas, she will seek in vain for cheering light in the false glare of the ball-room! May she yet be won by the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness, and know the healing power of His sheltering wings!

#### THE PICNIC; OR, KATE BRYANT'S CONQUEST.

BY FANNIE S. THOMAS.

"So, Kate, you have decided not to go with us," said Mary Williams.

"How can I go, Mary?" was Kate's reply. "My German teacher comes to-day, and it will not be right for me to miss one lesson."

"Lessons! Who ever thought of lessons in summer-time? I, for one, am heartily glad that I am free from the dull routine of lessons. Thank the presiding Fates at my birth, because they never endowed me with a *penchant* for book-knowledge." And Mary Williams tossed her hat over and above her head, and danced with childish joy at her freedom from a love of study.

"What kind of conveyance will we have?" was Kate Bryant's next query.

"Oh, ah! How funny! We shall go as a kingly retinue." And Mary's clear voice rang peal after peal of merry laughter. "Let me see. There will be ten of us in one company. Thirty in all—a goodly number for plenty of fun. I do not know how the remainder of the party will reach the grounds." Thus Mary slyly avoided an answer to Kate's question.

"I have made no preparations for our dinner," said Kate Bryant.

"If you will only promise that you will 'do as Rome does,' you may dine with us. Get your bonnet, for here comes George Blewett—our chevalier," said Mary.

Kate hastily wrote a note, excusing herself to the German professor; and tying on her bonnet, ran down stairs, not wishing to keep her party waiting much longer. The sun was beginning to move hastily up in the sky; the streets were filling with people; men going to their daily labor; boys crying out the morning journals; bread-wagons and milk carts going their usual rounds; housemaids throwing open the front windows, prior to the morning's cleaning up. The sun had awakened the city from its sleep.

Kate loved the woods much as she loved her books. She was truly a child of Nature. Mental accomplishments had not weakened that strong, healthy nature, which so few women possess.

Kate moved to the door, really wishing to set out on their country jaunt.

"What is this, Mary? Your gay cavalier has brought, not a coach and four, but a butcher-wagon. What shall we do? I cannot go in that style. We shall be the laughing-stock of all our friends."

It was useless to appeal to Mary. Her laugh made the whole house echo.

"Oh, Mary, how can you laugh in that manner? I declare, I am half provoked with you for your foolishness. What will you tell George Blewett?"

"Tell him nothing; only step into the vehicle," was Mary's answer, as soon as she recovered her breath sufficiently to be able to speak. "It is too rich a joke for us to lose the half of it by refusing to go. Come, Kate; I cannot sympathize with your missish airs. The wagon is clean, comfortable; plenty of nice straw at the bottom."

Mary was reconnoitering the enemy through the parlor blinds. "Kate, he has a bean for you—Henry Raine."

"If I had refused to accompany you before, the presence of Mr. Raine would be sufficient to

induce me to form one of your party," said Kate, as Mary, with an inquiring look, turned to her.

A ring at the door-bell testified the arrival of the charioteers. Even then, Kate drew back, as she said :

"I cannot ride through the city in this manner. Let them call for Annie Cross, as she is going; and they can wait for us back of the depot, and we will walk out there. Brother will accompany us."

The young men were not easily persuaded to leave without the company of the ladies. But they pleaded that they were not quite ready, and would soon overtake them. They were surely not ready, for both sank down, almost convulsed with laughter at their grand escape.

"Too bad! too bad!" was Kate's remark. "Annie Cross will have a delightful drive up and down the streets. I would give anything to see her!"

They arranged their toilet, which had become disordered by their laughter; then, accompanied by Kate Bryant's brother, started on foot for the place of meeting. They waited a few minutes until the wagon and Annie appeared, when there was much merry laughter at their informal mode of joining the other company. It was only a drive of a few miles. Pleasant woods shaded the road on each side. The little birds were carolling their morning songs; everything tended to exalt the poetical part of the spirits of the excursionists. They sang short snatches of songs; told good jokes "in fun" and "in earnest."

Kate and Mr. Raine occupied the back seat; Mary and Mr. Blewett were together; Annie had an extremely interesting partner, as appeared from the manner in which she listened to the tones of his low voice. It was, truly, a pleasure-seeking party. They had, for once, cast aside all appearance of pride and affectation. Simplicity, rustic simplicity, was the order of the day, and it ruled supreme.

Kate was watching the parties which sat before her; and, failing to hear some remark which her partner had made, as she turned to him, perceived a new expression in his handsome, dark eyes. It was an expression of esteem and admiration. For one moment, her pulse quickened, as she thought of the bare possibility of his having a feeling stronger than mere friendship for her.

"I was only saying, Miss Bryant," said Mr. Raine, "that I could not fail to respect every member of our party for their independent spirit. How many sentimental young ladies

and conceited fops do you think could have been induced to form one of this party?"

Kate's face crimsoned, as she thought of her unwillingness to attend the picnic in so anti-poetical a style; and she said :

"Indeed, Mr. Raine, you should not judge so harshly. Pardon me," was the remark which immediately followed, as she so bluntly expressed her own opinion. "I did not wish," she continued, "to ride in the wagon; but I do not class myself among the sentimental fair. It is perfectly natural for woman, and a sensitive woman, to wish to avoid obtaining publicity by a too independent spirit. I would not make woman a cringing, fawning submissionist; but I would have her remember that, once having thrown aside the *true* delicacy of her nature and position, she never can assume it again. Women have made these laws for themselves, and they must be governed by them to a great extent. Do not misunderstand me; I said delicacy, not prudery."

"In what class do you place the conceited fops?" said Mr. Raine, as he half laughed at her ignoring that class of the male gender.

"I do not know any of them," was Kate's reply.

"I shall have the pleasure of making you acquainted with some of them in less than a half hour," said Mr. Raine. "So you disclaim your relationship to sentimental ladies, and yet you refused to attend this picnic, on the score of going in a wagon?"

"I am sentimental, if you call me that, because I fear ridicule," said Kate. "I cannot bear to be laughed at." And she pouted very prettily.

"You did not flinch when I laughed at you," said Mr. Raine. "Forgive me, Kate, but I admire—*love*, I should say—a woman who, unshrinkingly, will tell the truth, though she fears being laughed at. I saw in your manner this morning, that you did not wish to be seen in the wagon. I knew that the blush which overspread your face was caused only by the remembrance of your feelings of the morning. I longed to know whether you would tacitly receive an unmerited compliment. Kate, *dear* Kate," and he took her hand, "I love you. I have admired you so long. It was I who planned this, that I might test, what I esteem most important in any individual, truth—the reverence for truth. Not only truth as it is opposed to falsehood, but as it is revealed to us through God and Nature."

Kate's hand was not withdrawn.

Lest some of the readers, that love the good

of a joke, may feel disappointed, unless they learn how the charioteers were received, we annex this conclusion:—

A party of twenty were assembled in the grove where the picnic was to be held; and the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, as our party jumped from the wagon, testified to the gaiety of all hearts. The day passed pleasantly away, and none failed to do justice to the contents of the well-stored baskets.

"Kate," said Mr. Raine, as the party started homeward, "we will get out of the wagon at the suburbs of the city, and walk home. I have a test for myself. Can you guess what it is?"

Kate looked very innocent, as she said, "I cannot read your thoughts so easily as you can read mine."

"I wish to try my courage by having a private conversation with your parents," was Mr. Raine's explanation.

We were not present at the interview between Mr. Raine and Kate's parents; but we can guess the result from the fact that, in three months, Kate sent us a card inscribed thereon, in old English letters—

MR. AND MRS. HENRY RAINE.

HENRY RAINE. }  
CATHARINE E. BRYANT. }

## LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

DEAR MR. GODEY: As I was a tellin' you about Miss Button's going off with that painter chap, you may be sure it made a rumpus. Parson Jones went over to see Bethuel, but somehow Bethuel ruther resented bein' talked to about it. Says he, "Elder, I aint a-goin' to whine about it. Tilda's gone, slick and clean, and with a wurthless feller, I'm afraid; but I'd give every cooter in my barnyard this minit if I only knew he wasn't a furriner. I yum, I do hate furriners above ground. Now I want all the neighbors to understand that I aint a-goin' to whine about it, and I don't want 'em to come foolin' around, pityin' the old woman, techin' every tender spot in her feelin's, jist to see her squirm. I can tough it out alone, but the old woman feels diferent; it's her natur, and I won't have her riled onnecessarily. So jist you advise Deacon Moody's wife, and the rest of 'em, to keep to hum, and look out for their gals, or they'll be a-runnin' off with some hansom feller that, like this one, is so everlastin' polite, I never could make out by his speech whether he was a furriner or not." Elder Jones told folks he didn't exactly know what to think about it; but he thought they had better hope for the best, and say nothin'. Well, now, that was aggrivatin' advice, you know, and didn't suit at all. So the folks in Pendle Holler talked and talked about it, till they nigh about wore the subject out. When they'd got pretty near through with it, the little red-haired, crooked-legged, pack peddler, that used to come round once a month with drygoods, ribbons, spring muslins, lawns, pocket-handkerchiefs, and gloves, come along. I was boardin' at Ma'am Jinks's then, and I

remember I was settin' on the front door step hemmin' an apron, while Dolly Jinks was settin' the tea-table, and her mother, with a hull apronful of boneset and pennyroyal, was a sortin' and tyin' 'em in bundles, when the little fellow came along by the lilac bushes, and set his pack down on the door stone, and began to wipe his face. "Well now, Mr. Skimmer," says Ma'am Jinks, "who 'd a thought of seein' you so soon? It's enamost a hull week before your time. How do you stan' it travellin' this hot weather?" "Oh, tolabul, tolabul, mum," says he, fetchin' a long breath. "I reckon you'll stay with us to-night, won't you, Mr. Skimmer? Dolly's been a tewin' about that veil ever since you went away. I'll bet now you haint got it." "Well," says he, "'twouldn't be that bet that would set you on horseback, mum." "So you did get it, then? Now, Dolly will be on her high heel shoes." And Miss Jinks got up and shook the bundles out of her lap; and Dolly come in, and Mr. Skimmer opened his pack and showed the veil. It was a pretty black lace one, with flowers worked all over it. Dolly was wonderful pleased, and Mr. Skimmer hauled his pack into a corner, and sot down agin. Miss Jinks got her herbs out of the way, and come and took the rockin'-chair right before him. Says she, "Mr. Skimmer, you haint seen Tilda Button anywhere you've been, have you! You go all over, and know a'most everybody, and I've said to Dolly, more 'n once, jest wait till Mister Skimmer comes. He'll be sartin to know suthin' about her, where she is and what she's doin'. Its nigh three weeks sense she cleared out along with a painter, who'd ben hangin' round for a good

spell, and down to this minit there haint nobody hearn a word from her."

Poor little Mr. Skimmer straightened up, and pushed out his legs. Says he:

"I had a mind to ask you, mum, if it wasn't so, for I have seen her."

Miss Jinks clapped her hands together, with an "oh!" and Dolly dropped into a chair with her hands all flour, and they looked at Mr. Skimmer as if he 'd been a prodigal.

"Yes, mum, I've seen her. I knew her in a minit, though I was as mum as mice all the time. For, you see, it was at a queer old place away among the Knickerbarkers, and there was a slim chap along with her, that looked as if he thought me anything but good company; and an old lady with an awful eye, and a cap on her head, as like a trooper's bearskin cap as might be, only hers was lace, wanted to buy some of my goods, and she took a round penny's worth too, mum. Miss Button was bold enough at home; but the vilots in the grass is bolder with their eyes, and them roses yonder can't be more blushin' than she looked all the time. Says I, she 's slipped her tether, and left the old folks, to come away with that youngster. I'd a spoken to her if I'd dared; but there wasn't a chance. And I come out of the great gates of the yard with such a wonderment upon me, that I e'en forgot my lightened pack and heavier pocket. I didn't spare my speed on the road, for I was possessed to know about it, and, as you say, I'm here nigh about a week before my time."

"Then you didn't find out anything more about it? My sakes! I'd up and asked her how she come there," says Dolly.

"Maybe you would, mum; but I don't believe they 'd done anything more than stare at you for it. That old lady was as lofty as—as a grand duke; and Miss Button looked as cowed as anybody."

"What did she have on?" says Dolly.

"O, a white frock, and some roses in her hair; and she sot in a great high-back chair by the old lady, with some kind of work in her lap, such as ladies do, to make believe. The old lady was a-showin' her when I went in."

"And she never said a word?" says Miss Jinks.

"Not a word; but kind of drooped her head, as if a sudden thought of home come over her, when she saw me."

Well, here was news, and when the men come in, Mr. Skimmer had to go over it again; and we come to the conclushun that Miss Button had married a fortin, and so did everybody

else. And, as true as you live, I believe, if any girl around had been asked to run away with a stranger, in the next six months, they 'd have gone in a minit, and thought it a lucky chance. But that was the very last we heard of Miss Button. Mr. Skimmer never saw her again, nor heard of her, and things got back to the old way.

Dolly Jinks was a neat little soul, and I ruther enjoyed boarding there, in spite of this everlastin' smell of juniper, sassafras, sweet-fern, catnip, pennyroyal, and a host of roots, that seemed to have pickled the house through and through with smells. Miss Jinks said, herself, that she s'posed their house smelt like a horspittle.

"But massy on us," says she, "what can a body do, when they're sick, and ailin' all the time? Dr. Stirrup says himself that I should a died iver so long ago, if I hadn't been dispen-sin' hullsome medicines for myself all the time, ad limmytum."

Mr. Jinks was a peaked-faced man, with hair as white as wool, and a'most everybody called him "Gran'ther," though he hadn't but two grandchildren in the world. It used to worry me to see him a-settin' in the corner as still as a cat on a rug. For, somehow, he seemed to be sort of dreadin' the dose of balmony, or something or other, that Ma'am Jinks would always insist on his takin' before he went to bed. She seemed to make a pint of doin' somethin' for him every time he come into the house. He 'd got so used to it, that he never said a word when she got out his doses, but took 'em down, and put his feet in hot water, or cold water, or anything else she told him to do. But, somehow, when she said, as she always did, "I do wonder what would a become of you, father, if you hadn't a had somebody to nuss you up, and fix your medicine," somehow he looked as if he wondered more how he stood the medicine and nussin' than anything else.

One day, while I was there, it was Saturday, Elder Jones, for a wonder, come over there, and brought his wife and baby; and about five o'clock, Miss Jinks made Gran'ther Jinks go down and get Square Kinyon to come to tea. Says she: "I think it's a Christian duty to comfort them that 's afflicted; and there 's the Square sittin' down with that deaf, snappish, old Darkis Blinn, his housekeeper, and we a-takin' our tea sociable. It'll do the poor soul good to know he has neighbors as feels for him."

So it warn't long before we see Gran'ther a-comin' back with Square Kinyon. It's my

private opinion that the Square was invited out more that summer than he ever was before in his life, and he presheated a good meal, and bein' took notis of for a well-to-do widower. I must say that, of all the stuck-up folks I ever met, a real, forehanded widow, or widower, is the worst. There's no bounds to such folks' notions.

Well, as I was a-sayin', the Square come, all rigged up in Sunday clothes. He'd got to wearin' 'em a good deal, lately; and either he snuffed a tea-party at Ma'am Jinks's, or he'd been away. Gran'ther must have found him dressed, for they wasn't gone long. When they come, Ma'am Jinks was a-tellin' the Elder about her oldest boy's having the measles, which was followed with the mumps, and the whoopin-cough, which led to croup, and the influenza, and the intreminty fever, which run off into infirmation of the pomona, and he had the pleurisy right down hard with it, and before he got over that, he had the brown oriters, "which," says she, "is a distemper prevailin' among ministers chiefly, and, I declare, Elder, I shouldn't wonder if you had it afore long, for, seems to me, you don't look as well as common. I've got some of the same medicine now that I used to give Dolfus. S'posin' you try it. It ain't everybody knows how to make it as well as me. There's mountain-ash, prickly ash, elecampane, cumfrey, bamby Giliard buds, yellerdock, sassafra, and gingshang, and, and—well, now, there's most every kind of good thing in it." And Ma'am Jinks trotted off down cellar, and pretty soon she brought the Elder some black-lookin' stuff in a tumbler.

"Oh," says he, smiling faintly, "Sister Jinks, I'm afraid I don't need so much medicine. Hadn't you better give Square Kinyon some? Seems to me he's ruther hoarse."

But the Square turned as red as fire, and said it wasn't anything at all—only hollerin' at his oxen. He'd been haulin' rails out of the swamp all the forenoon. And drivin' oxen was bad for the throat. Ma'am Jinks said, if he'd take a swaller or two, 'twould fire up his throat so he wouldn't mind the hollerin'. At last, she got the Elder and the Square both to take a swaller; and, for once, Gran'ther Jinks escaped his portion.

Dolly and I got the tea ready, and set the table. We had a nice big raspberry shortcake, with lots of cream. Such shortcakes you don't see now-a-days, I can tell you. Then we made some fritters, and had a good big sponge-cake, well sweetened with maple-sugar, and some

cold biscuit. Dolly called her mother out to ask her, jist before tea, if it wouldn't be best to send for Deacon Moody's wife; but Ma'am Jinks can't bear Miss Moody, and she told Dolly to "tend to her bizness, and let Miss Moody alone!" So we had tea, and the Elder asked a blessin', and Square Kinyon talked, as most anybody will that imagines themselves a good deal more noticeable and interestin' than the company they are in. Dolly ruther encouraged him too, for, if anybody said a word about anything, she would look 'round to him and say, "What do you think about it, Square Kinyon?" Of course, Square Kinyon had an opinion on 'most every subject, and if his opinions did sometimes cross one another, they was his own, and he had a perfect right to use 'em jest as he had a mind to. Miss Jones and I did pretty much all the listenin', and ruther more than our share of the laughin', for Ma'am Jinks and the Elder disputed the Square about something, and he ruffled up, and come down on 'em like a banty rooster. Dolly never so much as griuned all the time; but when they was contradictin' each other, it was all the time. "Take another cup of tea, Square Kinyon? Do you like it sweet? Have another piece of shortcake, Square; jest another? Some more of the cream and sugar? Here's a crusty fritter for you, Square Kinyon. I knew you liked fritters. Try the cake. It's maple cake, Square."

At last the Elder said Dolly was a good girl, a shrewd girl. "She knows," says he, lookin' all over the table, and then right at Square Kinyon's plate, "that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Dolly laughed right out; but the Square said, for his part, he didn't know anything about it. "Didn't know which comes first, heart or stomach."

Ma'am Jinks fired up at that. Says she:—

"A man of your parts ought to know, Square, that the very first thing at the end of the wind-pipe is the stomach; then the heart. If you ever have disease of the heart, as I have this twenty years, you'll know it. For, allers after eatin' a hearty meal, I feel my heart so pressed upon, that it palpitates twice as bad as common. Your lungs is higher up, and jines your shoulders, which is a special fortunate, as they are generally drefle tender, and the shoulder-blades is a'most a-purpus to purtect 'em from gettin' such sudden bumps as would knock the breath out of 'em—jest as you've seen a sudden jar put a candle out, without snuffin'. Then your liver is folded up to kiver your gall, and keep

it warm. It's the gall as keeps your food digestin'. That's why bitter things is so good for the stomach, when the gall don't come in accordin' to natur'."

"I've hearn say," says the Square, "that you knew as much as any of the doctors, but I never knew it till now. Where on airth did you learn so much? You didn't ever see a 'natomy, did you now, Ma'am Jinks?"

Miss Jinks blushed and snickered.

"What a feller you be, Square, to ask *me* sich a question. I never did see a 'natomy, and I wouldn't for suthin' considerable; but I can imagine it all out as complete as a picter. If it hadn't been for my bein' a putty good hand at doctorin', I should have died ever so long ago, and so would Gran'ther."

Says Miss Jones: "Sister Jinks, I shall certainly learn too much about medicine, if you tell Mr. Jones all your receipts. It was only the other day, he was about sick with a cold, and he brought me a lot of herbs, and made me steep 'em all at once. He said you told him to do so."

"O," says Ma'am Jinks, "he forgot. I told him to put a bag of hops on his chist, split pepper-pods on his feet, a catnip poultis all 'round his neck, and drink a half pint of hot boneset tea every half hour, and I'd warrant it would cure his cold in three hours."

"Well," said Miss Jones, "I steeped it all up together; catnip, hops, pepper-pods, and boneset, and Mr. Jones drank all he could of it."

"It cured me, sure enough," said the Elder; "but I'm afraid I sha'n't have courage enough to come to you for medicine another time, Sister Jinks."

The Elder made such a comical face that we all bust out a laughin', and pushed back from the table, and putty soon they all went off home.

After that, every few days, Square Kinyon used to come over to see Gran'ther Jinks about somethin'; but if it was only to borrow a set of drag-teeth, or an ox yoke, or anything odd, he was sure to have on his invisible green, swaller-tail coat, with black buttons, and a brown velvet vest, and pepper and salt trowsers. And he allers contrived to stay all the evening long, and be drefle sociable and good-natured, especially with Dolly. Dolly used to be 'most allers spinnin' flax; and she looked wonderful handsome, sittin' at her wheel, with the firelight paintin' up her dress, and her face, and her bare arms, till it seemed as if there were a sort of glory 'round her. Then the

low, kind of soft, sleepy hummin' of her wheel, and the wavin' motion of her hand up and down from the distaff, made somethin' pleasant to hear and to see. I don't wonder the Square used to look at her so much; but there was somebody else besides the Square liked to look at Dolly. I found that out a good while before; but Dolly never said a word herself, and you would s'pose, to see her, that she'd as soon have Square Kinyon come over to spend the evenin' there, as Reuben Wood. Maybe Reuben thought so himself, but Square Kinyon didn't, that was certain. He thought Dolly couldn't help bein' glad to see him, of course, and if he hesitated about anything, it was sort of doubtin' whether he wasn't throwin' himself away to marry Dolly, when there was so many others who would perhaps be more likely to suit him than she; but, right or wrong, I reckon he concluded to take Dolly.

Reuben Wood had been down at Gran'ther Jinks's all one afternoon. Dolly and he quarrelled every five minutes all the time, till between 'em, Ma'am Jinks's reel got broke; and after tea, Reuben took it on his shoulder, and carried it off home to mend it, he said. Dolly told him to be sure and fetch it home the next day. And Reuben went off laughin' to himself, with the reel on his shoulder, like a small-sized walkin' windmill. The minit Rube got out of sight, Dolly looked as sober as a deacon, and wouldn't so much as look up, when Square Kinyon come in, all in his meetin' clothes, and lookin' desperate resolute. I was tryin' to write a letter to Susan, and had my paper on Ma'am Jinks's table by the window. Ma'am Jinks sot in one corner of the hearth, and Gran'ther in t'other. He was smokin', and she knittin' a little, and every now and then stirrin' up a mess of roots in a basin before the fire, with one end of her knittin'-needle. Dolly was makin' a ruffled apron just like mine. By hitchin' along, a little at a time, the Square got his chair pretty near the little round, light stand where Dolly set. Pretty soon, I see him git hold of the end of the ruffles Dolly was at work on, and give it a sly twitch, so that she pricked her finger and jumped. The Square humped up his shoulders, and snickered. Dolly looked at him, as much as to say, "Oh, you fool! Do you call *that* courtin'?" Then she went on sowin', and pretended not to mind him.

Says he: "Miss Jinks, what be you a-makin' with so many strings to it?"

"It's a beau-catcher," says Dolly.

"Oh, you needn't do that," says he. "You have catched me ever so long ago."

Dolly took up the ruffles, and pulled 'em up into her lap as tender as if there was a fish on the end. Then hol'm' out the candle, looked at the Square all round.

"I guess not," says she, after a good look.

Somehow he didn't find it easy to start agin, and he hitched and hitched his chair till he got close up to Dolly. Putty soon, Dolly wanted some thread, and there wasn't any there. She pretended not to know that he had it in his pocket all the time, but got up to come over to the great housewife, hangin' up behind her, to get some. When she got the thread, she give my arm a sly pinch, and went back to her chair. Putty soon the Square spunked up, and asked her if she wanted her thread. She didn't want it very bad, but reckoned he 'd better give it up; and he said he would, if only she 'd sow up that little tare in the cuff to his coat. Dolly agreed to do it; and the Square held out his hand, while she stitched his shirt-sleeve fast to his coat. Then he give up the thread, and made another start on another track. He sithed, and looked at Dolly as if he had been eatin' somethin' that didn't agree with him. Ma'am Jinks heard him, and she laid down her work and unpinned her knittin' sheath. Says she:

"You ain't well, Square?"

"Oh yes I be; as well as common for me."

"But you ain't, Square, for your face is as red as fire. Why, you've got a fever. Lemme see your tongue. Deary me! You be sick, Square. Go right down cellar, Dolly, and fetch up that fever medicine."

Dolly went off in a hurry.

"I never did see a body took suddinter than you be, Square. How does your head feel? Ain't it all of a whirl? And don't you feel as if a painful of pollywogs was wrigglin' down your back?"

The Square's face did look red, and it grew redder, for just then Dolly come in with a teacupful of medicin' in one hand, and a glass of water in the other. Says she:

"I'll give the fire a stir, and the teakettle will bile in a few minits. And if this don't cool off the fever, we'll have some catnip tea made, and put his feet in hot water. Miss Broomcorn, s'posin' you jist pull off the Square's shoes."

"No, no!" says he, writhin' around. "I don't want 'em off. I—bub—bub—bob—bobble!"

Ma'am Jinks put the teacup into his mouth the minit he opened it, and held it there, in spite of his sputterin', till he 'd choked it all

down. Dolly offered him the water, and he took it, for I'spect the dose in the teacup wasn't over sweet. When he 'd drank the water, he looked 'round kind of wild, and felt for his tobacco, took a rousin' mouthful, and rolled it round and round in his mouth a minit; then, ketchin' up his hat, he bolted for the door. Ma'am Jinks dropped into a chair in a terrible state of surprise.

"Well, I never!" says she. "What be you a-laughin' at, Gran'ther?"

Dolly laughed too till she fairly cried.

"She now, Dolly! Ain't you ashamed of yourself to laugh at the poor man because he 's sick?"

Dolly screamed out laughin' agin.

"Oh, mother!" says she, "he ain't so sick as he will be putty soon. I thought, by the way he behaved to-night, that his stomach was out of order, eatin' so many good dinners and suppers, and I give him a good dose of lumen tobaccoer. That will set him up all right before long."

Ma'am Jinks looked mad for a minit, then she begun to cry.

"Dolly," says she, "how could you make the Square sick? I shouldn't wonder if he thought you meant to pizen him. I shouldn't so, now."

"Well," says Dolly, "he won't plague me anymore. So, mother, don't worry. There's as good as Square Kinyon in the world; and them that are a sight more pleasin' in their manners."

"Why, Dolly," says Gran'ther, "I thought, the other day, that you was all took up with the Square!"

Dolly snickered a little, but said she wanted to see him fool himself a little longer. He didn't mind her, only to think she was most distracted in love with him. "So," says she, "I felt in duty bound to spite him some way, and I had to humor him to fetch it about."

The next day Reuben Wood brought home the reel; and I s'pose Dolly told him all about the Square, for, when I come home from school, he was there, and he looked mighty pleased, and Dolly ruther red and sheepish. Reuben staid to supper, and helped Dolly milk; and afterwards Gran'ther Jinks and he stood and talked over the fence till away into the evenin', when Reuben went off home. When Gran'ther come in, he sot and smoked a spell; and then, knockin' the ashes out of his pipe, looked up and said, "Well, Dolly." Dolly blushed, and smiled, and looked, for all the world, as if she 'd heard good news.

The next week I went to Mr. Stowers' to board. Their house was an old red brick house, with two dormal winders, and all the doors had heart-shaped glass winders in the upper panels. It was run down clear into the ground, and the great old apple-trees rubbed their branches agin the walls, and made the ground so shady that nothin' would grow there but burdocks and plantins. There was a little black path windin' through them, like a great flat snake, down under the apple-trees to the spring-house. It wasn't a cheerful place; the doorstep was green and mouldy, and all the garden they had was a square patch railed in out of a meadow a good piece from the house. Everything was so old, so queer, and solemn that I didn't wonder Nat was always on the lookout for ghosts. The clock was a big black thing, like a coffin set on end, and the face looked yellow and dead. The pendulum showed itself every time it swung, through a hole in the door, and its tick was low and dull. There was painted bricks around the chimneys, and outlandish dishes of real clear cheeny in the corner cupboard, but old Miss Stowers never showed 'em to anybody. She was deaf, and cross, and it was expected of folks that went there not to touch a single thing belongin' to the old lady. If they did, she would mutter to herself a queer kind of gibberish for ever so long, looking all the time like a wildcat lookin' at you out of a tree. I'd heard all about her before I went there, and was careful not to stir any more than I could help. There was only the old lady, her son John and his wife, and two little girls, besides Nat. The girls were pale, raw-boned little things with queer eyes, not so sharp as the old lady's, but of the same light, clear, gray color. The whole family crept about as still as if there was a corpse in the house, and so there was in one sense. The old lady was dead to everybody but jest herself. She wouldn't allow her other son's folks to come into the house. She said they come stompin' in with their straight backs, and red cheeks, jest to put her in mind of bein' old, and nigh her end. So when any of John's folks wanted to see any of their uncle's folks they went away from home to do it. Nat and I somehow got to be good friends, right away, for I didn't like to stay in the house, and Nat seemed to be always out doors, and so I see more of him than any of the rest of the family. I shall tell you next time I write to you some of the wonderful things Nat told me. He always had a budget full, and delighted to talk, and I liked to listen, for you know what a bewitchin'

thing it is to hear stories that make your hair stan' up, and cold chills run over you. It don't matter whether you believe 'em or not, if they only scare you. Yours obedient,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

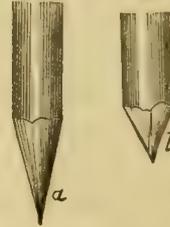
## PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

### FIRST LESSON.

*The necessary materials* for commencing pencil drawing will be a sharp penknife; three black lead-pencils, marked HB, F, and B; and some drawing-paper, or cartridge paper, or a drawing-paper book. We advise our readers to use cartridge paper to begin with, and to have it cut into sheets, which should be numbered at the upper right-hand corner, and when finished deposited in a box or strong portfolio.

*To cut your pencil properly.*—As you cannot draw until your pencils are cut, we must request you to cut them, not like *b* in Fig. 1, which is hacked; but cut to a point like *a*, Fig. 1. In cutting it properly, you must not

Fig. 1.



remove too much of the wood, but only sufficient to expose a small part of the lead; if too much of the lead is exposed, it will break.

*Position during drawing.*—It is of great importance that the student should sit to draw in a proper position. Do not have a low table, which obliges you to poke your nose almost upon the paper, and press your chest against the edge of the drawing desk; but sit in an easy, upright position, with your feet straight before you, the left hand resting upon the edge of your paper so as to keep it steady; the copy before you and nearly upright, and the sheet of paper upon which you are to draw slightly elevated.

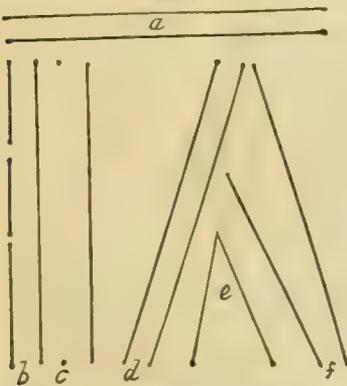
*The proper position to hold your pencil* should be that the ends of the fingers are about an inch and a half from the point; and the pencil should not be held too tight, the elbow being kept well in towards the side, but not too stiff; by this means you will have perfect freedom of the hand, and complete command of the pencil.

As you are now prepared to commence your drawing, please seat yourself properly at the table, and make an effort to form *straight* horizontal lines like *a*, Fig. 2, and observe that they are to be parallel, and at equal distances from one another. When you have succeeded in drawing a dozen of these lines the size of the copy, you should then try to form some twice the length, and then go on increasing the length of them, until you are able to draw lines a yard in length with a piece of chalk upon a black board.

*To draw horizontal straight lines.*—First make a dot upon the paper where you are to commence, and another where the line is to terminate (as *c*, Fig. 2); then draw a line between the two, from left to right, the same as between these two points.

Continue to do this until you are able to draw the lines straight and horizontal; then practise making perpendicular lines.

Fig 2



*To draw perpendicular straight lines.*—Proceed the same way as if drawing horizontal lines; that is, by making dots or points first, and commence with short lines, like the upper one of *b*, Fig. 2. Then increase the length, until they double and quadruple the original ones.

When you have succeeded in drawing either horizontal or perpendicular straight lines, repeat the exercises with the different pencils, so as to give greater breadth to some lines than to others; and sometimes draw the lines very close together, at other times very wide apart, and afterwards fill up the intervening spaces with lines. By this means you will acquire a correct eye and idea of the rudiments of form and proportion.

*To draw oblique lines,* you should place the dots upon the paper as usual, and practise

forming lines from right to left (as *d*, Fig. 2), and afterwards from left to right (as *f*, Fig. 2). When you have acquired sufficient command of your pencil to form the various lines correctly, quickly, and freely, join two of them together, as to appear like *e*, Fig. 2.

Draw the lines, whether they be oblique or slanting, perpendicular or upright, and horizontal, or in a line with the floor, in every kind of manner, sometimes beginning at the right-hand side, and sometimes at the left; at one time at the top of the line, at another at the bottom of it. Do this, practise often, strive to overcome all obstacles, and depend upon it, you will accomplish wonders.

### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

*Pearl the Third.—March.*

Blow, breezes, blow! flow, streamlet, flow,  
Beneath the sunbeam's quiver,  
In farewell of the winter's snow,  
And of the frozen river!  
Beyond the magic of the spell  
That wreathes his frosty beauty,  
We sound a slow and solemn knell,  
Glad of the call of duty.

The pictures on the frosted pane  
Are gone, with all their glory,  
And looking out across the plain  
We read another story.  
And though the winds blow sharp and keen,  
They are but farewell voices,  
And usher in a sunny scene  
At which each heart rejoices.

The green grass of the new-born Spring  
Their farewell takes not from us;  
And bud on bush and bird on wing  
Yield an abundant promise.  
The hedges bud beside the brook,  
The willows by the river,  
And Paas flowers in some sunny nook  
Tell the same story ever.

And if the MARCH has wintry days  
In coming, yet in going  
It passes through such pleasant ways,  
We would not fall in showing  
How tenderly it shapes the road,  
And smoothes earth's ruffled bosom,  
And makes it thus a fit abode  
Where violets may blossom.

PEOPLE who suppose that a good prayer is preferred to a good act, doubtless imagine that God has more hearing than eyesight. The end, we fear, will show that they reasoned from false premises. The poor are oftener prayed for than helped. The reason is, we believe, that air is cheaper than bullion.

# NOVELTIES FOR MARCH.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—Infant's *piqué* cloak.

Fig. 2.—Coiffure composed of a gold net and

a roll of lobelia blue velvet, twined with a gold cord and tassel.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

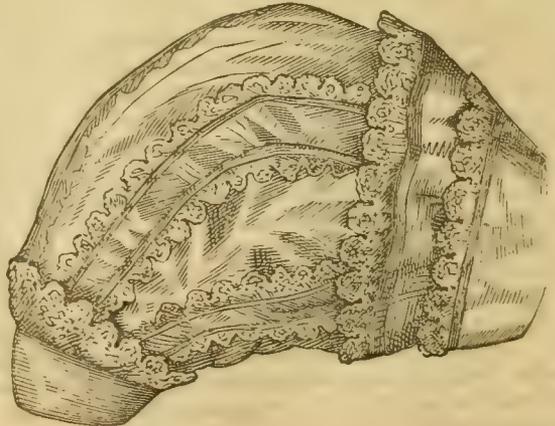


Fig. 3.—Fancy sleeve, suitable for any material.

Fig. 4.—Sleeve suitable for both thick and thin materials.

Fig. 4.

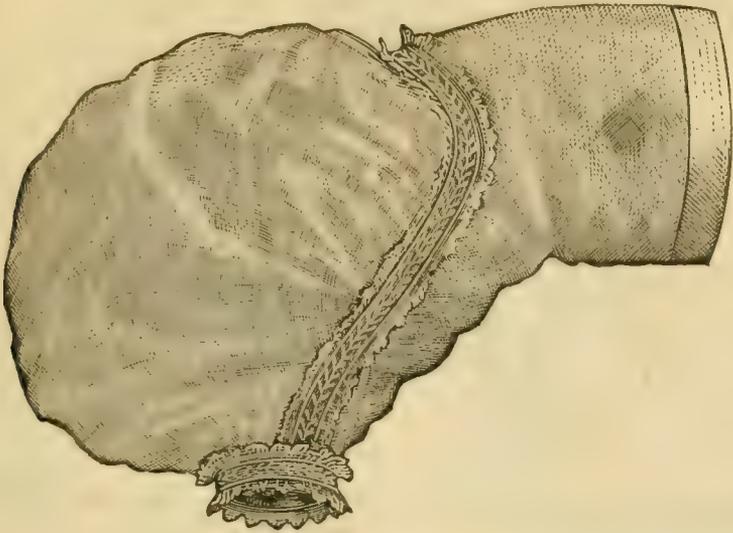


Fig. 5.—A plain night-cap.

Fig. 6.—Infant's bib, with collar.

Fig. 5.

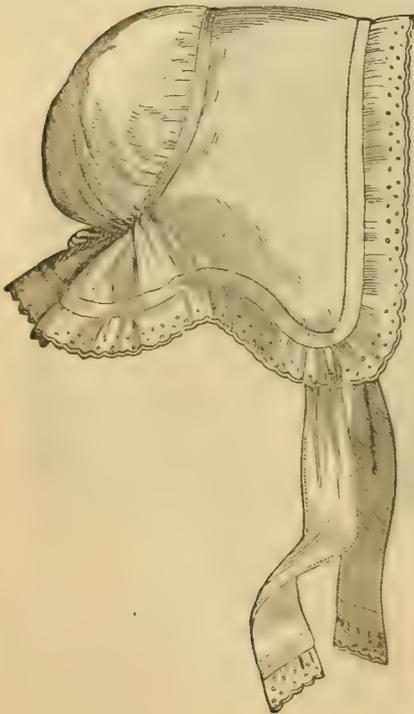


Fig. 7.—Gray poplin coat, to be braided with black.

Fig. 6.

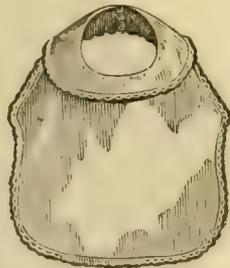


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 8.—Fancy chemisette, with a muslin bow.

Fig. 9.—Fancy fichu, made of puffs of lace and inserting.

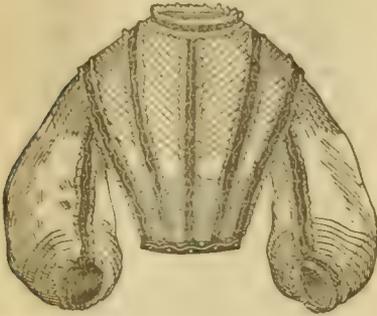
Fig. 9.



PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S  
ESTABLISHMENT,

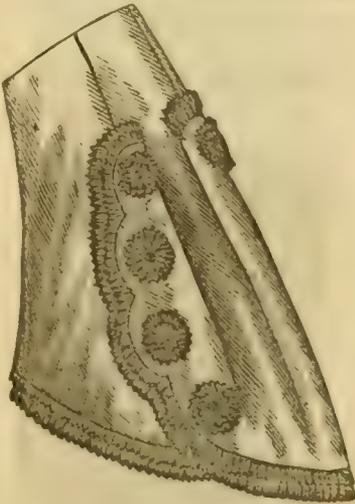
No. 473 Broadway, New York.

*Tucked Waist.*—This is one of the prettiest of the fashionable tucked waists. The tucks, which are very fine, are laid diagonally, and striped with bands of insertion, edged with lace, and with black velvet run through the centre. The sleeves are loose at the wrist, and



drawn up with bands of velvet insertion and lace to correspond. For a Garibaldi this waist may be made in gray or crimson cashmere, gathered on the shoulders, instead of tucked and striped with bands of black velvet, embroidered in the centre with white.

*Almena Sleeve.*—A very pretty flowing sleeve,



trimmed with quilling silk, lace, or any of the new styles of gimp, and medallions of the same. This sleeve cuts nicely from even the narrow silks, as the centre will take one width, and the side trimming prevents the appearance of being pieced.

*Baby's Tucked Dress.*—This pretty robe is elegant enough for a christening, and can be made at small expense by any mother who possesses a "tucker" to her sewing-machine. The tucked breadth should be gored, in order to iron well, and is surrounded by an open



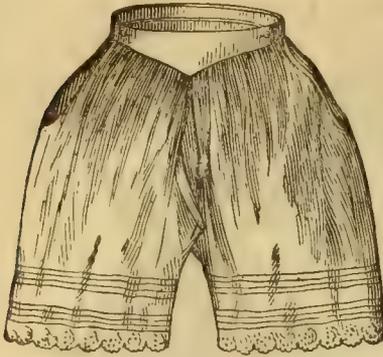
needle-work insertion, through which a narrow ribbon is run, edged on each side with Valenciennes, put on full. This trimming extends up the front of the skirt, and finishes also the waist, neck, and short puffed sleeves. The waist should be tucked between the insertions to match the skirt.

*Infant's Robe.*—Simply and neatly wrought in a fine pattern, around the bottom of the skirt only. The little waist is delicately tucked, and



defined below the bust with a band of insertion. The sleeves are composed of a full puff, edged with needle-work. Wide sash, tied with bow on the side.

*Child's Drawers.*—Made of linen or fine shirt-ing, according to the season. The band is broad, and cut with a point in front, which fits better than the straight band. The bottoms

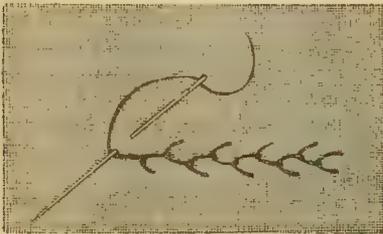


are tucked in clusters, and edged with fine needle-work.

VARIOUS HERRING-BONE STITCHES AND MODES OF WORKING THEM.

Fig. 5 is worked in the same manner as Fig. 2, February number, with this difference—that

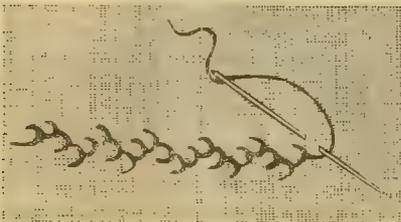
Fig. 5.



the needle is placed diagonally in the material instead of straight.

Fig. 6, consisting of little branches resembling coral, is one of the prettiest stitches when finished. It is worked in the same manner as Fig. 5, with a double branch instead of a single

Fig. 6.



one; the needle is inserted in a diagonal direction, and, on referring to the illustration, two dots will be found, showing the precise manner in which the needle should be inserted for the next branch.

Figs. 7 and 8, consisting of the Interlaced Coral Stitch, is the same combination of stitches

as in Figs. 3 and 4, February number. The needle is placed in a slanting direction, the double stitch forming a series of round holes connected by threads. Cotton No. 10 will be

Fig. 7.

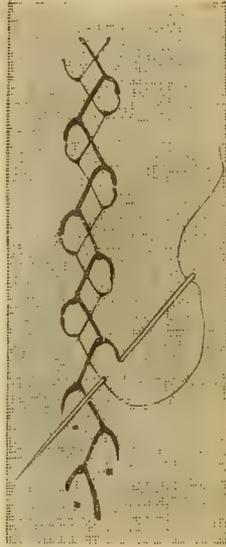
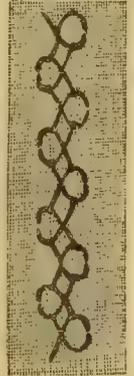


Fig. 8.



found a very suitable size for working all these stitches, unless the material to be ornamented is very fine, when, of course, a finer sized cotton must be selected.

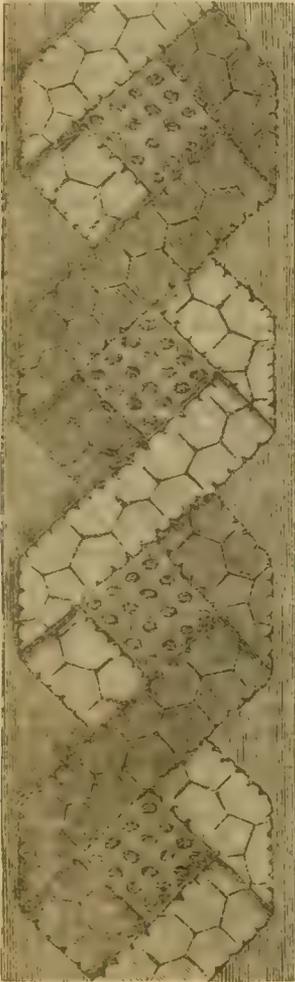
A TRIMMING FOR SLIPPERS.



RIBBON TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, ETC.

*Materials.*—Two shades of silk ribbon, half an inch wide; some fine black purse silk.

This ribbon trimming ornaments a dress very prettily, and is not at all difficult to arrange. It consists of two shades of ribbon, tacked on the material in the same manner as seen in the illustration, and secured by means of an open kind of herring-bone stitch in black purse silk,

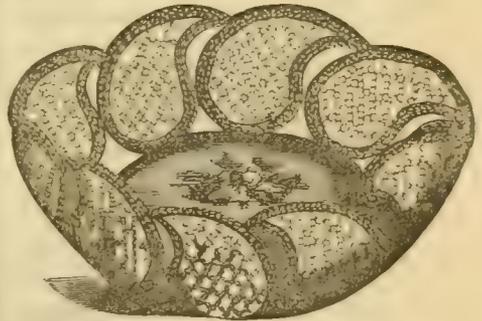


the edge of the ribbon being caught down by button-hole stitch in the same colored silk. The dots in the centre of the diamonds are also in black purse silk, worked in the same manner as the raised stitching in the embroidered collars. We have not given the colors of the ribbon, as these should be selected to accord with the dress the trimming is intended for. If a green dress is to be ornamented, two shades

of green should be selected, one darker and the other lighter than the material to be trimmed. The width of the ribbon we have given answers nicely for children's frocks; for ladies' wear the ribbon should be selected somewhat wider.

BEAD BASKET.

THESE articles, which are expressly intended for bead-work, require that the foundation frame should be purchased ready for the ornamental part of the work, as it is necessary they should be firm and secure. When this is obtained, there is no other difficulty; and to commence, every part of the wire must be bound round with No. 6 knitting cotton, so as to give it a regular roundness. The interior of each pine is then filled in with white and steel beads, one steel bead being at the point of every diamond. This is a simple pattern,



but one which has a very pretty effect. When all the pines are filled in, the outline must be entirely covered with strings of small beads, twisted round and round, so as completely to hide the white cotton. The bottom of the basket is worked on canvas with Berlin wool, a group of flowers being the most appropriate; this is stretched over a circle of card-board, which must be slightly wadded. A thick chenille or a quilling of ribbon must be laid round the edge after the bottom is stitched down to the wires, to hide the stitches. A handle can easily be added to this basket, which should be covered with beads. Two bead or silk tassels should be placed where it is set on, which improves the effect considerably.

LADY'S WAISTBAND BAG.

(See engraving, page 233.)

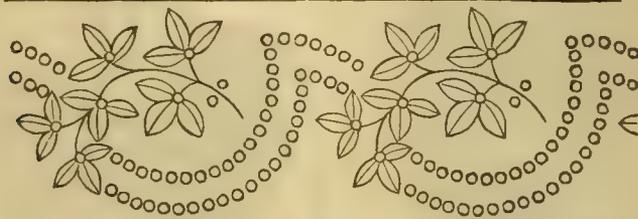
THE revolutions of fashion have once again brought this waist bag into use, and it certainly

is not only an ornament to the dress, but possesses this advantage over the hand bag, that it cannot be dropped or forgotten, or left behind. It is desirable, therefore, both for the sake of the fashion and usefulness, that we should give a design for one of these articles.

The waist bag shown in our illustration is made of either kid or some other sort of leather. Russian leather or kid may be used. It is cut in two parts, the back having the flap added to it, overwrapping the bag in front. A silk lining having been laid in the inside, the edges are bound round with two strips of cloth pinked at their edges with a very small vandyke, the under one being white, or scarlet, or blue, the upper one a dark chocolate, brown, or black, having a line of herringbone in scarlet or blue purse silk carried all round. The pines are in whichever of the cloths may have been chosen

for the outer edge of the border, and the flowers which surround them in white cloth, the first of these being cut in the same small vandyke, and the little sprays upon them being in the very smallest sort of steel beads now manufactured, which being done, the pine is to be laid upon its place with a touch of gum water, and its wavy line of the steel beads worked all round. The flowers being also cut out according to the shape given, and arranged in their places with a similar slight touch of gum, are to have short lines of the steel beads carried from the centre to the outer edge, with one larger in the centre of each, the spray work being also in the steel beads. The strings of the bag are formed of leather, having a strip of cloth cut exactly of the required width and vandyked at each edge, laid underneath it, the edges brought over and herringboned down.

EMBROIDERY.



NIGHT-DRESS.



## BABY'S BOOT EMBROIDERED IN SILK.

(See engraving, page 232.)

*Materials.*—A few pieces of white cashmere or French merino; two skeins of bright blue coarse sewing silk; a small piece of cambric for lining.

ANY of our readers, if they happen to have in their possession a few cuttings or pieces of white cashmere or French merino, can make a pair of pretty little boots, which are nice presents for young ladies to give to their married sisters, and which form pretty and inexpensive contributions to fancy fairs. The boot is composed of three pieces—the sole, the toe, and the upper portion. The pattern of the toe is given; the sole measures four and a half inches long, and two inches at the widest part, and the upper portion measures eight inches from point to point, and two and a half inches from the bottom of the heel to the top. The manner in which the latter piece is cut will be easily understood by referring to the illustration. The toe of the boot is embroidered in silk in round and oval dots, edged with a double chain of coarse button-hole stitch, and the upper portion is embroidered to imitate a frill laid over. The boot is lined throughout with a piece of fine white cambric, the toe is stitched on to the upper portion, and the sole is run in, and back-stitched here and there. The tassel may be made of the sewing silk, and loops of plaited silk should be tastefully arranged to imitate a bow. These bows and tassels are only intended to make a pretty finish to the boot, it being fastened by means of a tiny hook and loop.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

GENTLEMEN'S CUFFS, IN BERLIN WOOL.

Dark brown, bright green, and scarlet. Four pins, No. 18. Cast on eighty stitches in brown. Divide them on three pins (26, 28, 26). With a fourth knit two, purl two throughout; knitting and purling thus: In

*Brown.*—Twenty rounds.*Scarlet.*—Four rounds.*Green.*—Four rounds.*Scarlet.*—Four rounds.*Brown.*—Four rounds.*Scarlet.*—Four rounds.*Green.*—Four rounds.*Scarlet.*—Four rounds.*Brown.*—Twenty.

Cast off, rather loosely.

## CHILDREN'S CUFFS.

Same pattern, colors, and pins.

Cast on about forty stitches, and divide them on three pins (14, 12, 14).

Knit two and purl two throughout.

*Brown.*—Fourteen rounds.*Red.*—Two rounds.*Green.*—Two rounds.*Red.*—Two rounds.*Brown.*—Two rounds.*Red.*—Two rounds.*Green.*—Two rounds.*Red.*—Two rounds.*Brown.*—Fourteen rounds, and cast off.

## LADIES' CUFFS.

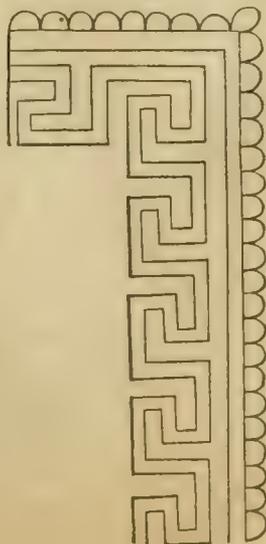
Same pattern, colors, and pins.

Cast on sixty, and divide them (twenty on each). Knit two and purl two throughout.

*Brown.*—Sixteen rounds.*Red.*—Three rounds.*Green.*—Three rounds.*Red.*—Three rounds.*Brown.*—Three rounds.*Red.*—Three rounds.*Green.*—Three rounds.*Red.*—Three rounds.*Brown.*—Sixteen rounds.

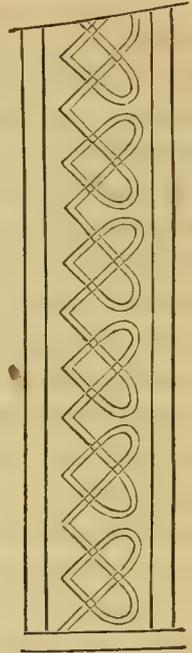
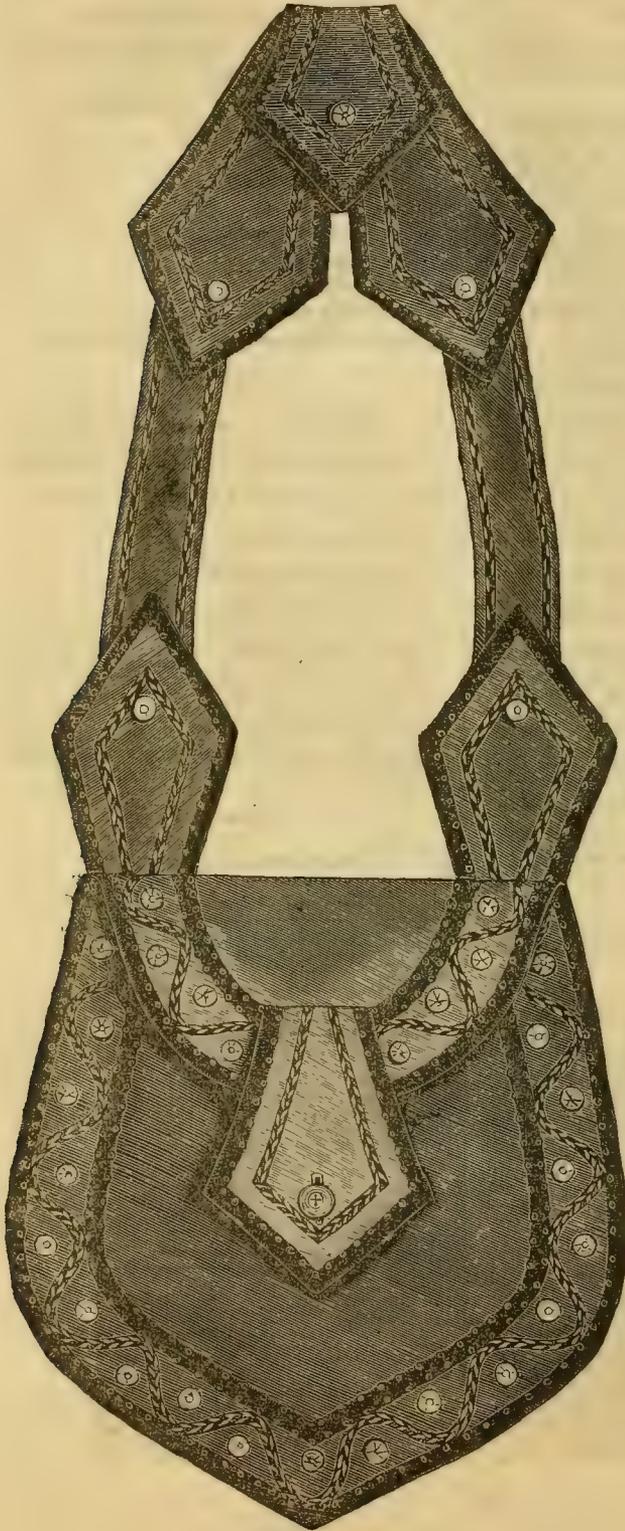
Cast off. Sew down the knots, both in the mittens and cuffs.

## BORDER FOR A HANDKERCHIEF.



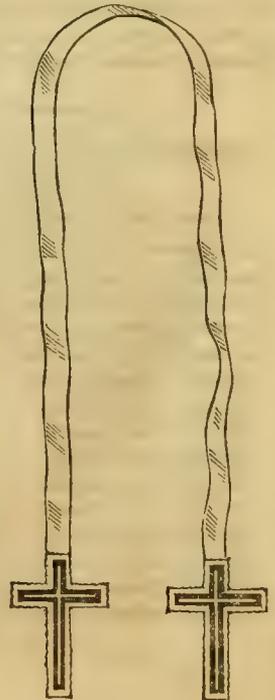
FRENCH VISITING POCKET, TO HOLD CARDS.

BRAIDING PATTERN.

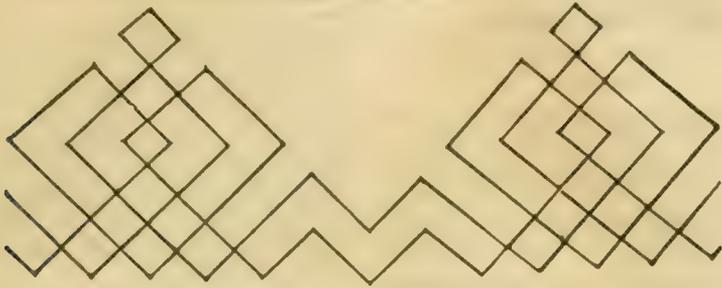


PRAYER-BOOK MARKERS,

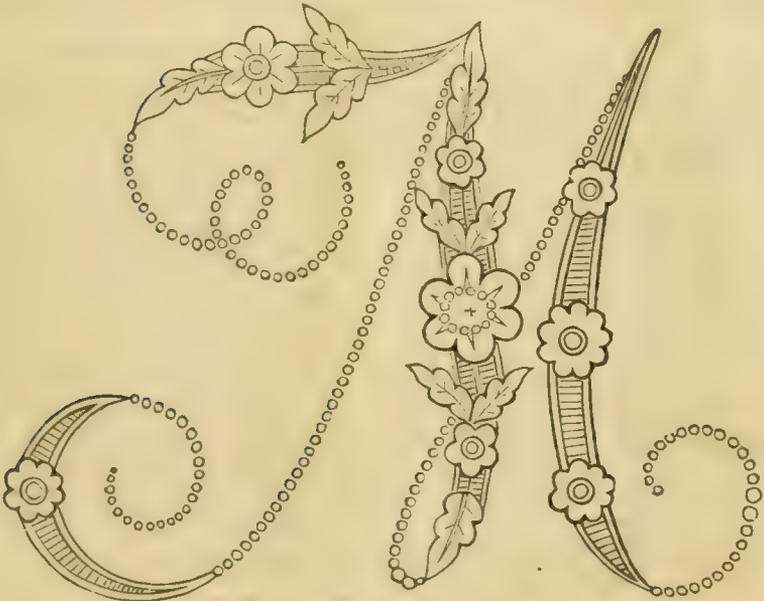
THE CROSSES WORKED IN PERFORATED CARD.



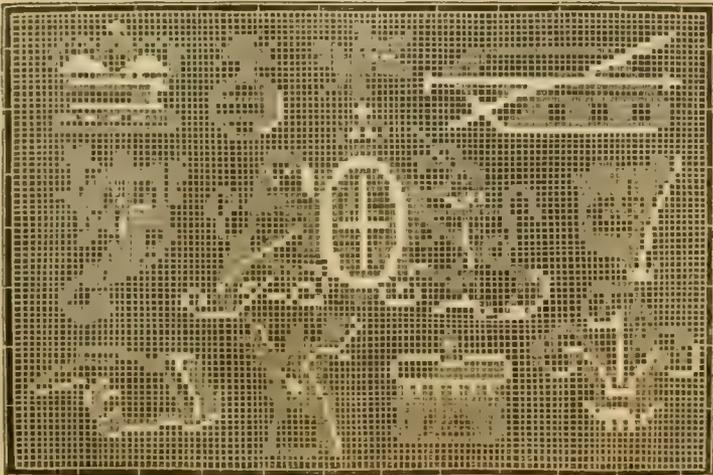
BRAIDING PATTERN.



INITIAL FOR SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.



SAMPLER PATTERN FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.



## Receipts, &c.

### SOUPS.

Soups are easily made, provided the *stock* is always ready, and in good condition, that is, in a *jelly*. In every household, even where there is only one joint of meat in a week, a tureen of soup can always be made. In households where more joints are used, say three, or more, in a week, soup for three or more days ought to be made from the bones, without the addition of other meat.

The stock-pot must be an iron saucepan; must be used for no other purpose, and every day after using must be boiled out with soda and water.

For soups use always *cold* water.

#### TO MAKE STOCK FROM BONES.

Those which are sent from table on the plates must never be put with other bones; it is a dirty custom, and had better at all times be dispensed with. Take the large bone which has been left, say, from a leg of mutton, but from which the meat had not been quite scraped off (*though no particle of fat must be taken*), together with the shank and the gristle bone which is at the knuckle; crack the large bone (take out the marrow, as not being useful in soup), and put the whole of the bones into three quarts of cold water into an *iron* saucepan; let them boil very fast for four hours until the water is reduced to one quart, then throw the liquor and bones into a colander, but over a basin; set the liquor to cool, and let the bones drain. This boiling should always take place in the afternoon or evening, so that the strained liquor can be allowed to remain cooling all night. The next morning on the top of this will be found a cake of cold fat, which must be very carefully removed, as of no use for soup; underneath will be found the *stock*, which should be a jelly, and if it is not, it is because the boiling was not sufficiently attended to over night, and it must therefore be returned with the bones to the saucepan, and boiled again, and undergo the same process of straining, cooling, and removing all fat; so that it is the least trouble and fuss to attend well to the first boiling, to say nothing of the waste of additional fire for the second boiling. Having thus made stock from bones, the latter may be peppered, floured, and put away for boiling up with bones from a joint of the next, or even two days afterwards. Observe to add to the stock-pot all trimmings of fresh meat, such as bits from the trimming of veal cutlets, the lean pieces from the tops of chops, from a loin of mutton, and any small pieces, not of any other use, which are left on the dish in which the meat has been served. *But observe not to use the smallest piece of fat for stock.*

There will now be no difficulty in making stock from meat if it be so desired, as the process is exactly the same, precisely alike in the mode of straining, cooling, and taking off the fat; but if a clear soup be desired, the liquor must, *while hot*, be strained again either through the finest wire strainer, hair sieve, or with old muslin tied, but *not too tight*, over the top of the colander.

The best meat for soup purposes is shin of beef, the meat with the bones, and boiled for six or eight hours always till the liquor is reduced one-half. A pound of fresh meat should make a pint of good soup, but the meat should always be cut up small. Soup made from any other beef but that of the shin will not jelly, but

will taste very like good beef-tea. After the shin comes knuckle of veal. Soup made from this is excellent. The lean end of a neck of mutton is also good; but in making soup from this latter a half pint of water should be put to the meat, be closely covered, and allowed to boil a quarter of an hour, then be poured off, and put away in a basin to cool; then put the necessary water to the meat, and convert it into stock. When the soup made from this is about to be sent to table, take the fat off the small portion that was put away; mix the liquor, *not the fat*, in with the soup, and it will give a delicious fresh flavor of mutton. Stock may be made from any meat, poultry, or game, but must always be put in *cold* water, and be without fat.

It must always be strained, perhaps, more than once, suffered to get entirely cool, the fat be then taken off, and put away before the stock can be converted into soup.

#### TO CLEAR STOCK.

Sometimes when soup is wanted to be very clear, the stock is not so, and, in order to clear it, to every pint of stock required for soup take the white of one egg, beat it up with two tablespoonfuls of cold water; take some stock, which is nearly boiling, mix it with the eggs and water, and beat all together thoroughly; mix this with the stock, which should be boiling on the fire, stirring it well; let the whole nearly boil; then let it stand away from the fire till the eggs separate in a curd from the soup; then strain the latter through fine muslin.

VERMICELLI, OR ITALIAN SOUP.—(Made from stock from boiled bones.) Take a quart of the stock (see directions), add a little salt, a little thickening made thus: take a teaspoonful of flour, roll it in a lump of butter the size of half a walnut, throw it into the cold stock; this will readily dissolve as it boils; then throw in an ounce of vermicelli, or Italian paste, which is cheaper, better, and prettier looking, being vermicelli cut into stars, cubes, and other similar shapes. When this has been boiled ten minutes, have ready a small tablespoonful of minced onion, throw this in, and let the soup boil five minutes; then pour some soup into a basin; burn a little brown sugar in an iron spoon, mix it with the soup in the basin, then *strain* it to the soup. The onion may be omitted if desired. This soup will not take more than twenty minutes from the time it is first put on the fire.

MACCARONI SOUP.—Break a quarter of a pound of macaroni into small pieces; take a quart of boiling stock and an ounce of butter; put in the macaroni with a very little salt, and boil it till tender, which will be in about twenty minutes; thicken with a teaspoonful of flour rubbed smoothly in some water; beat up the yolks and whites of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of cold water; take a tablespoonful of the boiling soup, and beat up with the eggs; then add two more spoonfuls, and continue till there is a basin full; then throw the whole through a strainer into the boiling soup, and take it instantly away from the fire. Well mix it together, and the soup will be ready to serve.

SPRING SOUP.—Also from stock not made of meat (see directions). Mince into very small pieces, *not too fine*, some (one large or two small) *ready-dressed* carrots, six raw turnips, which must be cut in dice-shape, the heart of a stick of celery *minced very fine*, a handful of young spring onions, with the young green of six, also, and some chopped lettuce, if it can be had. Make the stock boil; add a little salt and a piece of butter size of a hazel-

nut; when it boils fast, throw in the vegetables; let them boil rapidly for a quarter of an hour; then thicken, if necessary, with a little flour rubbed smoothly in a little cold water and strained to the soup.

**SOUP, JULIENNE.**—Take the same kind of stock as before. Take a quarter of a pound of ready-dressed carrots; a half a pound of raw turnips, peeled and washed; a head of celery; and an old onion. Peel and cut the onion round like a lemon would be cut, only in thin rounds; then cut each piece in four; cut the celery across the heart, then each piece again, so as to form long bits; cut the turnips into rounds, the same way also as a lemon; then cut these also into thin strips, the carrot the same; each piece of vegetable must be about an inch long, and about as wide as one of the prongs of a carving fork; melt in a saucepan two ounces of butter, with a little salt, and a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, and a teaspoonful of brown sugar, well melted together; then put in the vegetables, and let them brown in the saucepan at the side of the fire, perhaps for an hour or less. Make one quart of stock boiling, throw in the vegetables, and let all boil together. *Omit* the thickening.

**TURNIP SOUP, WHITE.**—Wash, pare, and cut six large turnips, the same way as a lemon would be cut, that is, into round slices a quarter of an inch thick, or rather thicker, or with a turnip-scoop form them into the shape of marbles; on the latter mode more turnips must be used; cut these rounds of turnip into squares or triangular pieces. Make a quart of stock from bones boiling hot; throw into it an ounce of vermicelli, or thicken it with flour and water, rubbed smoothly; add a piece of butter the size of a walnut; throw in the turnips while the soup is rapidly boiling; make it boil up again very quickly. In a quarter of an hour after it boils the second time, the soup will be ready.

**TURNIP SOUP, BROWN.**—Is made precisely as in the foregoing directions; but the turnips are first browned with two ounces of butter, by letting them rapidly fry in a saucepan over a brisk fire; and leave out the vermicelli.

**ARTICHOKE SOUP.**—Is made exactly as the turnip soup, white, only leaving out the vermicelli, but adding two ounces of butter to the stock, and boiling the artichoke pieces twenty minutes or more.

**CARROT SOUP.**—A quart of stock made from bones; two carrots pared, but not cut. Put them on to cook in plenty of boiling water, with a little salt, and *two ounces of dripping*. Let them boil an hour and a half; then drain them, mash them rapidly through a colander, mix them with the soup when boiling, but which has first been thickened with flour, water, and a little butter added.

**GREEN PEA SOUP.**—Take two quarts of stock made from bones; when it boils, throw in half a teaspoonful of sugar, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quart of ready-shelled peas. Let all boil rapidly for twenty minutes, then shred up the hearts of two lettuces, and add a teaspoonful of dried and powdered mint, or a good spray of green mint. Let the soup boil for ten minutes longer; take a teaspoonful of flour, and a little cold water, mix together, strain, and add to the soup, if not sufficiently thick. The spray of mint must be taken out before sending to table.

Green pea soup sent without vegetables to table must be made in the same way, only the peas be mashed, and the whole be strained before coming to table.

## MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**TO BOIL A LEG OF LAMB.**—This is considered a delicate joint in the very first families. It should be put into a pot with cold water just enough to cover it, and very carefully skimmed so long as the least appearance of scum rises.

This joint should not be suffered to boil fast, for on its being gently boiled depends all its goodness, and the delicate white appearance it should have when served up. A leg of four or five pounds weight will take about one hour and a half, reckoning from the time it comes to a boil.

A boiled leg of lamb may be served up with either green peas, or cauliflower, or young French beans, asparagus, or spinach, and potatoes, which for lamb should always be of a small size.

Parsley and butter for the joint, and plain melted butter for the vegetables, are the proper sauces for boiled lamb.

**TO ROAST LAMB.**—The hind quarter of lamb usually weighs from seven to ten pounds; this size will take about two hours to roast it. Have a brisk fire. It must be very frequently basted while roasting, and sprinkled with a little salt, and dredged all over with flour, about half an hour before it is done.

**TO BOIL PERCH.**—First wipe or wash off the slime, then scrape off the scales, which adhere rather tenaciously to this fish; empty and clean the insides perfectly, take out the gills, cut off the fins, and lay the perch into equal parts of cold and of boiling water, salted as for mackerel; from eight to ten minutes will boil them unless they are very large. Dish them on a napkin, garnish them with curled parsley, and serve melted butter with them.

**TO FRY PERCH OR TENCH.**—Scale and clean them perfectly; dry them well, flour and fry them in boiling lard. Serve plenty of fried parsley round them.

**SWEETBREAD CUTLETS.**—Boil the sweetbreads for half an hour in water, or veal broth, and when they are perfectly cold, cut them into slices of equal thickness, brush them with yolks of egg, and dip them into very fine bread-crumbs, seasoned with salt, Cayenne, grated lemon-rind, and mace; fry them in butter of a fine light brown, arrange them in a dish, placing them high in the centre, and pour under them a gravy made in the pan, thickened with mushroom powder, and flavored with lemon-juice; or, in lieu of this, sauce them with some rich brown gravy, to which a glass of sherry or Madeira has been added.

**TO BROIL A SWEETBREAD.**—Parboil it, rub it with butter, and broil it over a slow fire, turn it frequently, and baste it now and then by putting it into a plate kept warm by the fire with butter in it.

**TO DRESS SALT FISH.**—Soak it in cold water, according to its saltiness; the only method of ascertaining when it is to taste one of the flakes of the fish. That fish which is hard and dry will require twenty-four hours soaking in two or three waters, to the last of which add a wine-glassful of vinegar. But less time will suffice for a barbelled cod, and still less for the split fish. Put the fish on in cold water, and let it simmer, but not actually boil, else it will be tough and thready. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs, the yolks cut in quarters, and serve with egg-sauce, parsnips, or beet-root.

*Or:* Lay the piece you mean to dress all night in water, with a glass of vinegar; boil it enough, then break it into flakes on the dish; warm it up with cream

and a large piece of butter rubbed with a bit of flour, and serve it as above with egg-sauce.

**ROLLED VEAL.**—The breast is the best for this purpose. Bone a piece of the breast, and lay a forcemeat over it of herbs, bread, an anchovy, a spoonful or two of scraped ham, a very little mace, white pepper, and chopped chives; then roll, bind it up tight, and stew it in water or weak broth with the bones, some carrots, onions, turnips, and a bay-leaf. Let the color be preserved, and serve it in veal gravy, or fricassee sauce.

**TO BROIL MACKEREL.**—Clean and split them open; wipe dry; lay them on a clean gridiron, rubbed with suet, over a very clear slow fire; turn; season with pepper, salt, and a little butter; fine minced parsley is also used.

**CHICKEN SALAD.**—Boil a chicken that weighs not more than a pound and a half. When very tender, take it up, cut it in small strips; then take six or seven fine white heads of celery, scrape, and wash it; cut the white part small, in pieces of about three quarters of an inch long, mix it with the meat of the fowl, and just before the salad is sent in, pour a dressing made in the following way over it:—

Boil four eggs hard; rub their yolks to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of olive oil; two teaspoonfuls of made mustard; one teaspoonful of salt, and one teacupful of strong vinegar.

Place the delicate leaves of the celery around the edges of the dish.

White-heart lettuce may be used instead of celery.

Any other salad dressing may be used, if preferred.

#### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**CUP CAKE.**—Three eggs, one cup butter, one cup and a half sugar, half cup molasses, one cup milk, four cups flour, one teaspoonful saleratus; spice to taste.

**DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING.**—Very convenient, as it may be made several hours before it is baked, or when a nice addition is wanted unexpectedly. Pare and chop fine half a dozen or more, according to their size, of the best cooking apples; grease a pudding-dish, cover the bottom and sides half an inch thick with grated bread, and very small lumps of butter; then put a layer of apples with sugar and nutmeg, and repeat the layer, which must be of bread and butter; pour over the whole a teacup of cold water. Put into the oven as soon as the dinner is served, and bake it twenty-five or thirty minutes. It may be baked the day before it is wanted; when it must be heated thoroughly, turned into a shallow dish, and sprinkled with powdered sugar. It requires no sauce.

**LEMON PIE.**—Take four lemons, grate the rind, squeeze the juice, chop the pulp very fine, four teacups of sugar, the yolks of six eggs, two teacups of milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch; beat well together and bake; beat the white of the eggs with six tablespoonfuls of white sugar to a froth; when the pies are baked, put the froth over them, and set them in the oven for five minutes.

**GERMAN RICE PUDDING.**—Half a pound of rice boiled in a pint and a half of milk. When well boiled, mix with it three eggs, two ounces of butter, and two ounces sugar. Put it into a well buttered mould, and bake it one hour. When it is turned out of the mould put orange marmalade over it. This pudding is also very good cold.

**OPEN GERMAN TART.**—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound butter, quarter of a pound sugar, and one egg, to be rolled out and baked on a flat surface, having first covered the top with slices of apples or plums. A round shape looks best, with a little rim of the paste round the edge.

**PLAIN CAKE.**—Four cups flour, two of sugar, two of sour milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, and raisins.

**LEMON DUMPLINGS.**—Add the juice of one lemon to the rind, which must be chopped fine; mix half a pound of suet, also chopped, with half a pound of bread crumbs, one egg, enough milk (or water) to make a stiff paste; add the lemon, sweeten to taste, divide into five or six equal parts, and boil in separate cloths for three-quarters of an hour, and serve up with wine sauce.

**JERSEY PUDDING.**—Take four ounces of grated bread-crumbs, the same of grated apples, loaf sugar, fresh butter, and currants. Beat up well four eggs, add them to the above ingredients with a little salt and lemon-peel. Add a glass of brandy or white wine, butter your mould well, and boil one hour. N. B. Four macaroons can be substituted for the bread, and if preferred, it can be baked.

**DILLINGHAM CAKE.**—One cup butter, one of milk, three cups of sugar, five of flour, four eggs; spice to your taste. Bake in small or large tins.

**DEVONSHIRE CAKE.**—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound sugar, half a pound butter, half the peel of a lemon, half a pound citron; whisk all together, with eight eggs; add a little brandy; bake in a slow oven, two hours and a half.

**PLAIN CHEESECAKES.**—One ounce of butter, one ounce of powdered sugar, one stale sponge-cake, and two drops of essence of lemon, all beaten together; this quantity makes nine cheesecakes; a few currants on the top of each if you like.

#### SIMPLE LIGHT PUDDINGS FOR INVALIDS.

**TAPIoca BLANCMANGE.**—Half a pound of tapioca soaked for one hour in a pint of new milk, and then boiled until quite tender; sweeten, according to taste, with loaf sugar, and, if preferred, flavor with either lemon, almond, or vanilla. Put the mixture into a mould, when cold turn it out, and serve it with custard or cream, and, if approved, some preserves.

**SCALDED PUDDING.**—Stir three spoonfuls of flour into the smallest quantity of cold milk possible to make it smooth; into this stir a pint of scalding milk, put it upon the fire, but do not let it boil, when cold add nutmeg, ginger, and lemon-peel, and three well beaten eggs; sweeten to taste. Butter a basin, fill it with the above, and let it boil for an hour. When cooked plunge it into a pail of cold water, turn it on a dish, and let it stand a few minutes covered with the same basin before you send it to table.

**BAKED PUDDINGS.**—One pint of milk, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of flour, five eggs, leaving out two of the whites, two ounces of lump sugar. Mix all well together, and bake it in cups, which first must be rinsed in cold skim milk. Bake half an hour, and serve with butter or arrowroot sauce.

**A QUAKING PUDDING.**—Boil a pint of the best new milk with two blades of mace, a little grated nutmeg, and a little ginger; when nearly cold, add to it the yolks and whites of five eggs, well beaten, a few almonds,

and sugar to taste; mix all together with two table-spoonfuls of flour. Boil it half an hour.

**MARY'S PUDDING.**—Put not quite half a pound of grated bread-crumbs, and two ounces of butter, into a basin, pour upon them (boiling) one pint of good milk, sweetened with about three ounces of sugar. Cover with a plate or saucer, and set to cool. Beat up three eggs well, and stir them into the crumbs when cool enough, adding any flavor that is liked; it is very good without. Pour into a buttered dish and bake half an hour; or pour into a buttered mould and boil one hour. The following sauce is very nice over the boiled pudding: Add one egg and the yolks of three to half a tumbler of sherry, sweetened. Put in a jug in a pan of hot water, taking care not to let it remain too long on the fire, five minutes will be long enough. Whip the whole by rolling the whisk well between the hands till the mixture becomes light and firm.

**A DELICATE PUDDING.**—The yolks of five eggs beat very well, half a pound of pounded sugar, half a pint of milk, a slice of butter warmed in the milk, and a table-spoonful of flour. The sauce should be made of one glass of sherry, a little loaf sugar, and melted butter. Bake the puddings in large teacups, turn them out, and pour the sauce over them.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO CLEAN CLOTH GARMENTS.**—Rub some soap upon the wristbands and collars, and dip them in boiling hot water or new made suds, and scrub them well with a brush. Then go over the dirty and greasy places in the same way. Get fresh suds and wet and brush the whole garment the right way of the cloth. Stretch the sleeves, pockets, pocket-holes, wristbands, and collars into shape, the same as if ironed and put to dry. They will look as well as new.

**TO MAKE BUTTER COME.**—After churning, if the particles of butter will not unite, as is often the case in very cold or very hot weather, drop into the churn a piece of butter the size of an egg, or larger, giving the whole a few dashes. The particles, true to the laws of attraction, will readily unite with the larger lump, and the work is done.

**PEACH LEAF YEAST.**—Peach leaves used in the same way as hops, make excellent yeast. They may be used fresh from the tree during the summer—but the winter supply should be picked before frost comes and dried.

**SOFT SOAP.**—To one cake of the concentrated lye, add three gallons of soft water. Set it on the fire, put in four pounds of soap fat, and let it boil till quite clear. Empty into a barrel and add twelve gallons of soft water. When cold, it will be as thick as jelly. The concentrated lye can be had at most any drug store.

**A SIMPLE, SAFE, AND CLEANLY WAY TO DESTROY BLACK BEETLES, ETC.**—Place two or three shallow vessels—the larger kind of flower-pot saucers will do—half filled with water, on the floors where they assemble, with strips of card-board running from the edge of the vessel to the floor, a gentle inclination; these the unwelcome guests will eagerly ascend, and so find a watery grave.

**TO DYE SILK, ETC., CRIMSON.**—Take about a spoonful of cudbear, put it into a small pan, pour boiling water upon it; stir and let it stand a few minutes, then put in the silk, and turn it over in a short time, and when the color is full enough, take it out: but if it should require more violet or crimson, add a spoonful or two of purple

archil to some warm water; steep, and dry it within doors. To finish it, it must be mangled, and ought to be pressed.

**TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.**—Make a strong lather with curd soap and warm water, in which steep a small piece of new flannel. Place the glove on a flat, clean, and unyielding surface—such as the bottom of a dish, and having thoroughly soaped the flannel (when squeezed from the lather) rub the kid till all dirt be removed, cleaning and resoaping the flannel from time to time. Care must be taken to omit no part of the glove, by turning the fingers, etc. The gloves must be dried in the sun, or before a moderate fire, and will present the appearance of old parchment. When quite dry, they must be gradually "pulled out," and will look new.

**TO REMOVE INK FROM PAPER.**—Solution of muriate of tin, two drachms; water four drachms. To be applied with a camel's-hair brush. After the writing has disappeared, the paper should be passed through water, and dried.

An excellent cement for mending china articles, when broken, can be made by mixing flour with white of egg to the consistence of a paste. Hot water does not injure but rather hardens this simple cement.

**METALLIC TREES.**—The lead tree is produced as follows: Put into a glass bottle about half an ounce of sugar of lead, and fill up to the neck with distilled or rain water; then fasten to the cork or stopper a piece of zinc wire, so that it may hang in the centre: then place the bottle where it may remain undisturbed. The wire will soon be covered with crystals of lead, precipitated from the solution, and assuming a tree-like form very pleasing to the eye. For the tin-tree proceed as before, and put in three drachms of muriate of tin; and about ten drops of nitric acid. The tin-tree has a more lustrous appearance than the lead-tree. The silver-tree is prepared by a solution of four drachms of nitrate of silver in distilled or rain water as before, to which add out an ounce of quicksilver.

**TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.**—Have a coffee-pot with a lip, pour into it as many cups of boiling water as you wish to make cups of coffee: let the water boil, then put in as many teaspoonfuls of coffee as there are cups of water, stir it in, let it simmer until the head falls. When the coffee is done, take it off the fire, pour in a cup of cold water, set the coffee on the hearth, and let it stand ten minutes, when it will be fine. For breakfast, put one cupful of this coffee to three or four cups of hot milk, sweeten to your taste, and you will find it a luxury at a small expense as great as wealth can procure. Coffee should never be made in what are called coffee-pots; if poured from near the bottom it is never clear.—Coffee should always be poured from the top of the vessel.

**VARNISH FOR COARSE WOODWORK.**—Grind any quantity of tar with as much Spanish brown as it will bear without becoming too thick to be used as a paint or varnish; then spread it on the wood with a large brush. It soon hardens by keeping. The work should be kept as free from dust and insects as possible, till the varnish is thoroughly dry. The color may be made a grayish instead of a glossy brown, by mixing a small proportion of white lead, or of whiting and ivory black, with the Spanish brown.

**TO KEEP THE HANDS SOFT.**—Mix honey, almond meal, and olive oil into a paste, use after washing with soap. Castile soap is best for use: it will cure a scratch, or a cut, and prevents any spot.

# Editors' Table.

## NOVELS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,  
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.—DENHAM.

It has been our constant aim to guide our youthful readers aright in their choice of literary amusement. That we do not condemn novel-reading as utterly useless, if not utterly bad, is true; but we as truly hold that this "delight" or amusement should be guided by wise principles of selection, and regulated by the sense of duty which, as accountable beings, should govern all our doings.

Young girls at school or under the care of teachers at home are restricted, more or less, in their desire for fictitious narratives. After this period, we regret to say, that many young ladies, considering their education finished (as if *education ever were finished!*), are allowed to go adrift on an ocean of tales, romances, novels, etc., without knowing what is the best course to pursue. What to avoid or what to anchor upon has never been marked on their home chart of literature.

To remedy this evil, in such measure as on our part is possible, we have made it a rule to discuss the subject of home reading in our Editors' Table whenever we had opportunity, speaking to our young friends as frankly as if they were present, requesting to be guided. Letters of grateful thanks have cheered us, ay, more than repaid our care and thought for our readers, making us feel their debtor for one of the sweetest rewards of a writer's life—the love of those we would serve. And now one of our young friends has begged us for a few words of counsel on novel-reading.

There can scarcely be a more pernicious occupation for the leisure hours of either sex than reading *bad novels*. The higher the abilities of the author, the more dangerous his books, where lax morality is decked out in meretricious ornaments resembling the pearls of virtue—as coarse paste resembles the pure diamond—which often deceive youthful readers, blinding his or her judgment, and corrupting the taste, till they come to love this demoralizing mental excitement.

We are now alluding to the sensation school of modern French novels. Many of these works are written by the pen of genius. Full of fancy, and rich with imagination, perfect in all the charms of graceful style, of exquisite language, they impose on the inexperienced, by describing states of feeling and causes of action as *natural to the good under certain circumstances*, which, if allowed in *actual life*, would destroy all goodness.

In these novels vice, instead of being "a monster of hateful mien," is led forward as an amiable unfortunate, more to be loved and more tenderly embraced than painstaking, simple virtue. The reader pities, thrills, wonders, loses sight of the boundary between right and wrong—is bewildered in the mist of a sort of praiseworthy atrocity and a sort of disagreeable honesty—till he no longer knows the landmarks of his own mind; he can hardly tell whether sin is sin; whether the homely, regular citizen, or the branded bandit felon is a respectable character. Everything in ethics becomes vague and shadowy; the generous enthusiasm for honor, virtue, and self-denial is diluted by a monstrous mix-

ture of all we have ever been taught, in our Christian morality and religious reading, to avoid and detest. The step from this state of mind and feeling to wrong doing is not long nor difficult.

"Vice always leads,  
However fair at first, to wilds of woe."

Never believe that the characters and incidents set forth by Sue, Hugo, and the writers of their schools are true portraits of the French people, generally. In France there is family purity, as elsewhere, or society could not be conserved. In France there are Christian souls who deplore these unwholesome volumes as truly as we do. Such sensation novels are but the assembling together of exceptional instances of vice and misery, setting these in a capricious light, and gilding them with the blaze of vivid fancy and morbidly excited feeling.

Nor have these books the merit of truly describing nature in any form. All is exaggerated and distorted; even virtue is warped into something we never beheld, or set upon a pinnacle which we can never hope to reach. In short, the *false* is persistently set before us as the *true*, and the mirage is made so dazzling by these clever writers that even sober thoughtfulness is in danger of being deluded by their sophistries. For these reasons we deeply regret that French novels are now sown broadcast through our land, to corrupt the imaginations of our young men and maidens, and worse than waste the time of more mature readers, who should remember that life has duties to be done, ay, duties, which will require the strength of truth and the light of wisdom.

Why should American readers, who have such large scope for innocent pleasure in the masterpieces of our own language, leave these pure sources of improving amusement, and defile their minds in the sloughs of French fiction, dealing chiefly with the most debasing vices and disgusting miseries? French morality rarely rises above the earth. With their writers *Science* is the Saviour of mankind, and *human charity* the great Purifier from sin. After wading through one of these evil works of passion, pollution, and false sentiment, it seems almost like walking into Paradise to take up a healthy English or American novel.

Without going back to Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and others of their time, who do not need to be commended, there are now many living novel writers in Great Britain, whose productions are worthy of admiration. We may particularize the later novels of Bulwer, who, in style and language, is unrivalled as a living writer; Dickens' works, that never fail in cheerful characters and kindly feelings; the impassioned and powerful tales of "the author of Adam Bede;" the life pictures of Miss Muloch, whose last work, "Mistress and Maid," deserves a place in every family library; the strangely fascinating stories of Wilkie Collins; the truthful and amusing sketches of English character in the books of Anthony Trollope; the novels of the two Kingsleys—with some exceptions to the philosophic notions of the elder brother—all these are the productions of real genius and high culture.

Such works of imagination, when governed by the

desire to elevate humanity in accordance with God's laws, furnish innocent mental pleasures and often happy moral sustains in favor of goodness, which are needed, at times, by every young and every healthy intellect. Often, too, books of this sort are cheering resources in hours of weariness and pain,\* when even the wise and pious soul requires some softened atmosphere of life, some new phase of thought that will lighten or remove the too near and heavy pressure of the day's actual burdens and sorrows.

But woe it would not disparage works of imagination, we would have readers carefully guarded against the false leads and temptations to evil, which selfish passions, sinful lusts, and false philosophies may introduce in this form. Therefore novel writers should be held to strict morality of tenet and delicacy of delineation. We beg our readers of all ages not to be led away by the name of a distinguished writer into giving their minds to pictures of scenes they would shrink from in real life. Poison is not the less poison because offered in a gilded cup, made by a distinguished artist. "Lead us not into temptation" is a divine aspiration, and we make that prayer in vain if we neglect to guard our own hearts and thoughts from contaminations.

#### HAPPY LOVE.

"Examples hasten deeds to good effects."

ARGUMENTS for the right are never so powerful in influencing the heart to love goodness, as examples of right conduct. True love is best comprehended by its effect in producing happiness; therefore happy love must be true love. In the preceding article we have commended Miss Muloch's last novel, "Mistress and Maid," to special favor. As proof that it deserves this praise, we will make a few extracts from the chapter of that important period true love-courtship, premising that the hero and heroine of the story had loved each other for fifteen years, and only within a few weeks had been engaged; that Miss Leaf was then thirty and Mr. Lyon about forty years of age.

"Let us linger a little over this chapter of happy love; so sweet, so rare a thing. Ah, most rare; though hundreds continually meet, love, or fancy they do, engage themselves and marry; and hundreds more go through the same proceeding, with the slight difference of the love-sword—Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. But the real love, steady and true, tried in the balance, and not found wanting; tested by time, absence, separation; by good and ill fortune; by the natural and inevitable change which years make in every character—this is the rarest thing to be found on earth, and the most precious."

"I do not say that all love is worthless which is not exactly the sort of love. There have been people who have succeeded instantly and permanently to some mysterious attraction, higher than all reasoning; the same which made Hilary Leaf 'take an interest' in Robert Lyon's face at church, and made him, he afterward confessed, the very first time he gave Ascott a lesson in the parlor at Strawberry Bay to himself. 'If I did marry, I think I should like such a wife as that brown-eyed bit lassie.' And there have been other people, who, choosing their partners from accidental circumstances, or from more worldly motives, have found Providence

\* Our correspondent wanted directions where to obtain cheap editions, paper covers of such late English novels as would innocently beguile some of the weary hours of a confirmed invalid sister, who could not use her hands. Besides the works we have already named, there are novels by "the authoress of Mary Powell"—the works of Mrs. Wood; and "Marrying for Money," by Mrs. Daniels; this last we think deserving of much praise. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 305 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

kinder to them than they deserved, and settled down into happy, affectionate husbands and wives.

"But none of these loves can possibly have the sweetness, the completeness of such a love as that between Hilary Leaf and Robert Lyon.

"There were no lovers' quarrels. Robert Lyon had chosen that best blessing next to a good woman—a sweet-tempered woman; and there was no reason why they should quarrel more as lovers than they had done as friends. And, let it be said to the eternal honor of both, now, no more than in their friends-and-days, was there any of that hungry engrossment of each other's society, which is only another form of selfishness, and by which lovers so often make their own happy countenance a season of never-to-be-forgotten bitterness to everybody connected with them.

"Oh, the innumerable little jokes of those happy days! Oh, the long, quiet walks by the riverside, through the park, across Ham Common—anywhere, it did not matter, the whole world looked lovely, even on the dullest winter day! Oh, the endless talks! the renewed mingling of two lives, which, though divided, had never been really apart, for neither had anything to conceal; neither had ever loved any but the other.

"Robert Lyon was, as I have said, a good deal changed, outwardly and inwardly. He had mixed much in society, taken an excellent position therein, and this had given him not only a more polished manner, but an air of decision and command, as of one used to be obeyed. There could not be the slightest doubt, as Johanna once laughingly told him, that he would always be 'master in his own house.'

"But he was very gentle with his 'little woman,' as he called her. He would sit for hours at the 'ingle-neek'—how he did luxuriate in the English fires!—with Hilary on a footstool beside him, her arm resting on his knee, or her hand fast clasped in his. And sometimes, when Johanna went out of the room, he would stoop and gather her close to his heart. But I shall tell no tales; the world has no business with these sort of things."

Johanna, the half-sister of Hilary, had had the care of the latter from her infancy; Johanna was as a mother to the orphan both in years and love; no wonder Hilary hesitated to leave her elderly sister, who was in feeble health. Robert Lyon wanted to marry at once and take his bride to India, to be absent three years; the "little woman" felt she *ought not to go*, and this was the first cloud between the lovers. We can only give a glimpse of this deeply interesting scene; its lessons are of the highest wisdom in married life.

"If I tell what followed, will it forever lower Robert Lyon in the estimation of all readers? He said coldly, 'As you please, Hilary,' rose up, and never spoke another word till they reached home.

"It was the first dull tea-table they had ever known; the first time Hilary had ever looked at that dear face, and seen an expression there which made her look away again. He did not snik; he was too gentlemanly for that; he even exerted himself to make the meal pass pleasantly as usual. But he was evidently deeply wounded—nay, more, displeased. The strong, stern man's nature within him had rebelled; the sweetness had gone out of his face, and something had come into it which the very best of men have sometimes; alas for the woman who cannot understand and put up with it!

"I am not going to preach the doctrine of tyrants and slaves; but when two walk together they *must* disagree, or, if by any chance they are agreed, one *must* yield. It may not always be the weaker, or in weakness may lie the chiefest strength; but it must be clear the other of the two who has to be the first to give way; and, save, in very exceptional cases, it is, and it ought to be, the woman—God's law, and Nature's, which is also God's, ordains this; instinct teaches it; Christianity enforces it.

"Will it inflict a death-blow upon any admiration she may have excited, this brave little Hilary, if I confess that Robert Lyon, being angry with her, justly or unjustly, and she, looking upon him as her future husband, her lord and master, if you will, whom she would one day promise, and intended literally to 'show'—she thought it her duty, not only her pleasure but her duty, to be the first to make reconciliation between them? Ay, and at every sacrifice, except that of principle.

"And I am afraid, in spite of all that 'strong-minded' women may preach to the contrary, that all good women

will have to do this to all men who stand in any close relation toward them, whether fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers, if they wish to preserve peace, and love, and holy domestic influence; and that so it must be to the end of time."

And so gently and persuasively did Hilary urge her sweet peace-making, and her reasons for remaining with her sister the three years, that she gained her lover's conscience on her side, and such respect as well as love and confidence that he yielded and said—

"If my little woman thinks it right to act as she does, I also think it right to let her. And let this be the law of our married life, if we ever are married"—and he sighed—"that when we differ each should respect the other's conscience, and do right in the truest sense, by allowing the other to do the same."

"Oh, Robert, how good you are!" was Hilary's exclamation.

Yes, he was a *good man*. He had the true principle of greatness and goodness—duty before all things.

JOSEPHINE.—Fortune, or Providence rather, seems to justify the superstition which regarded Josephine as the star of Napoleon's destiny. No royalty is now to be found among the relatives of the great Emperor, except in the descendants of the discarded wife. The grandson of Josephine is Emperor of France. Another of her descendants was married to the Queen of Portugal. Of her granddaughters, one was Queen of Sweden; another still lives as Empress Dowager of Brazil. Her grandson, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, may be King of Greece.

ON!

On through valleys, over hills,  
On to try the mountain passes,  
On to drink from silver rills,  
Fringed around with greenest grasses!  
Never mind the cuts and scars,  
Never stop for friends to love thee;  
Climbing, strive to reach the stars,  
And the heaven that smiles above thee!

As the curling smoke ascends,  
Every earth-born beauty scorning,  
Looking to the sky that bends  
Low to clasp the tufts of morning;  
So with resolute desire,  
And a brave heart never tiring,  
Fan to flame Hope's holy fire,  
Onward, upward still aspiring!

Stormy clouds may crowd the sky,  
Fogs grow thick and dark around thee,  
Sorrows dim thine eagle eye,  
Friends with false and harsh words wound thee;  
Yet press on in Duty's path,  
Let no coward thought delay thee;  
God shall calm the tempest's wrath,  
And in robes of light array thee!

Onward, ever onward, then:  
Upward, upward still aspiring,  
Be a man among true men,  
In thy life-work never tiring!  
On to wear a shining name,  
Pure as those of sacred story!  
On to win eternal fame  
In the land of love and glory!

LILLIAN.

A CONSOLING REFLECTION.—Voltaire says that the reputation of Dante will continually be greater and greater,

because there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at this point of greatness.

WOMEN IN OFFICE.—Mrs. Lucy Baxter, widow of the late T. P. D. Baxter, has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury keeper of the Sandy Neck light-house, at the entrance of Barnstable harbor.

THE REPUBLICANS OF THE COUNTY OF SAGadahoc, Me., have nominated Jane R. Shaw for Register of Deeds. Miss Olive Rose, some years ago, held the same office in Lincoln county.

THE BEST NATIVE LINGUIST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Mr. Hall, the late Arctic Explorer, found a *native woman* of the Innuit Tribe of Esquimaux, who proved to him an able interpreter. Her name is Tux-e-letto. She is the best linguist in the Arctic regions, and has a wonderful faculty of acquiring the lingo of other tribes. She is mild in disposition.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

This school has now entered on its seventh year. The success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is 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 Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

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.

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted these articles, which will appear as soon as we can make room. The time may seem long to those who are waiting to read the poem or story, but patience will have its reward. "I Can't Afford It"—"Love Within"—"When I am Gone"—"The Violet"—"The Sunbeam and the Raindrop"—"Transplanted" (we have not room for the other poem)—"Servants"—"The Cup Moss"—"To a Friend," etc.

These articles are declined: "The Clouds"—"The Broken Engagement" (MS. will be returned if stamps are sent)—"A Song"—"My Home"—"The Maniac"—"The Autumn Breeze"—"Julia Shields"—"Prayer for Mercy"—"The Parts we Play"—"Snow Pictures"—"Lines"—"Elderly People"—"A Baby found on the Battlefield," etc.—"Let me Sleep" (the poem has merit, but the writer can do better: we want the *best*)—"Halloween." (It is impossible to give a critical analysis of the articles we decline; few of these stories are destitute of good points; some are worth publishing, if we wanted them.) "Friendship"—"A Round Robin"—"Let well

alone"—"Stanzas to the Spring"—"My first Ball"—  
 "Sleeping and Growing"—"Patty Picket and the other  
 MSS"—"The Extravagance of the Age"—and "The  
 Mystery Explained."

## Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

**How Girls Should be Clothed.**—In a former number we made some suggestions on the prevailing fashion in dressing girls; having indicated our disapprobation of those fashions, it is our duty to tell what changes should be made.

It has been shown that infants have feeble heat-generating powers, and though these powers become stronger with the advance of life, yet they never attain their full development in children until they reach the adult age. The rules for dressing infants, then, are alike applicable to older children. These, like infants, should have the extremities—the arms, legs, and feet—well protected; because, like infants, their heat-generating powers are feeble when compared with those of older persons, while, as in the case of infants, they are strongly predisposed to inflammation and congestion of the vital organs from the active changes going on in them, and which are so likely to result in disease when the blood is driven in from the extremities by improper exposure.

Instead of low necks, then, girls should have *high* necks that will protect the breast perfectly; instead of short sleeves, or no sleeves, they should have thick, warm, long sleeves extending down to the hand; instead of having the legs bare, or covered (?) with lace and cobweb *nothings*, they should be protected by thick drawers extending down to the feet. Or, what is better, in cold weather, in addition to the stockings, the legs should be covered by yarn or cloth garters extending down above the knee over the feet, and fastened at the bottom by a strap passing beneath the foot. This fashion has, we believe, been recently introduced, and is worthy of all commendation. It is much to be hoped that it will be generally adopted, and that considerations of health and comfort will cause it to continue amid all the mutations of fashion.

These garters afford an admirable protection to the feet as well as the legs; and with thick stockings and leather shoes, leave us nothing to desire in the way of covering for the nether extremities. And with such protection as this, short skirts may still be worn without injury, while nothing is lost in the way of appearances; for nothing can look neater and nicer than a little foot peeping out from beneath one of these strapped garters.

*Louseness* has been insisted on as one of the indispensable in an infant's dress; equally important is it in the dress of older girls. No part of their bodies should be subjected to the least pressure; for, in early life, and indeed until the age of eighteen or twenty, the bones are soft and yielding, and all parts of the body are in a growing, undeveloped state. It will readily be seen, then, how likely deformity and disease are to ensue from compression by means of ligatures, corsets, tight dresses, small shoes, and everything of the kind. And not only should the muscles be free from all pressure—they should be strengthened and developed by proper exercise; hence shoulder-braces, and all artificial supports for the muscles, are objectionable. These may

give temporary or apparent relief; but the inevitable consequences resulting from their use will be greater feebleness of the muscles, and arrest of their full development from inaction; and thus will the deformity be increased; thus, in all probability, will it become necessary to continue *through life* those ill-advised, inconvenient, and injurious substitutes for muscular action. The best shoulder-braces—and the only proper ones—are *passive* and *active exercise*. The best *posts*, or the best things to fill out the body, and to give every part its full, beautiful, and perfect development, are *wholesome food*, and a *happy, contented state of mind*.

**NAKED ARMS.**—A distinguished physician of Paris declared, just before his death, "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been borne to the cemeteries a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms."

Dr. J. C. Warren said, "Boston sacrifices five hundred babies every year by not clothing their arms." Those little arms should have thick, knit, woollen, warm sleeves, extending from the shoulder to the hand.

(Selected from Hall's Journal of Health.)

**HINTS ABOUT FOOD.**—Hot drinks are best at meals; the less of any fluid the better. Anything cold arrests digestion on the instant.

It is hurtful and is a wicked waste of food to eat without an appetite.

All meats should be cut up as fine as a pea, most especially for children. The same amount of stomach-power expended on such a small amount of food as to bedigested perfectly without its being felt to be a labor, namely without any appreciable discomfort in any part of the body, gives more nutriment, strength, and vigor to the system, than upon a larger amount, which is felt to require an effort, giving nausea, fulness, acidity, wind, etc.

Milk, however fresh, pure, and rich, if drunk largely at each meal, say a glass or two, is generally hurtful to invalids and sedentary persons, as it tends to cause fever, constipation, or biliousness.

**PRESERVES** are sometimes deadly poisons, in consequence of the improper material of the vessels in which they are made or are contained. If made in copper or brass kettles, the utmost and closest attention should be given to see that every spot the size of a pin should fairly glisten by vigorous and thorough scouring. But even this will not avail if the preserves themselves are imperfectly sweetened, or are not thoroughly cooked. A defect in either case will result in corroding the cans or jars in which they are put for keeping. This corrosion makes chemical combinations which are fatal to life or lay the foundation for long, distressing, and obscure diseases. The only perfectly safe preserve-jar is that which is made of glass. All others ought to be discarded. Glass is cheap, more easily and more perfectly cleaned, and with reasonable care will last a lifetime.

Self-sealing air-tight glass jars, which are now so common are the best vessels for securing preserved fruits.

**SWALLOWING POISON.**—Stir in a glass of water a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and kitchen mustard, and drink it instantly; this will empty the stomach in a minute. To antagonize any poison that may be left, swallow the whites of two or three eggs; then drink a cup or two of very strong coffee, or as much sweet milk or cream, if impossible to get coffee.

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the portage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY: *A Domestic Story*. By Mrs. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc. From "Temple Bar." To be completed in twelve numbers. No. 1.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE: *A Christmas and New Year's Story for 1863*. By Charles Dickens. A number of pleasant stories, strung on a thread of humorous narrative, which, if not actually Dickens's, are at least fathered by him, present many of his quaint peculiarities of style, and inculcate those lessons of charity and humanity which he knows so well how to teach.

From SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., Philadelphia:—

POEMS. By Richard Coe. The simplicity and delicate feeling of these unpretending little "poems" will secure them, we doubt not, a warm welcome in many hearts. Mr. Coe has written a great deal of poetry, which, if not always of a very highly imaginative order, is, nevertheless, pleasing and popular. In the neat and compact volume before us is embodied a careful selection from among the best of his numerous and varied efforts.

From J. C. GARRIGUES, Philadelphia:—

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND DIARY ALMANAC. This is a very pretty diary, whereby Sunday School teachers may note their engagements for the different Sundays in the year. The almanac attached is also useful.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BOOK OF DAYS. A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in Connection with the Calendar, including Anecdotes, Biography, History, Curiosities of Literature, and Oddities of Human Life and Character. Part 10.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Part 58.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE. By Martin Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the University of the city of New York. Our thanks are due the publishers for a copy of this truly learned and elaborate work. Of its professional merits, we cannot presume to speak from any knowledge of our own; but that they are many and great is evidenced not only by the unanimous and intelligent eulogiums of the medical press, but also by the fact that no less than six editions of the "Institutes" have been called for within the past twelve years. The work has become a standard, and without it no student of medicine can consider his library of instruction complete. As a text-book, it presents, in addition to a vast and almost inexhaustible fund of erudition, bearing upon every point in the range of medical science, one excellence somewhat rare, though not undesirable, even in works of a similar elementary character—that of honestly and fully stating all the arguments urged against the doctrines advanced and advocated in its pages.

LINES LEFT OUT: or, *Some of the Histories left out in "Line upon Line."* By the author of "Line upon Line," etc. This is a little volume of Scriptural histories, adapted to the comprehension of children, and relating events in the times of the "patriarchs" and the "judges." It is profusely illustrated with well-executed engravings on wood.

SPRINGS OF ACTION. By Mrs. C. H. B. Richards, author of "Sedgemoor," "Pleasure and Profit," "Hester and I," "Aspiration," etc. Few of the publications recently coming under our notice have taken our fancy and judgment more completely than this little volume of essays. They display a depth of practical philosophy and closeness and originality of observation that would do honor to the best of our female essayists. Didactic and moral, without either dogmatism or cant, they interest by their novelty and freshness, and please by the clearness and precision of their expression. Having for her object the elevation of her sex "to its peculiar and best attitudes," Mrs. Richards addresses herself especially to the young women of our country, not one of whom, we venture to say, will be able to rise from the perusal of this volume without confessing to have received both profit and gratification.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her son, the Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D. With an appendix, containing extracts from the writings of Mrs. Bethune. This is the last work of its lamented author. None who have ever read the lines addressed to his mother by the Rev. Dr. Bethune can fail to form a vivid idea of the tender feeling he has displayed in his biography of that mother. To use the language of its editor, it is "a beautiful living tribute by a gifted, affectionate son to his sainted mother." In it other Christian mothers may find beautiful examples for themselves and their daughters.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

ESSAYS. By Henry Thomas Buckle, author of "A History of Civilization in England." Learned and industrious though he was, the lamented author of the history of English civilization left but few other literary remains. Among these brilliant few, are the two essays contained in the present volume: "Mill on Liberty," and "The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge." The first of these is in the main directed against the tyranny of public opinion, and involves questions in regard to religious toleration about which there may be many shades of difference. The remaining essay is a masterly and ingenious eulogium of the deductive system in logic, reflecting brilliantly upon woman as the mistress of that system, and upon the influences her imaginative and emotional mind has exercised upon the colder and harder mind of man, reinforcing even logic by its poetry, and accelerating the progress of knowledge. Prefixed to the essays is an interesting biographical sketch of the author, of whom a photographic likeness faces the title-page.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. If not the most imaginative, Miss Proctor is certainly the sweetest of living English female poets. Her poems are welcomed everywhere, by the highest and the humblest, by rich and poor, by learned and unlearned. Enshrined in the blue and gold volume before us are the first and second series of her "Legends and Lyrics," and "A

Chaplet of Verses," the latter being her most recent publication.

**BROADCAST.** By Nehemiah Adams, D. D., author of "Ages and the Little Key," "Bertha and her Baptism," etc. This is a volume of brief religious reflections, or apothegms, originally designed by their author to serve as hints in preaching. These seeds of religious truth and sentiment possess a richness and vitality which cannot fail to render them productive of good in the hearts of those by whom they may be received.

**THE GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.** By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," etc. We are never wearied of the Country Parson. His lighter essays were models in their way, and their personal gave unalloyed pleasure. The volume before us is a collection of his serious, which are quite as worthy of attention. They are characterized by the same chaste elegance of diction, and their subjects are most judiciously selected. They are such as will be likely to please all, even the most fastidious and sensitive on doctrinal points, who have a taste for serious reading; while, in their plainness and simplicity, they are not beyond the comprehension of any. Being practical sermons, they are, as such, calculated to do good far beyond that accomplished by those of a theoretical or doctrinal nature.

**A PRESENT HEAVEN.** Addressed to a Friend. By the author of "The Patience of Hope." Like its predecessor from the same pen—"The Patience of Hope"—the present work is one of an eminently spiritual character. It will be best and most feelingly appreciated by cultivated and deeply religious minds, partaking, in some slight degree, at least, of that "ecstatic" temper which is developed to its widest extent in the seraphic visions of a St. Theresa.

**THE STORY OF THE GUARD: A Chronicle of the War.** By Jessie Benton Fremont. This is a narrative, drawn up from personal observations and experiences, and from private and official letters, of the history of the famous body-guard of Major-General Fremont. Mrs. Fremont, we need scarcely say, has made her story as interesting to the mass of readers, as it will be specially valuable to the future historian. The proceeds of its sale are to be appropriated to the benefit of the families of the "Guard" who perished in its brief but brilliant and eventful career.

**TITAN: A Romance.** From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. In two volumes. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is best known to American readers by the "sayings" and "aphorisms," with the name of "Jean Paul" as their author attached to them, which have been so long floating in the current of our literature. "Titan," which we now have for the first time complete in an English dress, is his longest, and, it is claimed, his greatest and best work. Whether it will become as popular with us as the "sayings" we have referred to, remains to be seen; though we are inclined to hazard the opinion that few of those who may purchase it simply as a romance will be able to struggle through the first volume. Nevertheless, "Titan" is a glorious prose poem, in which Richter has given his fancy and imagination full play, mingling together philosophy and metaphysics, sentiment and mysticism, humor and satire, wit and erudition to an extent that, to all but a few peculiarly constituted or cultivated tastes, will not be likely, on the whole, to prove agreeable. While we cannot but praise the conscientious faithfulness of Mr. Brooks' translation,

we must express our regret that he should deem it necessary to be so literal. His Germanized English, though it may remind those acquainted with German of "Jean Paul the Only," does not always make pleasant reading.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.** By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc. Mrs. Wood's novels are necessarily popular, because she possesses the gift of depicting human nature with rare truthfulness. The present volume lacks the dramatic interest that has pervaded most of her previous works; but this loss is fully supplied by the high moral lessons which the story inculcates. Mrs. Halliburton is a model woman, and the excellence of her training of course produces model children. The reader will become absorbed in the narrative of her struggles with poverty and misfortune, and her ultimate success in bringing up her sons to occupy positions of usefulness and distinction. As a foil to this bright exemplar, we have the family of the Dares, in which an illustration is presented to us of the evil money can exert when not rightly used.

From J. A. BRENTS, New York, through HENRY DEXTER, New York:—

**THE PATRIOTS AND GUERRILLAS OF EAST TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.** The sufferings of the patriots. Also the experience of the author as an officer in the Union Army. Including sketches of noted guerillas and distinguished patriots. By Major J. A. Brents.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through MARTIN & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

**PARISH PAPERS.** By Norman Macleod, D. D., author of "Wee Davie," "The Gold Thread," etc. There is a remarkable power and earnestness in the writer of this book. He makes subjects, that have been familiar to all who read religious works, seem like new discoveries in the Gospel of salvation. He dedicates his book to his own "parishioners of London, Dalkeith, and the Baronry." We think he must have a loving people, as well as admiring hearers. The "Thoughts on Christianity" and "The Close of the Year" are discourses of remarkable interest.

**THE LOST JEWEL: A Tale.** By A. L. O. E. There are few writers who have sustained a high place in religious literature with such uniform success in every new contribution, as the writer of this book. "The Lost Jewel" seems one of her best. She should have the warmest thanks of parents for her invaluable aid in the religious enjoyments of home; for are not books that *entertain* the young, while instructing them in the best truths of this life and of the life to come, worth more than the mere money price?

**THE BIBLE AS AN EDUCATING POWER AMONG THE NATIONS.** By John S. Hart, LL. D., Editor of the "Sunday School Times," Principal of the Model Department of the New Jersey Normal School, and author of "Mistakes of Educated Men." We have not room here to notice this work as it deserves; in our "Table" next month we shall give it another place. In the mean time, we counsel all our friends to procure a copy of this small, but most valuable work.

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—  
**LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE: or, Romance of the Middle Ages.** By Thomas Bulfinch, author of "The Age

of Fables," and "The Age of Chivalry," etc. The publishers of this interesting volume have made it beautiful in its perfection of paper, type, and pictorial illustrations. It looks what it is—a fitting repository for those gems of genius which have brightened the literature of the world, and been reset, either in the prose or poetry of every European language. Young persons of both sexes will find this book useful, as well as entertaining. True, its fictions are not the histories of those old times, but still this romance is probably the nearest approach we can make to the life and feeling, modes of thought, and manners which prevailed during the Middle Ages. The Introduction is exceedingly interesting.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT, from the same publishers, is not a book, but a *new picture*, drawn by the celebrated artist, Darley, and photographed by Soule. It represents a little child in the arms of an old man (its grandfather, probably), while the mother, in her noon of love, which is the light of childhood, regards them as the perfection of her joy. The grouping is perfect, and the effect is true to the best feelings of our nature, because it calls forth tenderness for infancy, reverence for age, and blessings on *maternal love*—the true sunlight of home happiness.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through SMITH & ENGLISH, Philadelphia:—

LYRA CELESTIA. *Hymns on Heaven*. Selected by A. C. Thompson, D. D., author of "The Better Land," "Morning Hours at Patmos," "Gathered Lilies," etc. This is a large and handsomely printed volume of nearly four hundred pages, filled with choice specimens of the best devotional and religious poetry in the English language. It is a treasury of piety in the form which reaches all hearts that love God—the expression of Faith, Hope, and Charity in songs and hymns. Poetry, more truly than prose, harmonizes with religious feeling, because poetry exalts the thoughts from common things, tenderly drawing the mind from the work-day world, as it were, and giving us glimpses of a higher and holier life. This book is well worthy its charming title. The compiler has shown good judgment in the selections, and a deep sympathy with these songs of the soul.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR MARCH, 1863.—The first Spring month is considered as an event among the fashionables. It will be seen that we have not been unmindful of their wants, by the varied fashions that we publish in this number. See our Fashion-plate, colored, and others. Six figures in the colored Fashion-plate! In addition to this, we give a sweet steel engraving, "The Expected Letter," with an excellent illustrative story. "The New Sewing Machine" is also published in this number, a companion plate to the "Old Sewing-Machine" in January number. Our subscribers may make the comparison. The old sewing-machine we rather prefer in some respects, but the new one is cheap at the price.

OUR NATAL DAY.—The small fry of magazines ought to celebrate our birthday. Had we never been born, they would not; at least their magazines would not have been in existence. There is not one of their publishers who can honestly say that he has not copied

every idea from our Book. We watch them closely, and the slightest alteration we make is sure to be repeated in some of them.

THAT MOUSE on page 699 of our December number. A lady friend has made us a present of her workmanship of this pretty article; and very pretty as a pen-wiper it is. As he appears, we would not like to trust cheese in his neighborhood. He looks, if not quite as pretty, as knowing as the fair donor of his mouseship.

TO CANADA AND UNITED STATES SUBSCRIBERS.—Remember that we have no person soliciting subscriptions for us; and no person has any authority to receive money for us, either for back or coming subscriptions.

THE "GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH."—When we chronicle a new year, we know that our friend of the *Telegraph* is not far behind us; indeed, we believe that he is rather ahead of us—certainly the only two publications in this country that have been conducted by the same proprietors for so many years. Thirty-three at that; and yet Freas and ourself are but young men, although we have so long been publishing. The Major is rather our junior in years, although our senior by a few months as publisher. Time has dealt gently by this genial gentleman, the best publisher of an agricultural paper in the United States, the admirable host, the fast friend, and the accomplished gentleman.

The *Telegraph* is published in Germantown, Pa., at \$2 a year, by P. R. Freas, and we recommend it for its excellent agricultural matter, and its admirable stories.

COPYING.—The "Tiger Slipper" in our December number has already been copied, and is for sale in the stores. It was original in Godey's Lady's Book.

THE EL DORADO AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of California has sent for a large number of the Lady's Book, to be distributed as premiums. We believe that our work is the only one used as premiums by the different agricultural societies throughout the Union.

SOMETHING ABOUT ADVERTISING.—It is pretty well known that all persons who wish to convey to the world the fact that they have articles to dispose of, generally seek that publication having the greatest respectability and largest circulation. Hence it is that those who have fashionable articles to dispose of, or fashion matter that they wish the public to be made aware of, seek the Lady's Book, as it is the only magazine that the public look to as the real exponent of the fashions. Where you see the most advertisements, be assured that that publication has the largest circulation.

### A Sharp Game.

NEW YORK STATE, Dec. 30, 1862.

Club of \$10.

I had almost given up trying to get a club this year, for there are not many that will pay for a Book; they all think they can borrow. For my part I have got through lending. They practise a pretty sharp game here. They ask you to lend the Book, as they think they will subscribe. And when they have read it, and copied the patterns, they bring it home, and say they cannot afford it, when they never intended to take it. Such a set of people is our place composed of, nothing but a set of borrowers.

We like to see a little happy self-felicitating, and can do a little complacency or that sort ourselves, with much ease and satisfaction. Therefore we enjoyed a part of the mild rambling of a cotemporary Easy-Chair gossip the past month, only smiling a little at the happy ignorance it displays of the claims of others, as a senior is apt to do, when youth expatiates on its own peculiar and exclusive triumphs, forgetting that the world existed and rolled quietly on its way before the advent of so much talent, intellectual vigor, and sprightliness!

Our young "pea-green friend," just "twelve years and eight months old," by his own candid showing, cannot of course recollect, and is therefore excusable for overlooking the fact, that long before his magazine was thought of, the *Lady's Mail Book*, as he so happily styles his senior by twenty-one years, was not only "stimulating" the "American talent and business enterprise" which have called out his own existence, but paying liberally for the contributions of such writers as

Miss Leslie,	Mrs. C. Lee Hentz,
Miss Bacon,	W. Gilmore Simms,
N. P. Willis,	H. T. Tuckerman,
Hon. J. K. Paulding,	Mrs. Sigourney,
Marion Harland,	Mrs. A. B. Haven,
Metta V. Victor,	Mrs. A. M. E. Annan,
Hon. Robt. T. Conrad,	Richard Penn Smith,
Dr. Robt. M. Bird,	Joseph C. Neal,
John Neal,	Miss Townsend,
Rev. H. H. Weld,	Mrs. S. J. Hale,

T. S. Arthur,

and "soon secured and has ever retained a circulation" not only "greater than any other periodical of its class," but than any other American periodical whatever.

Moreover, "we still live," though our cotemporary, "Graham," whose liberality and whose contributors in a literary point of view have never been surpassed, has left us only "the sweet remembrance of the just," a fragrance which we do not find clinging to the "pea-green" holiday bouquet of our chatty and agreeable young neighbor.

We may notice a little matter in connection with our vaunting friend. We published an article written by the Rev. H. H. Weld. It was copied into an English publication. The English publication, to localize it, changed dollars into pounds, and Chestnut Street into Regent Street, making it an English article. Our friend let it be copied in his magazine as an English article, and thus were the public regaled by an article supposed to be taken from an English magazine, which the American public had enjoyed from the *Lady's Book* some months previous.

Can our cotemporary show such a list of contributors? Ours are American; his are mostly English.

**TAKE NOTICE**—In future, letters will not be answered asking for more than our terms call for. The number of copies that the money sent for will pay will be forwarded.

**GODEY'S FASHIONS** are the only correct ones given in the United States. Others give colored figures, not caring whether they are the fashions or not. We appeal to every lady acquainted with the fashions, milliners and others, whether we are not correct in our assertion?

**THE OPERA.**—We may run counter to our musical editor in this our expressed opinion, but such as it is we give it. We hope the opera may never succeed in our city until the prices are reasonable. One dollar and fifty cents is too much to pay for an evening's entertainment. The price is usually \$1; secured seats, \$1.50. A party, who have not secured seats, will go into the house and will find every eligible seat marked "Taken." This is to induce the gentleman of the party to go back to secure seats. He does so, and pays fifty cents more, and he and his party are issued into some of the very seats that he had previously seen marked "Taken." If there is anything of a "run" expected, the manager takes great pains to sell all the best seats to speculators, and from them you must purchase at a most extravagant rate. We have ourselves been at the office on the morning of an opera night, and found no seats but on the fourth, fifth, or sixth bench, when no one could have been there, previous to ourself, who had taken seats. Why is this? Let us have a manager who will put secured seats at \$1, and not allow a seat to be taken until the books are open in the morning. The excuse is that they cannot afford to play for \$1, or they have to pay such high salaries to the singers. Is it not better to have 2,500 people in the house at \$1 each, than 1,000 at \$1.50? For this is the result. The late season was a failure, and very properly so. And why pay such high salaries? These opera singers get enough in one week to keep them for a year, and are therefore able to hold out against any reduction. But it is useless to waste argument on this subject. The opera is a failure with us, and very properly so.

The article above was written in reference to the *Italian Opera*. Since that time, the German Opera has performed here a very successful engagement at \$1 a ticket, and nothing extra for reserved seats. So successful has it been that they advertise a second series.

Mo., Dec. 19, 1862.

It certainly is the most popular magazine in America, a reputation it has enjoyed for many years, and I hope it may continue to circulate for many years to come, to cheer the firesides of many family circles. I shall always endeavor to continue it in my family, both for the instruction of my children and the benefit of all.

Mrs. H.

Club of \$10.

ILL., Dec. 23, 1862.

Cannot do without the *Lady's Book*. I hinted to my wife at the dinner-table that times were so hard we had better do without Godey next year. But she wouldn't hear to it. Said she would do without this, that, and the other, but Godey she must have. It is decidedly the best magazine published. Long may you live to cater to the wants of our lady friends! G.

**MISSING NUMBERS.**—Subscribers, take notice! When you miss a number, write at once for it. We are not bound to supply numbers when you renew your subscriptions—numbers that you have lost by losing or otherwise. You say to us that you did not receive them. Well, then, send for them at once, when you miss them, and we shall be better satisfied in supplying them.

**RECEIPT WANTED**—A lady writes us: "Will any of your numerous correspondents furnish me with a receipt to combine meats for soldiers' purposes?" We presume our correspondent means for soup.

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

THE pretty little song which we present to our friends in this number is the production of Mr. Work, whose Kingdom Coming, Grafted into the Army, etc., have become so widely famous. We give him cordial welcome to the Book, hoping to hear from him often. Some of his best songs, in sheet form, are named below.

*New Church Music Book.*—The Voice of Praise is a splendid new church singing book of near four hundred pages, just published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston. A careful examination of this work impels us to give it very high praise. Many of the tunes by the editor, Mr. Hamilton, are beautiful, while the old church melodies retained are selected with taste and judgment. The elements of music, at the beginning, are clearly explained, and interspersed with numerous secular pieces, adapting the work also for singing schools, musical conventions, and the social circle. We will undertake to purchase and mail single copies to any of our friends for examination on receipt of \$1 00.

*The Silver Chord*—This is the title of a delightful collection of songs, ballads, duets, and quartets, with piano-forte accompaniment, also published by Messrs. Ditson & Co. Nearly two hundred favorite melodies, secular and sacred, are given in the volume. They include the best compositions of Donizetti, Verdi, Balfe, Glover, and others, embracing operatic, patriotic, humorous, and other selections. Many of these songs have never been published before excepting in sheet form.

*Catholic Church Music.*—Root & Cady, Chicago, publish six choice selections from Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Weber, adapted to Latin words by Prof. Girac, for Catholic choirs. They are, O Lux Baeta Trinitas, 15 cents; O Quam Suavis Est, 15; Panis Angelicus, 35; O Vos Omnes, 35; Tantum Ergo, ten pages, 50; Ave Maris Stella, 15. We can send them on receipt of price, either singly or in sets.

*New Sheet Music.*—Root & Cady also publish Kingdom Coming, the famous song by H. C. Work, author of our music in this number, 25 cents. Grafted in the Army, 35. We'll go down Ourselves, pictorial title, same author, 30. God Save the Nation, quartet, same, 15. The Battle Cry of Freedom, celebrated song by G. F. Root, 25. Warzel's Liberty Song, 25. Our Comrade has Fallen, 15. O, Ye Tears, by Franz Abt, 25. Sweet is the Hour, 25. Mother, Blame me not for Loving, 25. Sweet Wife, our Baby lies under the Snow, 25. All beautiful songs.

Also, the following pieces, etc.: Brilliant Variations on Kingdom Coming, by Grobe, 50. Shadow Waltz, introducing the famous air in Le Pardon, 30. Florence Polka Mazourka, 25. Springfield Polka, very pretty, by Rink, 25. Ma Belle Polka Redowa, 25. Winfield Schottische, 25. General Grant's March, 25. These are all fine pieces, and any of them will be purchased and promptly forwarded upon inclosing the amount to the musical editor, J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia.

*New Musical Periodical.*—We shall commence the publication, early in the spring, of a new musical monthly periodical, to be devoted solely to the publication of piano music. Each number will contain from three to four 25 cent pieces of music, or their equivalent, the whole to be printed from regularly engraved plates, on sheet music paper, with a distinct and beautiful title-page to each, making a splendid, cheap, and valuable volume at the end of the year. Terms \$3 00 per annum. This is the cheapest opportunity ever offered our friends to obtain the best music at a fourth of the

usual price. Any information will be given by addressing the musical editor, at Philadelphia.

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

## ANNUAL FLOWERS.

THERE is nothing adds so much to the effect of a flower garden as a judicious selection of annuals from seed. The early flowering shrubs have done blooming; the hot weather has destroyed the beauty of your roses; it is then you can appreciate the fragrant stock, or stock gilly, the sweet Mignonette, the brilliant beds of Portulaca and Petunias, that gem of annuals the Phlox Drummondii the showy Zinnia, the exquisite colors of the German Balsam, and the lovely cerulean blue of the trailing Lobelia erinus speciosa, so beautiful too for vases and hanging baskets. These, with many others we could mention, contribute greatly to the attractiveness of the garden during the summer months. Then, again, how easy they are to cultivate, and how trifling the expense; for one dollar you can have a package of twenty choice varieties forwarded, postpaid, to any part of the loyal States or territories, with full directions how to cultivate.

To the seekers after novelties, and new and rare plants, roses, gladiolus, dahlias, we would refer to our new list for 1863, recently published, which will be mailed to all applicants.

We will also mail to all who inclose a three cent stamp *Dreer's Garden Calendar* for 1863, containing a select list of vegetable and flower seeds, plants, roses, trees, vines, etc., with a large amount of valuable information for their cultivation and management.

Address HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist,*  
327 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WHEN a person sends us a subscription for the Lady's Book in connection with another magazine, we send our work off immediately and order the other. It may be some days before they receive the other work. That is not our fault. They must wait. Perhaps the other magazine may be out of numbers. But they will receive it, if they will only have a little patience.

AMERICAN LADIES MARRIED IN FRANCE.—What a farce! A respectable pork merchant makes a fortune here and takes his daughters to France. There is a regular intelligence office in Paris of American fortunes, supplied by an agent on this side of the ocean. Sprigs of nobility, with no fortune, apply at this office, and a title is bartered for the merchant's fortune. Can such marriages turn out well? The future will speak.

"HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD."—So a person wrote us, asking us to take \$1 50 for a year's subscription to the Lady's Book, and promising to tell nobody that we had taken that price. Now as we did not want the bread, and she did, we do not consider the offer a fair one. We offered to send the half loaf six months for \$1 50, but she declined.

CALIFORNIA, Dec. 10, 1862.

Club of \$11 50.

The Lady's Book is our greatest treasure. It is indispensable. It is a luxury we cannot do without. I would advise every mother and daughter to take it, as one of the best companions for old and young.

MRS. B.

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

## CHARADES IN TABLEUX.

This delightful way of passing sociable evenings is becoming quite fashionable, and affords much amusement to the performers, as well as interest to the audience. The only apparatus is a curtain, or folding doors, and such costumes as are found in the trunks and closets of every family. They are very effective if the performers are children; though, of course, much patience is necessary in training them into graceful attitudes and good expression.

## CHARADE I. SWEETHEART.

## TABLEAU I.—SWEET—

The stage must be fitted up to represent a pantry, with jars of sweetmeats, and other nice things arranged on the shelves. Upon the floor, in the foreground, the smallest boy, who will sit still, is seated, with a large jar marked "Jam" between his knees. One hand is in the jar, while he embraces it with the other arm, and looks into it over the edge. To his right, is a table, upon which stand bowls of sugar, tumblers of preserves, and cake. Two little girls are standing by the table: one cutting a piece of cake, the other eating lump sugar. To the left, a little boy is pouring from a bottle, marked "Sweet Currant Wine," into a tumbler. Under the table a very little girl is seated, eating a large slice of pie; behind the boy with the wine is a chair, upon which stands a little girl, reaching up to a shelf for a jar marked "Sweet Pickle." In the background (centre), is an open door, within which stand the mamma, papa, aunt, and uncle, the two first raising their hands in horror, the others laughing heartily; the children, not seeing them, must all face the audience.

## TABLEAU II.—HEART.

The scene is a parlor, and filled with children, all of whom hold either sealed envelopes or open letters. Two little girls, seated on a sofa, are looking at one letter; two more in a corner are defending a sealed envelope from two boys who try to snatch it. In the foreground, a group are collected around one little girl who holds an immense open sheet, with a crimson heart pierced by an arrow, filling the centre. The words "St. Valentine offers you a heart," are written underneath in large letters.

## TABLEAU III.—SWEETHEART.

If possible, an outdoor scene is the prettiest for this tableau; but if that is difficult to arrange, a parlor scene will do. The lovers should be as young children as can be trained for their parts. The little girl is dressed in a fanciful peasant's costume; a short scarlet petticoat, clocked red and blue stockings, and black slippers, with scarlet bows. The dress of dark blue woollen is looped to show the petticoat, and laced in front over a white bodice. A white handkerchief is plumed over the hair to meet under the chin. She holds a bouquet in her right hand; in her left, she holds one flower, which she offers to the little boy.

He is dressed in sailor's costume. Full white pantaloons, black pumps, a blue woollen shirt, trimmed on the broad collar with white stars, a tarpanlin hat, and black necktie. His right arm is around his sweetheart's waist, and while his left hand takes the offered flower, he leans forward to kiss her cheek, while she coyly keeps just out of reach. Upon the ground, on one side,

is a basket with sewing or knitting in it, and on the other side, a cane with a bundle tied in a handkerchief beside it.

After each scene, the audience must be called upon to guess the syllable, and at the end to give the whole word. It is well to have some one in the audience who knows the words, to call them after a sufficient time is given for the real guessing.

## MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

*Magic Breath.*

Put some lime-water into a tumbler; breathe into it through a small glass tube. The fluid, which before was perfectly limpid, will gradually become white as milk. If allowed to remain at rest for a short time, real chalk will be deposited at the bottom of the tumbler.

*Mysterious Mirror.*

Write some words with a piece of French chalk upon a looking-glass. Next wipe it over with a handkerchief, upon which the words will disappear. But if you breathe upon the glass the letters become visible again. You may repeat this a great number of times.

*Electric Spark from Brown Paper.*

Procure a sheet of strong brown paper; thoroughly dry it before the fire; place it upon your thigh, holding its edge with your left hand; with the cuff of your right sleeve, rub it smartly backwards and forwards for a minute. Next place your knuckle near it, and a brilliant spark will be emitted, accompanied by a snapping sound. If, instead of your knuckle, you present a fork towards the paper, three sparks will be seen to come from the brown paper. This must be performed in a dark room.

*The Dancing Egg.*

Fill a quill with quick-silver, and seal up both ends securely with good wax. Boil an egg hard; detach a small piece of the shell from the small end, and insert the quill into the body of the egg. Place the egg on the table, when it will not cease to tumble about so long as any heat remains in it.

"As I have sent you a club, won't you send me an extra copy?" How tired we are of seeing and answering this modest request! It is unnecessary for us to multiply words upon this subject. Therefore, once for all, we cannot afford it, and won't do it. Will that suffice?

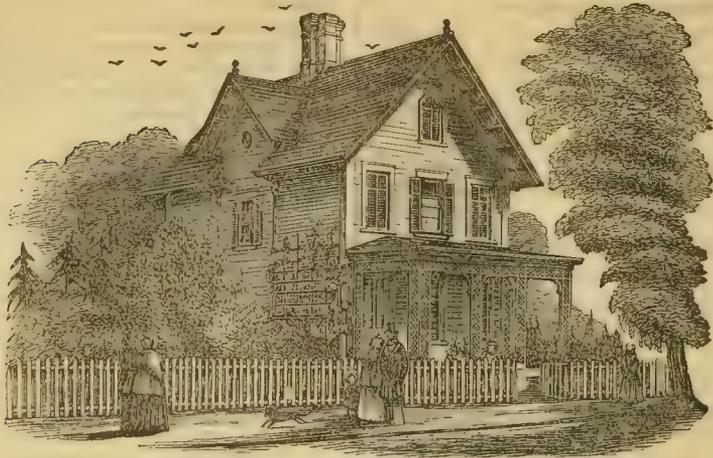
TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—A new preparation called Newton's Prepared Colors for Albumen pictures is for sale by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price, with a bottle of Reducing Liquid complete, with full directions for painting, so that any person, though not an artist, may paint in a most beautiful manner, and very rapidly, the *cartes de visite*, and photograph, etc. \$3 25.

There has been offered for sale a worthless imitation that will injure the photograph. See that the box obtained has the name and seal of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who are sole agents for the United States.

J. E. T. & Co. have also beautiful copies of flowers from nature (photographs) for coloring with these colors, or for copies for drawing and painting, which they will send by mail for 25 cents each. Also, *cartes de visite* of all distinguished persons.

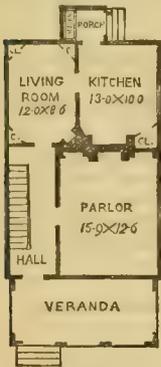
POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

## COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

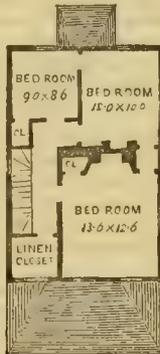


The above design is taken from a work published in New York by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, entitled "Villas and Cottages," and is the best work upon rural

some cases it might, and in but few would they be lessened. The less publicity in regard to money matters, the better.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND STORY.

architecture yet published. The designs are all by Calvert Vaux, Esq., Architect, late Downing & Vaux.

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

**SEWING-MACHINE IMPROVEMENTS.**—The additions that have recently been made to some of the sewing-machines are new to us, and doubtless will be to many of our distant subscribers. *The Hemmer* we are all well familiar with, but on a late visit to Wheeler & Wilson's Broadway establishment, we were shown various other labor-saving contrivances.

*The Marking Gauge* is used for marking the width of tucks and hems, instead of the slow process of pencilling or basting them.

*The Binder*, invaluable for manufactories or work-rooms, is used for folding the binding on the edges of ladies' dresses, cloaks, coats, hats, caps, gaiters, etc. No basting is necessary.

*The Braider*, in this present rage for that effective ornamentation of dresses and sacques, is extremely simple, and incalculably rapid in its execution.

*The Corder* any seamstress can understand would be a great help in dressmaking and underclothing.

"We are waiting patiently—having a nursery full of growing juveniles—for the 'stocking darning,' and 'knee and elbow patcher,'" says a clever young matron near us. But Mr. Wood, who presides so politely at the saloon of this favorite manufacturer, assures me that the gentlemen engaged night and day in "prospecting for a button-hole-worker" shall turn their attention to these domestic requirements at an early day. When these are achieved, their machine will have no more to accomplish, and the maternal emancipation from the bondage of the wardrobe will be complete.

A SEAMAN was asked by a lady how he felt when the waves dashed over him (having just returned from a voyage where he was nearly shipwrecked)?—"Wet, ma'am, very wet," was his reply.

**OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.**—We decline furnishing any one with old stamps from envelopes. We have no faith in their being wanted to manufacture papier mache.

JUST PUBLISHED. FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS, THE BUTTERFLIES OF AMERICA, Parts 1 and 2, of 12 plates each, in a most elegant French case.

No former attempt was ever made to transfer on paper the American butterflies, in all the original colors which Nature lavished upon them, and we are confident that, as a work of art, they will favorably compare with any of the best French or English productions. Pleasing and instructive for young and old, they cannot fail to give the highest enjoyment wherever presented. These, together with our Autumn Leaves, are just the thing for the PARLOR, TABLE, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Price for one set, 12 cards, 50 cents, or 8 cents each. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Book, Picture, and News Dealers should send in their orders at once.

Local and Travelling Agents wanted everywhere.

We want every person, man, woman, or child, who may read this advertisement, to send for our Circular, containing the whole list of our many WAR PUBLICATIONS, etc. etc. Circulars will be sent free to any person who will send us their address.

G. W. TOMLINSON,

General Agent for Prang's Publications,  
221 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

MICH., Dec. 29, 1862.

Club of \$17.

It may not be amiss for me to add my word of praise to thousands of others. Your Book has been a regular guest in my house since 1849, and I can truly say we could not keep house without it. It comprises everything needful. With it the poorest are rich, the saddest happy. And that you may be spared many years to enjoy the blessings of life, and bless us with the monthly visits of your Book, is the fervent prayer of all the ladies.

MISS E.

SEASONABLE CONDREMS. —

What opera is like a crinoline?—Rose of Castile (rows of cast-steel).

Why is a lame dog like a boy at arithmetic?—Because he puts down three and carries one.

MESSRS. J. E. TITON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$1 50. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, 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. C. C. W.—Sent cord and buttons December 13th.

Mrs. A. S. H.—Sent pattern of Cambay 13th.

Mrs. M. F.—Sent pattern of boy's overcoat 13th.

Mrs. L. G.—Sent patterns 15th.

Mrs. W. L. A.—Sent patterns 15th.

Capt. C. W.—Sent pattern and zephyr 17th.

Mr. C. D. C.—Sent patterns 19th.

J. A. H.—Sent patterns and trimmings 23d.

M. I. R.—Sent leather point 23d.

L. B.—Sent pattern 24th.

Mrs. E. N. P.—Sent hood 31st.

Mrs. B. F.—Sent pattern 31st.

Mrs. M. G. G.—Sent pattern of cloak 31st.

Mrs. A. E. D.—Sent Cambay 31st.

Mr. G. L. B.—Sent hair ring 31st.

A. M. B.—Sent by Kinsley's express 30th.

Miss M. G.—Sent cloak by Adams's express Jan'y 2d.

Mrs. S. K.—Sent infant's slip 3d.

Dr. A. S. M.—Sent pattern of cloak 5th.

Miss S. E. O.—Sent night-cap 7th.

K. E. C.—Sent cloak pattern 7th.

Mrs. M. W.—Sent satchel 7th.

Mrs. I. M. S.—Sent sleeve pattern 7th.

Miss S. S. C.—Sent Marie Stuart hood 7th.

Mrs. C. K. M.—Sent pattern of dress 9th.

L. C. M.—Sent working cotton 9th.

Mrs. T. A. G.—Sent rubber gloves 14th.

H. B. R.—Sent patterns 16th.

M. L. R.—Sent hood 16th.

L. M. G.—Sent silk and trimmings 16th.

W. McW.—Sent cloak and trimmings 16th.

Miss B. S.—Sent hair pin 19th.

Mrs. R.—You may be fat, fair, and forty, and good-looking. But we do not keep an intelligence office, and cannot therefore procure you a housekeeper's situation.

O. H. L.—Could not read your writing. Have not the remotest idea what you want.

Miss L. B.—Piercing the ears is not a painful operation. Any respectable female, or your family physician will do it.

Miss S. H.—We have not the time at this season of the year to look over back numbers for articles. Mention the number you want, and we will send it.

Mrs. V. H. B.—Hair powder, we are sorry to say, is becoming fashionable. At a late wedding in this city the brides wore gold powder in their hair, and the bridesmaids wore silver powder. What next?

Eileen.—Your question is ridiculous. How should we know anything about what are the first symptoms of love in a young lady? If you had said gentleman, we might have given you our early experience.

Miss H. A. V.—We cannot tell you what to do under the circumstances. Be guided by the advice of your mother, if you have one. Conceal nothing from her.

Miss W. H. B.—You have mistaken our meaning. We admire crinoline in moderation; but certainly not when it is so extensive that in a small room it knocks over all it comes in contact with.

## Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXII.—(Concluded.)

547. All our experiments on potash and soda have set out with the principle of generating these alkalies from potassium and sodium. However, you will easily infer this cannot be the method employed in commerce. The alkaline metals do not and cannot occur in nature uncombined, their tendency to unite with oxygen is so great. The source of potash is the ashes of land plants. The source of soda, either the ashes of sea-weed or else common salt. We will now go through the exact process for making potash, and will describe the process for making potassium.

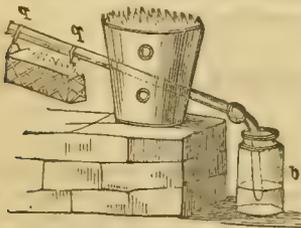
548. Put a small fragment of acetate or citrate, or any vegetable salt of potash, upon a slip of platinum foil; apply the heat of a spirit-lamp flame. The vegetable salt of potash, whatever it be, first grows somewhat liquid, and turns black; but finally, on the continued application of heat, it whitens—the white product being *carbonate of potash*, only differing from ordinary commercial carbonate of potash, termed pearl-ash, in the circumstance of its being absolutely pure. Now, it may easily be conceived that if this salt of potash, which we have burned on a strip of platinum foil, had been burned within the structural tissue of a vegetable—still carbonate of potash would have resulted. Hence, commercial carbonate of potash is made by steeping the ashes of land plants in water, filtering and evaporating the solution. Perform the experiment on some wood ashes; demonstrate in the filtered liquid the existence of an alkali, by yellow turmeric paper, or reddened litmus paper; or a fixed alkali, by the permanence of the discoloration effected on the test papers; evaporate the solution to a very small bulk, in order to obtain the alkali in a concentrated state. Prove, by means of lime-water (468, 2), the existence of a carbonated alkali. Evaporate another portion to dryness; add an acid—say acetic; mark the effervescence, without any odor of burning sulphur; again demonstrative of the presence of a carbonate (419).

549. The first step in the generation of potash, and consequently potassium, is the production of a carbonate from the ashes of land plants. The next step is involved in an operation we have already many times conducted. It is as follows:—

550. To a hot solution of carbonate of potash add lime-water. Carbonate of lime falls; therefore, potash, minus carbonic acid, and dissolved in water—in other words, liquor potassæ—must remain. By this process, substituting cream of lime (419) for lime-water, is liquor potassæ made.

551. Evaporate liquor potassæ to dryness, and fuse the result, in a silver spoon, over a spirit-lamp flame; pure potash *should* be the result, but it will be always mixed with a little carbonate of potash, generated by the atmospheric carbonic acid. From this it may be separated by pure alcohol, which readily dissolves potash, but not its carbonate. Evaporate the alcoholic solution, and potash will remain.

552. From potash, which is a compound of potassium and oxygen, potassium may be separated by intensely heating potash, in contact with iron turnings, placed in an iron tube, as illustrated in the following diagram:—



The potash, in fragments, is put next the closed end of the tube, in the part *pp*: the iron turnings are put into that part of the tube which lies within the furnace. As soon as the turnings have become intensely heated, a wire support, containing ignited charcoal, is hung on beneath the portion of the tube marked *pp*, thus causing the potassium to melt, and to leak through the ignited

iron, which latter immediately robs the potash of its oxygen, and liberates potassium into the bottle of naphtha, *b*. Sodium is prepared in a manner precisely similar, from soda.

553. We will not conclude this part of our subject without going through the experiment of generating that which we believe to be the amalgam of ammonium. Put a globule of sodium into a large test tube of German glass; add an equal volume of mercury, and apply heat. Flame is developed, and the metals unite into an amalgam. Wait until the amalgam has grown cold, then add a concentrated solution of sal ammoniac in water, and agitate. The amalgam increases enormously in bulk, as though it had combined with a metal which it is presumed to have done, *i. e.* the metal ammonium. We cannot, however, obtain this metal, for, on separating the amalgam from its liquid, and exposing it to the air, ammonia is evolved and mercury alone remains.

554. Step by step we have now concluded that portion of our outline lessons which have reference to chemistry in the abstract. We shall next describe the use of the blowpipe, and an outline of the process of smelting, particularly in relation to silver and gold.

## 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. Godry, 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.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 Wriggens & 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 MARCH.

Fig. 1.—Spring suit of gray alpaca. The skirt has a fluting of alpaca sewed in between the dress and facing,

The braiding can be done with black braid, or in braid two shades darker than the dress. Corsage plain, with a fluting down the front; belt, with fancy buckle. The tulle is of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to match. White silk drawn bonnet, with soft crown, trimmed with plum-colored ribbons.

Fig. 2.—Green silk mornings-robe, trimmed down the front with a white ribbon sewed on in a Grecian pattern, and covered with a black lace insertion. Corsage made with revers of white silk, edged with black lace. Sleeves trimmed to suit the corsage. Standing linen collar, with green neck-tie and plain chemisette. Fancy muslin cap, trimmed with green and white ribbons. The hair is dressed in one of the new styles. It is crimped, and the right side is rolled carelessly back, caught with fancy side combs, and falls quite low on the neck. The left side of the hair is dressed in a quantity of small frized curls.

Fig. 3.—Dress of gray summer poplin, with a band of blue silk quarter of a yard deep on the edge of the skirt. The band is richly braided with black braid. Corsage made in the Figaro style, with bands of blue silk braided, which finish at the back with two long ends, also braided. Fluted muslin ruff and blue neck-tie. The hair is rolled off the face, and dressed at the back in a bow, very low on the neck.

Fig. 4.—Dress of rich black silk, with a tablier front of purple *moiré*, bordered on each side with a quilting of black ribbon and a black lace edge. The sleeves are made with an elbow, and trimmed with satin ribbon and lace. The coiffure is of black lace. The hair is rolled off the face on both sides, and is dressed in a bow at the back. On the left side only, a ringlet falls on the shoulder.

Fig. 5.—Child's dress of white poplin, trimmed with Magenta silk. Rice straw hat, trimmed with Magenta velvet.

Fig. 6.—Home-dress of dark *cuir*-colored alpaca, trimmed with braiding and black ribbon. A silk quilting is on the edge of the skirt, and is carried up the seam of each breadth for the distance of about half a yard. Black silk point, in front only, five inches deep, which finishes in a sash at the back. Zouave jacket, very short in front, and finishing in a jockey at the back. Fluted ruff and plaited shirt. White muslin cap, with a hanging crown, and trimmed with black lace. A coronet of white lace and flowers, also ribbon streamers at the back. The hair is rolled and dressed with steel side combs.

#### FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

(See engravings, pages 228, 229.)

Fig. 1.—Mude-colored poplin, with a mude silk founce fourteen inches wide. Corsage pointed behind and before. Sleeves open from the elbow. Black velvet bows down the front of the dress.

Fig. 2.—*La Vallée* brown poplin dress, trimmed with a black pinked founce, headed by a *chicoré* ruche. This founce extends up the front in zigzags. The sleeves are trimmed to match the skirt.

Fig. 3.—Dress of dahlia-colored silk. The skirt is trimmed with eight or nine double *chicoré* ruches, made of black silk, extending to within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the dress. These ruches are surrounded by two very narrow founces like the dress. Low corsage, with Marie Antoinette fichu of the same material as the dress.

Fig. 4.—Dress of mude-colored reps, with revers on the skirt, trimmed round with quilled ribbon. The openings between the revers are filled in with narrow ruffles either of mude or black silk. A plaiting of reps is on the bottom of the skirt. The plastron of the body and the cauntlet on the sleeves are trimmed with a quilled ribbon.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

The weather continues so cold that Spring Fashions are not yet thought of, and we must defer saying much about them until next month, when we hope to have reliable information respecting them.

Crinoline reigns triumphant, and, consequently, skirts are still worn very full. The back breadths are faced with a patent lining, a stiff material to be had of all colors, and which causes the dress to spread very gracefully. The newest hoops which we have seen are from Mme. Demorest's. They are gored, very wide at the bottom, tapering to the waist, so small, indeed, that the hoops fit closely to the figure. Many of the hoops are covered with a white or colored case, on which is buttoned a deep founce, which may be changed to a white or colored one, as the weather may permit. By adopting this method, a lady may be always well-jorponie.

Among the latest toilettes from Mme. Demorest's, whose styles are always marked by grace and originality, was a *cuir*-colored taffetas. The skirt of the robe was trimmed with a superb *passementerie* of lace and jet, sewed on in braids, and edged with a rich tassel-like fringe. The body was plain, finished with two points in front like a vest, and open nearly to the waist, showing the soft lace madonna, simply finished at the throat by a ruching of Valenciennes. A border of the *passementerie*, without the fringe, was laid flat around the back of the dress, and the same trimming extended down the back of the sleeve, which was shaped to the arm, but left slightly flowing so that an undersleeve was required.

Another dress less pretensions, but perhaps more elegant, was a very rich black silk. The skirt was trimmed with a narrow fluting, which was carried round the bottom and up the sides, in the tunic form, to the waist. In the space left between the trimmings were placed rosettes, edged with lace, and with steel centres. An edge of black guipure formed the heading to the fluted border. The body was trimmed with a fluting to imitate a jacket, which it did perfectly.

A novelty for morning costume consists of a black silk skirt, over which is worn a robe of plain colored taffetas, open in front, and shorter by six inches than the black skirt. A very fine box-plaited border surrounds the upper skirt, and by a series of shells, unites the two sides of the front.

At the same establishment, we learn that the spring trimmings will consist altogether of narrow borders round the bottom of the skirt, sometimes carried up the sides or front. They will be of flat gimps, braiding, guipure, quillings, or stamped velvets. Most of the waists will be made with a plaited or plain jockey at the back. For dinner or evening dress, silks will be made with peasant's waists, with guipures of puffed muslin or illusion fitting closely up to the throat, and with long puffed sleeves close at the wrist. Skirts will be set on with a large box-plait directly in front and with large gathers at the back, box-plait being used at the sides.

The large gathers have the effect of making the skirt fall more gracefully at the back.

Toilets, such as we have described, are very beautiful to look at; but unless worn over a well-made corset, lose much of their effect. The most elegant, and, at the same time, most comfortable corsets, are those made by Mme. Demorest. Quite a novelty in this line appeared in the London Exhibition. It was a corset thoroughly ventilated by innumerable eyelets, and we should think this an excellent invention; for, though absolutely an indispensable accessory to the toilet, they are exceedingly warm. We should think that stout persons would hail this novelty with delight.

The fashionable coiffures are now so elaborate that it is almost impossible for a lady to be *à la mode*, and not wear false hair. The repugnance which was formerly felt at wearing false hair no longer exists; and bows of hair, curls, and braids are purchased as a headdress. To those who have but little hair, or are not skilful in the art of hair-dressing, or have but little time to devote to the toilet, we recommend the bows and chignons now in use, as they can be very readily pinned on without any trouble.

On page 593 of the June number, are three styles for dressing the hair, which are now the rage, and will be found both graceful and pretty. Some of the styles, however, are greatly exaggerated, and suited to but few persons. Full *crêpe bandeaux*, rolls of all descriptions and sizes, frizzed curls, etc. are much worn. We frequently see two or three rolls in front, the upper one very high on the head, and the back hair also arranged in three rolls, very low on the neck. Again we see puffs on top of the head, with bunches of flowers or ribbons directly behind them, also hair brushed over a cushion, and tufts of curls on top of the head, between the *bandeaux* or rolls. Pearl, gold, silver, and steel powders are exceedingly fashionable, and well suited to these elaborate styles. To some, powder is very becoming, though we do not particularly admire it, and think it will be but a transient fashion. The ordinary gold powder has a very poor effect; but when gold leaf is taken and cut exceedingly fine, and the head powdered with it, the effect is charming.

The coiffure *Maintenon* is one of the new styles. It is arranged with a touffet of short frizzed curls over the top of the head, double *bandeaux* on each side, sometimes a long ringlet behind the ear, and the back hair arranged in a bow or puffs.

Headdresses are worn higher than ever in front. Bunches of ribbon or velvet, the size of two hands clasped together, are placed directly in front, and the larger they are, the handsomer they are considered. Others have a bunch of feathers or flowers over the forehead, and a scarf carried straight over the side of the head and from thence falls on the neck. Small wreaths are also worn on the side of the head.

For home wear, lace barbes are arranged with a loop, and end over the plait or roll at the side of the head, and carried over or below the back hair to the opposite side of the head, where they are pinned in a larger bow, and end just behind the ear. Black lace bows with stiff linings are also worn in front between the *bandeaux*, and when lined with white, are very effective.

We pass now to cloaks, which, at Brodie's, are mostly of the *talma* shape, of medium length, richly trimmed with braiding, *passementerie*, or lace. Some are confined on the shoulders by two wide folds retained by buttons. It is, however, too early for a great variety of

styles, except in opera cloaks, which are really beautiful. Besides the numerous white cloaks made in every variety of style, was one of a black and gold striped velvety material. It was of the sack shape, with a seam down the back, and the stripes meeting in points. The cloak was finished all round with a rich black and gold cord. The hood was lined with a gold-colored silk, and trimmed with handsome cord and tassels. The sleeves were large and turned up with gold-colored silk. Another *distingué* mantle was of white plush, striped with black. It was also of the sack shape, and trimmed with a bias band of scarlet plush, a quarter of a yard wide, bordered on each edge with a quilled scarlet ribbon. The collar was of scarlet; so also were the revers of the sleeves.

For theatre, concert, or opera, bournous, or sacks, with alternate stripes of white, and a bright color, either blue, scarlet, or Magenta, although not new, are quite fashionable. Some are trimmed with *ruches* of the two colors, sewed on in a pattern; others are bound or bordered with silk, velvet, or plush.

For a very elegant wrap, nothing can be more stylish than a lace shawl. Some have white centres, and are trimmed with three rows of lace, the centre one white, and the others black. A black lace shawl, lined with white silk, and trimmed with a deep white silk or chenille fringe, is very *distingué*.

Black lace sashes are very fashionable; the full set, that is, belt, bow, and long ends, can be bought for \$26. *Bretelles* sometimes come with the sets, and are very elegant.

Muslin scarfs and bows continue to be worn, also scarfs made of silk a quarter of a yard wide, with the ends ravelled to form a fringe. These scarfs are tied in one bow, and two ends reaching almost from shoulder to shoulder.

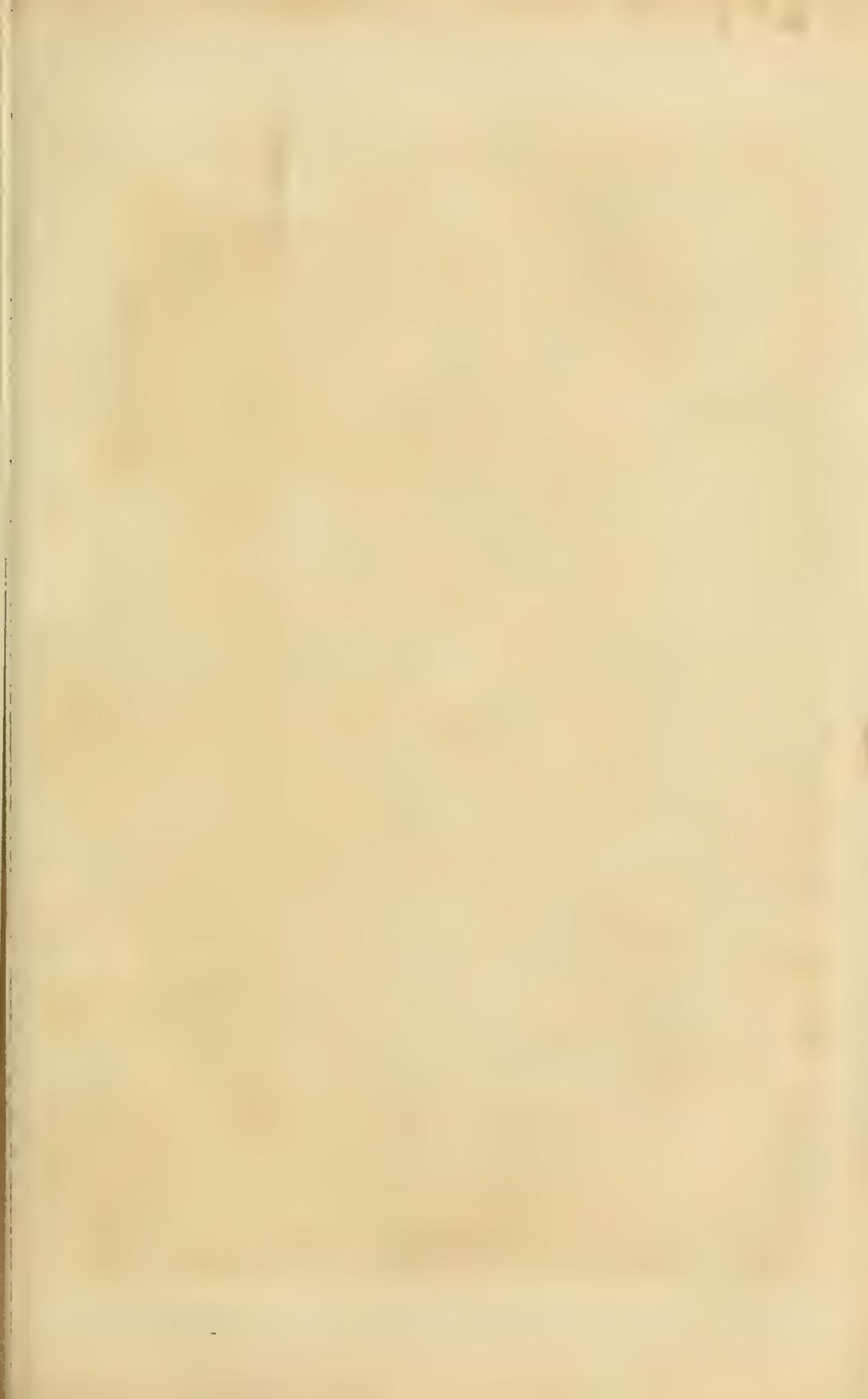
Children's dresses, instead of having a distinctive character as formerly, are now only their mammas in miniature. The skirts of their dresses are braided or trimmed with *ruches* and bands. The waists are *zouaves* or *Garibaldi's*, or else low and cut square with tucked or embroidered muslin chemisettes to the throat.

Alpaca will be one of the fashionable spring materials, and a very pretty dress is of gray, mode, or steel-colored alpaca. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a very narrow ruffle of Magenta silk. The bodice is a *zouave*, trimmed with bands of the silk and chenille fringe. The sleeves are open to the elbow, and trimmed to correspond. A chemisette of white cashmere, embroidered or braided with Magenta, should be worn with the *zouave* on cold days, and can be replaced by one of white muslin, when the weather is warmer. This is a very pretty street costume, with the addition of a white muslin scarf, tied in a bow under the chin. The hat can be of gray straw, with a feather to match the trimming of the dress. Points and sashes are invariably worn by children.

The most fashionable wrap for little girls, after leaving off the thick winter sack, will be the *Red Riding Hood*. This is a *talma* of red cloth, flannel, or merino, pinked, bound, or trimmed with a quilting. It has a round, drawn-up hood which can be pulled over the head. It is a very convenient wrap for a watering-place, where something of the kind is always needed towards evening. It is also very suitable for infants, and easily made.

Nothing new has yet appeared for children's hats; but, by next month, we think the styles will be determined.

FASHION.







GODDARD'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL 1853.





**RAIN IMPS,**  
GRINDING UP THE RAIN IN APRIL.

# Yeber Dream of Constant Bliss.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

BY C. EVEREST.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D., 1863, by C. Everest, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

*Andante.*

*p* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*f* *ad lib.* 8va...

1. Nev - er dream of con - stant bliss, In a chang - ing world like this; Now with  
 2. I be - held the bark with sail, Ri - ding no - bly in the gale: Soon I  
 3. Ma - ny bards have sung of youth, Fresh with nov - el - ty and truth; Deck'd in

sun - shine of de - light, Then with wretch - ed - ness and night. Morn I've  
 saw the moun - tain wave, Roll - ing o'er her co - ral grave. I be -  
 garb of fat - ry dress, Sai - ning forth in love - li - ness. Mark the

NEVER DREAM OF CONSTANT BLISS.

seen with stainless sky, Shine as bright as beau-ty's eye; But at  
held the hap-py bride, Standing by here lov-er's side; But ere  
change, for time doth show, Mingling shades of joy or woe; Though its

noon in an-gry form, Is-sued forth the whirlwind storm. But at  
long his love grew cold, Sorrows then in tears were told. But ere  
smiles are bright to-day, Soon you see them fade a-way. Though it's

noon in an-gry form, Is-sued forth the whirl wind storm  
long his love grew cold, Sor-rows then in tears were told.  
smiles are bright to-day, Soon you see them fade a-way

*Rit.*

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *col voce.* *p*

*Ritard.*

SPRING DRESS.



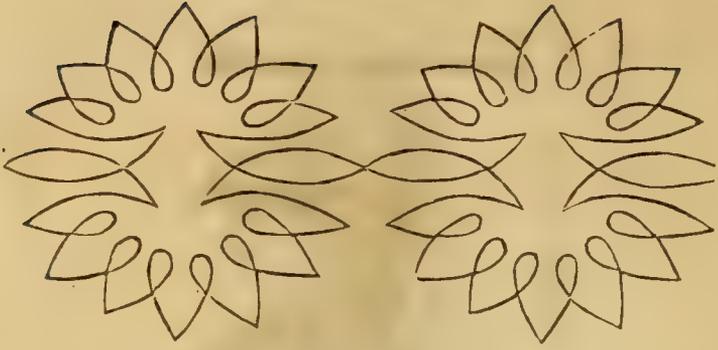
Lavender silk dress, trimmed with narrow black silk ruffles.

SPRING DRESS, BRAIDED.



Dress of steel-colored alpaca, braided with heavy mohair braid. We can furnish the full size patterns for this dress.

**BRAIDING PATTERN.**



**SPRING DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.**



The dress is of nankeen-colored alpaca, trimmed with quillings of purple ribbon and bands of black velvet, with frog buttons down the front. The style is quite new, the skirt being gored to form a point or corsage. The jacket is cut away very much in front, and forms a jockey at the back. Shirt and sleeves of French muslin, trimmed with crimped ruffles.

## THE DARRO.

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



A glance at our illustration explains the style of its construction. The material is a black silk, of the thickest and richest Lyons manufacture. A heavy cord marks each division of the gored seams up the back. The cuffs are bordered with a ruypure edging, and the *brandebourgs* up the front, etc., are of the most superb pattern. Altogether its effect is admirable, and most ladylike.

**NEW COIFFURES.**

Fig. 1.  
(*Front and back view.*)

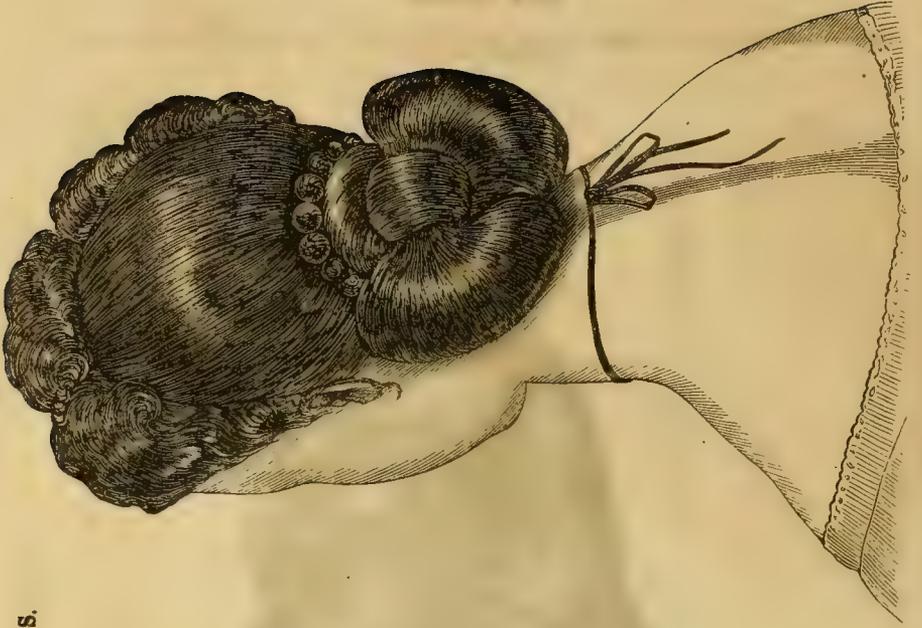


Fig. 1.—This figure has the hair crimped and rolled off the face over a cushion. The bow at the back can be arranged with the natural hair, or it can be made of a false braid. In the latter case, it is pinned on underneath the back hair, which should be tied and combed over the bow, twisted round and fastened with a fancy comb.

# NEW COIFFURES.

Fig. 2.  
(Front and back view.)

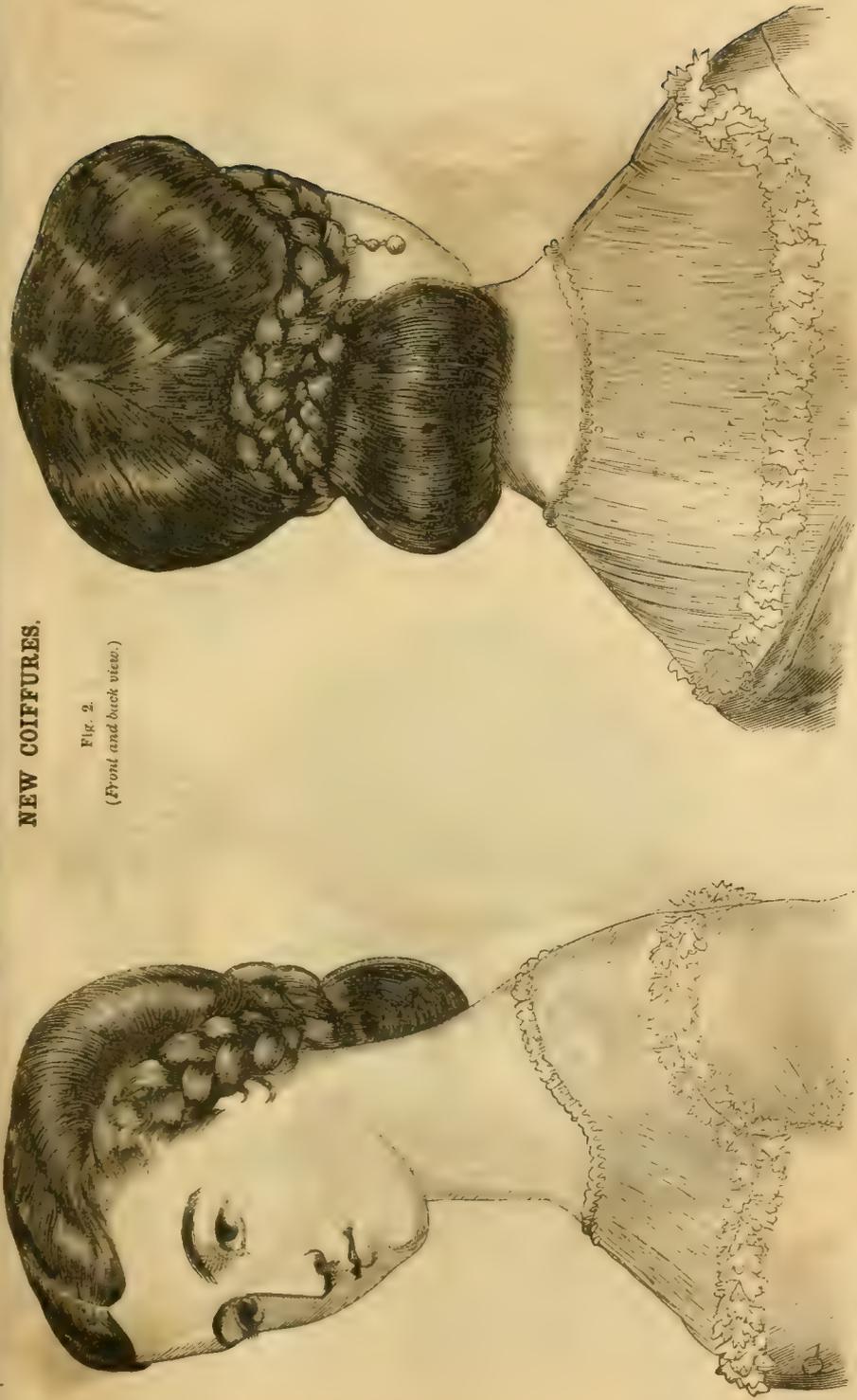


Fig. 2.—The front coiffure consists of a full roll and a plait of three strands. The fall at the back can be of false hair, pinned on, and the front plaits twisted round it, which gives it a perfectly natural appearance. When false hair is used for these styles of coiffure, they are arranged with but little trouble.

**COIFFURE MAINTENON.**

Figs. 1 and 2.

(Front and back, etc.)

(See description, Fustian department.)



**TOUPET MAINTENON.**

Fig 3



**FANCY BOW,**



Made of hair, to be pinned on, or fastened with an ornamented comb, as shown in Fig. 1, June number, 1862, page 593.

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**COIFFURE.**



A very graceful style of coiffure for a young lady, suitable for the new side combs.

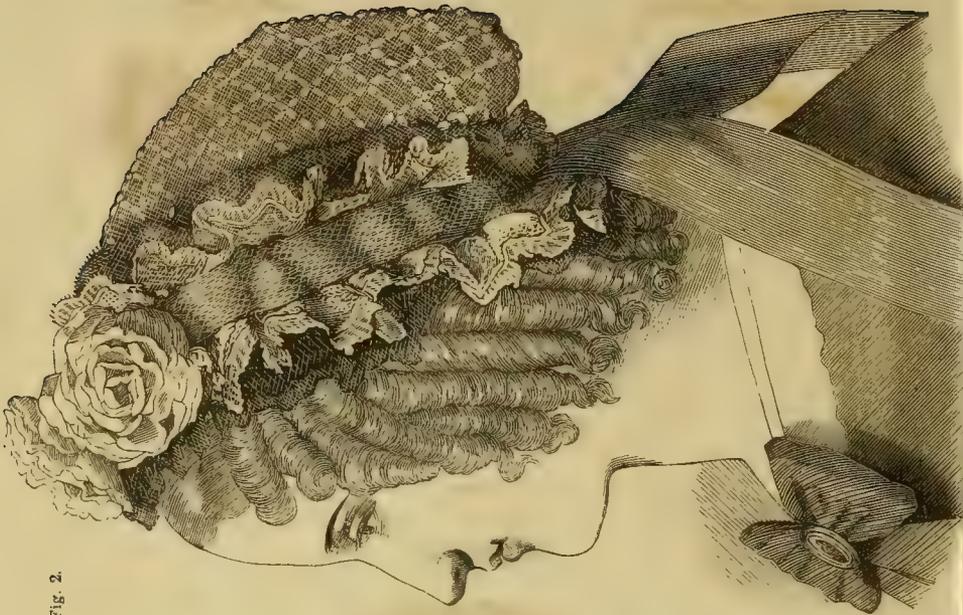
**BREAKFAST CAPS.**

(See description, *Fashion department.*)

Fig. 1



Fig. 2.



# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1863.

### A LADY'S GLANCE AT THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

#### LACES, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

HAVING in our last notice reviewed in detail the brilliant display of jewellery in the International Exhibition, some account of the best specimens of foreign art might have been expected to follow in natural succession. Our attention is invited by a class of fabrics which, as regards minute critical examination, is almost virgin soil; and to enthusiasts in lace we especially address ourselves on the present occasion.

Of Brussels lace there are two distinct kinds—the valuable *pointe-à-l'aiguille*, to which class belong the majority of articles now exhibited, and another, technically called Brussels plait, resembling our Honiton *appliqué*, in which the flowers are made separately on the pillow and afterwards attached to a foundation. There are also two descriptions of the net used for groundwork. The veritable *réseau*, the crowning distinction of first-class articles, is made with bobbins on the pillow, and is superior to the best machine imitation only in its unapproachable fineness and the slight inequalities which reveal its value as the production of human, opposed to mechanical, industry. Although some cotton is employed at Brussels, the material chiefly used is the finest thread, made from flax grown at Hal and Rebecque. Some years ago the greater proportion was handspun; and when we consider the extreme delicacy of the operation, it does seem impossible that the dexterity of human fingers should be successfully emulated by artificial means. The finest quality of the thread is said to be made in damp underground rooms, for the tenuity is so great that contact with the dry air above would be injurious. The life of a Belgian thread-spinner being unhealthy, and her work requiring great vigi-

lance, the price of her labor is proportionably high. She examines closely every inch of thread drawn from the distaff, and where the slightest inequality occurs stops her wheel to repair the mischief. Every artificial assistance to the eyesight is adopted. A background of dark paper is placed to throw out the slender thread, and the scene of labor is sometimes arranged to admit only one single beam of light falling directly on the work. So much for material; we now turn to construction. The different processes involved in this vary so much that each is intrusted solely to women peculiarly versed in its details. For instance, one class known by the name of *platteuses* are continually occupied in making flowers for the pattern on the pillow; others, again, are educated to work them in point with the needle; these when attached to net constitute a lace properly described as Brussels *appliqué*. Another division of the labor consists in making the real net-groundwork already alluded to, and two examples in the Belgian cases gives a clear idea of the modes in which the *drocheuses* execute their task. The *strigueuses* are perpetually employed in attaching the flowers to the net; whilst the designation of *attacheuses* is given to persons whose sole occupation consists in uniting the different portions of a pattern, so that it should appear to be made entire. Last, but not least in importance, come the *faiseuses de pointe-à-l'aiguille*, of whose skill we will now seek for evidence in the Belgian department.

It may be remembered that a certain M<sup>me</sup>. Hubert, of Paris, distinguished herself in 1851 by the exhibition of some lace flowers in every respect but color good imitations of nature.

This idea may have suggested the execution of floral patterns in relief as ornaments of a flat surface; but, at any rate, the introduction of this novelty, no less beautiful than marvellous, entitles M. Hoorickx, in our opinion, to the post of honor among his fellow-exhibitors; it remains to be seen how far professional authority will support this verdict. The invention is displayed to the greatest advantage, perhaps, in a handkerchief which presents every variety of point stitch, as well as several styles of design. At the extreme edge of the lace border is a wreath of convolvulus leaves and flowers, very fine, but simply executed; within that is a kind of arabesque pattern enriched with *plumetis* or satin-stitch, which is quite a new feature of the Belgian laces; and then comes the triumph of art in a border of exquisite little bouquets. The miniature flowers are all in relief, the rose showing its circling petals, and other blossoms their natural forms. The small centre of cambric is inclosed within a mechanical design of heavier substances, and the effect, no less than the details, is worthy of admiration. The price, if we mistake not, is about £200—certainly no undue return for the outlay of unusually skilled labor which must have been expended upon it, nor more than this is constantly absorbed in the purchase of luxuries which we should call utterly useless, but for the thought of the humble producers to whom they have for many a day supplied the necessaries of life. A section of flounce, half a yard wide, with flowers in the same style of relief, is also displayed. The value of the set of two would be £800; that of a tunic with berthe and handkerchief, made to order, about the same. These statistics are offered, as it is well known that the question of price is interesting to ladies, even in cases where they have no intention or desire to become purchaser; and this lace being new, even an experienced judge might be puzzled to determine its worth. Although this is scarcely more costly than the other styles of fine Brussels point, the difficulty of cleaning will most likely render it always an exceptional style of work. There is a curious silk shawl in the same compartment—white ground with colored flowers, every part of it constructed by hand, like lace; but the result is so unattractive that one feels that great ingenuity has been wasted upon it.

The collection of articles exhibited by Julia Everaert and Sisters next claims our attention on the ground of excellence, for nowhere has the ordinary Brussels point been brought to greater perfection than in the deep white

flounce to be found in their case. The ground, real of course and necessarily made in sections, is finished off with a regularity equal to that of machine net, over which its fine texture gives it a great advantage; the pattern is a *mélange* of lilac, pansies, and convolvulus sprays, intersected by a ribbon, and giving the natural effects of light and shade. This noticeable improvement in design is of recent date; it may be remarked in each of the three chief collections of lace, but most prominently in the French patterns. The appearance of shadow is given by transparency of texture; a solid substance representing full lights. Another example of tasteful design is contributed by the same house, in the shape of a dress and shawl of black pillow lace of exquisite quality, bearing the semblance of large tropical leaves. Nor should genuine lovers of lace omit to examine one of trimming width embroidered in plumetis, and so fine that a needle would scarcely pass through its meshes. Some good specimens of white *pointe-à-l'aiguille* will also be found exhibited by Mme. Clippéle. A white fan, with delicate wreaths of black introduced into the pattern, is intended for mourning, and fulfils its intention very tastefully. As much may be said for the flounces and canezou which surround it. Some recent additions by Van Rossum, consisting of point sets, handkerchief, lappet, collar and sleeves, are of excellent quality, as may be inferred from the fact that each set is worth £240, and occupied four years in its construction. In short, a multitude of beautiful specimens might be enumerated, and a goodly fortune quickly assume a very portable form, in this tempting department. Before taking leave of it, we must do justice to the magnificent black lace contributed by the Maison Lepage-Kina, which carries off the palm from all rivals in this branch of manufacture. A tunic flounce and shawl of uniform scroll pattern, with drooping bell-shaped flowers, is of curiously fine and varied workmanship. This style is that recognized here as French lace; but it is certainly quite equal to anything of the kind we shall meet with in turning our attention to the contributions of France.

The character of the lace worn in Paris has undergone a great change within the last few years; and manufacturers accordingly devote much of their attention to the production and improvement of the kind called by them "guipure," by ourselves "Maltese." They have brought it to great perfection, and we must admit that it is peculiarly adapted for any service in which substance is desirable, and to

which large, bold designs are appropriate. For instance, an African *bournous* sent by the Compagnie des Indes is very handsome; and, in such a case, we are content to accept effect in lieu of quality. The ground is thin, resembling netting, the central ornaments are horizontal bars of mechanical pattern, and the border a combination of medallions and shells, with a Greek scroll. In the same style is a half shawl, the property of M. Faure, very striking in design. A broad ribbon is represented curling round and round a wreath of large leaves and flowers, and the contrasts of light and shade presented by the varied texture add much to its beauty. Near at hand we find specimens of this same black guipure with colors intermixed in the Spanish style: there are two parasols, one ornamented with flowers of various gay hues, and another for half mourning, with the pattern white; but in neither case is the result very attractive, as in this pillow-lace the black threads of the ground mingle with the bright tints and completely deaden them. The other specimens of this manufacture are a founce in black, white, and red; some gigantic butterflies, exhibited as curiosities of course; and a variety of so-called guipure ribbons, in other words, black lace of different widths, with colored patterns, and finished off ornamentally at each edge. These may possibly be taken into favor for a time as applicable to trimming purposes; in this country they are undoubted novelties.

Having glanced at the best examples of the recent fashion in French lace, we must mention those which represent its staple production—the beautifully soft and fine thread lace called now Chantilly, but chiefly made at Caen and Bayeux. Among the various shawls and founces of this description we think the most elegant are those of M. Seguin. No one could pass unnoticed the half shawl, valued at £140, completely covered with drooping willow-boughs, amidst which we perceive baskets suspended, fountains with birds drinking thereat—in fact, a perfect Chinese garden; and this pattern is carried out in other articles of the parure. The lace of M. Loisean is also very fine, though less distinguished in ornamentation.

It is well known that, although its chief trade is in black lace, France can, by its *point d'Alençon*, compete with the most valuable description of Brussels; and of course, on so important an occasion, has put forth all its resources. Geoffries, Delisle & Co., otherwise the Compagnie des Indes, show in their case a wonderful fan,

representing cupids swinging in a bowery garden, and likewise trimming laces of exquisite quality. There is also a founce priced at £1000; but, we venture to think, by no means worth the money as compared in effect with other laces. *Point d'Alençon* is, however, so seldom to be met with in articles of large size, that its value on these rare occasions becomes arbitrary; nor must we forget that its construction is most laborious.

The design, first engraved on copper, is afterwards printed off in divisions on small pieces of parchment. These are numbered according to their order, and holes are pricked along the outlines of the flowers; a piece of coarse linen is then laid on, and a tracing thread is sewn with fine stitches, which unite thread, parchment, and linen together. Two flat threads, held beneath the thumb of the left hand, are then guided along the edges of the pattern and fixed by minute stitches passing through the holes in the parchment. The skeleton of the lace thus completed, the centres of the flowers must be filled up. The worker supplies herself with a long needle and very fine thread, and with these she works a knotted stitch from left to right, successive rows of which at length fill up the interstices. The plain ground connecting different portions of the pattern is commenced by one thread being thrown across as a sort of pioneer, and others, intersecting it and each other, form the delicate meshes. Then there are spaces reserved for fancy stitches, termed modes; and finally, the design is enriched with an embroidery in relief, known as the *brodé*. When the work is so far happily accomplished, the various sections are united so skilfully that the joins escape detection, and the result is the *point d'Alençon*, now sometimes described as the *point de Venise*, the most costly of modern laces. In addition to this *spécialité*, France exhibits much white lace resembling Brussels plait. A large semicircular bridal veil, with small projection to fall over the face, is really perfect in design. It is a mixture of Brussels and point, and, from its style, we should conclude of Belgian origin, as far as execution goes; but the wreaths of flowers which radiate from the outer edge towards the centre are so perfectly natural in their imitation of the very accidents of nature, that we are sure half its attractions are due to France, which still unmistakably occupies the vantage-ground in ornamentation.

The reputation of Great Britain as a lace-making country formerly depended entirely on the industry of Buckinghamshire, the two

adjacent counties, and the region about Honiton. But within the last fifteen years it has been further supported by the development of the manufacture in Ireland. The introduction of crochet-work by various ladies as an occupation for women during the repeated periods of scarcity and distress, was the origin of this very successful branch of our trade. Those who are acquainted only with the imitation of heavy point will be surprised on visiting the case of Messrs. Forrest to see the delicate effect which can be produced with crochet and embroidery needles. Two flounces, described respectively as "lacet point" and guipure, afford that variety and elegance in which Irish lace may have been considered for some purposes deficient. The lacet point consists of a fine groundwork of crochet, into which are introduced flowers, leaves, etc., filled in with various lace stitches. The guipure has a still more filmy foundation, in which some indication of the pattern is shadowed forth, but further defined by embroideries in buttonhole and satin stitch. This novel mode of finishing light laces, which we remarked in the Belgian department, certainly gives great richness to the material. We could scarcely point out any trimming lace superior in effect to that which is festooned around the case of Messrs. Forrest; it shows the best results of this mixed style. Mrs. Allen and Messrs. Copestake are also exhibitors of crochet lace; but the grand feature in the collection of the last-named firm is a tunic of Honiton guipure, made, as our readers probably know, on the pillow in sections, and afterwards united. This dress of ambitious, but good design is nearly covered with rich wreaths and scrolls, connected at intervals by large prince's feathers. A flounce displayed by Messrs. Uring affords great variety in the style of work, and is on all grounds worthy of admiration. Nor can we say less for the tunics of Messrs. Biddle, and Howell, and James.

The finest description of pillow-lace has always issued from the neighborhood of Buckingham; Bedfordshire producing a rather inferior article. Accordingly, we find Mr. Godfrey the chief exhibitor in the case shared by manufacturers of the midland district. In addition to the splendid black flounces of Maltese and ordinary pillow-lace which appear under his own name, he can claim credit as the producer of the admirable half shawl and dress exhibited by Northcote & Co., and the tunic which is a feature of Messrs. Biddle's assortment. We notice also a wonderful improvement in white Maltese lace, the style chiefly adopted in small articles.

It is no longer heavy and monotonous in pattern, but rather resembles a cloudy kind of Honiton. Lester & Sons (of Bedford), Mr. R. Vicars (of Padbury), and Mr. Sergeant (of Sandy), exhibit exquisitely fine specimens, very well designed, in the shape of collars, sleeves, lappets, and a bolder style in flounces. It must be regarded as a very acceptable substitute for the more expensive class of foreign laces, and we commend it to general patronage.

While lauding the enterprise of real lace manufacturers, it would be unfair to pass unmentioned the wonderful imitations of the fabric which Nottingham supplies in various styles. The Spanish shawls and mantillas, which fall little short of the original models, have deservedly obtained universal favor; it is needless to dwell on their excellence. The imitations of black Chantilly are also remarkable, the patterns and texture having been so much improved that at a little distance they would deceive an experienced eye. The same can scarcely be said of the tambour-work, supposed to represent Brussels, but it is very pretty in the form of shawls, dresses, etc., and affords employment to many poor women in London and other places.

The lovers of the gay and fanciful in lace will be attracted by a case of Spanish blondes containing articles richly embroidered in colors and gold thread. The real gem of the collection, however, is a white mantilla; the pattern, wreaths of flowers supported by flying cupids, is of solid texture, whilst the ground is light guipure. Saxony is remarkable rather for the low price than the quality of its laces; but Berlin has lately added to the attractions of the exhibition a very creditable suite of Brussels point on real ground; and the Zollverein may therefore be expected, on a future occasion, to deserve more particular mention in our general survey of lace.

ADVICE.—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved, and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMOUS P. H. B. SOCIETY.

DEAR LADY READERS, did you ever, on some frosty October morning, when the bright autumnal sun had just power enough to drive all chilliness from the air, and impart a cheerful glow to the whole system, making any exertion seem an absolute pleasure, watch with envy the retiring form of departing husband, or brother, or other male member of your family, as with fishing-rod over his shoulder, and basket in hand, he walked briskly down the sunny side of the street, looking back every now and then with a half triumphant nod at poor, despondent you, forced to go back into the dull house, and busy yourself with everyday concerns, instead of following that cheerful male member in his day's employment? And then, in the evening, when he came back with country appetite for the closing meal of the day, and long stories of the pleasant sail, the bright-colored forest trees, the sparkling water, the verdant countryman who was his companion, the "mighty big" fish he lost—larger than any to be found in Washington Market, and the "heaps" of small fry returned to their native element, because they were not worth the trouble of bringing home, with all the numerous *et ceteras* of a day's fishing, did your heart ever palpitate with renewed jealousy, and were you not ready to cry out against a cruel fate which made you feminine and denied you fishing?

At any rate, such have been my sensations, and loudly and openly were they expressed. That was some time ago, though. Now I am older and wiser. Now I could watch with perfect equanimity any number of the lords of creation depart on piscatorial excursions, could listen in the same tranquil state of mind to any quantity of fish stories, however descriptive they were of "splendid luck," or "mammoth bass." Nay, I think, instead of feeling the slightest pangs of envy, I would be conscious of a sort of contemptuous superiority over the "deluded souls that make their empty boast." Were it my brother Ned, whose tales were reaching an almost fabulous degree of gorgeousness, I could immediately bring him down again to the regions of common sense, by merely pointing to a small badge worn by us in common with six other individuals, of whom more anon.

I will tell you how all this happened; how I came to possess on this subject an enviable

degree of composure not to be disturbed; how I can remain calm and contented when the rest of the female world are crying out, "Didn't you feel excited when you felt the first nibble?" "How I wish I had been there!" "I don't know what I should have done; I never could have pulled him in of course, and yet I would not have lost him as you did"—and giving vent to various exclamations, as, "oh!" "ah!" "forty pounds!" and otherwise testifying their extreme interest in the narration. I never do more than, when the story is finished, say to those nearest me, "He'd be a worthy member of the P. H. B. Society." I never tell whether the observation is a compliment, or what the mysterious letters mean.

About two years ago, my brother Ned came home one evening, and told me that a day's fishing excursion had been planned by four gentlemen of our acquaintance (of whom he was one), and that among them it was agreed that four ladies should be asked to grace the expedition by their presence. This measure was proposed by Mr. Arthur Loring, who was known to have made his selection of a fair companion for his future years, and was by no means favorably received, at first, by the three remaining gentlemen; but when the proposition was so far modified that the choice of ladies was to be confined to those more strong-minded of their sex who would consent to wait on themselves and receive no more attention than their manly companions, it was warmly seconded by all but the planner of the expedition, Mr. George Sanford, a bachelor of about thirty-five years of age, with a confirmed aversion to ladies' society, and devoted attachment to his meerschau and pocket-pincushion. However, on being warmly pressed, he gave in his adhesion to the proposition, and not only promised to bring, according to agreement, a damsel who would consent to bait her own hook and remove her own fishes from it when caught, but one who could likewise remain silent, if need were, and not frighten all the fish away.

"Oh, Ned!" I exclaimed, "will you be so kind as to ask me?"

"Ask you!" he replied, contemptuously. "I have already engaged my lady, Miss Jennie Angus. I would not have you go upon any consideration," continued the heartless mon-

ster. "You'd be so afraid of hurting the fish, or the clams, or something else, that you would not give one a moment's peace." Then, seeing I looked a little melancholy and cast down, he added: "You're too tender-hearted for such sport, sis. You wouldn't enjoy it. You had much better stay home and take care of poor Dossia here"—stroking the old white cat that lay on a cushion by my side.

This was all very well, I suppose; but it didn't comfort me a bit to tell me I was tender-hearted. I was, indeed, if it means one is ready to cry if one can't do what one wants to. The patronizing superiority of his style of speaking, too, galled me, and I was going to feel a great deal worse and show it, when a gentleman was announced, and Mr. Lawrence Blakely entered the room. He was one of the excursionists, and greatly delighted me and surprised Ned, by saying he had called to ask me to be his *demoiselle* for Thursday's trip. Of course I yielded a willing consent, and Mr. Lawrence Blakely upheld my courage and strength of nerve by powerful arguments against all Ned's innuendoes to the contrary. I was very glad now that Ned had invited Jennie Angus, for she and I were called intimate; and so I was only too happy to have her one of the party. I was then told all the arrangements, which I will now proceed to relate, with such other additions as we ourselves made *impromptu*.

First I will present you with the names of those who formed the party. The list is to be read horizontally, showing thereby the companionship in which each one went.

MR. GEORGE SANFORD.	MISS ELLEN FRANCIS.
MR. ARTHUR LORING.	MISS LOUISE MARSHALL.
MR. EDWARD HAMILTON.	MISS JENNIE ANGUS.
MR. LAWRENCE BLAKELY.	MISS SOPHIA HAMILTON.

Our destination was a country-place, owned by Mr. Sanford, situated on Long Island Sound, about twenty miles from New York. The farm consisted of thirty acres, more or less, and on it was an old-fashioned house, which had been unoccupied for many years. The village, where the steamboat landing was, was situated on a small bay, two miles by water, not much more than half that distance by land, from Mr. Sanford's place. Here we were to procure a row boat, and transport ourselves to our destination, provided we could find one large enough to contain both people and provisions.

Clams were the bait to be used, which the gentlemen thought of digging for themselves, being assured they were very plentiful all along the shore. Perhaps my readers know they can only be found when the tide is out, and so we

were to leave the city in the 6 A. M. boat, by which means we would reach "the farm" before the water was high enough to incommode our muddily inclined companions in their anticipated occupation. We were to return the afternoon of the same day.

Finally, a list of the resolutions was drawn up, which we were all to sign, whereby all the ladies were prohibited from receiving, and all the gentlemen from rendering, any more assistance, relative to the baiting of hooks and taking off of fish, than was imperatively necessary, and of such imperative necessity the uninterested spectators were to be the judges.

The violation of this law was to be punished by the dismissal of the offending party or parties from the fishing-grounds for a certain specified time, varying in length according to the degree of enormity of the offence. It was also enacted that any one who possessed so large an amount of personal vanity as to refuse to clothe him or herself in habiliments suited to the occasion, their name should be stricken from the rolls of the society—by the by, I never heard of them before or since—and themselves prevented from accompanying the remaining persons on their expedition.

Each one was to remain in the place assigned him by Mr. George Sanford; "because," as he very wisely remarked, "if people were always changing their seats, no fish could be caught." Any person discontented with the place assigned him was to signify his discontent by *ceasing to fish*; and if this action remained unnoticed, he was then allowed to express his disgust in any manner, and as loudly as he pleased.

In addition to all these rules, there were several minor regulations concerning the employment of pantomime, unless by universal consent conversation was allowed; also to each individual's cutting his own bait, etc.

Before we returned home the fish were to be collected in one vast heap, and such being discarded as were deemed too small for use, the remainder—provided it did not exceed thirty pounds in weight—(this saving clause was suggested by Mr. Blakely, "for," said he, "we might be induced to attempt bringing home all the large ones, and thereby cause, not only the swamping of the row boat, but if the danger were miraculously escaped then, it would await us again in our passage to the city in the small steamer,") was to be taken to New York, where a boy, hired by general contribution, was to be intrusted with the responsibility of leaving it at Mr. Sanford's bachelor establishment, and the next day all the members of the society.

and such other friends as they might ask, were to repair thither, and partake of a grand piscatory dinner.

The greater part of these laws were suggested by Mr. Sanford for the control of the lady part of the expedition. Had there been only gentlemen, he said, none would have been needed.

We were also forbidden to scream, or exhibit any alarm at any unexpected little accident, such as the rocking of the boat, the falling in the water of any one of the members, the catching of eels, etc.

Thursday morning came, and with it the promise of a bright sun and a cool breeze from the N. N. W. Jennie and Mr. Blakely came over to our house and took breakfast at five, and then we all proceeded on our way down to the dock, where the "Sea-bird" landed, on board of which we were to meet the others. The first bell was ringing as we stepped upon deck, and looked around to see if we were the first at our destination. No; there, leaning over the railing, gazing down into the rippling waves, stood Mr. George Sanford and Miss Ellen Francis; the latter looking very sleepy, and certainly justifying her companion's boast relative to her silence.

The sun had not yet risen, and the early, scarce awakened look of everything made it all seem strangely unreal to me. The minutes passed quickly, and still the others did not come. The second bell commenced ringing. "They will be left," said Ned. But no. Dodging lamp-posts, boxes, barrels, and other intervening objects, arm in arm, appeared Mr. Loring and his fair Louise, advancing at much too rapid a pace for comfort or grace. They step on the plank just as it is about to be removed; a minute more, and, out of breath, but successful, they are standing on the deck by our side.

Slowly we passed our companion boats, still rocking lazily and aimlessly on the swelling tide; then more rapidly, as we reached clear water, we left behind us the sleeping city, long rows of apparently deserted houses; streets usually seen crowded with vehicles, now made noisy only by the occasional passing of an omnibus or early cart.

We were all very silent at first, and stood facing the east to see the day king come forth from his chamber rejoicing. A strange sight to city eyes, this glorious birth of the morning, heralded so silently, yet so magnificently.

"O Lord, my God, thou art become exceeding glorious, thou art clothed with majesty and honor. Thou deckest thyself with light, as it were with a garment, and spreadest out

the heavens like a curtain. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind," "whispered Mr. Blakely, as we all simultaneously shaded our eyes from the sudden brightness.

"I never shall be able to keep awake all day, Sophie," said Jennie, "I know, for my eyelids feel now as though a pound weight were attached to each. I never arose so early in my life before. When Margaret knocked at my door and told me your brother was down stairs waiting for me, I wouldn't believe her, and absolutely refused to wake up for some minutes."

"And I had to bear the punishment for your delay," said Ned, ruefully. "I burned my tongue and scalded the entire length of my œsophagus, and feel as though the coffee were boiling yet somewhere."

"I should think it would be pleasant to feel warm anywhere," I observed, "even at the expense of a scalded interior."

"What a splendid morning!" exclaimed Mr. Blakely. "Look at that delicious cloud of gray mist resting on the quiet city, and the sparkling frost on these gaudy-leaved maples near the shore. It does one good to see sometimes how much beauty there is in the world, that ordinarily we know nothing of."

"I'm too chilly to be artistic," I answered, frostily as the morning, drawing my shawl around me.

Mr. Blakely looked snubbed.

"Everything is white and cold; and I don't see what in the world the boat starts so early for. I never knew what an absurdly uncomfortable hour six o'clock on an October morning was, or I shouldn't have thought of going to-day."

"Oh, Sophie!" said Ned. "Giving out already? I thought you'd only be tender-hearted to spoil your enjoyment. I did not think you'd be both cross and lazy. As for the time the boat starts, I'm very glad it does go so early, for now Sanford and I can have the pleasure of wading in any depth of mud we please, and finding the nice white clams hidden away deep down in the sand. O it will be splendid!"

"If you're going to wade in mud, how will you find clams in the sand, and such delightfully clean ones, too?"

"O, goosie! It's mud on the top and sand under; and the clams are full of water, and always wash themselves off before you pick them

up. I say, George, has your place a pretty shore?"

"I have only been there once," replied Mr. Sanford, "and then it looked charming. The lawn stretches to the water, where there are huge rocks, and beautiful flowers growing in the crevices, and—and—"

"But is there any beach?"

"O yes! The man I took it from—foreclosed a mortgage, you know—said there was a very good beach on one side."

"And, Mr. Sanford," exclaimed I, delightfully, "of course there are shells, and seaweed, and strange little skeletons of sea wonders?"

"I can't say," he replied, rather doubtfully.

"Perhaps there may be. I didn't ask."

"But you're sure there's good fishing?" said Ned, anxiously. "Any little fragment of a dead crab, or piece of oyster-shell will serve as a curiosity for Sophie."

"O, there must be good fishing, for the man told me some of the poor people lived almost entirely on what they caught in the water."

"If that's the case," said Mr. Loring, "I don't see why we need take anything more than some bread and butter with us, for we can make a fire and broil our fish—and then a clam-bake would not be a bad idea. 'A clam-bake.' Doesn't that sound like the seashore?"

"What a delightful time we will have! I wish the boat would go faster," exclaimed Jeannie.

"There are some sandwiches in here," said Ned, pointing to a basket beside him. "I think it better not to depend too entirely on the products of our fishing."

"Don't you think we shall catch anything?" questioned the silent Miss Francis, anxiously.

"Probably, yes," he replied. "But there is such a thing as bad luck, and I like to be prepared under all emergencies. I would be more hopeful were the wind a little more from the west."

"Silence that despondent male member with the basket," said Mr. Loring. "Learn, sir"—turning to the offending party—"that prophecies of evil are not tolerated by this society. Those who don't feel hopeful must pretend they do; those who are chilly must not shiver"—with a half glance at me; "if any one's head aches, please preserve secrecy on the subject"—observing that Miss Francis's head rested on her hand; "in all things if you can't be, at least seem to be, and it will answer all practical purposes."

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies, be our motto," said Ned.

Thus laughing and jesting, with occasional veins of serious talk, we reached the landing. Through a narrow channel of discolored seawater, the little steamer ploughed its way, on either side a vast extent of mud flats, where the bay ought to be. Some row boats high and dry on the shore far in the distance; a small sail boat half overturned on some tangled sea grass nearer, and three or four very muddy individuals, each with a basket and rusty hoe, digging down into the by no means fragrant, oozing, slushy ground in which they were standing—such was the rural view presented to us when we arrived at B—. One of the muddy humanities, a colored gentleman, looked up as we stepped on the shore.

"What are you about, darkie?" shouted Ned.

"Diggin' clams, massa," he replied, touching his brimless head gear, and holding towards us as he spoke the basket half filled with what looked like a quantity of the black mud around him interspersed with some stones of various sizes.

"Sanford," said Ned, laughing, "he's diggin' clams; hadn't we better buy ours? What say you? I don't think I should enjoy the amusement after all, though if you still think it presents attractions—"

"Say no more, Ned. I am always willing to oblige a friend."

So the clams were purchased, the boat hired, and we all stepped in, Ned entering last, for besides stopping to parley with his colored acquaintance, he had to see after the sandwiches and another and a larger basket, containing the crockery and other utensils and necessaries for the day's meal.

"What were you saying to him of the ebon skin?" inquired Jennie, when we were a little distance from the shore.

"Merely asking whether they ever used silver hooks around here."

"Do they?"

"Sometimes. Indeed, it is quite a frequent practice with visitors, I believe."

"Are they better than the ordinary hooks?"

"You can generally catch larger fish by their means."

"I suppose they are quite expensive, the reason the common people don't use them."

"Probably that is the reason. I was also suggesting it wouldn't be a bad idea for 'Sambo' to be around when we returned this afternoon; merely that he might see what famous

fish we will take home with us, of course." Ned ended his speech with a very serious drawl to the last words.

"Hamilton, you're a traitor, and ought to be thrown overboard at once, to know how it feels to have cold water dashed over one all the time," said Mr. Blakely. "You at least don't deserve to catch any fish, and I don't believe you will."

"I don't, either," said my imperturbable brother, pointing to the little waves rising and falling around us.

They were really of quite a respectable size, and, judging from myself, many sensations of fear troubled the female hearts in that little boat as it rocked first on one side and then on the other. But nobly did we adhere to the principles we had adopted, and not an exclamation arose from any one among the number, excepting once when a smothered "Oh!" from Jennie drew all our attentions towards her, and we saw that one wave more venturous than the rest had leaped into her lap; but she looked so ashamed of the womanish expression of fear that we none of us noticed it, all pretending they hadn't heard her.

At length, we reached the rock, which Mr. Sanford had told us was a natural dock, where we could easily land; but owing to the lowness of the tide, though there was still water enough for the boat to float in, the rock itself was among the regions of the unattainable, being at least six feet from the floor of the boat.

"Row to the beach, and land there, Sanford," said Ned.

On we went—mud flats everywhere. Mud flats finally prevented our further progress.

"I am sure the beach was here," said Mr. Sanford, looking mournfully around on the surrounding slushiness.

"Something the matter with our eyes—we can't see it—that's all," remarked Ned, encouragingly.

"Where were you, Sanford, when the man told you there *was* a beach?" inquired Mr. Loring.

"Standing on the 'dock' looking down the river; and I'm sure he pointed up here."

"Oh! that did not mean anything. That was only equivalent to saying 'over the left.'"

"If the ladies are not afraid of wetting their shoes, I think we might as well step out here as anywhere. It's salt water, and won't give them cold. Or if they don't fancy the idea, I've no doubt the gentlemen will willingly volunteer to carry them over," proposed Mr. Blakely.

Of course, with such an alternative, the

ladies didn't mind wetting their shoes, and over we all stepped into a mass, to give a faint idea of which surpasses my descriptive powers, and savors of the impossible. "Wetting their shoes!" If that was what was meant by wetting one's shoes, the ladies certainly did mind it very much indeed. Not their shoes only, but stockings, skirts, everything. If they had been *only* wet, the misfortune would have been light in comparison. But to be daubed all over with this horrid, dark, obnoxious smelling mass was too much for human composure. Once in, there was no help for it; expressions of disgust did no good; there was nothing for it but to wade a distance of at least a hundred yards, with a fool of a man following one, making all sorts of absurd apologies for his vile proposition of landing there; knowing all the time one was looking as ridiculous as one well could, with dress raised to a height never dreamed of in Broadway, and displaying the by no means beautiful sight of a pair of what Ned calls "female nature's slim supporters," covered with black nastiness, inserting themselves each step with as emphatic expressions of disgust as such things can.

Once on dry land—never more appreciated by us than at that moment—we all turned, and with "melancholy steps and slow," made our way to the house. It was one of the old time habitations, with sloping roof, and the siding of scalloped shingles. To the dirty femininities it looked a very paradise of refuge. No sooner were we within the door than, without waiting for permission from the owner, we rushed up the crooked, rickety stairway, and shutting the door of the first bedroom we could find, seated ourselves on the floor, and bewailed our sad plight, condoling each other to the best of our abilities.

Here we remained concealed for the next two hours, waiting the drying of our clothes, while from the windows we could see the gentlemen enjoying a walk over the really pretty grounds around the house. Mr. Blakely was making a collection of the autumn leaves which were scattered on the grass; and when he turned rather unexpectedly and saw me watching him, he waved them towards me, and then holding them so that the sunlight might best display their bright colors, called out:

"Will they answer for a peace offering?"

I made no reply then; but afterwards, when they were given to me, I don't think he found me very obdurate.

At length a call from Ned certified us it was time to commence the day's sport; and so,

donning such of our garments as would make us presentable, from which we had vainly striven to remove all evidences of our morning's mishap, we joined the gentlemen, and proceeded to the rock, where Mr. Sanford assured us the best fishing was.

Jennie and I wore our balmoral skirts and red flannel Garibaldi waists, that we had prepared for the occasion. A coarse straw flat, ornamented by a wreath of the leaves Mr. Blakely had given me, was supposed to protect me from the sun; but a glance at its dimensions might well have led any one to doubt its efficiency.

Miss Francis, Mr. Blakely, and I were stationed on the rock itself. Mr. Loring and Louise, though near us, were a little further to the left; while Ned and Jennie were placed, at their own request, on a small, sloping reef, where a towering pine had found earth enough to give life to its spreading branches; its whitened roots, despoiled of the covering they had once found by the encroaching waters, had twisted themselves like pleading arms around the insensate stones, and in some places, where even these had been washed away, they were twining around each other unsupported, save by their own tenacity of life. On these Ned spread a few branches, and here Jennie and he placed their fishing necessaries. Mr. Sanford seated himself on a lonely little rock which jutted out into the river, nearly covered by seaweed, and affording just room enough for him and his basket.

Contrary to all rules and regulations, Mr. Blakely had prepared my bait for me, and I felt truly grateful for his disobedience; for, notwithstanding my wish to go fishing, and my ready promise to fulfil all the obligations necessary to entitle me to become a member of the society, I no sooner saw the process of wholesale clam murder entered into to properly arrange them for fishing purposes, than I inwardly acknowledge that, rather than be compelled to perform such cruel work, I would forego all chance of a single nibble, even though aggravated by seeing my companions catch as large fish as ever decked a festive board. The convulsive efforts, utterly useless, of the poor clam to resist the murderous knife, the actual squeak he seemed to give as it pierced his heart, "made me shudder, start, and grow faint at soul;" though, mind you, I had no objections to using said bait, thus prepared; so that it could have been no *moral* aversion to the employment, only a mere womanish dislike to seeing the pain actually inflicted, or still more,

to inflicting it myself. Owing to this assistance, I was the first, with an exclamation of delight, to throw my line in the water, and there to hold it, after Mr. Blakely had given me several lessons relative to this seemingly simple process. It took me some minutes to learn how to throw the line gracefully and lightly out as far as was practicable, and then let it fall gently in the water, without the splash and splutter sure to accompany a beginner's efforts; and when this feat had been successfully accomplished, to know when the line touched the bottom, and how far to raise it. But finally these preliminaries were all overcome, and then I was free to sit and wait for a bite. And good use was made of the freedom. I sat and waited, and waited and sat, and so on *ad infinitum*. One after another, the others threw in their lines, and did likewise.

"Why don't they commence biting, Mr. Sanford?" at length I ventured to inquire.

"The tide is scarcely high enough yet, I think."

"Oh!"

That surely was a very satisfactory reason why the fishes delayed their coming. The tide rose higher and higher. Still there were no bites—not even a single nibble.

"Why don't they bite *now*, Mr. Sanford?" after waiting some time longer.

"I'm afraid the wind blows too hard. Perhaps it will go down in a little while."

Here was a ray of hope. Perhaps the wind would go down. But it didn't.

"What's the definition of the verb to fish, Miss Sophie?" said Mr. Blakely, after a long silence.

"To catch fish," I replied, promptly.

"I think you must be mistaken, else are we not engaged in that sport. I think Webster says, 'to attempt to catch fish;' and I accept Webster's definition as the true one. I am of the opinion that is *only* 'attempting' to catch them."

Another long silence. The wind whistled and blew, and tossed the waves one over the other, and they were forced to bring out their little "white caps" and put them on, and then the sun smiled down at them, and they laughed back at the sun, and died away in gurgling ripples along the shore. At length I did catch something; but it was only Mr. Blakely's line. Then ensued a long and merry discussion as to the causes of said act while we were untangling the lines.

Then came a joyous exclamation from Louise, and word was passed rapidly around that

"Louise thought she had felt something pull her hook!"

"If there were less talking, I think there would be more fish caught," said the grumpy Mr. Sanford.

Feeling sadly rebuked, Mr. Blakely and I resumed our fishing silently. A few minutes more, and I suddenly became conscious of a peculiar trembling sensation, communicating itself to my pole. I gave Mr. Blakely an expressive look, and directed his attention to it. The end of the rod was vibrating very perceptibly; a gleam of surprise and joy lighted his countenance.

"Pull up your line," he said in a great state of excitement. "I think there is a fish on it."

With eager, trembling hands I raised my line. All eyes were turned towards it. I felt as though a mammoth creature, of several pounds' weight, were dancing on the hook. Slowly it came nearer and nearer—we could see its white sides gleaming through the water.

"Draw it up faster, or the fish will get off!" exclaimed Mr. Blakely. Then, as with triumphant excitement I tossed it on the rocks, he added with exultation: "There! Miss Sophie has caught the *first* fish."

But the exultation all passed away when, on close inspection, he saw what a miserable little thing it was, scarcely larger than the hook it had managed to get in its gaping mouth. My sorrow and disappointment were extreme. It seemed so much more cruel to catch such a little thing, to say nothing of the ridicule it exposed me to. And now it behooved me to get my fish off. 'Mid the laughter of my companions, I drew the flapping thing towards me. I could not bear to touch it; so I took hold of the line a little distance from it, and examined where the hook had entered. At length I mastered courage to touch it; but no sooner had I done so, than I precipitately let it drop again. The shudder that quivered through it communicated itself to my whole frame.

"Oh, Mr. Blakely!" I exclaimed, covering my eyes with my hands, "I can never take it off. The hook goes right through its eye. Perhaps the next one won't be caught so disagreeably."

Scarcely were the words uttered, ere the little fish was liberated, and lay panting on the rock by me. I did not mind touching it so much now; though, I must confess, I first enveloped it carefully in my handkerchief, and then I walked deliberately to the extreme verge of the rock, and tossed the little mite into its native element again.

They all looked at me disapprovingly, and Ned called out:—

"Blakely ought to be cashiered; but we'll overlook his offence this time."

"I should like to repeat it, were it to insure that punishment. I think a stroll in that grove yonder would be quite as pleasant as our present occupation," said Lawrence Blakely in a low tone.

Another exclamation from Louise drew our attention again in that direction.

"I have such a large one I can't get it out of the water," she said, eagerly.

It did indeed seem to be tremendous; her pole bent, but gave no sign of yielding to her efforts to land the fish. Mr. Loring arose to assist her.

"You have caught your hook in some of the crevices of the rock," he said, when he discovered the unyielding nature of the resistance.

Up and down, first this way, then that, jerking now here, now there, one minute pulling with all the strength he dare use, the next trying to loosen its hold by seeming to yield, Mr. Loring vainly endeavored to unfasten the obdurate hook. At length—snap—it came up; the line only—minus both hook and sinker. The evil remedied, at it we all went again. And now the regular fishing seemed about to commence. Ned caught a long, smooth, soft, gold-colored fish, that he called a frost fish. Then Mr. Blakely drew up a little, lively, bluish-colored creature that nobody seemed to think worth much. After that every one's bait was eaten off as soon as it was put on for the space of ten minutes. Then Mr. Sanford triumphantly basketed a bouncing blackfish.

"They always go in pairs," said he. "Its mate must be around here, too."

Scarcely were the words spoken than, giving a scientific jerk to his line, he again commenced raising it. A dark, heavy mass appeared on the water—a stone covered with seaweed and bits of oyster-shells. With an exclamation of disgust, he tossed it away. Then came another interval of baiting hooks. My hands were covered with clam-juice, which gave them a most peculiar and disagreeable sensation. I advise all my lady friends, if they ever are so foolish as to go fishing, to be sure to wear gloves. I had not thought of taking any. Tiny pieces of clam, mingled with sand, introduced themselves beneath my finger-nails, and the fragrance was by no means pleasant. I was ready to give up in despair, when my flagging interest was again aroused by feeling something tugging at my line. This time it was a large

eel. He tied the line and himself together in tight knots, and flapped his ugly tail, and squirmed, and twisted, and looked as horrid as he possibly could. I would as soon have thought of touching a rattlesnake as *this* obnoxious *beast*. Again Mr. Blakely came to my assistance. Then everybody caught a very few of the small, gray, insignificant fishes. Mr. Sanford was the only one whom any luck visited. He secured the mate to his first black-fish, and several decent sized other ones.

We all felt curious. He was cool and indifferent, and said our ill luck resulted from our ignorance of the art. We suggested, perhaps, his seat was a better one than ours. He offered to change with anybody; but no one accepted the offer. His luck increased, ours *decreased*, if possible. Looking around, I saw Jennie and Ned had given up trying to catch anything, and were having a nice time with some crackers, and a book that Ned had produced, provided, as he had said, in all emergencies. Mr. Sanford pulled up a large eel.

"I am positively devoured by jealousy," whispered Mr. Blakely. "And to make matters even, don't intend to let him know how soon he will be driven from his seat," pointing to the water which, gradually rising, had just reached Mr. Sanford's depending coat-tails. A pantomimic explanation secured the others' silence.

"Ned," called out Mr. Loring, "is your ceasing to fish evidence according to Rule No. 4, 5, or 6—I forget which—that you wish to change your position and try your luck somewhere else?"

"No. It's only evidence that if at *length* I don't succeed, I try no more. I like my *position* uncommonly well. Nothing could be nicer than this tree, this book, these crackers, and this companionship. But if you want my opinion regarding this expedition, solely as a fishing excursion, I'll tell you privately I think it's a failure so far. Indeed, I am inclined to believe we are not where we intended going. I have my doubts whether this is Mr. Sanford's place at all, at least the one to which he was to take us. There is certainly more evidence for than against such a proposition. Our ideal destination had an excellent sandy beach on one side; on the other, rocks covered with beautiful flowers, and fishing everywhere, and of the finest description. Where we have actually arrived, the ladies will certainly bear testimony as to the absence of any beach; and as for the rock, here certainly is *one*, but not, I am inclined to believe, *the one*. The flowers

are of the same mythical character as the beach—not discernible by mortal eyes. And of the fish, with the exception of those caught by Mr. Sanford, the less said the better. Sitting here in calm contentment, watching with sublime unenvying indifference said gentleman, as with tranquil composure and in solemn silence he draws fish after fish from the water, I am suddenly struck with the simple and beautiful example he presents of a certain great philosophical principle, my friends—one which has always presented more or less of mystery to me. I allude to the *attraction of gravity*. No doubt you are all familiar"—

Ned's lecture was here interrupted by a sudden exclamation from the subject of it, who, with indignant disgust depicted on his countenance, was standing upright on his isolated bit of rock, wringing the water from his dripping coat appendages. Of course all immediately rushed to his assistance, with many expressions of regret for his misfortune. One offered to take his pole, another his basket, while Mr. Blakely extended his hand to assist him in springing over the little inlet that separated him from those on shore. But he declined all aid from those who, he more than half suspected, were not so ignorant of the condition he was in as they had pretended. He first threw his pole to us, then, taking his basket in his hand, attempted to vault lightly over; but unfortunately his attempt was frustrated by his feet slipping in the damp seaweed that covered the rock he was standing on, and tumble—bundle—splash! in he went. The fall, so far as he himself was concerned, was of but little moment; there was scarcely any depth to the water, and the grass prevented him from hurting himself seriously, but it was death, or rather *life*, to the fishes. The basket having no cover, the instant it was overturned, they found a speedy way of exit into their native element. Vain was the brisk picking up, both of himself and the basket, which Mr. Sanford, by superhuman exertions, accomplished in an instant; vain the frantic dash after their retreating forms; his prisoners had escaped, and there was no hope of their recapture. One little fellow had the impudence, after making good his escape, to return, and taking a contemplative look at his despondent and defeated captor, wriggled his little tail with exasperating defiance, then turned a complete somersault in the air and disappeared in the watery deep.

The ridiculous figure Mr. Sanford presented standing gazing despondingly on the waters

that had engulfed his morning's sport, little streams of moisture creeping slowly down his coat-sleeves and inexpressibles, and dropping into the pool of water collecting and enlarging at his feet, great drops on the glossy locks and still glossier moustache, "but not of the dew," and the woe-begone, almost desperate expression of his countenance it is impossible to do justice to by mere verbal description. I choked down my laughter then, but there is no need for me to do so now. Often has the remembrance of him at that moment saved me an attack of dyspepsia. Would that I had the skill of an artist! he should be the first effort of my genius.

With a sigh, he looked into his basket; one miserable little stiff, stark, shining thing, that had caught its fin in the side, alone remained; with a deeper sigh he let the basket fall. He looked at it, then at *himself*, then at the surrounding company; he stooped, with high tragedy in every motion, picked up the small fish and hurled it with all his force into the water. Then fastening up his line, and disjoining his fishing-rod, turned to us and said, as he took his departure to the house: "I tell you all plainly, I am of the opinion that fishing is a *confounded* humbug."

With what emphasis he dwelt on the italicized word! I think, had there been no ladies near, another and stronger one would have been substituted.

All that remained of our morning's efforts were four of the smallest of the funny tribe, and Ned's frost fish. My eel had taken his departure for parts unknown.

"Loring, I am sorry we brought anything but bread and butter with us," said Ned, as we partook of our sandwiches and pie, sitting on the benches on the old piazza. "It would have been so much more rural and like the seashore to *have had some of the fish boiled, and then ended up with a clam-bake.*"

"Ugh!" said Mr. Loring. "Never speak of a clam-bake to me as a tempting affair. I feel as though they were the most obnoxious things ever formed. I am saturated with clam."

"Don't look so downcast, Sanford," said Mr. Blakely. "Your fate is better than some of ours at any rate, for, as the poet hath it—

'Tis better to have *caught* and lost,  
Than never to have *caught* at all."

Ned added some general remarks relative to his *loss* being a beautiful exemplification of the "admirable system of compensation in nature."

Thus ended our day's fishing excursion—the

first, and does any one feel surprised when I add—the last I have ever enjoyed (?). Surely the success was not such as to excite on our part a desire to renew the attempt. Yet, strange to say, the piscatory dinner was held at Mr. Sanford's, as had been intended. To it were invited numerous friends, who all congratulated us on our good success, and Mr. Sanford on the excellent fishing there was to be had on his place. Truly, silver hooks are an admirable invention, and Ned's darkie very thoughtful to remember his injunction to be on hand when we took our departure in the steamboat. On the festive board were bass boiled, broiled, and baked; black fish fried to a tempting brownness; and eels looking much more inviting, as I should hope they would, than when they are drawn out of their native element. All this I tell from hearsay evidence alone. I did not attend, from motives of personal vanity. The new skin had not yet made its appearance on my nose, and the old was not becoming—I never could wear red. I believe *none* of the ladies of our party were there; indeed, being in much the same predicament.

Never was more melancholy journey made than ours from B—— to New York. Ned aroused a temporary excitement by a proposal, carried by a majority of seven. Who the dissentient individual was I think you can easily guess. By the adoption of this proposal we were organized into a regular society. Every one bound himself in all times and all places to uphold Izaak Walton and his art in all its varieties; never to disclose the day's disappointment; and the members to show themselves such by wearing, the gentlemen on their waistcoats, the ladies as a chatellaine pin, a small badge of gold, on which was stamped a small fish caught on a silver hook, and beneath it in old English letters of blue enamel the mystic cipher, P. H. B.

When Mr. Sanford knew its meaning, he readily promised to wear the badge, and volunteered to give an anniversary entertainment every year at his house to all the members who should remain unmarried. It was at the second of these festive occasions that it was consented I should make this public confession. But I would ask as a personal favor that, if any one recognizes on these pages any of the members of the great "Piscatorial Hum-Bug Society," he do keep such knowledge confined to the secrecy of his own bosom, and never wound our sensitive natures by laughing at our misfortunes.

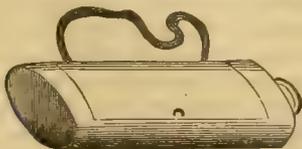
Never have I felt so wretchedly miserable, dirty, and tired as I did that evening two years

ago, when Mr. Blakely conducted me home. I was too tired to be happy even, when the said gentleman made some remarks, on our way thither, which to me did not sound exactly commonplace; at the time they only excited in my mind a wild wonder at the strength of a devotion that could exist after a day's fishing, and be expressed to so *clammy a me*. But since—well, never mind what has happened since—only I don't believe I'll be invited to any more piscatorial dinner parties.

#### THE COLLECTION AND PRESERVATION OF PLANTS.

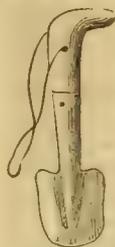
So numerous are the suggestions that have been made, and diverse the processes recommended to be pursued in the preservation of plants by different botanists, that it will be quite impossible for us, with the small space that we have at our disposal, to do more than give a brief outline of such a mode of procedure as we think to be the most simple and generally successful. It is not possible to lay down any process adapted for the treatment of all plants; the colors of some are so fugitive that it is impossible to preserve them by the ordinary mode of procedure, and practice alone will render the collector familiar with the best methods to adopt in such cases. The following materials and instruments will be found necessary to any one contemplating the collection of an herbarium: A vasculum; trowel or digger; field-book, drying paper, mounting paper, some wooden boards the same size as the drying paper, a lancet-pointed knife, a forceps, and a lens, or small microscope; the latter of which we have found to be the most convenient. It consists of a lens, to which is attached a brass ledge; along which, by means of a screw, a movable button traverses: through this button the forceps holding the object is inserted. It possesses the advantage of keeping the object stationary whilst under examination, and admits of the employment of a better light.

The *Vasculum* is a japanned tin box, which should be of such a length as to receive a plant



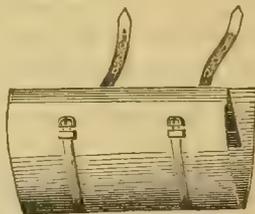
the full size of the herbarium paper: it ought to be convex on both sides; its capacity may

vary according to the fancy of the collector, but one about 20 inches long, by 8 or 9 inches wide, and 5 deep, will not be found too large:



it should be furnished with a handle at one end, and a couple of rings, through which a leathern strap can pass to attach it to the shoulders; the lid should be large, and fasten with a little catch.

The *Trowel, or Digger*, should be about 7 or 8 inches long; the *spud*  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide at the top, narrowing gradually to 2 inches at the bottom. It should be provided with a leathern sheath, fastened to the waist by a strap, and the trowel also attached by a long string.



The *Field-book* is intended to press such specimens as will not carry home without undergoing injury. Its outer cover may be formed of two very thin boards, and secured by straps so as to give pressure. It should be inclosed in an oil-skin case, to protect from wet; and may be carried in the pocket, or attached to the neck by a string.

*Drying Paper.*—A sufficient stock should be provided so as to have one set of papers drying whilst the rest are in use. A convenient size for general purposes is about 18 or 20 inches long, and 11 or 12 broad. It is as well, however, to be provided with more than one size.

The *Wooden Boards* should be the exact size of the paper; twelve should be three-eighths of an inch thick, and two, which are to be employed on the outside, three-fourths of an inch. Some prefer sheets of tin to the use of boards on the inside, and they are certainly lighter and more convenient for carrying when on an excursion.

THE COLLECTION should always be performed during fine dry weather, as plants never keep well when collected wet with either rain or dew. When practicable, the entire plant should be collected, and the roots be carefully washed, to remove any dirt that may adhere to them, and then dried. In cases where the entire plant is too large for collection, such portions

as best illustrate its *generic* and *specific* characters should be gathered. In most cases it is necessary to have specimens of both flowers and fruit, particularly in the orders Leguminosæ, Umbelliferæ, Compositæ, and others. In cases where the flowers appear before the leaves, it will be necessary to preserve the young twigs bearing the fully developed leaves as well as the flowers; and when the sexes exist as separate flowers, both male and female flowers should be collected. When bulbs or tubers abound in mucilaginous matter, it will be found advantageous to inclose them in a little paper, so as to keep the drying paper free from dirt. In the collection of Ferns two fronds should be selected—one to exhibit the under surface with the reproductive organs, and the other to show the upper surface; a portion of the rhizome should also be preserved. Grasses and sedges are generally easy of preservation; the entire plant should be collected, and when it exceeds the length of the paper it may be bent and re-bent without injury. If, on returning from an excursion, circumstances do not admit of immediate pressing, avoid putting the plants in water; *they will keep much better in the vasculum*; and, should the weather be dry and sultry, they may be *sprinkled* with a small quantity of water. When portions of shrubs, or plants of woody texture, are required to be preserved, the bark should be slit up, and the woody portion removed.

**THE PRESSING.**—In reference to the best means of effecting this branch of the process the greatest difference of opinion exists. Balfour says the pressure ought not to be less than 100 pounds, and recommends the use of heavy weights to effect it. He also suggests the use of a rope, tightened by a rack-pin instead of leathern straps, attached to the boards used as a press when on an excursion, as in case of an accident the straps may be difficult of replacement. Withering considers the pressure should be gradual, and this accords with our own experience. Some make use of a press, and obtain the requisite degree of pressure by the employment of screws or wedges; others adopt the more simple contrivance of a flat board and some books, which we have found to answer very well. We have even heard of a gentleman acting the part of a press himself, by reposing at night on the plants he had collected during the day. In our opinion, one of the simplest and best methods consists in the use of a box exactly the same size as the paper and board employed; the requisite degree of pressure being obtained by the gradual addition of

pebbles or sand, and of these we have found the former to be the most convenient.

**ARRANGING AND DRYING.**—First place a parcel of four sheets of the drying paper upon one of the two thicker boards; then take a sheet of the drying paper and lay it evenly upon it; and having selected a plant for preservation, place it on the inside of the right-hand sheet, and arrange the different parts of the plant so as to illustrate its principal generic and specific characters, imitating as much as possible the natural appearance of the plant; as each part is arranged, retain it in its assigned position by means of small pieces of paper about four inches square, upon which a small weight may be placed. Having completed the arrangement of the plant, remove the weights one by one, and allow the fly-sheet to cover it; upon this place another parcel of four sheets, and proceed as before to lay out another plant. When as many as a dozen plants have been arranged in this manner, place one of the thin pieces of wood or tin upon them, and proceed as before, until a sufficient number have been prepared for pressure; now place upon this one of the thick outer boards and the box containing the pebbles, which should be added to from time to time, that the pressure may be gradual. After twelve hours' pressure, remove each plant with the forceps to dry paper, and proceed in exactly the same manner as before described, taking care to open out all the crumples and rectify previous mistakes, arranging the plant as much as practicable in imitation of nature. After intervals of twelve hours the same process should be repeated, gradually increasing the pressure until the plants be dry, which will generally be the case in a week or ten days, but varies with different plants. Some will dry with only one or two changings, whilst others occupy a long time; and some, as Orchids, Sedum, and Sempervivum, are exceedingly difficult to dry at all. To accomplish the drying of these heat is generally employed; and they are submitted to a process of ironing with much success. Some speak very highly of this mode of proceeding in general, being of opinion that it preserves the colors of the flowers better than the ordinary process. From experience it seems highly probable that different flowers require particular temperatures to succeed well in preserving their colors; and the method of treatment peculiar to each case is only to be acquired by practical experience. Some succeed in preserving the colors very well by the use of heated sand.

**PRESERVATION.**—When the specimens have been sufficiently dried, they should be carefully transferred with the forceps to a sheet of good thick white paper, in which they may either be preserved loose, or fastened to the right-hand sheet of the paper by means of thread, glue, or gum. Of these we prefer the former, as the two latter are apt to attract insects, which will in a very short time completely destroy an herbarium; to guard against their attacks, it is as well to brush the plants over with a spirituous solution of bichloride of mercury, consisting of two drachms to the pint. Some prefer keeping the plant loose in the paper; they are certainly easy of examination under these circumstances. The botanical name, natural order, habitat, and date of collection, together with any other note of interest, should be written on the right-hand corner of the inner side of the sheet. The natural orders that generally suffer most from the attacks of insects are Cruciferae, Euphorbiaceae, Gentianaceae, Umbelliferae, Salicaceae, and Liliaceae.

### A MEMORY.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

WHEN February, cold and gray,  
Shook the light snow-flakes from his wing,  
She smiled to greet the dreary day,  
And said, "Twill soon be Spring."

Ah! daily did our prayers arise,  
That unto her the passing hours  
Might bring soft winds and sunny skies,  
And the sweet breath of flowers.

The May-time, that she loved the best;  
The days of light, and song, and bloom,  
Ere death should bring the unbroken rest,  
The silence of the tomb.

But late in this, our northern clime,  
The hours such gifts of beauty bring,  
And wearily the passing time  
Moved onward to the Spring.

The March winds round our dwelling-place  
Pealed their wild chorus through the sky,  
And as we watched her pallid face,  
We knew that she must die.

Yet life's dim taper flickered still,  
And with new brightness seemed to burn,  
When the storm ceased, and vale and hill  
Smiled back the smile of morn.

Wandering beside the unchained brook  
That day, a group of children spied  
A violet, peeping from its nook,  
And brought it to her side—

In all its delicate loveliness;  
As if a gentle minister,  
Her dying eyes to cheer and bless,  
The Spring had sent to her.

At eve we wept—a mourning band;  
And the sweet flower she kissed and blest,  
We placed within her icy hand  
To wither on her breast.

Ah, how sad memories come to me!  
Without, the sunshine and the rain  
Tell of the April days, which she  
So longed to win in vain.

For the glad spring-time now is here,  
With its rich gifts of bud and bloom;  
The gifts which in the vanished year  
We laid upon her tomb.

But she, whose clear immortal eyes  
Are shadowed by no vain regrets,  
Views not with us its changing skies,  
And fading violets.

And to the heavenly heights afar  
We lift our eyes, and pray that thus,  
As spring eternal came to her,  
It yet may come to us.

**THE STORY OF AN ATOM.**—The atom of charcoal which floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic ages was absorbed into the leaf of a fern when the valleys became green and luxuriant; and there, in its proper place, it received the sunlight and the dew, aiding to fling back to heaven a reflection of heaven's gold, and, at the same time, to build the tough fibre of the plant. The atom was consigned to the tomb, when the waters submerged the jungled valley. It had lain there thousands of years, and a month since was brought into the light again imbedded in a block of coal. It shall be consumed to warm our dwellings, cook our food, and make more ruddy and cheerful the hearth whereon our children play; it shall combine with a portion of the invisible atmosphere, ascend upward as a curling wreath to revel in a mazy dance high up in the blue ether; shall reach the earth again, and be entrapped into the embrace of a flower; shall live in velvet beauty on the cheek of the apricot; shall pass into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood; shall circulate in the delicate tissues of the brain; and aid, by entering into some new combination, in educing the thoughts which are now being recorded by the pen. It is but an atom of charcoal; it may dwell one moment in a stagnant ditch, and the next be flashing on the lip of beauty; may now be a component of a limestone rock, and the next an ingredient in a field of potatoes; it may slumber for a thousand years without undergoing a single change, and the next hour pass through a thousand mutations; and, after all, it is only an atom of charcoal, and occupies its own place, wherever it may be.

## "HUSKS."

"And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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 265.)

### CHAPTER VII.

MR. HUNT was able to resume his place in the bank several days before his wife returned. Uncle Nathan had brought Jeannie home as soon as her father could leave his room, and the boys had likewise been written for; so that the family reunion was apparently near at hand.

Weak as he was, Mr. Hunt met his spouse and daughter at the depot, and the noise of their entrance in the lower hall first apprised Sarah of their arrival. To the bound of pleasurable excitement her heart gave at the certainty that they had come, succeeded a sigh at the termination of the free, yet busy life she had led of late—the probability that she would be compelled to resume her old habits of feeling and action. Driving back the selfish regret, she ran down to welcome the travellers.

"How well you're looking, Sarah!" said Mrs. Hunt, after kissing her. "I declare, if you was to arrange your hair different, and study dress a bit, you would come near being right down handsome."

"Handsome is as handsome does!" quoted Mr. Hunt, stoutly. "According to that rule, she is a beauty!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Sarah, bowing low. And she tried to forget, in her sister's affectionate greeting, the chill and heart-sickness produced by her mother's businesslike manner and compliment.

"Having disposed of one daughter, she means to work the other into merchantable shape!" was her cynical deduction from the dubious praise bestowed upon herself.

Mrs. Hunt pursued her way up the steps, examining and remarking upon everything she saw.

"Them stair-roads aint 'so clean as they had ought to be, Sarah. I'm afraid your girls are careless, or shirks. When did you uncover the carpet?"

"Some time ago, mother, while father was sick. There were gentlemen calling constantly, and the cover looked shabby, I thought."

"It couldn't be helped, I s'pose; but the carpet is more worn than I expected to see it. With the heavy expenses that will be crowding on us this fall and winter, we can't afford to get any new things for the house."

Lucy, who preceded her sister, glanced back and laughed meaningly. And Sarah was very glad that her father had not overheard the observation, which confirmed her belief that the beauty's hand was disposed of, without the form of consultation with her natural and legal guardian.

Dinner was announced by the time the travelling habiliments and dust were removed. Sarah had spared no pains to provide a bountiful and tasteful repast, at the risk of incurring her mother's reproof for her extravagant proclivities. But the dame was in high good humor, and the youthful purveyor received but a single sentence of deprecation.

"I hope you have not been living as high as this all the time, Sarah!"

"No, madam. Father's wants and mine were very few. I foresaw that you would need substantial refreshment after your journey."

"You was very thoughtful. We both have good appetites, I guess. I know that I have."

"Mine will speak for itself," said Lucy.

"You have no idea how that girl has enjoyed everything since she has been away," observed Mrs. Hunt to her husband. "There was Vic. West, who took it into her head that she ought to look die-away and peaking, and refuse food, when her beau was by; but Lu., she just went right along and behaved natural, and I'm sure that *somebody* thought more of her for it."

Mr. Hunt's face darkened for a moment; but he could not find fault with his eldest child on her first evening at home.

"So you have been quite a belle, Lucy?" he said, pleasantly.

"Better than that, Mr. H.!" Mrs. Hunt checked her triumphant announcement as the butler re-entered the room. "I shouldn't wonder," she resumed, mysteriously, "if Lucy

was disposed to settle down into a steady, sedate matron after her holiday."

"Don't you deceive yourself with that hope!" laughed Lucy.

She was evidently pleased by these not over delicate allusions to her love-affairs, and, like her mother, extremely complacent over the result of her recent campaign. Sarah felt that, were she in her place, she would shrink from this open jesting upon a sacred subject; still she had not expected that her sister would behave differently. Lucy's nature was gentle without being fine; affectionate, but shallow. She would have had no difficulty in attaching herself to any man whom her friends recommended as "a good match," provided he were pleasing in exterior, and her most devoted servitor.

The sisters had no opportunity of private converse until they adjourned to the parlor for the evening. Lucy was very beautiful in a blue silk, whose low corsage and short sleeves revealed her superb shoulders and rounded arms. Her complexion was a rich carmine, deepening or softening with every motion—one would have said, with every breath. Her blue eyes fairly danced in a sort of subdued glee, very charming and very becoming, but altogether unlike the tender, dewy light of "Love's first young dream!"

"How lovely you have grown, sister!" said Sarah, earnestly. "Oh, Lucy, I don't believe you rightly value the gift of beauty—as I would do, if it were mine!"

"Nonsense!" The dimples, that made her smile so bewitching, broke her blushes into rosy waves, as the conscious fair one turned her face towards the mirror. "I am pleased to hear that I am passable to-night. We may have visitors. A friend of ours has expressed a great desire to see me in my home—in the bosom of my family.' Ahem!" She smoothed out an imaginary wrinkle in her bodice, an excuse for tarrying longer before the glass.

"He came to town with you, then?" ventured Sarah.

Lucy nodded.

"And promised to call this evening?"

"Right again, my dear!"

She was graver now, for she had conceived the happy notion of appropriating to her own use a cluster of white roses and buds she discovered in the vase on the marble slab under the mirror. If anything could have enhanced the elegance of her figure and toilet, it was the coiffure she immediately set about arranging. The flowers were a present to Sarah from Lewis

Hammond; but she thought little of him or of them as Lucy laid them first on one, then the other side of her head, to try the effect.

"And you really care for him, sister?" came forth in such a timid, anxious tone, that Lucy burst into a fit of laughter.

"You dear, little, modest piece of romantic simplicity! One would suppose that you were popping the question yourself, from your behavior. Care for him? Why shouldn't I? I need not say 'yes,' unless I do, need I?"

"But you take it so coolly! A betrothal is, to me, such a solemn thing."

"And to most other girls, perhaps. (There! if I only had a hair-pin. Don't rob yourself! thank you! Isn't that an improvement?) As I was saying, why should I pretend to be pensive and doleful, when I am as merry as a lark? or lovesick, when I have never lost a meal or an hour's sleep from the commencement of the courtship until now? That is not my style, Sarah. I am very practical in my views and feelings. Not that I don't play talking sentiment in our genuine love scenes, and I really like unbounded devotion on the other side. It is decidedly pleasant to be adored. I was surprised to find how I enjoyed it!"

"Oh, sister! sister!" Sarah leaned her forehead on the mantel, repelled and well-nigh disgusted by this heartless trifling—this avowed counterfeit—so abhorrent to her feelings. But Lucy was as much in earnest as she could be in the treatment of such a theme. She went on, unheeding her sister's ejaculation.

"You must understand, of course, that we are not positively engaged. I gave him—Goldfinch—a good scolding for violating the rules of etiquette by addressing me while I was away from home; but it was just like him. He is as impulsive as he can live. To punish him, I refused to answer him until after our return to New York, and his interview with father. He would have written to him on the spot, had I not forbidden him. He behaved so beautifully, that I consented to his taking charge of us to the city, and I suppose the rest must follow in good time. How melancholy your face is! Are you very much afflicted at the thought of losing me? Why, Sarah! my dear child, are those tears in your eyes? If she isn't crying in good earnest!"

And Lucy's musical laugh rolled through the rooms in her enjoyment of the joke. What else could it be to her, elate with her success in achieving the chief end of woman—the capture of a rich and handsome, in every respect unexceptionable lover?

"Hist!" she said, raising her finger. "He has come! Your eyes are red! Run, and make yourself presentable!"

The door, opening from the hall into the front parlor, swung on its hinges as Sarah gained the comparative obscurity of the third and rear room. A strong impulse of interest or curiosity there arrested her flight to get a glimpse of her destined brother-in-law. Lucy had not mentioned his proper name, since her earliest letter from Newport had eulogized a certain George Finch, a Bostonian, wealthy and attentive to herself. Sarah's backward glance fell upon the visitor as he met his queenly bride elect directly under the blazing chandelier.

It was *Philip Benson!*

Chained to the spot by weakness or horror, the looker-on stood motionless, while the suitor raised the lily fingers he held to his lips, and then led Lucy to a seat. His voice broke the spell. As the familiar cadences smote her ear, the sharp pain that ran through every fibre of her frame awakened Sarah from her stupor.

How she gained her room she never knew; but she had sense enough left to direct her flight to this refuge—and when within, to lock the door. Then she threw up her arms with a piteous, wailing cry, and fell across the bed, dead for the time to further woe.

Alone and painfully she struggled back to consciousness. Sitting upright, she stared wonderingly around her, unable to recollect what had stricken her down. The chamber was imperfectly lighted by the rays of the street lamp opposite, and with the recognition of objects within its narrow limits there crept back to her all that had preceded her retreat thither. For the next hour she sat still—her head bowed upon her knees, amid the wrecks of her dream world.

Dreary and loveless as had been most of her previous life, she had never endured anything like this, unless one miserable hour upon the Deal Beach, when Philip broke the tidings of his intended departure, were a slight foretaste of the agony, the utter despair, that claimed her now for its victim. Since then, she had been hopeful. His promise of a visit, the tokens of remembrance he had transmitted to her every week, had kept alive memory and expectation. And this was his coming! this the occasion she had pictured so fondly, painted with the brightest hues Love could borrow from imagination! She had heard again the voice that had haunted her dreams from their parting until now—heard it in deeper, softer tones

than it had ever taken in speech with her; heart-music which told that his seekings and yearnings for the one and only beloved were over. And was not *her* quest of years ended likewise? Truly, there are two senses in which every search, every combat may be said to be closed; one when the victor grasps his prize, or waves aloft his sword in the moment of triumph; the other, when bleeding, maimed, or dying, the vanquished sinks to the earth without power to rise!

A tap at her door started Sarah. She did not stir until it was repeated, and her father called her name. A stream of light from the hall fell upon her face as she admitted him.

"Daughter, what ails you?" was his exclamation.

"I am not very well, father."

"I should think not, indeed! Come in here and lie down!" He led her to the bed, and lighting the gas in the chamber, came back to her, and felt her pulse.

She knew what was the direction of his fears; but to correct his misapprehension was to subject herself to further questioning. Passively she received the pressure of his hand upon her head, the gentle stroking of the disordered hair; but, when he stooped to kiss her, he felt that she trembled.

"Dear child! I shall never forgive myself if you have taken the fever from me!"

"I do not fear that, father. My head aches, and I am very tired. I have been so busy all day, you know."

"Yes, and for many other days. You are, without doubt, overworked. I hope this may prove to be all the matter with you. A night's rest may quite cure you."

"Yes, sir," she answered, chokingly. "You will excuse me to ——— down stairs?"

"Certainly. Would you like to have your mother come up to you?"

"O no, sir! Please tell her there is no need of it. I shall be better to-morrow."

"Your sister"—and he looked more serious, instead of smiling—"has a visitor. Her *friend* is an acquaintance of yours, also, it appears—the Mr. Benson whom you met at your aunt's in July."

"Yes, sir. I know it."

"I understood you to say that Lucy had never said, positively, who her lover was; but this was not the name you told me of, as the person whom you imagined him to be."

"I was misled for a time myself, sir," replied the poor girl, pressing her temples between her palms.

"I see that I am tiring you. Forgive me! but it is so natural to consult you in everything. I must trouble you with some questions, which it is important should be answered to-night, before this gentleman and myself have any conversation. Is Mr. Benson a man whom you consider worthy of trust? Your mother represents him to be enormously wealthy—a reputation I had concluded he possessed from Lucy's pet name for him. It is well that your sister has a prospect of marrying advantageously in this respect, for she would never be happy in an humble sphere; but antiquated people like myself regard other things as of greater consequence in concluding a bargain for a lifetime. Is your opinion of Mr. Benson favorable as to disposition, principles, and conduct?"

Sarah's head rested on the foot-board of her couch, in weariness or pain, as she rejoined: "I saw and heard nothing of him, during our intercourse in the country, that was not creditable. His uncle and aunt are very partial to him, and speak of his character in high terms. Their testimony ought to have weight with you, for they have known him from his boyhood up."

"It ought and does! I am relieved to hear all this! very much pleased!" said Mr. Hunt, emphatically. "I have all confidence in Nathan Benson's judgment and integrity. I hope his nephew is as sterling a man. Thus far," he continued, playfully, "I have learned but one thing to his discredit, and that is that having seen this one of my daughters, he could afterwards fall in love with the other."

"I am not beautiful and good like Lucy, father."

"Very dear and lovely in my eyes, my child! Again, forgive me for having worried your poor head with my inquiries. I was unwilling to decide a matter where Lucy's happiness was involved, without obtaining your evidence in the case. A last good-night! and God bless you, my dearest, best daughter!"

Sarah held up her face for his kiss without attempting to speak. This burning ordeal, the harder to endure because unexpected, was over. She was as weak as a child with conflicting passions when she arose and endeavored to undress. After stopping several times to regain breath and strength, she was at last ready to creep into bed, there to lie until morning broke, sleepless and suffering.

Her sharpened senses could discern her father's and mother's voices in the sitting-room, in confidential talk—broken in upon, by and by, by Lucy's pure, mellow tones, apparently con-

vaying some message to the former. Its import was easily surmised, for his step was then heard in the hall, and on the stairs, until he reached the parlor where Philip awaited him. Their conference did not occupy more than twenty minutes, which time Lucy spent with her mother—how gayly Sarah could judge by the laugh that, again and again, reached her room. Mr. Hunt returned, spoke a few sentences in his calm, grave way, and the closing door was followed by a flutter of silk and fall of gliding footsteps, as Lucy went down to her now formally and fully betrothed husband.

"Husband!" Yes! it was even so! Henceforth the lives of the pair were to be as one in interest, in aims, in affection. Ere long, they would have no separate outward existence in the eyes of the world. Was his chosen love, then, in a truer and higher sense, his other self—the being sought so long and carefully? The pretty *fiancée* would have stretched her cerulean orbs in amazed wonder at the ridiculous doubt, and asked, in her matter-of-fact way, how the thing could have happened, if it had not been intended? Philip's indignant affirmative would have gained fervor from his exultant consciousness of possession—so novel and sweet. But one, above stairs, taught sagacity by the depths of her grief, looked further into the future than did they, and read there a different reply.

She heard the clang of the front door as it shut after the young lover, and in the still midnight, the echoes, faint and fainter, of his retreating footsteps—the same free, light tread she used to hearken for in porch and hall of that river-side farm-house; and as the remembrance came over her she turned her face to the wall, murmuring passionately, "Oh! if I could never, never see him again!"

This feeling, whether born of cowardice or desperation, was the ruling one, when her mother looked in upon her before breakfast, and expressed her concern at finding her still in bed.

"I am not well enough to get up, mother!" Sarah said sincerely, and Mrs. Hunt, reading in the parched lips and blood-shot eyes proof of the justice of the fears her husband had expressed to her the preceding evening, resolved that the doctor should see her "before she was two hours older."

In vain Sarah entreated that this should not be done, and prophesied her recovery without his assistance. For once both parents were a unit in sentiment and action, and the physician was summoned to his second patient.

"All febrile symptoms were to some extent contagious, he affirmed; and while Mr. Hunt's malady was not generally classed with such, it was very possible that his daughter had contracted an analogous affection, in her constant attendance upon him."

This decision Sarah dared not overthrow, much as she wished to do so, when she saw how it afflicted her father.

Undaunted by any fears of infection, Lucy repaired to her sister's chamber when she had dispatched her breakfast.

"Isn't it too provoking that you should be sick just at this time?" she began, perching herself, school-girl fashion, on the foot of the bed. "I really admired your staying up-stairs last night; but I did not dream that you really were not well. I promise you that I made capital of your absence. I told Philip (how odd it sounds—doesn't it?) that you ran away, when he rang the bell, because you had made a fright of yourself, by crying over the prospect of my leaving you, and that I had no doubt you had grieved yourself into a headache. He wanted to know forthwith if you objected to my marrying *him*; but I said 'No;' that you were charmed with the match, and preferred him to any other admirer I had ever had; but that we—you and I—were so devoted to one another, that it was acute agony to us to think of parting. About ten o'clock he asked to see father, and they soon settled affairs. When I went down again, he tried a little ring on my finger, that he always wears, and it fitted nicely. So I knew what it meant when he put it back upon his own hand, and that with that for a measure he could not go wrong in getting the engagement-ring. I do hope it will be a diamond. Vic. West declares that she would not accept anything else. I considered for a while whether I couldn't give him a delicate hint on the subject, but I did not see how I could manage it. And don't you think, while I was studying about this, he fancied I was sober over 'the irrevocable step I had taken,' and became miserable and eloquent at the suspicion! I wish I could remember all he said! It was more in your line than mine! But he is a good, sensible fellow, with all his romantic notions. He has a handsome fortune, independent of his father, left him by his grandfather, and we are to live in Georgia part of the year only, and travel every summer. Mother says his account of his prospects and so forth to father was very satisfactory, but she has not got at all the particulars yet. Father is so worried about your sickness, that he cannot spare

a thought for anything or anybody else. The light from that window hurts your eyes—doesn't it? I will let down the shade."

But Sarah still lay with her hand protecting her eyes, when her sister resumed her position and narration.

"We are to be married in December. He begged hard for an earlier day, but I was sure that I could not be ready before then. As it is, we shall have to hurry when it comes to the dresses, for, in order to get the latest fashions, we must wait until the eleventh hour. Won't I 'astonish the natives' down South? I couldn't state this to Philip, you know; so I referred him to mother, who is to say, when he asks her, that her preference would be to keep me just as long as she possibly can. *Entre nous*, my dear, our good mamma has said truer things than this bit of sentiment—but *n'importe!* These embellishments are necessary to such transactions."

Miss West's friendship or curiosity could not endure longer suspense, and the intelligence that she was below checked the monologue.

"I will run up again whenever I can," promised Lucy, by way of compensation for her abrupt departure, "and keep up your spirits by telling you all that I can about our concerns. But Philip is to take me to ride this afternoon. I forbade him to come here before then, but I don't much think he can stay away. Don't be vexed if you don't see me again in some hours. Vic. and I are to settle about our trousseaux. If you believe me, we have never been able yet to decide upon the wedding-dresses!"

And she vanished, warbling delicious roudades from a duet she had engaged to sing that evening with her betrothed. She showed herself up stairs again, when she was ready for her ride and the carriage at the door—very fair, very bright, and very happy. She was exquisitely dressed, and called on her sister to admire her toilet and envy her her escort.

Sarah listened to the cheerful exchange of cautions and promises between her mother and Philip, at the door beneath her open window, and to the rolling wheels that bore them away.

Mrs. Hunt received none of her friends that day, being busy "getting things to rights;" and for a like reason she absented herself from her child's sick-room, content with sending up Jeannie, now and then, to inquire how she was getting on. In the abject loneliness that oppressed her, when the first violence of passions had spent itself, Sarah would have been relieved in some measure by the society of this

pet sister, the sole object upon earth, besides her father, that had ever repaid her love with anything like equal attachment. But the child shrank, like most others of her age, from the quiet, dark chamber of illness, and longed to follow her mother through the house, in her tour of observation and renovation. Sarah detected her restlessness and ill-concealed dislike of the confinement imposed upon her by compliance with her humble petition.

"Please, Jeannie, stay a little while with your poor sister!" And her sensitive spirit turned upon itself, as a final stroke of torture, the conviction that *here*, also, love and care had been wasted.

"Go, then!" she said, rather roughly, as Jeannie wavered. "And you need not come up again to-day. I know it is not pleasant for you to be here. Tell mother I want nothing but quiet."

"I have had a splendid drive!" said Lucy, rustling her many frouces into the door at dusk.

The figure upon the bed made no response by motion or word.

"I do believe she is asleep!" added the intruder, lowering her voice. "I suppose she is tired and needs to rest." And she went out on tiptoe.

Sarah was awake, a minute later, when her father came in to see her. She smiled at him, as she "hoped she was better," and asked whether she might not get up on the morrow. Mr. Hunt thought not. The doctor's opinion was that perfect repose might ward off the worse features of the disease. She had better keep her bed for a couple of days yet, even should she feel well enough to be about. He sent up her dinner to her room with his own hands; and when she learned this, she strove to do some feeble justice to the viands, but without success.

Philip dined with the family that day by special appointment; and, shortly after his arrival, Lucy again presented herself in that small third-story bedroom.

"Choose! which hand will you take?" she cried, hiding both behind her.

Sarah would make no selection; and, after a little more trifling, the elder sister brought into sight two elegant bouquets, and laid them beside the invalid.

"This is Philip's present—'a fraternal remembrance,' he told me to say. Here is his card. Doesn't he write a lovely hand? The other is from your admirer, Mr. Hammond. What a sly puss you were to make such a

catch as he is, without dropping us a hint! He is rather too sober for my notions; but he is getting rich fast, they say. He left those flowers at the door himself, and insisted upon seeing father for a moment, to know exactly how you were. Cannot you hurry up somewhat, and let us have a double wedding? I showed the bouquet to Philip, and told him of your conquest, and he was as much pleased at your prospects as I was. Did you ever see such magnificent roses? He paid five dollars, at the lowest computation, for these flowers. I congratulate you upon these signs of liberality!"

Sarah had heard only a portion of this speech. Her eyes were fixed upon the card her sister had put into her hand: "Will Miss Sarah accept this trifling token of regard from one who is her staunch friend, and hopes, in time, to have a nearer claim upon her esteem?"

"Very neatly turned, is it not?" said Lucy, satisfiedly. She had read it on her way up stairs. "What shall I say to him from you?"

"Thank him, and explain that I am not able to write a reply."

This meagre return of compliments assumed a tone both grateful and sisterly as Lucy rehearsed it to the donor of the fragrant offering. The barest phrase of civility came gracefully and meaningly from her tongue. Serene in mind and countenance, she seated herself at the piano, and, as Philip took his stand at her side, he wondered if the world held another couple more entirely adapted each to the peculiar soul-needs of the other, more perfectly happy in the knowledge of mutual affection. Like the generality of theorists, your student of human nature is prone to grievous error when he reduces his flawless system to practice.

In one respect, the two certainly harmonized well. Both loved music; both sang finely, and their voices accorded without a jarring note.

Mr. Hunt read the evening papers in Sarah's room; turning and folding them with great circumspection, lest their rattling might annoy her, and detract from her enjoyment of the music. How could he guess the infatuation that caused her to listen greedily to sounds, under whose potent spell feeling was writhing and brain reeling? In every pause between the songs there arose in her memory two lines of a poem read long ago, when or where she knew not:—

"Seek not to soothe that proud, forsaken heart  
With strains, whose sweetness maddens as they fall!"

The performers had just completed a duet, in which each voice supported and developed,

while blending with the other, when Lucy took up the prelude to a simpler lay; repeating it twice over with skilful variations, as if she were, meantime, carrying on a colloquy with her companion, that delayed the vocal part. This was ended by Philip's raising alone the burden of the plaintive German air Sarah remembered so truly—"The long, long, weary day."

As his voice, full and strong, with its indescribable and irresistible undercurrent of pathos—flowing out here into passionate melancholy—swelled and floated through the quiet house, Sarah sat upright.

"Father! father!" she whispered, huskily, "I cannot bear that! Shut the doors!—all of them! or I shall go mad!"

She was obeyed; Mr. Hunt hurrying down to the parlors to silence the lovers with the representation that Sarah was too nervous to endure the excitement of music. For the remainder of the evening, a profound stillness pervaded the upper part of the mansion—a silence that, to Sarah, throbbed with the melody she had tried to hush; and, look where she might, she gazed into that rainy, ghastly night—the pale, comfortless watcher, the shadowy type of *her* deeper, more blighting sorrow.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

For three days, Philip Benson lingered near his beautiful enslaver; on the fourth, he carried a sad, yet trustful heart upon his Southern journey. Sarah had not seen him once since the evening of his coming. Through Lucy, she received his adieux and wishes for her speedy recovery. On the next day but one she left her room, and appeared again in the family circle—now complete in all its parts.

In that short season of bodily prostration, the work of years had been wrought upon her inner life. Outwardly, there was little alteration save that effected by physical weakness; but in her views of existence and character, of affections and motives, the doubter had become the skeptic; the dreamer the misanthrope. To the gentler and more womanly aspirations that had for a season supplanted the somewhat masculine tendencies of her mind and tastes had succeeded a stoicism, like the frozen calm of a winter's day, uniform as relentless. This was the surface that locked and concealed the lower depths she had sworn should be forever covered. Others could and did live without hearts. She could thrive as well upon the husks and Sodom apples of this world's goods as did

they; holding, as Life's chief good, complete and final subjugation of all genuine emotion, which, at the best, was but the rough ore—fit for nothing until purged, refined, and polished in its glitter. She found no other creed that suited her present desperate mood so well as the most heartless code of the thorough worldling—the devotee to show, and fashion, and wealth.

Such was her mother, whose domestic virtues were extolled by all who knew her; such, behind her mask of tender grace and amiability, the sister who had won, by these factitious attractions, the heart for which Sarah would have perilled life, sacrificed ease and inclination, bowed her proud spirit to the estate of bond-servant to his every caprice, become the willing slave to his tyrannical behest. Yet Philip Benson was a professed judge of character; a man of sense, education, and experience, and, knowing both girls as he did, he had made his choice; set the stamp of his approval upon the shining, rather than the solid metal. The world—as its young, would-be disciple believed she had at length learned—was made up of two classes: those who floated, and those who sank. To the latter she determined that she would *not* belong.

These and kindred thoughts were rife in her mind and stirring up many a spring of gall within her bosom one morning as she lay back in an arm-chair in the sitting-room, listening with secret scorn to the prattle of the pair of betrothed maidens—Lucy and her friend. Lucy's engagement-ring *was* a diamond, or, rather, a modest cluster of these precious stones, whose extreme beauty did not strike the casual eye with the startling effect of Victoria's more showy *gaze d'amour*. This apparent difference in the value of the two was the source of many discussions, and considerable heart-burning, disguised, of course, and threatened in time to produce a decided coolness between the attached wearers of the articles under debate.

On this particular day, Victoria, after some adroit skirmishing, brought out as a "poser" the fact that, to lay the question to rest without more ado, she had, since their last interview, been to Tiffany's, and had her ring valued. Lucy's face was all a-glow as her soul-sister named the price of her treasure. She clapped her hands joyously.

"Isn't that the joke of the season, mother?"—as that personage entered. "Don't you think that Vic. was as cunning as we were? She carried her ring to Tiffany's yesterday, too. Wouldn't it have been *too* funny if we had met

there? Mine came from there, they said, and it cost a cool fifty dollars more than yours did, dear!"

Victoria flushed hotly; but further controversy being useless and dangerous to her, she acquiesced with assumed carelessness in Lucy's proposal, that, since both were suited, the rival brilliants should not be again referred to as a disputed matter. They accordingly turned to the safer and endless conferences upon the trousseaux, whose purchase must be commenced immediately.

Their incomplete lists were produced, compared, and lengthened—Mrs. Hunt suggesting and amending; Sarah surveying the busy group with the same intense disdain she had experienced throughout the conversation.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! Margaret Hanton called on me yesterday!" exclaimed Victoria. "Did she come here, too?"

"Yes; but we were out. What *did* she say?" queried Lucy, breathlessly.

"Why, the stupid creature never alluded to my engagement; and when I mentioned yours, pretended not to have heard of it before. I took care she should not go away as ignorant on the subject as she had come, and—I know it was wicked in me, but she deserved it—all the time I was praising your Goldfinch, and telling how handsome and liberal he was, I sat looking down at my new ring, slipping it up and down my finger, as if I were not thinking of it, but of the giver. She could not help seeing it, and, to save her life, she could not keep from changing countenance."

"Good!" said Lucy. "Do tell me how she is looking now?"

"Common enough! She had on that everlasting lilac silk, with the embroidered flounces, although the style is as old as the hills—and that black lace mantle, which, happening to be real, she never leaves off until near Christmas. But her hat! black and corn-color! Think of it! corn-color against her saffron skin! When I pretend to lead society, I hope to dress decently! But I had my revenge for her supercilious airs. Mr. Bond—George—called in the afternoon to take me to ride. I told you of the handsome span of fast horses he has been buying. Well! we concluded to try the Bloomingdale road, and just as we were sailing along, like the wind, whom should we overtake but my Lady Hanton, lounging in her lazy way (she thinks it aristocratic!) on the back seat of her father's heavy, clumsy barouche—not a soul in it but her mother and herself! Didn't I bow graciously to her as we flew by! and again,

as we met them creeping along, when we were coming back? I wouldn't have missed the chance of mortifying her for a thousand dollars."

Lucy laughed, with no sign of disapprobation at the coarse, vindictive spirit displayed in this petty triumph of a small soul.

"How many evening-dresses have you put down on your paper, Vic.?"

"Half-a-dozen only. I will get others as I need them. The styles in these change so often that I do not care to have too many at a time."

"There you will have the advantage of me," said Lucy, ingenuously. "It will not be so easy a matter to replenish my stock of wearable dresses. I wish I had asked Philip about the Savannah stores. I wonder if he knows anything about them?"

"He ought to—being such a connoisseur in ladies' dress. I declare I have been absolutely afraid of him since I heard him say that he considered a lady's apparel a criterion of her character."

"He has exquisite taste!" said Lucy, with pardonable pride in her lover. "It is a positive pleasure to dress for him. He sees and appreciates everything that I could wish to have him notice. He has often described to me what I wore, and how I looked and acted, the evening he fell in love. How little we can guess what is before us! I did not care to go to the hop that night, for Mr. Finch was to wait on me, and he was so stupid, you know, after we discovered that it was a mistake about his being rich. I think I see him now, with his red face and short neck! O dear! the fun we had over that poor man! I told you—didn't I, Sarah—that we named him Bullfinch, because he looked so much like one? When Phil. came we called him Goldfinch, and the two went by these names among us girls. The Bullfinch heard of it, and he was ridiculously angry! So I put on a white tarletane, that one with the double jupe, you know, Vic., festooned with white moss rose-buds, and I had nothing but a tea-rose in my hair. I danced once with the Bullfinch—one of those solemn quadrilles that are only fit for grandmothers, and vowed to myself that I would not stand up again, except for a Polka or the Lancers. While I was sitting down by the window, saying 'Yes' and 'No,' when Bullfinch spoke, Mr. Newman introduced 'Mr. Benson' to 'Miss Hunt,' and the work was done!"

"No more waltzing, then!" was Victoria's slyly malicious sequel.

"I did not care so much for that as I thought

I should!" replied easy-tempered Lucy. "You cannot find a man who has not some drawback. Before I had a chance for another round, mother there managed to telegraph me that my fresh acquaintance was worth catching. She had gotten his whole story out of Mrs. Newman. He let me know, pretty soon, that he had some queer scruples about fancy dances, and I thought it best to humor him for one evening—or until I should ascertain whether he was really 'taken' or not. I have never repented my self-denial, although I grant that it cost me a struggle to give up 'the German.'"

"George lets me waltz to my heart's content," said Victoria. "He is the very soul of indulgence. As to laces—I have not a thing fit to wear. I must get everything new. I am glad of it! I enjoy shopping for them. If I have a passion, it is for laces!"

A sneer curled Sarah's lip, and Victoria, happening to glance that way, could not mistake its application, whatever she might surmise as to its origin.

"I suppose you despise us as a couple of love-sick girls, Sarah?" she said, with a simper designed to be sentimental, whereas it was spiteful instead.

"I think love the least dangerous of your complaints," was the rejoinder.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said!"

"She means that people do not die of love in these days," exclaimed Lucy, whose pleasure-loving nature always shuddered at the idea of altercation in her presence; her sensations, during the occasional sparrings of her sister and her friend, bearing a strong resemblance to those of an innocent white rabbit into whose burrow a couple of belligerent hedgehogs have forced their way.

"You will understand us better one day—when your turn comes," said Victoria, with magnanimous condescension. "I shall remind you then of your good opinion of us."

"You may."

"I would give anything to have you engaged—just to see how you would behave. Would not you, Lucy?"

"Yes; if she were likely to do as well as we are doing. Philip says that you have many fine qualities, Sarah. He quite admires you."

The complacent betrothed had none but the most amiable intentions in making this patronizing speech; therefore, the angry blood that surged over her sister's face at hearing it would have been to her but the blush of gratified vanity, had not the sparkle of her eye and

the contemptuous contortion of her mouth undeceived her.

"Indeed he did say so!" she hastened to repeat. "And he was in earnest! He said something else which I don't mind telling, now that he belongs to me fast and sure. He said that he sat up until twelve o'clock one night after you had been out sailing, deliberating whether he should be smitten with you or not. There!"

The color retreated as quickly as it had come. But for the consciousness of Victoria's malicious scrutiny, Sarah could not have summoned strength to utter a word.

"An equivocal compliment, I must say!" she retorted, sarcastically. "Your gallant Georgian's confessions must have been ample and minute, indeed, if they comprised such distant approaches to love affairs as the one you honor me by mentioning. I do not think that I have ever heard of another case where a gentleman considered it necessary to enumerate to his *fiancée*, not merely the ladies he had loved, but those whom he had not!" She arose and left the room.

Poor Lucy, rebuffed and overwhelmed, caught her astonished breath with a sigh. "Can anybody tell me what I have done *now* to fret Sarah? She is so cross since she was sick!"

"And before, too!" mutely added Victoria's shrug and lifted eyebrows.

"We must bear with her, my dear!" said the prudent mother. "Her nerves are affected, the doctor says."

Victoria made random pencillings upon the important list—her thoughts in fast pursuit of a notion that had just struck her. She was neither witty nor intelligent; but she possessed some natural shrewdness and a great deal more acquired cunning. She detested Sarah Hunt, and the prospect of obtaining an engine that should humble her arrogant spirit was scarcely less tempting than her own chance of effecting an advantageous matrimonial settlement.

While engaged in defining her suspicion to herself, and concerting measures for gathering information with regard to it, Mrs. Hunt went out upon some household errand, and Lucy was obliged to descend to the parlor to see callers.

"Don't go until I come back, Vic. It is the Dunhams, and they never stay long," she said at quitting her associate.

"Oh, I always make myself at home here, you know, my dear!" was the reply.

Jeannie was sitting on a cushion near the chair Sarah had occupied, dressing her doll.

"It won't fit!" she cried, fretfully, snatching off a velvet basque she had been endeavoring to adjust to the lay-figure.

"Bring it to me! I can fix it!" offered Victoria, winningly. "It is too tight just here, you see. I will rip open the seam and alter it. Who makes your dolly's clothes?"

She was well aware that but one member of the family ever had leisure to bestow upon such follies: but it suited her plan for Jeannie to introduce her name.

"Sister Sarah."

"This is a pretty basque. When did she make it?"

"Yesterday."

"O, I thought perhaps she did it while you were in the country, and that the doll had fattened as much as you did there."

Jeannie laughed heartily.

"You had a nice time there, I suppose?" pursued Victoria.

"I guess we did!" Her eyes danced at the recollection. "A splendid time! I wish we lived at Aunt Sarah's! There isn't room for me to move in this narrow house."

"Mr. Benson was there a day or two, was he not?"

"Yes, ma'am—a great many days! He took us all around the country in Uncle Nathan's carriage. I love him very dearly!"

"Did you ever go sailing with him?"

"Every evening, when it was clear, in a pretty row-boat. He used to take his guitar along, and sing for us. He sings beautifully! Did you ever hear him?"

"O yes! Did your sister always go boating with you?"

The spy, with all her hardihood, lowered her voice, and felt her face warm as she put this leading question.

"Yes, ma'am—always. Mr. Benson would not have gone without her, I guess."

"Why do you guess so?"

The little girl smiled knowingly. "Because—you won't tell, will you?"

"Why, no! Of course I will not."

"Charley said it was a secret, and that I mustn't say anything to sister or Mr. Benson about it, for they would be angry."

"Who is Charley?"

"Don't you know? He is Aunt Sarah's son. He is deaf and dumb; but he showed me how to spell on my fingers. He is a nice boy—"

"Yes; but what was the secret?"

"He said that Mr. Benson—Cousin Phil I call him when I am talking to him—was sister's beau; and he would take me off with

him when we went to drive or walk, because, you know, they might not like to have me hear what they were talking about. They used to talk, and talk, and talk! and sister had a great deal more to say, and looked prettier than she does at home. I will tell you something else, if you won't ever let anybody know it. I never told Aunt Sarah even, only Charley. Sister cried ever so long the night after Cousin Phil went away. She woke me up sobbing; but I made believe that I was asleep; and in the morning her pillow was right wet. Charley said that all ladies that he had read about in his books did so when their beaux left them."

"See here, my little lady!" said the dissembler, with a startling change of tone. "You are altogether mistaken—you and Charley both! Mr. Benson is going to marry your sister Lucy, and never was a beau of Sarah's. Be very careful not to talk about Charley's wicked story to your father, or mother, or sisters, for they would be very much displeased, and maybe punish you for repeating such fibs. Little girls ought never to hear or know anything about courting or beaux—it's naughty! I won't tell on you, if you will promise never to do so again. I am shocked at you! Now, take your dolly and go!"

The frightened child encountered Lucy at the door. Miss West had calculated her time to a minute. Her eyes swimming in tears, her features convulsed with the effort to keep back sob and outcry, Jeannie started up to her attic play-room. Sarah's door was ajar, and engaged as she was with thoughts of her own troubles and insults, she could not but remark the expression of her darling's face, in the momentary glimpse she had as it passed.

"Jeannie! come back!" she called.

The child hesitated, half way up the next flight. Sarah repeated the summons, and seeing that it was not obeyed, went up and took the rebel by the hand.

"What is the matter with you?"

A reddening and distortion of visage, and no reply. Her sister led her back to her chamber, shut the door, and put her arms around her.

"Tell me what ails you, dear!"

Jeannie fell upon her comforter's neck—the repressed torrent breaking through all restraint. "Oh, sister, I can't help crying! Miss Vic. West has been scolding me!"

"Scolding you! She! I will go down and speak to her this instant! How *dared* she?"

"No, no! please don't! She told me not to say anything to you about it!"

"The contemptible coward!" said Sarah, between her teeth. "How came you to have anything to do with her?"

"Mother and sister Lucy went down stairs, and she said she would alter my doll's basque, and—and—and"—a fresh burst of lamentation.

"There, that will do, pet! I see that she only made it worse!" soothed Sarah, believing that, in the unfinished state of dolly's wardrobe, she had discovered the root of the trouble. "Never mind, dear! I will set all that to rights, directly. Now wipe your eyes, and let me tell you something. This afternoon, father is to take me to ride, and you shall go, too. As for Miss Victoria, we will let her pass, and keep out of her way hereafter."

Secretly, she was very angry—far more so than she was willing to have the child suspect. As the patient fingers repaired the effects of the original bad fit and Miss West's meddling, Jeannie stood by, thankful and interested, yet ashamed to look her wronged sister in the eyes. Not that she had the remotest conception of the mischief that might grow out of her imprudent disclosures; but she had broken faith with Charley, been accused of tattling and indelicacy, and warned too stringently against repeating the offence to suffer her to relieve her conscience by a full confession to the being she most loved and honored.

At four o'clock Sarah and her charge were ready, according to Mr. Hunt's appointment. The carriage was likewise punctual; but from it stepped, not the parent of the expectant girls, but a younger and taller man—in short, Mr. Hunt's particular favorite—Lewis Hammond. Jeannie, who had stationed herself at an upper window to watch for her father's appearance, was still exclaiming over this disappointment, and wondering why "Mr. Hammond must call just now to keep sister at home," when the footman brought up a note to Sarah.

It was from Mr. Hunt, explaining the cause of his unlooked-for detention at the Bank, and stating that Mr. Hammond, whom he had met earlier in the day and acquainted with his design of giving his daughter this ride, happened to drop in, and seeing him engaged with business, had asked leave to officiate as his substitute in the proposed airing. He urged Sarah to take Jeannie along, and not hesitate to accept Mr. Hammond's polite attendance, adding in phrase brief, but sincere, how lightly he should esteem his hour of extra labor, if he knew that she was not a sufferer by it.

Sarah passed the note to her mother, and drew her shawl about her shoulders.

"Of course you'll go!" said Mrs. Hunt, radiant with gratification. "It is perfectly proper, and Mr. Hammond is very kind, I am sure."

She was hurrying towards the door to convey in person her thanks for his gallantry, when Sarah spoke firmly and very coolly:

"I will say whatever is necessary to Mr. Hammond, if you please, mother. I shall go because father wishes it, and for no other reason. Come, Jeannie!"

"Won't she be in your way?" asked Mrs. Hunt, awed, but not extinguished.

"No, madam."

Sarah suffered Mr. Hammond to place her in the carriage and himself opposite to her; and keeping before her mind carefully the fact that he was her father's friend—perhaps the saviour of his life—she unbent, as much as she could, from her distant, ungracious bearing, to sustain her part of the conversation. She must have been purblind not to see through her mother's wishes, and manœuvres for their accomplishment; but to these views she was persuaded that Mr. Hammond was no party. She saw in him a sedate, rather reserved gentleman of thirty-two or three, who had passed the heyday of youthful loves and joys; sensible and cultivated to an uncommon degree for a man of business—for such he emphatically was.

A poor boy in the beginning, he had fortunately attracted the regard of a thriving New York merchant, and retained that favor through the years that had elevated him from the lowest clerkship to a partnership in the now opulent firm. For probity and punctuality no man in the city had a higher reputation; but his virtues were of that quiet nature which, while they inevitably retain regard once won, are slow to gain admiration. To matrimonial speculators, as in financial circles, he was known as a "safe chance," and many a prudent mamma on his list of acquaintances would have rejoiced had he selected her daughter as mistress of his heart and fortune. Whether he was aware of this or not could not have been determined by his modest, but dignified deportment. He did not avoid company; went whither he was invited, and when there, comported himself like a conscientious member of society, talking, dancing, or listening, with as due regard to law and order as he manifested in his daily business life. Fast girls called him "awfully matter-of-fact," and "terribly sensible;" fast youths of the other sex put him down among the "old fogies," and wondered what he did

with his money. "Could it be possible that he saved it!" He was intimate nowhere except in the household of his whilom employer and present partner, whose daughters were all married and settled in houses of their own. If he had ever cared to look twice at the same lady, the watchful world had not yet laid hold of this marvellous departure from his fixed habits.

His intercourse with Mr. Hunt's family was, as we know, purely accidental in its commencement, and in its earlier stages might have been induced by humanity or friendship for the sick father. In Sarah's brain there had never arisen a suspicion of any ulterior motive in the pointed attentions directed of late to herself. Before Lucy's return, the care of her invalid parent and her day-dreams had engrossed heart and thought to an extent that precluded much inquiry into other themes. Since that memorable night, inward torture had abstracted her mind still more from outward impressions.

This afternoon she talked calmly and indifferently to Mr. Hammond, without an idea that he made any greater effort to please her. To Jeannie she was tender beyond her usual showing, in remembrance of the wrong done the sensitive child in the forenoon. Mr. Hammond emulated her in kindness to the third member of their party; and in the course of their ride, raised himself unwittingly to the rank of rivalry with "Cousin Philip," her model gentleman.

Mr. Hunt came out to assist his daughter to alight, upon their return. There was a heartiness in his acknowledgment of his deputy's politeness, and invitation to enter the house and pass the evening with them, which Sarah had seldom heard him employ towards any visitor. Mr. Hammond may have remarked it likewise, for his declinature was evidently against his inclination, and coupled with a promise to call at an early day. His visits were not altogether so agreeable as formerly, for he was received in the spacious parlors on a footing with other callers, and in the presence of several members of the family; still he came repeatedly, with pretext and without, until his sentiments and design were a secret to no one except their object.

Wrapped in the sad thoughts that isolated her from the rest of the world, even while she made a part of its show, Sarah omitted to mark many things that should have been significant signs of under-currents, and tokens of important issues to her and those about her. Lucy had ceased to harp perpetually upon her lover's perfections and idolatrous flattery to herself,

and while the wedding arrangements went vigorously forward, the disengaged sister was really annoyed by references to her taste and demands for her sympathy. There had never existed much congeniality between the two, and their common ground was now exceedingly narrow. Lucy was gentle and pleasant, peacefully egotistic as ever, and Sarah understood her too well to expect active affection or disinterestedness. The only part of her behavior to herself to which she took mental exception was a certain pitying forbearance, a compassionate leniency with respect to her faults and foibles, that had grown upon her of late. Once or twice the younger sister had become so restive under this gratuitous charity as to reply sharply to the whey-like speeches of the mild elder, and, without any appearance of wounded feeling, yet with not a word of apology or reason for so doing, Lucy had left the apartment, and never hinted at the circumstance afterwards.

Lucy was certainly the soul, the very cream of amiability. It was unaccountable to her admirers—and they included most of her associates—that Lewis Hammond, with his peculiar habits and tastes, should prefer that severe-looking, strong-minded Sarah. But be it remembered that he had learned this love under far different influences; in circumstances wholly unlike those in which he now beheld its object. His respect for unobtrusive intent and feeling; his longing for a home which should be the abode of sacred domestic virtues; and the sweet peace that had fled from the habitations frequented only by the frivolous, heartless, and vain—these found in the sick-room of the father, and the affectionate fidelity of the daughter, something so like the embodiment of his fancy of earthly happiness, that he accepted as a benignant fate the accident which had admitted him to the arcana of their private life. Sarah's temporary illness had taught him the meaning of his dreams, by seeming to point the chances of their fulfilment, and from that hour he strove patiently and sedulously, as it was his habit to seek all great ends, for the acquisition of the heart whose depth he, perhaps, of all who knew her, best understood.

The most impatient person of those directly or indirectly concerned in the progress of this wooing was Mrs. Hunt. Her husband, with unwonted firmness, had forbidden that any one of the household should speak a word in railery or otherwise to Sarah touching Mr. Hammond's intentions. "However earnestly I may desire his success"—he said to his wife—

"and there is no man living whom I would rather call 'son'—I would not influence her by the weight of a single syllable. Hers is the happiness or the misery of a life with her husband—whomsoever she may choose, and hers shall be the entire choice. If she can love and marry Lewis Hammond, I shall be gratified; if not, she shall never guess at my disappointment."

"La, Mr. H. ! you are as foolish and sentimental as the girl herself ! For my part, I aint such a saint, and I *do* say that if Sarah Hunt allows such a catch as this to slip through her fingers, she shall hear a piece of my mind !"

"I insist," said Mr. Hunt, with immovable resolution, "that Sarah shall be allowed to follow the guidance of her own will in this matter. It is not often that I interfere with your plans; but in this one instance I must be obeyed!" With which astounding declaration of equal rights, if not of sovereignty, he left his consort to her reflections.

Ignorant of the delicate watchfulness maintained over her by this best of friends, Sarah walked on her beclouded way—without hope, without one anticipation of any future dissimilar to her present, until awakened with a shock by a formal declaration of love from Lewis Hammond.

(To be continued.)

THE SIMPLE SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store; twenty hands in a printing office; twenty apprentices in a ship-yard; twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder: one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! there is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway, but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all go in this road.

## THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PARBOR.

*Pearl the Fourth.—April*

The month of violets has come!  
Its wealth of smiles and tears;  
It showers over every home,  
And over those whose foot-steps roam  
In far or foreign spheres

The coy wind, yet so bleak and chill,  
From Winter's hidden cave,  
Comes whistling o'er the rippling rill  
To woo the lilacs on the hill,  
The lilies by the wave.

Its white arms on the amber air  
Are bared toward the south;  
The daffodils and daisies share  
Their glories in her flaxen hair,  
And roses tint her mouth!

O month of sunshine and of showers,  
Of pleasant thoughts and themes,  
Of honeysuckle wreathed bowers,  
Of trailing vines, of blooming flowers,  
Of tinted blossomings!

I mind an April when my heart  
Thau now, was lighter far,  
Before Death's sorrow-venomed dart  
Touched one whose years of time were part,  
Whose love was my life's star!

But now ' alas, for April days,  
A lengthened shadow lies  
For me, across its pleasant ways;  
And ever, where my footstep strays,  
It meets my saddened eyes.

## TIME.

BY E.—

A WONDERFUL stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realm of years,  
With a faultless rhyme and a musical chime,  
And a broader sweep and a surgesublime,  
And blends with the ocean of tears.

There's a musical isle in the river Time,  
Where the softest airs are play'ning,  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the loves with the roses are straying.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant prayer;

There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments Love used to wear.

There are hands that are waved on the fairy shore,  
When the mirage is lifted in air:  
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar  
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,  
All the days of life till night:

When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May the island of souls be in sight.

## PETRAE VON BOCK.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

"Tis very hard, and so it is,  
To live in such a row,  
And witness this, that every miss,  
But me, has got a beau.  
For Love goes calling up and down,  
But here he seems to shun ;  
He hardly seems to know there is  
A place like number one.—THOMAS HOOD.

KIND READER, are you crooked? Do you have round shoulders? Did your mother ever tell you that you looked like a rainbow minus its brilliancy? or did you ever hear your aunts discussing the propriety of your adopting braces? Were your Sabbath cogitations ever interrupted by seeing some friend motioning for you to "sit up?" or by catching the whispered query of some incautious stranger in the pew behind you, "Who is that girl bent up over her prayer-book?" Did some mischievous cousin, or brother, or nephew ever draw comparisons between you and your enfeebled grandmother in the chimney corner, or some deformed beggar in the streets? If not—if you have never suffered all these things—cast aside this paper; you can never sympathize with me, the miserable authoress, the unfortunate *Petrae Von Bock*! For I, alas! am not only crooked, but I am also near-sighted; so near-sighted, indeed, that, like the "heathen in my blindness," I go bowing down to wood and stone; not mistaking these substances for deities, but acquaintances. During the last few years, so much has this defect in my sight increased, that at little distance I am now unable to distinguish my most intimate friends from inanimate objects; and the mistakes which I am constantly making are as ludicrous to others as they are mortifying to myself. When I inform you that, in addition to these personal disadvantages, I have no fortune; that my invalid father is obliged to exercise the strictest economy to make "the ends" of his slender income meet, you will naturally suppose that I possess but few attractions, and that I rank among the wall-flowers, and not the belles of society.

My father, who I just said was an invalid, is, in my opinion, although perhaps a little inferior to the apostles and martyrs, at least the best man now extant; so excellent, indeed, that I never think of comparing him with his contemporaries, but only with good, old Bible characters like Abraham, who stood in the door of his tent and talked with the angels.

As for my other parent, of whom her unworthy child quite disproves the assertion, "Like mother like daughter," "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness;" "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness;" "She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy;" in fact, the incarnation of all the moral and Christian virtues; goes regularly to church in the black bombazine dress and gray shawl which constitute her Sabbath-day costume. All the principles of domestic thrift, and yet generous hospitality, are untiringly exemplified in her week-day conduct.

Out of the circle of our own family, we have few acquaintances, fewer callers. There are, it is true, my father's friends: the gray-haired minister and the white-haired deacon. There are the friends of my mother, also: the village spinster, Aunt Palmida, who calls weekly, with a "great burden on her mind," to know what can be done for the village blacksmith with the broken leg, or the shoemaker's baby with the whooping-cough. There is the little Mrs. Smith, who always blushes when you speak to her, and the notable housewife, Mrs. Johnstone, who invariably comes either to obtain or to give receipts. I also have two friends—the rich, smart, red-haired daughter of the village merchant; the pretty, sentimental, portionless, orphan niece of the village physician, in the white cottage, with green blinds.

From the sterner sex I have never received any other than the most trivial attention. From this I would not have you infer that I am wholly indifferent to their neglect. Indeed, of old, I felt it keenly. How could I but do so? I, who had sat amid the shadows on the attic stairs reading a paper-covered edition of Scott, should not I wish (alas! I forgot my shoulders, which would grow out, and my near-sighted eyes) to be crowned by some knightly *Ivanhoe* as *his* queen of Love and Beauty? I, who had read with interest the "thrilling tales" in the "Ladies' Wreath," a magazine which my mother took in her earlier years; I, who had "devoured" all the latter-day novels that I had been able to procure; I who had sighed over that lachrymose story, "Quashy," and wept with its weeping heroine, should not I wish for some *Carleton* to lead me also to a bower of

roses? I who had seen, and I assure you it was a sight more affecting than all, the rich, smart, red-haired daughter of the village merchant riding out with the handsomest clerk in her father's store; I who had witnessed the lawyer's student pulling, weekly, the door-bell of the little cottage with green blinds, where the sentimental niece of the doctor resided; how could I, with a temperament unusually active, with sensibilities unusually keen, consent to be alone unsought for, alone neglected?

Some winters ago—no matter how many nor how few, but in my sixteenth year—I determined to win myself, at any cost, an admirer; and having heard incidentally that a student from a neighboring college was to open a private school in the neighborhood, I selected him as the unfortunate individual who should fill the position of devotee to myself.

"A young gentleman is coming to instruct a private school during the winter," said I to my mother.

"A young gentleman?" repeated my mother, indifferently.

"A student from college," I continued.

"Some Freshman who can find no better situation, I presume," added she.

"Some Freshman," thought I; "some Freshman; and, if a Freshman, probably young—and if young, sentimental—and if sentimental, fond of poetry—and if fond of poetry, he will of course repeat it—and, if he repeats it, where are there ten verses that have not something about love in them? and if we talk about love, who knows but that he may feel the tender passion, and become my admirer?" And here I thought of my shoulders, which would grow out, and of my near-sighted eyes. "And yet," I reasoned, "did not the ancients represent the *God of Love* as *blind*? and is it not worse to be blind than to be near-sighted?"

But how should I form his acquaintance? This was a question, which, with girlish anxiety, I deliberated for a number of days; during which time I was gratified to learn that the subject of my thoughts had arrived, and his school commenced. Never before had I given a thought to the village pedagogues. Never before had I evinced so much zeal in the cause of education. Twice had I seen him pass; but once he was obscured by the shadows of evening; and once my eye-glass was unfortunately missing. In vain I made an errand to his boarding place; in vain I attended the singing-school, and haunted the weekly lyceum. The object of my persevering regard

left my curiosity ungratified, and my eye unsatisfied with seeing.

For once, however, Fortune favored me. For it happened that my father, who, though an invalid, was wont, occasionally, to stroll out to visit his more intimate friends, met the young student at the house of the gray-haired Deacon in whose family he boarded, made his acquaintance, and invited him to call.

"And invited him to call!" Well begun is half done; and of course I was highly delighted. An enchanting vision of friendship, love, and matrimony rose before my dazzled though near-sighted eyes. "Pink, and pink it shall be, my bridal bonnet!" thought I. "And when I shall wear it, the merchant's daughter and the doctor's niece will behold my triumph, and bite their fingers with envy and vexation."

Three successive evenings (for, knowing that school sessions confined him during the day, I supposed that he would call only in the evening) I arranged and rearranged the simple furniture in the parlor, and brought in my full blooming monthly rose (the only one of my house-plants which had deigned to favor me with a blossom) to decorate the light stand in the corner. On the fourth night, I might have yielded to despair, had not my mother kindly suggested that it was a more probable time for the visit than any of the previous ones. So, again, I went through the same preparations as before, and, as a finishing touch, brought from the chamber where it was usually kept, a small ornamental chair of remarkably elaborate and beautiful workmanship, the gift of a friend to my mother; a chair, indeed, of so unique a pattern as to be quite worthy the attention of a virtuoso. But the weight of the tall, gothic back scarcely corresponded with the light seat and slender framework which supported it, and rendered it so liable to be overturned by any sudden movement of the occupant, that my mother had prudently caused it to be placed where it might stand for ornament alone.

"You had better not bring that chair into the parlor, Petrae," said my mother.

"But," said I, for, being an only child, I considered it my privilege to argue with my parents in relation to any subject, "it is so pretty, and it gives the room such 'an air.'"

"And suppose your visitor should sit in it, and be overturned?"

"Oh, I will prevent any such misfortune," said I, "for he will take the large chair, and I will sit in this myself, and I shall be too quiet and observant to suffer any such accident."

And so the chair was allowed to remain, and

I arrayed myself in my new brown merino. My new brown merino, with its snug fitting basque trimmed with black velvet, and I added to my toilet my best collar, which, as the needlework was fine, and the lace around it delicate, my mother had forbidden my wearing except upon special occasions.

"Does not my dress fit prettily?" said I to my mother.

"Yes," she replied, "but it is very trying to the figure." And then she sighed; and I sighed too, for I knew she was thinking of my shoulders, which would grow out; and I might have sighed again, and continued to sigh, had I not through my eye-glass seen, just then, the gate at the extreme of the long front yard open, and a figure enter, tall and manly, with a face which physiognomists would call sensible, a very different person from the sentimental youth that I had pictured to myself.

"And yet," thought I, "is it not better? Is he not more likely to become my admirer if he be sensible, than if he were sentimental? Would not a sensible person look more at my soul than at my shoulders, which will grow out, and at my near-sighted eyes? Would not a sensible person instantly perceive that I have more general information than the rich, smart, red-haired daughter of the village merchant? more practical good judgment than the doctor's sentimental niece?"

"It is well that he is sensible," thought I, as I heard the clear ring of the front door bell. "It is well that he is sensible," thought I, as, after being introduced by my father (and his name was Mr. Adams), I took my seat in the little ornamental tipping-over chair, and remarked, with a smile (and my mouth is considered my redeeming feature), "You will find this a very quiet little village, Mr. Adams."

"I judge so," said he; "but my impressions are quite favorable, although they are perhaps derived less from the village than my boarding place."

"You will find much to admire in Deacon Johnstone," said my father, ever ready to speak a good word for his gray-haired friend. He is entertaining, as well as kind and judicious; his memory is remarkable, and his fund of anecdote is almost inexhaustible."

"He is no less noticeable physically than mentally," responded Mr. Adams; "his sight seems unimpaired; he reads the newspaper without glasses, and, indeed, seems free from all the infirmities of age; his figure is erect as that of an Indian."

"As that of an Indian." He could not have

made a more painful remark. Even then I felt my cherished hopes perceptibly waning; but I was enabled still to wear the same beaming smile as before, while I made a quiet though resolute effort to force back my shoulders into the position which physiologists call healthful.

"Your walk from your boarding place to the school-room is very pleasant," said my mother, my dear kind mother, to change the subject.

"And it is doubly so in summer, when the shade trees are in foliage," said I, glad to have an opportunity of speaking; "there are some majestic elms overhanging the street."

"And those specimens of poplar are quite uncommon," he replied; "a stunted Lombardy poplar is inelegant enough, but those trees are like six giant sentinels; so tall and self-reliant that I quite admire them."

And here, alas, too soon! my feelings received their second shock, for I had always possessed a deep-seated aversion to those trees; although I must confess to you, *sub rosa*, that it was owing to my mother's having so often and vainly wished that I might be "as straight as a Lombardy poplar."

But the subject of trees, however disagreeably introduced, is always a fertile one; and trees suggested plants, and plants suggested flowers, and flowers suggested poetry; and I talked with the ardor, if not with the wisdom of Solomon, from the "cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall;" and I proved, at least I thought I proved, that I possessed a great deal of general information, for I quoted many verses: some from Longfellow and Tennyson, and others from the old "Ladies' Wreath" magazines. But alas! while we spoke of the willow, the graceful, bending willow, and while we grew classical and talked of dryads and hamadryads, I forgot myself, and allowed my figure to assume its naturally crooked position; and while I forgot myself, my father, who occasionally asked questions abruptly, and who thought I was "only sixteen," inquired of our new acquaintance "if his school had opened pleasantly, and if he enjoyed his new duties as teacher?"

"It is all very pleasant," said Mr. Adams, "that is to say, my pupils are agreeable; and the schoolroom offers but one objection of which I venture to complain, because it can be so easily obviated."

"Indeed?" said my mother, inquiringly.

"The desks are too low to correspond with the seats, and the scholars naturally incline over their books in unhealthy as well as un-

graceful positions. I continually remind them of the fault, it is true, and yet it seems wrong to reprove what they can hardly avoid."

"You are quite right," said my mother; "the habit should be checked, not fostered; it holds ground so resolutely when once it has gained it. I know of many persons so confirmed in it that it is next to impossible for them to keep an upright position, if indeed they can attain it at all; and if one naturally inclines to stoop, it can scarcely be expected of them to conquer both obstacles." And here she glanced at me, with that kind, excusatory look with which mothers are wont to regard their daughters' failings.

How could I be quiet? How could I sit passively, even in the tipping-over chair? How could I remember its fragility? I determined to be straight. I made a desperate resolution to sit erect; I threw back my shoulders with a convulsive effort, when suddenly I felt that chair, that delicate chair, going—going—I caught hold of the light stand that stood next me, and then—and then—to quote from the village Mrs. Partington, "The first thing I knew, I knew nothing at all."

"Have not I proved that it is impossible for some persons to keep erect?" said I, when, on recovering my senses, I opened my eyes, expecting to astonish my visitor with my quickness of thought, my presence of mind.

But alas! the young student had vanished. There, alone, was my good mother holding my throbbing head, and my kind father standing over me with the bottle of camphor, and the little servant-girl (whom we had taken out of pity from her intemperate parents) looking on, and exclaiming in mingled accents of fear and sympathy, "Miss Petrae, is your skull broke? Miss Petrae, is your skull broke?" and then I learned for the first time that nearly half an hour had elapsed since my great misfortune; for, as I had fallen, I had caught hold of the light-stand in the corner, bringing down the monthly rose with its china pot upon my head, and inflicting a wound in my forehead (a wound which, the consoling little servant girl kindly informed me, "would leave a scar as long as I lived"), and that, as the physician had entered, the young student had bowed an adieu, and promised to call again when, if ever, stunned and insensible as I was, I should be recovered. And then I cried, for I pictured myself to myself as I should be when a few years older; when my shoulders should have grown out a little more, and my eyes should have become more near-sighted, and when that

great scar would give the aspect of a frown to my whole countenance. And I cried; and my mother thought that my head ached, and bathed again my forehead with camphor, and called me "her own poor Petrae," and then I cried anew, for I had expected that evening to be so very happy in winning to myself an admirer.

An admirer that I have never won; for the young student never remembered his promise to call; and when I returned from my visit—for, soon after this event, I went to spend a time with a widowed aunt, who resided in the sleepest little house, in the sleepest little street, in the sleepest little town in New England—I came to meet the report that he had formed an engagement with the doctor's sentimental niece. The doctor's sentimental niece—who, for his sake, had trifled with and cast aside the heart of the lawyer's student, who used to call so regularly at the little white cottage with green blinds.

An admirer that I have never won; for, since that time, I have given up all hopes of ever finding one, and have devoted myself to the society of my good parents, and of my parents' good friends—the white-haired minister and the gray-haired deacon, and the village spinster, Aunt Palmeda, who has taken me under her especial protection, and kindly informs me that she thinks I am yet destined to become a prominent member of society; although my shoulders are yet growing out, and my eyes are becoming more and more near sighted; the village spinster, who persistently dwells upon the immense benefit she has derived from the use of blue glasses, and assures me "I shall never regret it, if I put on spectacles." So I have learned to be more contented; to patiently copy receipts for the notable cook Mrs. Johnstone, and instruct the younger children of the village merchant in the rudiments of mathematics. I have learned to be more contented; but when, occasionally yielding to a childish impulse, I sit down amid the shadows on the garret stairs, and take out the paper covered edition of Waverley, the same dissatisfied feeling arises as of old, and I sigh (forgetting my shoulders, which will grow out, and my near-sighted eyes) to be the heroine of some practical romance. Sometimes a strange desire for sympathy comes over me, and I am conscious of the same wicked feeling expressed in the verse—

"I think I should be happier,  
Feel calmer, if I knew  
Some other heart were suffering  
The same afflictions too."

And so my dear, crooked reader—for I am

sure it is only my crooked reader who has followed me to the close of my story—I turn to you, trusting, that while you feel a kindred

sympathy for one whose shoulders will grow out, you will gently pass by the foibles of the unfortunate authoress, *Petrae Von Bock*.

## LITTLE MISS STODDARD.

BY MARY W. JANVREIN.

“SATURDAY, the day before Christmas,” I wrote, “I shall be with you, dear Hattie, ‘Providence permitting,’ as little Miss Stoddard would say. I did hope for the escort of one of our Woodboro’ merchants going on to Boston that day; but I have just learned that he is not to go; so I have coaxed mamma into permitting me to take the journey alone, by assuring her that I hav’n’t the least fear of travelling as ‘an unprotected woman;’ that I shall change cars at the Palmerton Station for the Boston train before twilight sets in, and that your dear, good husband will meet me at the depot on my arrival. So, Hattie, I hope to sit at your own fireside at the end of another Saturday night, and enjoy one of our good, old-time chats we used to have in the days before you were so naughty as to go get married without consulting or asking permission of

“Your old and affectionate friend,

“JOSEPHINE.”

I was going on a visit to Hattie Ellsworth, my dearest school-girl friend, who had settled in our pleasant New England metropolis—and whose letters since the event of her happy wifehood, somewhat less than a year previous, had so abounded with urgent solicitations to redeem my given promises of said visit “after she was at housekeeping,” that—partly to make good my word, but mostly for the pleasure which I was sure I should enjoy—I gladly accepted her latest note of invitation and wrote the date of my visit, busy, meantime, with numerous preparations.

To this letter, by the next Wednesday evening’s mail, I received reply:—

“DEAR JOSEY: What do you think? ‘Providence permitting,’ you are not to come on alone to Boston next Saturday; but are to have a travelling companion in the shape of little Miss Stoddard herself, the good old soul! The same mail that brought your last also brought me the plainest, neatest little letter, just like good old Stoddard, stating ‘that, if agreeable, she’d like to come and pass a few days with me, as she promised when she made my wedding clothes; and, as she had heard that Miss

Josephine Bowen was coming on, maybe she (Josephine) wouldn’t object to her for a travelling companion;’ so I told Harry, and he is delighted, for he took the greatest fancy to little Miss Stoddard, and has actually been picking out a husband for her in his good old Uncle Fielding (as if little Stoddard would ever marry!); and the same mail that takes you this will also carry a letter to the little woman, assuring her how happy her visit will make us. I am very sure it will make her happy, for she promised it to me so earnestly, that I see now how the thought of it pleased her, and I shall do everything I can to make her enjoy herself. So, dear Josey, sacrifice your horror of ‘great box, little box, bandbox, and bundle,’ and make up your mind to take along little Stoddard as a *compagnon du voyage*. I am dying to see you; I talk about your visit half the time to Harry, not to mention *some one else*, whom I occasionally tell that ‘you are to visit me *some time* this winter.’ Won’t he be surprised, and delighted, too, when he knows of your arrival, for I sha’n’t divulge the secret of its *when* till you meet here? But I have only a moment before the mail closes; so good-by till I see you Saturday next.

“HATTIE.”

“P. S. Wonder if little Stoddard will wear that chinchilla tippet and that *de bête*? Do coax her into getting something neat and genteel! *Gray* it’ll be, of course; for I should as soon expect to see a mouse change the color of its skin, as to see the little woman wear anything but her favorite quiet colors. But as it happens to be *la mode* just now, for once she will be in style.

HATTIE.”

I refolded Hattie’s letter, and set at least five minutes in thought, and that was quite a long period for me, Josey Bowen. So I was to go to Boston, and with a travelling companion, Miss Charity Stoddard, spinster, nervous, and given to bundles and a chinchilla tippet.

The prospects were not at first quite pleasing. Not that I had anything against little Miss Stoddard; on the contrary, in common with everybody in Woodboro’, I liked, and had taken

into a little corner of my heart this lonely, quiet spinster waif, who belonged to nobody's family, and who had a claim on nobody save what her own unobtrusive worth and simple, cheerful piety warranted. For little Stoddard (everybody called her "little Miss Stoddard," or "little Stoddard," and we did not mean it as a mark of disrespect) was an orphan, and had been since her childhood; I never thought how far back that lay, for, to me, she never seemed "old," as most people do who get crows-feet in the corners of their eyes and silver threads in their hair; and she was without a relative in the wide world whom she knew of save a distant connection on her mother's side, a wealthy man living at the South, from whom came a little annuity of a hundred dollars, with which yearly sum, and what she earned at sewing and crocheting, and the little gifts of the people of Woodboro', she got along nicely.

Little Miss Stoddard had a place she called "home," a little room she hired at Mrs. Wilcox's, a widow of genteel but reduced family; and a pleasant, cheerful room it was, too, and with an air of refinement in its modest carpet, chintz-covered furniture, stand of thriving plants, and table of books, that you might vainly seek in many a richly upholstered dwelling. But she had a nook also by more than one fireside in Woodboro', and, whether busy with her needle assisting in the wardrobe of some young bride expectant, crocheting some dainty "set" of sleeves, or helping in any of her quiet, useful ways, with an ever-ready, pleasant smile and word, all had learned to value "little Stoddard."

Hattie Anderson had been an especial favorite of the little spinster; and, being something of a dressmaker, Miss Stoddard had helped in the bridal *trousseau*, excepting that portion fashioned under a city *modiste*. There never were daintier ruffles than Stoddard's little pale fingers hemmed and gathered, never neater plain sewing, nor nicer prepared table or bed linen than she made for the future wife's *menage* under the superintendence of Hattie's bustling mother. And little Stoddard had been at the wedding, in the neatest of silver gray silks and the snowiest of collars, though both dress and embroideries were slightly old fashioned; and had cried quietly when everybody else, Hattie's school girl friends in particular, had given way to more open demonstrations when the young bride left us; and her last words to Hattie were a promise to visit her "next winter" in her city home.

Yes, Stoddard was "good"—a "good old

soul," as Hattie had written, and as I sat and thought; but then she wore the quietest gowns, always cut after one pattern, and her crinoline was of the modestest dimensions, and her little chinchilla tippet was of the type of our grandmothers'. Altogether, though I like little Miss Stoddard, and was another of her favorites, she was not just the *compagnon du voyage* a young and fashion-loving young lady would have selected for a winter's visit to a fashionable friend in the gay metropolis.

But the pleasure imprinted on the little woman's countenance, when, that evening, she entered my mother's parlor to inform us that she had received a letter from Mrs. Ellsworth, and that she had concluded to visit her when I did, and asked in what train I intended to leave, so reconciled me that I was uncommonly gracious in my replies. "It is *such* a pleasure to poor little Stoddard!" I said, by way of excusing my unwonted urbanity, after she had gone. "But, mamma, I do hope she won't wear that old-fashioned *debêge* travelling-dress! I've a great mind to go out in the morning and make her a present of something pretty to ride in, gray, of course, it must be, though."

"As you please, my dear," replied mamma; "but you must remember that in a fashionable suit, our little friend would no longer be herself."

But for all mamma's speech, I went out and bought a nice all wool *delaine*, of little Miss Stoddard's favorite mouse-color; and she was delighted with the present, and on Saturday morning met us at the Woodboro' depot, looking "quite stylish for little Stoddard"—so said mamma, and several of my young friends who had come down to see me off. What with the new travelling-dress, and her plain gray shawl, and the neat bonnet she had made of black and white checker silk, my companion was a well-clad little figure. The chinchilla tippet worried me somewhat, in contrast with my own set of fashionable furs, and I was foolish enough to mention it to mamma; but she silenced me with saying that the tippet had been part and parcel of little Miss Stoddard for so many winters, that she should surely think something was going to befall her if anything hindered her from wearing it.

So I smiled at mamma's answer, and kissed her and the girls, and then entered the car, and was soon seated beside my companion, and being borne by the snorting iron steed Bostonward. I shall not here record the pleasant thoughts that flew on before, faster than the steam that bore us—*avant courriers*—to the city

where dwelt my dear friends; for probably Hattie's letter, or one sentence of it, may have already enlightened you regarding them, and given you to understand that a dearer friend than my school-girl one would be there to welcome me. Such a confession would be very foolish of me, some would say; at any rate, little Miss Stoddard was none the wiser for it.

A faint exclamation from my travelling companion aroused me from the pages of the magazine I held. I looked up to behold the small mountain composed of the "great box, little box, handbox, and bundle" whereof Hattie had written, and overtopping the car seat I had turned facing us, sliding down to the floor. Poor little Stoddard! the journey to Boston was an event in her untravelled life; and, like Martha of old, she was troubled about many things."

"There, Miss Stoddard, we'll hang up this big carpet bag," I exclaimed, "and the small one and the bundle, *they* won't slide down again; but ain't you warm, Miss Stoddard? I'd take off my tippet, we're so near the stove; there! now you're settled again nicely!" and while, at my suggestion, she had disposed the offending eyesore on the seat opposite, I settled to my magazine again.

The day passed. I read till my eyes ached; I matronized little Stoddard and her baggage; we dined nicely from the well-filled hand bag mamma had put up for us, with the addition of a cup of hot tea we procured at a way station; and at twilight of the short December's day the train drew up at Palmerton, where "passengers for Boston" were requested, in a stentorian voice, by the conductor to "change cars."

Adding one of little Miss Stoddards' satchels to my own, and folding my shawl over my arm, we stepped from the car platform to the waiting train which, in about three hours more was to bring us to the terminus of our journey. Scarcely had we got well on our way, when little Miss Stoddard grasped my arm and whispered in quiet distress: Oh, Josephine, my *tippet!*"

"It was left in the car!" said I, inly blaming myself for the loss, for at my suggestion it had been removed. "It is too bad!"

"No, dear, I took it over my arm when we got out; but I suppose I dropped it on the ground!" she answered. "I shall be sorry never to see it again, for it used to be my mother's!" and the little woman's quiet voice took a more subdued tone at that reference to

kith and kin, the first I had ever heard her make.

I could not say much by way of comfort, but I inly determined to purchase her a nice new fur, as soon as I got to Boston, out of the ample allowance mamma had granted me; and from that moment I felt an increased respect for little Miss Stoddard. It was not her loss she bewailed; but the little old-fashioned tippet I had often so thoughtlessly ridiculed perhaps was the only *souvenir* of that quiet lonely little woman's dead and gone mother.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived in Boston. Hattie's husband was at the car door in search of us; and when we were set down at his house Hattie herself was there to receive us with the warmest of welcomes, and both myself and "dear, good Miss Stoddard" were half smothered in caresses. The home to which Henry Ellsworth had taken his young wife was what I had expected to find it, elegant, tasteful, and luxurious in every appliance; and it was really refreshing to witness the quiet delight of my travelling companion at her kind reception. We knew it by the sparkle of her blue eyes, and the flush of her usually pale cheeks; but she was quiet as ever, and only said in her low voice:

"I told you, Harriet, that when you got nicely settled at housekeeping, I meant to come and visit you, Providence permitting; and now I am here."

"And we are very glad to see you, dear Miss Stoddard—my husband and myself, and I want you to enjoy every minute of your stay," answered Hattie. It was easy to see that the newly added dignities of her position had not taken away the young wife's girlish naturalness and kindness of heart.

After tea was over, Miss Stoddard asked to be shown to her room, for the long day's ride had wearied her. I lingered with her a few minutes after Mrs. Ellsworth had gone down, to assist her in unpacking such articles as she would need on the morrow, for I knew the pious little woman never encroached on the Sabbath. Miss Stoddard was a spinster, as I have said, and she possessed such "little ways" as are usually attributed to that sisterhood. So I sat a few minutes, and watched her lay out a variety of little brushes on the toilet, besides numerous tiny boxes of medicines and vials of "drops," which she arrayed side by side with mathematical precision. Then she took out one or two pairs of little slippers, the same number of black silk aprons and handkerchiefs, and shook out a neat gray morning wrapper

which she laid evenly over a chair by the head of the bed; and, last of all, she drew forth a little red-covered Bible, which she laid on the table. I had seen the little Bible before, nights when she had slept at my mother's; but I looked on it with increased reverence then, for I thought that, too, perhaps, had belonged to the lonely little woman's dead mother, she laid it on the table so reverently.

"There, dear, I thank you for helping me," she said, as she shut the lid of her trunk, and laid her white night-dress and little night-cap with its prim border of lace down on a chair. "You want to go down to Harriet now. Providence has been very good to her"—looking around the warm and sumptuously furnished chamber. "She seemed glad to see me, and I am glad I came," she added, quietly. "Good-night, dear."

I had a long talk with Hattie before the drawing-room grate afterward; Mr. Ellsworth being good enough to go into his library to read for an hour. After discussing various subjects—"Harry's" praises; how delighted "some one" would be when he learned I was there; "we might meet at church to-morrow, if his patients would permit him to go," Hattie said, and items of news from "home"—we came upon the little woman sleeping quietly upstairs.

"Little Stoddard looks just the same as ever, and yet there's something I missed about her the moment she stepped in the door. What can it be, Josey?" and she mused a moment.

"Why, it's the *chinchilla tippet!*" I broke forth, laughingly. "She lost it on the way, when we changed cars at Palmerton. But I'm real sorry, though, for the poor little woman said it had belonged to her mother."

"So it is—the *chinchilla!*" exclaimed Hattie, catching hold of my hand and laughing, too. "Little Stoddard, without her tippet, is like an—an—angel without its wings." And she laughed merrily at the grotesqueness of her comparison.

"It's *my* fault. I caused her to take it off, 'because the car was warm,' I urged; but in reality, Hattie, because I was tired to death of the sight of it. But I did wrong, though, and must replace it with a new one."

"I have an idea!" said Hattie, clapping her hands. "We will join purses, and purchase her a nice set of furs for a New Year's gift—that's a week from to-day. A capital idea! don't you think so, Josey?"

"What is such a capital idea, Harriet?" said Mr. Ellsworth in the doorway, smiling upon us.

"Oh, we're talking about the good little woman up-stairs! Since you've taken upon you the responsibility of providing her a husband in good old Uncle Fielding, Josey and I are taking the liberty of adding to her wardrobe!" she mischievously answered. "You see, Josey," she added, "this is one of Harry's obstinate whims—that Uncle John Fielding, who has lived all his days a bachelor, and for whom manœvering mammas have manœvered in vain, is going to commit the irretrievable act at this late hour. He's out of the city now; but on his return we shall invite him here to 'come, and see, and conquer little Stoddard.'"

"When 'the conquering hero comes,' with John Gilpin poet, 'may I be there to see!'" I laughingly replied, as I rose to retire.

Next day was Sabbath and Christmas; and we attended morning service with Hattie and her husband in the Episcopal Church, for little Miss Stoddard never missed her church-going; and though, I fear, less of the spiritual mingled with the motives that sent the remaining trio thither, yet, on that morning above all others, we felt that it was "good to be there."

The church was trimmed with holly and evergreens; the reading desks were wreathed with the freshness of the twining ivy; around the galleries and over the chancel were passages from the Sacred Word, descriptive of the advent, in lettering of green; and the great organ pealed forth such a glorious tide of symphony when the choristers rendered the grand *jubilate* of the birth of the Prince of Peace that my soul was quite uplifted and outborne from the presence of the place. I forgot the elegant cadences of the minister's voice; I minded no more the greenery transplanted from the heart of the country pine forest; the sheen of rustling silks in that fashionable congregation; little Miss Stoddard's gray bonnet and shawl in contrast with Hattie's velvet cloak and sables, or the fact that a pair of dark eyes somewhere in that crowded church might be bent upon me; but my soul was borne away, away, on those waves of sound, till I stood on the plains of Judea with that grand choral harmony penetrating all space, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

When the service closed, and the rustling of silken garments in the aisles recalled me, I walked downward with the thronging crowd; but I was not thoroughly aroused till I felt the strong pressure of a hand clasping my own, and heard in a low, eager, tone, "This is a

pleasant surprise, Miss Bowen!" And then Hattie said archly: "Oh, we *meant* to surprise you, Doctor Robertson! But you are to come home and dine with us, unless you have left some patients to be dispatched immediately!" And with a new feeling of happiness at my heart we passed out together. Once on the *pavé*, I had no thought but for my companion; and little Miss Stoddard walked with Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth. I have a faint remembrance that her eyes had a bright sparkle and her cheeks a faint flush as we had stepped into the aisle together; for such grand organ tones as had carried me out of myself had never been heard by the little quiet woman in the plain meeting-house in Woodboro', where she had sat every Sunday for many, many years.

"Stoddard enjoyed her church service," said Hattie, as she sat in the drawing-room, after the little woman had sought her chamber.

"Not a very dignified manner of styling your guest, my dear," said her husband.

"Oh, Harry, I'm sure nobody ever means disrespect in calling her so. But 'Miss Charity Stoddard,' 'Mrs. John Fielding' that is to be, if that title sounds preferable!" was the laughing rejoinder.

"'Charity!' not an unfitting name for the sober, pleasant-faced, little lady," said Doctor Robertson; "for, with her spy step, quiet voice, and soothing air, she reminds me of those best of all nurses—the Sisters of Charity—I sometimes encounter in my professional rounds among the poor. But what is this I hear? 'Mrs. John Fielding' that is to be?" Surely, Ellsworth, this little woman isn't going to be your aunt; for that, I take it, will be her perquisite if she adopts the name of that pleasant bachelor uncle of yours, whom I meet here occasionally."

Hattie laughed in glee as her husband replied soberly: "If my first effort at match-making does not fail, it will so come to pass, Doctor. This good uncle of mine, who has wasted his life in single blessedness, is to be exposed to the full battery of her quiet forces on his return; and, as a good listener is said to be the chief of a pair of conversationists, I don't doubt but my most sanguine hopes will be fulfilled!" And, smoothing his countenance as the door opened quietly, and, with gentle step, little Miss Stoddard added herself to our number, he led the way down to the dining-room.

Dinner over, Miss Stoddard went up to her room again. Harry Ellsworth smiled, and said something about "orthodoxy;" but I knew she was busy with the contents of the little

red-covered Bible; and so I told them about her lonely life. It touched Mr. Ellsworth's heart. "Poor little woman!" he said. "All alone in the world! No kith or kin! Nobody to care for her! that's hard—to grow old without somebody to love us?" and his arm was around Hattie's waist, and the beloved young wife nestled closer to her husband. For myself, I was so happy, sitting there in the shade of the flowing crimson curtains by the window, while the twilight fell about us—sitting there, with my hand clasped in his, who, I knew, wished to guide me safely through Life's journey, and plant the sweet blooming hedgerows of love along my way—I could well afford to drop a few crumbs of thought to the lonely little being sitting above stairs in the solitude that had grown a habit of her life.

Solitude, did I say? Nay; while I was drinking in the earthly love, was not little Miss Stoddard, whom I so pitied for her lonely state, quaffing from the well, hidden within the lids of her little Bible, a purer draught of Love, even the Heavenly and Divine?

Three weeks went by; weeks rich in enjoyment to me. With the avidity of a taste which had always craved, yet from a secluded life had been denied, the many intellectual enjoyments a great city affords, I had already seized much, and so deeply imprinted it on the tablets of memory that no future event could erase it. I had gratified the eye with the paintings and sculptures in the noble Athenæum Gallery; the ear, with the grand oratorios of the Creation and the Messiah, and the cultivated warblings of the artistic prima donna; the intellect with the drama and the eloquent lecture; while the heart was taking its own nutriment, for Doctor Robertson was now my declared lover, and, in the intervals of his professional duties, constantly at my side. From his great friendship with Hattie's husband, he came to be regarded by both in the light of a brother. Hattie began to talk, as we sat together, of the time when we should again live neighbors; Mr. Ellsworth never missed an opportunity to tease me; and little Miss Stoddard, when informed of my engagement, to which Doctor Robertson had obtained my mother's consent by letter, said quietly: "Providence permitting, Josephine, I will help you considerable with your sewing, as I did Harriet with hers."

And little Miss Stoddard enjoyed these weeks of her visit, too, for Hattie had persuaded her from time to time to lengthen it. She enjoyed everything—the walks on the Common,

sparkling with its white carpet of crystallized snows, and out over the long Milldam, the slender clasp that links the peninsular Tri-mountain city with the mainland; through the beautiful flower-crowded greenhouses of the Public Garden; the shifting kaleidoscope of gay attire on the fashionable promenade of Washington Street; the bright, beautiful displays in the shop windows; the warm and handsome set of furs which had been Hattie's and my joint gift on New Year's; the church services to which she was a devout listener; her Sabbath hours of quiet thought in her comfortable chamber, and the pleasant evening reunions in the drawing-room below, where, amid the merry hum of young voices, the music of the piano, and the dancing feet of Hattie's guests, little Miss Stoddard would often gaze and enjoy from her corner, then, quietly as she had entered, would glide away.

All this time Uncle Fielding had not returned to Boston, being detained in a distant city where he had been called on business on the first days of our visit. But one day Mr. Ellsworth came home with a smile on his handsome face. "Uncle John has returned at last, Hattie," he said, "and is coming up to dinner. I didn't mention that we had company—and, pray, no need to enlighten the little woman concerning his coming. My plan is this: as the Doctor has already secured tickets for four to hear Booth in Hamlet this evening at the Boston, I shall accept for you and I, little wife; and ask good Uncle John to play host to little Miss Stoddard, or little Miss Stoddard to play hostess toward him, till our return. What do you think of my talents for a match-maker, eh, Miss Josey?" addressing me. "Our own made, we can well afford to be generous to poor luckless outsiders, can't we?" and I felt my cheeks tingling under his mischievous glances.

"Oh, I hope your first attempt will be a successful one!" was all I could answer for my confusion, though I rallied and added: "It was always a woman's accredited trade, *match-making*, Mr. Ellsworth!"

"Well, I suppose it is, or should be; but then, you see Hattie succeeded so admirably with the first *she* undertook, to wit: when she got me to bring a certain physician down to Woodboro' with me during my engagement days, that she's learned me the preliminary chapter, and now I am going off bravely alone into the intricacies of the volume!" And with another glance that again brought the blood into my cheeks he left us.

"Harry's too provoking, to be always teaz-

ing you so!" exclaimed Hattie. "But I shall be delighted when I call little Stoddard Aunt Fielding. She'll have to shed her coat of everlasting gray then!"

At three o'clock Mrs. Ellsworth and I sat in the drawing-room waiting for the appearance of the gentlemen. Little Miss Stoddard had been told that a guest was to dine with us, and had not yet come down. Presently Mr. Ellsworth appeared, with his uncle, whom at the first glance I saw to be a plain, florid-faced man of about fifty, with hair well streaked with gray and kindly gray eyes. There was neither the stiff reserve nor the voluble loquacity about Uncle John Fielding one meets in old bachelors of the extreme classes; and upon presentation, I looked upon him as a good fatherly sort of person whose chief mistake in life had been that he had drawn no pleasant home ties about him, he seemed so well adapted to their enjoyment. His dress was a suit of plain gray, and I hailed this token of his tastes with delight, and caught an opportunity to whisper slyly to Hattie—"How nicely they will be matched—a pair of gray old lovers together! What a pity they hadn't met younger!"

While I sat busy with my embroidery, and Hattie went down to order dinner, and Mr. Ellsworth and Uncle John Fielding conversed together, I heard a little subdued rustling of silk against the drawing-room door, and knew that the quiet little woman for whose feet a matrimonial trap had been set was coming. And while she was gently crossing the carpet for her favorite seat in the corner, Mr. Ellsworth rose and presented her:

"Miss Stoddard, Mr. Fielding!"

I was furtively noting the quiet manner in which the little spinster extended her small pale fingers to acknowledge the introduction, and the host stood by with a grave air of courtesy; but I think neither Mr. Ellsworth nor myself could have been more surprised had both parties been transfigured and been caught from our presence than by what followed. The florid face of Uncle John Fielding became painfully red and white and red again by turns, and a look of doubt, surprise, and recognition overspread his whole face; while little Miss Stoddard's pale fingers shook, her faded blue eyes filled with light, and her pale cheek grew pink as a young girl's. Each stood regarding the other with doubt, surprise, and at last mutual recognition on every feature; and then Mr. Fielding grasped the pale, quivering little fingers, and drew the whole hand within his broad

honest palm, and bending down, right in the face of us two looking on, kissed her on the thin pink cheek, and said in a voice that trembled and grew husky with emotion :

"Oh, Charity, is it you? And after so many years! Do you know me, Charity?"

"Yes, John!"

It was all little Miss Stoddard said, for she would have fallen, had not old Uncle John Fielding drawn up a chair and gently seated her in it, where she sat with her face buried in her hands; but it told enough to us lookers-on, to show us that those two reunited ones—for such they must be—were happier without us; and so both Harry Ellsworth and myself softly left the apartment.

"The strangest proceeding going on up stairs, Hattie!" said her husband as we met her in the lower hall. "Old Uncle John and little Miss Stoddard have begun their courtship already. You know the old saying, 'a third party' and so forth! Josey and I found we were *de trop*, and so left them to their wooing!"

"Explain yourself—do, please!" said Mrs. Ellsworth a little impatiently, in mystery at her husband's strange words and affected gravity of manner. "Josey, what has happened?" and she turned to me.

"Nothing, only your good Uncle and little Miss Stoddard seem to have been former friends, and rather intimate ones, too, I should judge by the circumstances of their meeting," I answered. "It is true, what your husband says. We were mere lookers-on in Vienna," and thought best to leave. Don't go up, Hattie! little Stoddard never'll dare look up again. Uncle Fielding actually kissed her!"

"Well, kisses or no kisses, dinner musn't be spoiled with waiting!" she said, with an amusing air of housewifely importance, hastening up stairs, and from the drawing-room we heard her exclaim: "How delighted I am, dear Uncle Fielding, to hear that you and Miss Stoddard are old friends! you must tell us all about it at dinner!"

"Yes, we are indeed old friends, and I hope shall continue the strougest of *new* ones," said Uncle Fielding, coming down with little Miss Stoddard on his arm; while Mr. Ellsworth led the way with me, saying in a low voice and with a rognish glance: "We only need *one* more present, and then we could all pair off in the manner the Fates intended, 'Providence permitting,' I should add!" And he looked slyly over his shoulder at the little figure in gray that glided quietly into the dining-room.

Conversation was brisk at table between the

two gentlemen; though I noticed that old Uncle Fielding answered "Yes, Charity!" once to some question of his nephew's, and Harry and Hattie bit their lips; but little Miss Stoddard looked so young with that pink flush not yet faded from her cheek, and so happy at the assiduous attentions of him who sat beside her, that I really neglected my dinner in wondering what little romance could have been hidden away under the plain exterior of these two quiet old people, for surely such had been betrayed by the sudden and tender episode which had occurred at their meeting.

Mr. Ellsworth's remark, "You are ill, Josey! You have lost your appetite. I shall call in a physician!" brought me back from my speculations.

On returning to the drawing-room, as Uncle John Fielding manifested no inclination to give us the desired information respecting his and Miss Stoddard's former acquaintance, we were all duly forced to check our impatience till such time as it should voluntarily come; and when evening brought Doctor Robertson for the proposed visit to the Boston, we felt no compunctions in leaving the two friends together. At first—from sheer force of habit, I doubt not, at the thought that he was to be left to entertain a lady—Uncle John Fielding half rose to go; then, suddenly recollecting himself, settled back in his chair; and little Miss Stoddard—though her pale fingers trembled over her gray knitting-work, and the pink flushed brighter into her cheeks—quietly observed that "she feared she'd be but poor company for Mr. Fielding." But Mr. Fielding replied with an honest, straight-forward glance which seemed to say he wanted no better company; so we left them.

In the beginning of Hamlet's "Soliloquy," rendered as Booth *can* render it, that evening, Henry Ellsworth leaned past Hattie, and whispered to us both:

"It has just flashed over me—the explanation of that little romance at home this afternoon. I remember to have overheard my mother tell a friend once, when I was a boy, that Uncle John met with 'a disappointment' when young, and that was the reason he never married. I shall leave it to the feminine tactics of you two to ascertain the grounds on which quiet little Miss Stoddard found courage to 'disappoint' any man!" and then he leaned back in his seat, and Booth resumed, "Ay, *there's* the rub!" Hattie glanced toward me and smiled. The text was so *apropos*.

Later, that night, as I sat in the little woman's

room before retiring to my own, I heard from her lips a few outlines of the well kept secret of her life—a few outlines only; but enough on which to build up the framework of a romance that had been enacted when little Charity Stoddard had been twenty years younger, and fairer, and had loved with all the quiet strength of a heart that never loves but once, and had not swerved from that faith in the great gulf of time that had lain between.

"To think that Providence should have permitted us to meet again, Josephine!" she said, with deepest feeling in her quiet voice, as she looked up from the little red-covered Bible which I found her reading, and on whose leaves I felt sure a few quiet tears had fallen. "And now, when I am getting old, and reconciled to my lonely life, and never expected to be anybody but the lonely little woman you have always known. I can't tell you all about it to-night, dear child; but if it should come to pass to you—as most likely it never can or will—that you should be a poor orphan, and should find one friend in the great, rich family where you lived to teach the younger children, and that friend was one who told you that he loved you, and wanted to take you away from your life of toil among them, and make you his wife; and then his mother and father should interfere, and say you weren't good enough for their oldest son—most likely you'd do as I did, and steal away, miles and hundreds of miles away from them all, and never let them hear of you again. I was proud, if I was poor, and I hated them all, and wanted him to forget me. But he never has—John says the day has never been when he has loved another woman, though they wanted him to marry, and he didn't know where I'd gone, nor but I'd been married years ago, before we met to-day. And now, to think we have come together again after these twenty long years! and it all comes out so strange: that John is Hattie's husband's uncle, and Harry Ellsworth's mother is one of the little girls I used to teach! It seems like a dream, Josephine!" And the little pale fingers fluttered like birds among the leaves of the red-covered Bible.

"And now, at last, you're going to have somebody to love you, and a nice home of your own. I'm so glad! and Hattie'll be rejoiced—and everybody in Woodboro', too! Mamma said she should feel sure something would happen to you, if you didn't wear the chinchilla tippet: and it's happened, and I'm real glad you lost it, indeed I am, dear, good Miss Stoddard!" and in the ridiculousness of my delight

I actually hugged and kissed the little woman till she opened her quiet eyes in a broad stare. "Yes, I'm glad it's all happened; and you helped at Hattie's wedding, and must at mine, and we'll both dance at yours, Miss Stoddard!"

But "Miss Stoddard" was not at my wedding; although Mrs. John Fielding was, for she was married before me. She wore a silver gray silk, for the old favorite colors are still maintained; but the richness of the fabric, and the daintiness of her exquisite embroideries, never "set off" any bride to better advantage, old or young.

It is a handsome, but plain gray stone front on T—— street, in the old Trimountain city, whose silver door plate bears the name of "John Fielding." The full window draperies are of a quiet neutral tint; the same hue prevails among the figures of the rich carpets that yield under the tread like wood mosses in the forests of dear old Woodboro'; and a little woman in dresses of soft and subdued colors glides quietly forward to receive you. Hattie and I spend a day with her occasionally, at which visits she knits a good deal from a large ball of gray worsted.

"Old fashioned, I dare say you think me, my dears!" she says in the quietest of voices, and with a little smile. "But I can't forget all the old ways I had at Woodboro'. Providence permitting, I mean to knit all John's socks this winter! I've lived a busy life too long to begin to live an idle one now."

"Providence" has "permitted" my little friend to busy her small, pale fingers with many quiet offices of kindness for not only "John" but those about her. In the great world there may be noisier philanthropists; but there are none who do more for their Master's service among the poor, and destitute, and lonely, than this little woman, in her quiet way. In the great world there may be many who surround themselves with more of the gauds and tinsels of fashionable life; but there are none who walk their path, more quietly and serenely happy, than does she who kept, for twenty years, amid her loneliness, the one love of her youth, till she met her reward when that love was restored to her. For Mrs. Fielding is far happier than was lonely little Miss Stoddard.

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THE more talents and good qualities we possess the more humble we ought to be, because we have the less merit in doing right.

## LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

### LETTER IV.

DEAR MR. GODEY: It seems no longer ago than yesterday that I used to go up across the smooth mowed ground to the garden where Nat would be at work. The garden was on a hill-side, slopin' down toward the holler. You could see the brook crookin' 'round among the trees and medders, and where it couldn't be seen, the great elms, buttonwoods, and birches along the bank showed where it was. The rollin' hills that sloped up the other side of the holler was all speckled with orchards, medders, and patches of trees; and away off, ever so far away, was mountains so faint and purplish, that it was easy to take 'em for clouds.

I used to let down the bars and go into the garden, and look at all the posies first. There was a bunch of pineys and medder-lilies; but the blows was all gone. They was in a square bed, with a row of sives all round the edge. Next to the piney was a big bunch of marygolds and batchelder-buttons; and in a bed by themselves was saffron and balm, sweet basil and smellage. I never knew what there was about these old-fashioned things that I liked so well; but the sight of a balm-blossom, or a sprig of basil now always carries me right back to that lonesome old garden on the side hill, in the meadow, with the gray chimneys of the house standin' like head and foot-stones on the green mound of apple trees down below us.

Generally Nat used to be diggin' among the cabbages, and wouldn't say anything till I come round where he stood; but sometimes he would come over to the posy beds, and begin to ask me questions.

One day, it was after a number of hot days, and the air was so heavy and close that the cattle stood pantin' under the trees, and the sky, yellow and brassy-lookin', seemed drawin' near to the earth, I went out to the garden. The house was like a cellar, and all the corners looked as if they was full of fog; I couldn't stay there; so I went out. I heard the ring of Nat's hoe before I saw him, and I knew that he was likely to have a story to tell, for it was too warm for work, besides the sun was going down soon, and he had to go away to the hills after the cows, and he liked to stir up his mind with a good ghost story before he started. Sure enough, while I was lookin' into the marygold Nat come and stood on t'other side of the bed.

His tow trowsers was rolled up 'most to his knees, and one of his galluses was hangin' over his hip. He wiped his face on his shirt-sleeve, and fanned himself with his hat. "Schoolma'am," says he, "I hope there 'll be an offie thunder shower to-night—one that 'll crack the rafters to the skies. Then you 'll see how Granny 'll fly 'round. Oh, she's wide awake when it litens. I hope it 'll thunder, too. Don't you like to hear thunder?" "No," says I, "I'm afraid of thunder." Nat looked at me and grinned. "Look yonder!" says he, "d'you see that big pile of yellor stun away off on that back road? Well, schoolma'am, that was piled up, stun by stun, 'ever so long ago. A man shot his brother there, jest as ef he 'd been a dog. Everybody goin' that way used to put a stun on the pile. You shall go there some time, 'n' see the board with blood on it. Well, one day it was hot, jest like to-day, 'n' in the night ef it didn't thunder?"—and Nat rubbed his head, and looked at me for a minit, as if he couldn't think what to say. "That night Granny was up all night. She put on her silk frock, that's in the chist, 'n' a black hat with an orstridge feather in it, 'n' her shoes with heels like red tops, 'n' she cut round, 'n' talked high Dutch, 'n' bowed, 'n' curcheyed, 'n' acted as ef she 'd gone ravin' mad. Father 'n' mother sot 'n' watched her; but 'las! she didn't see 'em at all. The next mornin' them stun was hove 'round all over the ground, 'n' the dirt was tore up like as ef a passle of mad bulls had been pawin' 'n' scorin' the ground with their horns. I 'member how the litenin' darted 'n' darted down out on the clouds all night long, and one streak, like a big red sword, seemed to come right down afore me. The thunder come with it 'n' the rain. The noise it made was jest as ef the mountains was bein' ground into powder. Long towards mornin' the thunder 'n' litenin' sort of died away, as ef they 'd wore out their strength, 'n' Granny slid off to sleep. I wish you could a-seen her, with her black silk frock covered all over with red roses, 'n' her little mite of a hat, with feathers hangin' down over her ears, 'n' her peaked-toed shoes with buckles 'n' red heels, a settin' fast asleep in a chair. She looked as ef she was dead, 'n' wuss 'n any ghost that ever showed itself. When I went to drive out the cows I seen the stuns layin' round, 'n' I knew rite off that that big crinkly

flash must a-lit rite on that stun pile. At first sight I scatted for home, but second thought I went 'n' looked at the place. There wasn't one stun left on the spot where they say the blood run down 'n' wet the grass. There was a great hole 'n' a pile of fresh dirt. I tell you, schoolma'am, my skin crep' under my clothing. It looked so much as ef the litenin' had come down there a-purpus. A good many folks went there to see, 'n' after a good spell, I jest hove the stun all back agin in a pile. I used to get a smart scoldin' from Granny every time I went there to work; but I 'm used to Granny's talks. I wouldn't mind it now ef she was to tell me that the litenin' was a live creeter, 'n' could lite jest where it had a mind ter do, 'n' lick up anything or anybody, 'n' crack their bones, 'n' sizzle their skin with its red-hot mouth. She use ter say it was awake when it begun to liten, 'n' it was her friend, 'n' she loved its red wavy hair streamin' over the clouds better 'n she loved anything on airth. She said the thunder was a great bass voice singin' to her out of the sky, 'n' she 'd sing back agin with a screech that made my hair stan' up. I could hear her say: "Nearer, nearer, my red lipped giant. Why du ye stan' in the clouds 'n' wave your hand to me." 'N' so she goes on till I begin to think Granny's crazy. What do you think, schoolma'am?" "I should think," says I, "she certainly was out of her head." "Well," says Nat, "I 'spect father 'n' mother thinks so too, but they don't talk about it. Ever 'n' ever so long ago when Granny was a gal, she lived with her father 'way down in the middle counties. He was rich, 'n' had ever so many niggers 'n' a passle of farms that use to be hired for corn, 'n' wheat, 'n' horses. Granny's got a picter of herself somewhere. I seen it once; it was awful hansom. She had a fire-red cloak over her shoulders 'n' a blue frock on under it. It was such a blue as the blue on father's razor, 'n' her hat had black fethers with blue tips to 'em. Her eyes was maybe a trifle pleasanter than they be now, but they looked right at my thoughts. It was a little picter with a gold rim 'round it, 'n' a purple morroccer cover 'round it like a watch-case. She never shows it; but I got a look at it once when she was asleep. Folks do say Granny had a great deal of disappointment in her younger days; maybe that's why she's so queer. You see she was a rich, hansom gal, 'n' lots of fellers was likely to want her for a wife. Her father was jest as stiff 'n' proud as she was, 'n' when he found out she meant to marry a captain, captin of a war ship, he swore

he 'd see her dead 'fore he 'd 'low it. There was a time they say then, for she wasn't likely to give up her notions to anybody. Her father took her off to ever so many grand places, 'n' tried to make her take a notion to somebody that suited him; but she wouldn't look at anybody but her captin. Well, jest when her father was a-goin' to give up, 'n' let her have her way, news come that the captin's ship was struck by litenin' 'n' he was killed, 'n' they throwed him into the water, all sewed up in a sail. When they told her she screamed out that something was burnin' her head, 'n' went off wild 'n' screechin'. After she got over it, she wasn't nateral at all; but sharp and wicked to 'most everybody." Finally, she married gran'ther and lived here. She wouldn't go nowheres nor be clever to nobody, 'n' I reckon she 's, jest as you say, out of her head."

"Well, Nat," says I, "don't you feel sorry for her? Maybe she never was happy herself, and didn't know how to make anybody else happy."

"Happy," says he; "d'ye s'pose anybody is happy to our house? Ef you do, you're mistaken. 'Tain't me, nor Idy, nor little Clary. They're the glummiest little owls ever you see. Why the sun don't shine down there as it does up here, or anywhere else out doors. I know what I'll do, jest as soon as ever I 'm a man, I'll get married; maybe you 'll have me?"

"Oh, Nat, I shall be so old then, you would not think of such a thing," says I.

"Well, I'll have somebody, 'n' then I'll have a house, 'n' the girls shall live with me, 'n' we'll laugh all the time. We won't look sober for anything. Jest you come 'n' see us, 'n' see how nice it'll be to have everybody chirk 'n' good-natured."

"But," says I, "'s'posin' your father wanted you to live with him."

"Not in *that* house," says Nat. "I 'd jest as soon live under gran'ther's big stun table over in the buryin' ground. I would, now; 'twouldn't be so lonesome with the grass growin' 'round it. Grass won't grow round *that* house. I've tried it ever so many times. It won't grow there. Schoolma'am, I reckon we'd better go home; sundown 's come."

So Nat and I went down to the house. Nat put his hoe on the fence, and went after the cows, and I went in. The little girls were sittin' on stools by the fire, as still as mice, and their father and mother in the corners of the fireplace. But the old lady set in a big chair by the winder, lookin' at the sky. Away off over the purple mountains there was every fer

minits a sudden flash. She was watchin' it as if it was somethin' wonderful rare to look at. I thought of what Nat told me, and when the little girls brought a candle for me to go up stairs, I'm ashamed to say I was afraid to go alone; but I did, for I couldn't bear to have them know how I felt. I put the candle on the table, and went and looked out of the winder. There was a black bank of clouds risin' up out of the south, and stretchin' toward the west. Nat was comin' out of the yard with his milk-pails, and the cows rattled their bells as if they was uneasy. There didn't seem to be a bit of wind, but the leaves to the apple-trees rustled, and stirred, and once in a while a whip-poor-will gave his lonesome whoop over on the hills. I b'l'ev'e 'most every body feels a little queerish when it thunders, especially among the hills. There 's so many crashes that foller one another away off, and rumble and rattle, that you git to feelin' sort of wild before you know it. Now I knew well enough there was a big shower comin', and with what Nat told me, and what I'd seen, I was rather timersome. So I put down the winder, though I was like to smother with the heat, and pulled the curtain close so the listenin' shouldn't show itself. I wouldn't go to bed, and so I jest peeked into a grasshopper bureau that stood in one corner to look for a book. There was two doors over the two drawers, and sure enough there was two shelves full of books. They was mostly bound in dark old leather covers, and looked dingy and worm eaten. I took out some. There was "Ramblers," and "Spectators," and "Guardians" bound, and ever so many that I couldn't read a word of. I found one bound in morocco, with a clasp somethin' like the Prayer Book Brewstir give me last Christmas; but the leaves was thick smooth paper, and it was every bit writ with a pen, and all the capitals was flourished off at a great rate. There was poetry, and somethin' like letters scattered along. It didn't seem to be an albion, but a book that somebody had used to write a little in every day or so. Some of the verses was queer; I couldn't get the sense of 'em very well. I remember one piece, for it was so peculiar that I read it more 'n once, and after that I couldn't help thinkin' of it a good deal. I wish I could make you jest one of them shaded whirls that begun the capital letters, but I can't. So, here they are in my own stiff ork-word writin':—

"Lo, thou art mine; in life, in death,  
My soul will cling to thee,  
For the brief space of mortal time,  
For all eternity.

"Not the red lightning's fiery clasp  
Could tear me quite away  
From the green earth and purple skies  
With waves of night and day.

"But, robed in flame, I'll seek thee still,  
Wherever thou mayest be,  
Under green arching forest aisles,  
Or on the troubled sea.

"I'll call thee with the thunder's voice  
From out the cloudy sky,  
Till all the echoes of the earth  
Shall hear me and reply.

"I'll write thy name in lightning flame  
Upon the midnight gloom,  
And thou alone shalt read aright  
For lo, I am thy doom."

Somehow readin' this didn't settle my nerves a bit, and the thunder was beginnin' to roll, low and distant, but so quick that it seemed as if they was connected together and playin' some great solemn tune on the bass pipes of an organ that was somethin' bright and glorious, like sunshine. Bymby there was a holler, moanin', rushin' sound that grew closer every minute. I knew it was the wind and the rain, and the thunder was beginnin' to run up along the scale, till the house rocked and trembled with the sharp claps as if the millions of great white spirits that flew abroad on the winds had all clapped their wings at once. Then the rain come, and the wind struck the old house a blow that made the rafters screech and groan, and the walls crack as if they was a-goin' to yield. I could hear the apple-trees complainin' while they rubbed and thrashed agin the brick walls, and flung their leaves out straight into the air as if they was helpless and shiverin' with fright. I shivered where I sot with my feet curled up, and my head on my arms, and I tried not to think of anything I'd heard about the old lady down below. I tried to think of Susan, and Archy, and the boys, and imagined I was goin' with Susan down to the shore medder after strawberries, and tried to think jest how the bobolinks sung on the willers along the shore, and the smell of the grass and posies, and the strawberries so bright and fresh; but jest then I thought of that dear old lonesome place across the lake, and I couldn't help thinkin' how the rain would beat down on that green mound in the corner of the garden, and through the chimney into the cold fireplaces, and through holes in the roofs, down to the very corner where John lay when he died. I forgot all about the storm and the thunder, terrible as it was. I had to go back over some of the dark days of my life. That day when they told me he was dyin', when I went across the lake to

see him. The silver skimmer of the lake as our boat cut across the ripples, the sky so blue and high, and the clouds white as angels, that lay sleeping there so still. I heard the divers' lonesome cries, and the kingfisher's scream. I could see, and hear, and feel everything, so sharp and tender all my feelin's was grown with this terrible pain. John was dyin'. They told me so. In a little while, hardly an hour, even when I held him fast by the hand, and looked into his eyes, and called him by name, he went away, he died. He didn't look at me nor answer me, nor clasp my hand that shook so, while it nestled into his cold, limp palm. Oh, he was dead! dead!

Somebody knocked at the door, knocked hard and fast. I was awoke out of my dream-in' in a minit, and sprung to open it. It was Nat, with a candle, and his face was as white as cloth. He looked at me with the strangest look. "Schoolma'am," he whispered, "won't you come down? Granny's dead, 'n' we're nigh about scart to deth." My hair riz up on my head. I couldn't have been hired to stay there a minit longer alone. I took up my candle and went down stairs with Nat. He took me straight into the old lady's room. It was a gloomy old place, with a fireplace like the mouth of a cave, and curtains to the winders and bed of some dark stiff stuff. The curtains to the winders was pulled back, and, jest as I got in, a blindin' flash blazed into the room, and seemed to play over the pinched face of the poor dead old lady, like that blue light we used to call fox fire. She was settin' upstraight, in a great high back chair, with a black and crimson silk frock on, with long lace ruffles to the sleeves, and lace around the neck. A little hat with feathers hangin' down to her shoulders was on her head; but oh, such a face! Her eyes was wide open, and starin' straight up; her jaw dropped down, and every wrinkle looked as if it had been cut with a chisel.

The two little girls set cowerin' in a corner, and sobbin' as if their hearts would break, while their father and mother sat in another corner without speakin'. Nat set down the candle. I stood considerin' a minit. The fact is I was jest as scart as anybody, but I kNEW some of us must do somethin'. We couldn't set all night and look at that awful face; so I went and took off the hat, though my fingers felt as if they was froze, and cold chills run over me all the time. I motioned to her son, and he helped me carry her to the bed and lay her down there. I closed the eyes that looked so glassy, tied a cloth round her head

and chin, covered the face, pulled down the curtains, and sat down with the rest. The thunder had seemed to grow worse all the time, and now the house shook with it. It was twelve o'clock, five hours to daylight, and we must stay there all that time by the dead woman, alone. I was glad I had courage enough to move her. After awhile the little girls cried themselves to sleep, and their mother got pillers and put under their heads, just where they lay on the floor. Nat set in a great bow-back chair, and breathed so hard that I thought he was asleep, till I saw him lookin' at me very earnest. He looked at me ever so many times, and finally he said, "Schoolma'am, sposin' you jest read us suthin'. There's some books." I looked round, there was a glass door to a little cupboard on the chimney. I went and got a book without lookin' at it. It was "Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs." I didn't call it pleasant readin', but it passed away the time till daylight. The thunder and the rain all went off before that, and seems to me the silence was worse than the noise of the wind and the thunder.

When the light begun to show through the apple-tree boughs over the windows, we opened the door and went into the kitchen. A candle had burned itself out on the table. None of us had left the old lady's room all night. Nat went after one of the neighbors, and Mr. Stowers after his brother. When they come I crept up stairs and to bed.

I have wondered a great many times if a funeral is half as solemn anywhere else as in the country among the trees, green and fresh, the grass that loves so well to spread its soft, cool mantle over a grave mound, and under the sky that is a grander roof than all the domes in the world. I know how hard men try to make arches and pillars look like trees and their branches, but what "clustered stone pillars," says Mr. Butterside says, ever come up to nature, that don't seem to try at all.

The funeral was the next day but one after the poor old lady died. I believe 'most everybody was there that lived within six or seven miles. Elder Jones preached the sermon. The text was, "Be ye also ready, for in a day and an hour that ye know not of, the Son of Man cometh." Every room in the house was full; and from the open windows the sound of many voices singin' "China" seemed to float down through the shady orchard, and out over the medder, like a breth of wind full of the smell of roses and southern-wood. Somehow the singin' seemed to lift up Nat. I hadn't seen

the poor fellow look so wonderful bright in all the time I'd known him. He looked as if he'd seen somethin' pleasant away off, and meant to reach it and have it for his own. After the sermon and another hymn, the coffin was opened, and folks invited to look at the dead lady. I felt curis to see her face agin, I knew it must be changed. The awful mystery of death seems to glorify 'most every human bein' that it falls upon. This poor old lady's face, once so sharp and worried-lookin', so grim with trouble, and scared with pain, that was printed over with all the woes of a lifetime, was now as calm as a baby's. The lips was almost curled into a smile, and her forehead was as smooth as if an angel had laid his hand there when she was dyin'. Nat come and stood by me, and looked, and then whispered to me:

"Schoolma'am, granny must a-come back to her senses when she died, or she wouldn't a-had such a face in her coffin. I'm glad on 't, for I shall jest remember how she looks now, 'n' forgit how queer she was."

I was glad too for Nat's sake. Pretty soon Deacon Pendle come and screwed down the coffin-lid, and it was lifted into a wagon, and the mourners rode in another wagon behind it. There was a good many wagons full of folks; but most all the young folks walked a-foot two and two. Dolly Jinks walked with me, and she wanted me to look at Bethuel Button and his wife, to see how kind of sorrowful the old lady looked, and if it was a funeral, she couldn't help tellin' me that Square Kinyon went and drove his black horses to carry the young folks belongin' to Sam Stowers's family.

"Of course," says she, "it's on account of the girls. They're 'most too smart for the Square; though he'll have to take Deacon Moody's darter yet, 'less you have him, Miss Broomcorn. He hasn't asked you yet, has he?"

I couldn't keep Dolly from talkin' till we got to the graveyard. It was in an open lot on a hill, and you could look all up and down the holler from there. There was a board fence 'round it of a lead-gray color, and in the corners was clumps of laylocks and roses. The Stowerses had the handsomest stones of anybody buried in that yard. Gran'ther Stowers had a great table tomb with all the signs of the masons on 'it, and right by side of it was the open grave. They had got the coffin down into the grave before we got near enough to see, and the men was standin' with hats off while Elder Jones prayed. Then the grave was filled up in a few minits; Deacon Pendle thanked

the folks in the name of the family for helpin' "to bury their dead out of their sight." Then they began to scatter 'round over the buryin'-ground in little clumps. Most of 'em went to look at the place where some of their friends lay. Here was a mother standin' by the grave of a little child, and there a number of children with tears in their eyes, pickin' the dead leaves off the rosebushes on little Tommy's grave. I was standin' still, lookin' at the people, and the long slantin' yellow rays that the sun sent down from the hills where he was half hid by the trees, when Dolly Jinks come up to me agin. Says she:

"Look at Square Kinyon a-standin' there by his wife's grave. He's admirin' himself for gittin' such a tall headstone, with such a weepin' willer a-hangin' itself over an urn. I reckon he's thinkin' folks will say he done jest as respectable by his wife as anybody in Pendle Holler. Jest see him smoothin' the marble with his finger to see if there's any nicks in it. Says he to himself: 'That's my property, and I'll see it took care of. It shows purty well for my feelins'.' Oh, Jerushal look, he's wipin' his eyes and blowin' his nose. Oh, murder! that'll do, Square; jest you tackle up your black hosses and go over to Sam Stowers's to-morrer night, and ask Liddy to have you. If she says no, up and ask Keziah. Don't give up, Square; a man that goes sniffin' 'round his wife's grave stun right before folks will move heaven and earth to be married agin right off. You want a wife bad, Square Kinyon—jest to keep you from makin' a fool of yourself."

"Do stop, Dolly," says I; "somebody will sartinly hear you."

"Don't nobody hear me now," says Dolly, "or ain't you nobody. There's Miss Moody a-comin' 'round to look after the Square and Polly Mariar, with a pink gingham frock on. Pink's dresse becomin' to dark folks, ain't it, Miss Broomcorn. There! the Square's wipin' his eyes agin. If only we had Tilda Button back here to help us laugh at it, she'd make us some verses about him better 'n the ones she made about his wife's dyin'."

"Dolly, Dolly," says I, "won't you stop now. I'm ashamed of you."

"No, I won't stop," says Dolly, "and you ain't ashamed of me a bit, for you're laughin' as hard as you can."

"Then, Dolly," says I, "Reuben is a-goin' to speak to Polly Mariar. Hadn't you better run and stop him?"

"O no," says she; "let him, it will be

grand to have him make the Square jealous. I know he will be. Come, you 're goin' home with me. You 've had enough of that old house for one spell."

"I hadn't ought to go with you," says I; "you behave so bad, and then Nat will miss me, it is so lonesome there."

"I can't help it," says she; "it's likely some of Sam's girls will go there to stay, so Nat won't suffer much without you."

"So I went home with Dolly. Ma'am Jenks was home before us. She wanted me to set right down and tell her all about Miss Stowers's dyin'. I told her she died sudden. Dr. Stirrup said it was disease of the heart.

"Jest as like as not," says she; "I've heard tell of sich things. You see the big ligament of the heart gits out of place a little, and there 's an awful strain on it. Then a sudden start like jumpin', for a flash of littenin' (I've had 'em make me enamoost jump out of my skin) breaks it as easy as snappin' a young cucumber in tew. It's a terrible thing, disease of the heart, I know by sperience."

Dolly called me up-stairs, and I didn't hear her experience. I mustn't write any more now, for this is such a long letter now, Brewstir will laugh in my face when he takes it to the post-office. Your obedient,

BETSY BROOMCOB.

## SLATE-PENCIL DRAWINGS.

These Slate-pencil drawings are from Fisher & Brother's very pretty Drawing-Books.  
Price 12½ cents a number.

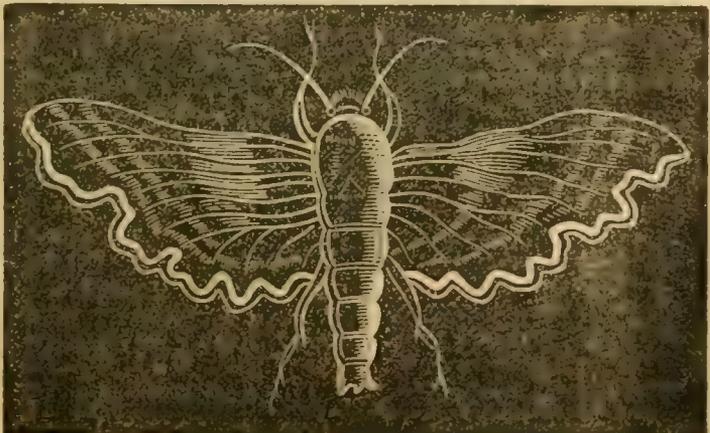
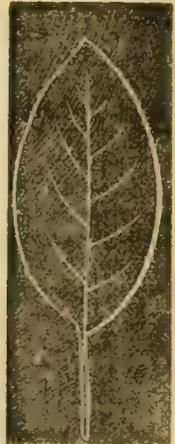
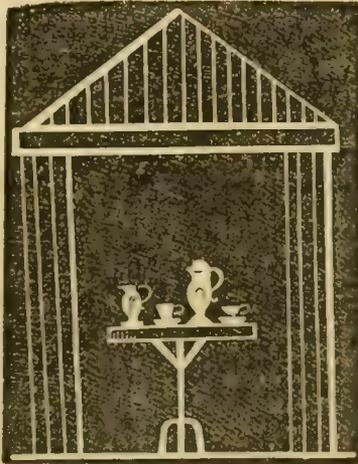
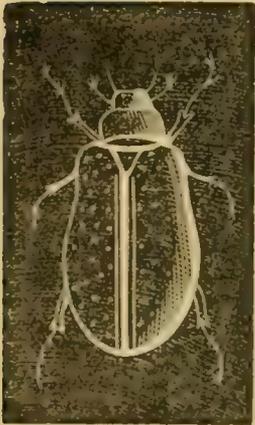


Fig. 1.

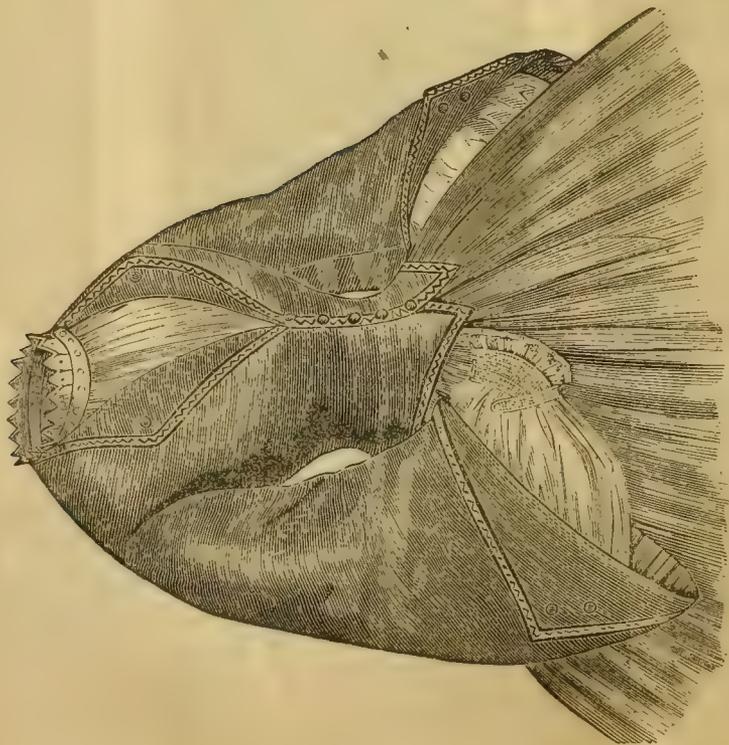


Fig. 1.—Home-dress of violet alpaca, trimmed with black and white braid. The corsage made with a plaited jockey at the back. Fancy muslin chemisettes and sleeves.

Fig. 2.

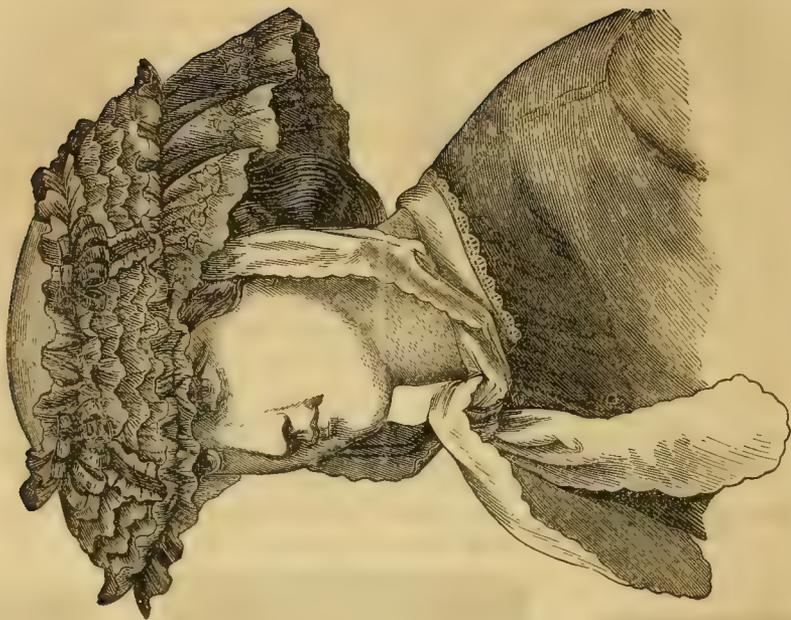


Fig. 2.—A garden hat, made of muslin, or barege and ribbons.

Fig. 3.

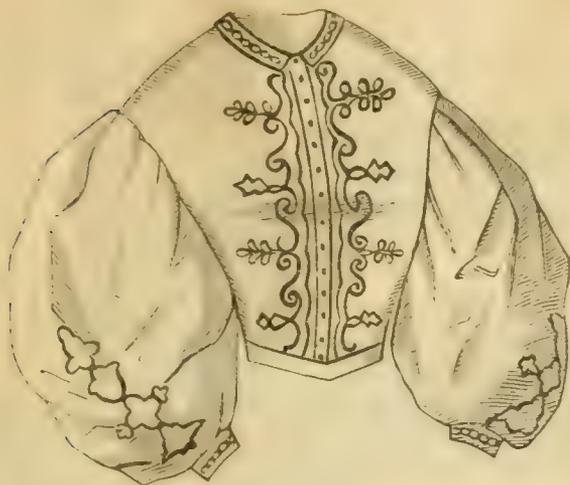


Fig. 3.—Fancy braided Zouave jacket.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 4.—Rich coiffure, made of a gold net, with a torsade of black velvet, and trimmed with bunches of gold leaves.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 5.—Apron for silk or cambric.

Fig. 6.

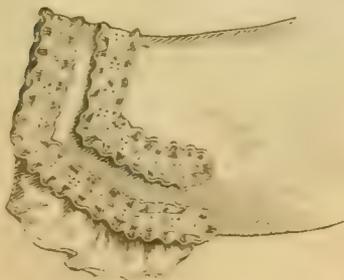


Fig. 6.—Fancy sleeve, suitable for silk or wool goods.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—White silk casing bonnet, suitable for a child just walking.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

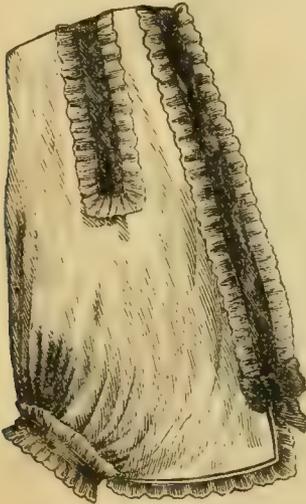
No. 473 Broadway, New York.

*The Demizette.*—This is a very stylish variation from the old-fashioned leg-of-mutton sleeve; five leaves forming the upper part, and terminating in flat bows below the elbow. The lower part of the sleeve is plain, and simply trimmed with five rows of narrow velvet, which extend to the wrist. When the material is silk or poplin, the decoration of the sleeve



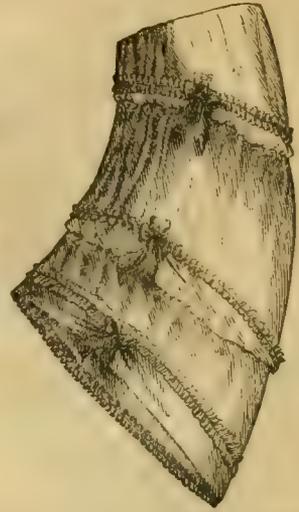
should be black guipure lace, one inch in width, headed with narrow jet trimming.

*The Medallion Sleeve.*—This pretty and novel sleeve is plain at the top and gathered into a band at the wrist. Its name is taken from the trimming, which consists of medallions of ma-



terial, edged on both sides with black lace. One of these is placed on the front, and the other down the centre of the sleeve, terminating in a flat bow of silk or velvet.

*The Venetienne.*—This style is something after the model of the old pagoda. The lower part is gathered on to a plain band at the top, and over this are placed two deep caps, or *volants*. Each section of the sleeve is laid over in a fold



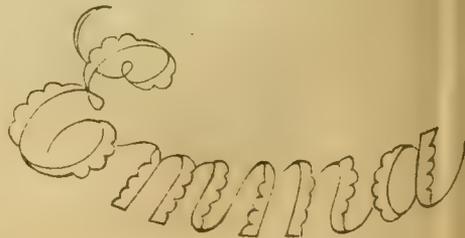
upon the front, the trimming consisting of a silk quilling, ornamented with bows of the same shade, placed on the upper edge.

*Misses' Cloak.*—The back of this design is a circle, but the front, as will be seen in the engraving, is cut narrow, so as not to meet at the



neck, and rounds off towards the back, so as to leave room for a sort of sack front; the arm-hole is under the circle, and is much warmer than the ordinary circle.

NAME FOR MARKING.



NECK-TIE,

OF SCARLET SILK, TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET, GOLD BEADS, AND BLACK LACE.



SCARLET SILK NECK-TIE, MADE TO MATCH THE NECK-TIE.

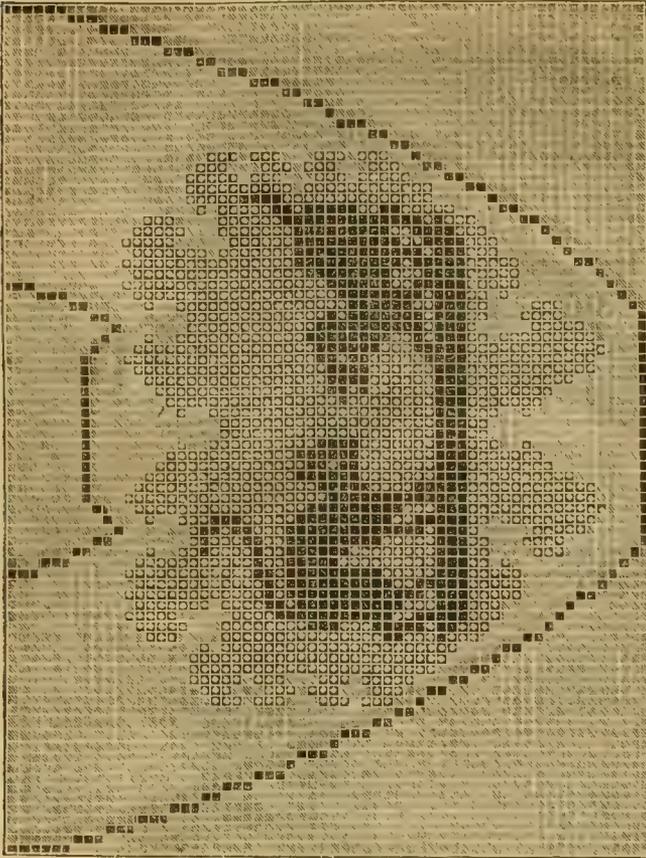
ONE OF THE LATEST COIFFURES.



The hair is arranged in two puffs on one side, and the other in short frizzed curls.

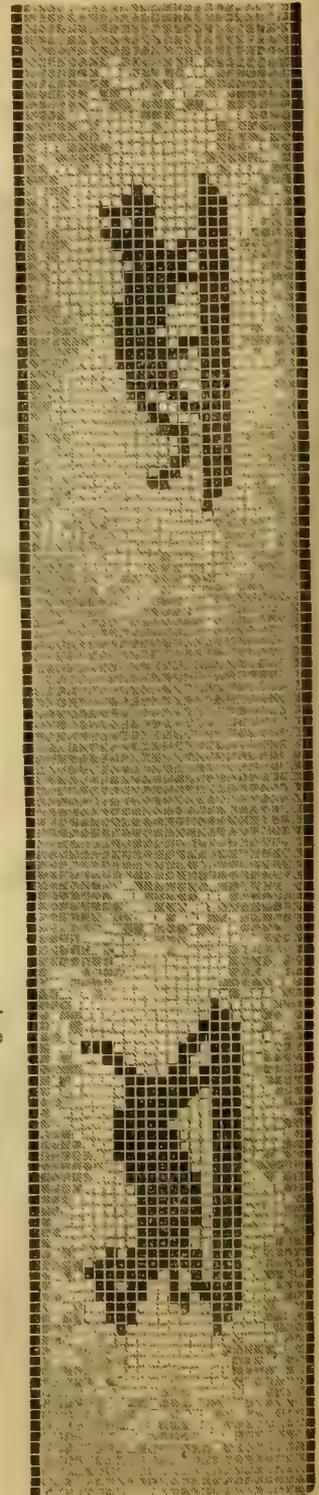
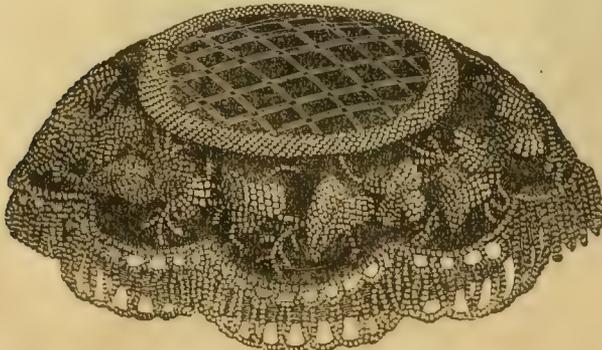
## THE SPITFIRE SLIPPER.

This slipper can be worked on cloth or canvas; if the latter, it should be quite fine. The figures must be worked with black zephyr, with



either bead or yellow silk eyes. The ground should be a brilliant scarlet, and the filling up a sea-green. This will be found a most effective pattern.

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 BEAD TOILET CUSHION.


## BEAD TOILET CUSHION.

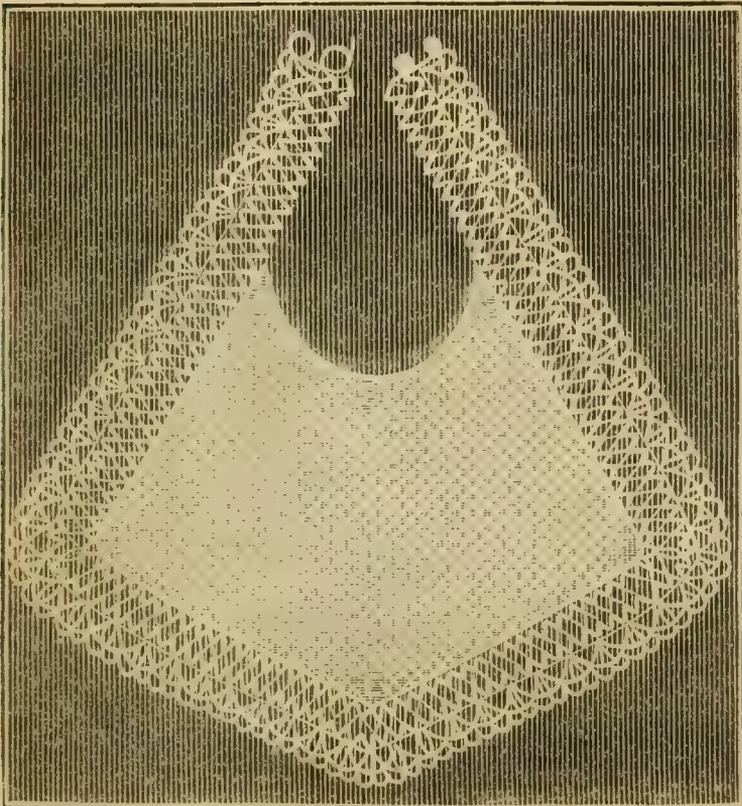
(See engraving, opposite page.)

*Materials*—A quarter of a yard of very bright Solferino silk velvet; a quarter of a pound of alabaster beads; two ounces of chalk beads; two ounces of crystal ditto; four yards of good white silk Russia braid; a few needlefuls of fine black purse silk.

THE mixture of beads and velvet has a very good effect, and is a style of work that is very quickly and easily executed. The centre of the cushion consists of narrow white silk Russia braid arranged in squares, each square being secured and kept in its place by a cross stitch of black purse silk. After the braid is arranged, a ring of card-board should be tacked on the velvet to cover the ends of the braid, and over this card-board the beads should be threaded in a slanting direction, taking just sufficient

beads at one time to make a row. These beads consist entirely of chalk. The arrangement of the leaves and tendrils must, to a certain extent, be left to individual taste; but we can tell our readers how the model before us is arranged, and that, perhaps, will guide them a little in the working. The leaves are done half in alabaster and half in chalk; half the flowers are in crystal and alabaster, and the tendrils are entirely in chalk, whilst the border and fringe are both of alabaster. The last row of loops forming the principal portion of the fringe should not be worked until the cushion is stuffed and made up. We may here mention that pieces of card-board should be laid under both the leaves and flowers, to give the beads a whiter appearance.

## BABY'S BIB.



*Materials*.—A quarter of a yard of white Marcella; cotton, No. 10; braid, No. 1. Crochet hook, No. 17.

THE centre of the bib is composed of Mar-  
31\*

cella, and as our engraving is of a reduced size it must be enlarged to the following dimensions:

From B to E 5 inches, E to F 5 inches, F to C

4½ inches, B to C 2½ inches, A to C 5 inches, D to F 8½ inches. The Marcella must be lined with a piece of calico, and a double piece of flannel placed between; turn down the edges, and sew it neatly all round.

Take the braid and commence at the left corner of the neck, on the wrong side, and sew it round to the other corner of the neck, but do not cut off the braid, then turn the work on the right side, and commence the crochet.

Join the cotton on the 13th wave of the braid, from the neck, 3 chain, unite into the 3d wave, this gives a turn to the braid, 3 chain, unite to the next wave of braid, which is to the left hand, 3 chain, unite to the next wave on the right; repeat this down to the first corner, then miss one wave of the braid to the right, 3 chain, unite into next wave, 3 chain, unite into the same wave at the corner, to the left, 3 chain, miss one wave on the right, unite to the next, then proceed the same as before, to the centre; 3 chain, unite into the same wave on the left, 3 chain, unite into the next wave on the right, 3 chain, unite to the next wave on the left; 3

chain, unite to the next wave on the right; 3 chain, unite to the same wave on the left; now proceed as before, and work the next corner as the first. Join the braid at the neck, leaving it the same length as the opposite side.

FOR THE EDGE. 1st row.—Commence on the wave next to the centre one, at the top of the braid, on the outer edge, 3 chain, 1 single, into each wave all round.

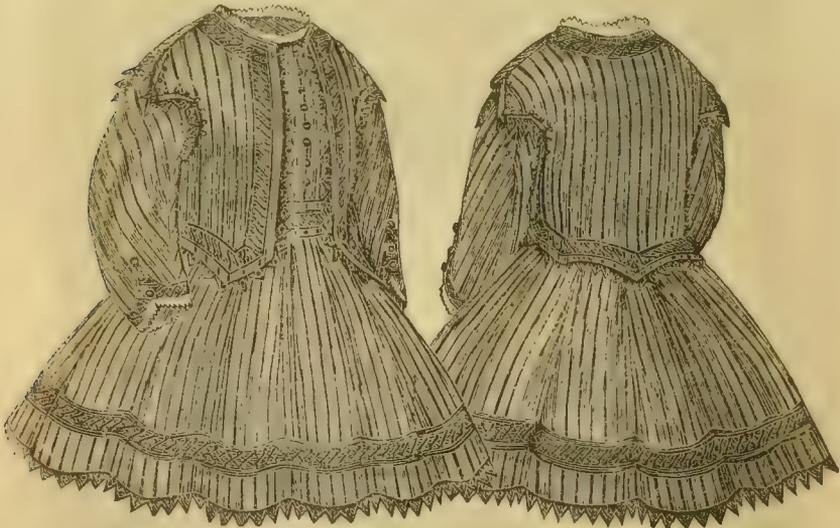
2d.—Commence in the centre stitch of the first, 3 chain, 7 chain, \* 1 single, in same stitch, 7 chain, miss one chain of 3, 1 single, into next 3, 7 chain, repeat from \*.

3d.—Commence in the centre stitch of the first 7 chain, 7 chain, \* miss one chain of 7, 1 single, into centre of next 7, 7 chain, repeat from \*.

4th.—Commence on the first stitch in last row, 5 chain, \* 1 double, under the centre of the two chains of 7, thus looping them together, 5 chain, 1 double, on the single stitch over the 7 chain, 5 chain, repeat from \*.

Sew on two buttons, and loops, to fasten it round the neck.

### COSTUME FOR A BOY THREE OR FOUR YEARS OLD.

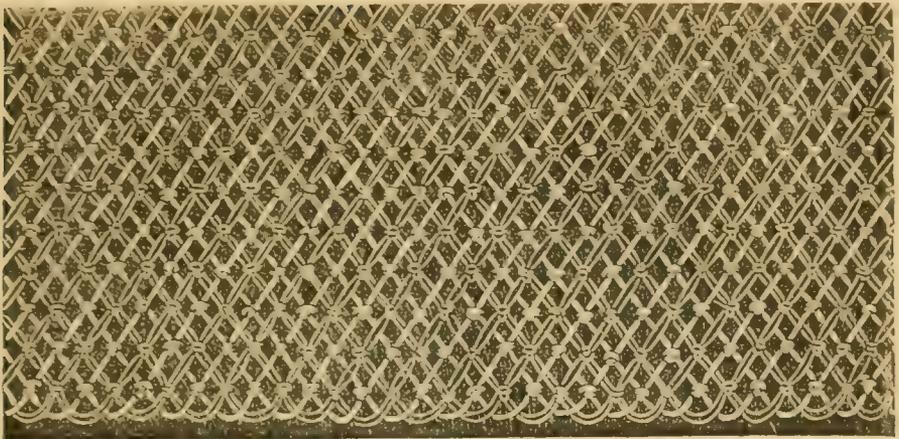


The dress is of azurline blue poplin, striped with black. The jacket is bordered with a band of black silk, braided with white, which also forms the belt and trimming for the skirt. A pointed black velvet edges the skirt and jacket.

### DOUBLE NETTING IN TWO COLORS.

Materials.—No. 2 cotton, and Magenta or any other colored Andalusian wool (this color is recommended for all washing purposes); two steel netting needles of good length.

ADAPTED for gentlemen's and ladies' neck-



DOUBLE NETTING IN TWO COLORS.

ties, purses, or with very large mesh and coarse fleecy for sofa pillow covers.

Net a foundation, and fasten on both colors at once.

Net a stitch with *white*, and throw the needle over the *left hand* on to the table; take up the colored needle; net a stitch, then throw the colored needle on to the *left-hand side of the place where the white needle was thrown*. Upon this last arrangement of the needles the pattern entirely depends; otherwise the netting will be divided into two distinct nets, one white, the other colored, and the effect desired be lost.

2d row.—Net a white stitch into a white, and a colored into a colored, throwing the needles in the same manner.



GRECIAN NETTING.

*Materials for Tullies.*—No 2 cotton, a flat mesh five-eighths of an inch wide, and one smaller, something less than half an inch. If for a purse, use rather finer silk and meshes, Nos. 14 and 8.

*Large Mesh.*—A row with an even number of stitches.

*Small Mesh.*—Put the cotton round the



GRECIAN NETTING.

fingers as in plain netting: pass the needle through the finger loop into the first stitch;

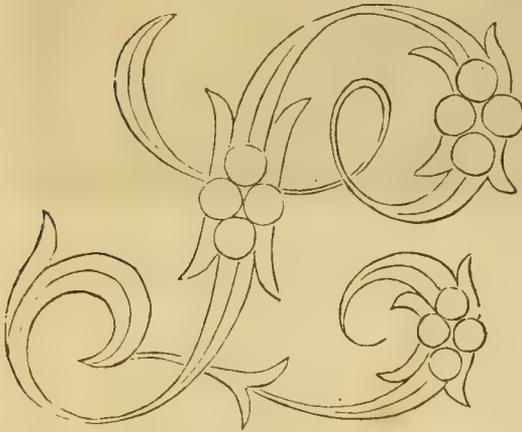
with the point of the needle draw the second stitch through the first; withdraw the needle,

and again draw the first stitch through the second; now finish the stitch. The next stitch to be netted is a small loop that appears to go across the twisted stitches; repeat.

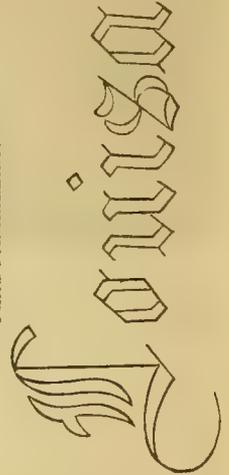
*Large Mesh.*—Plain row.

*Small Mesh.*—Same as before, only netting the first and last stitch plain. This stitch requires some practice, otherwise it is difficult to manage, but then becomes easy enough.

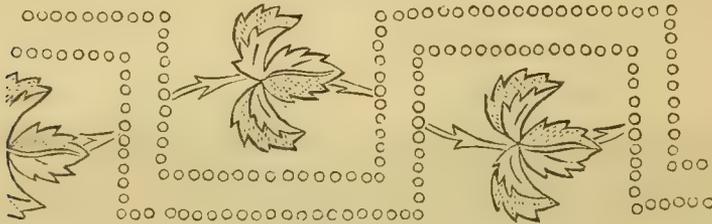
LETTER FOR A SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.



NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



# Receipts, &c.

## MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**THE FILLET OF VEAL ROASTED** is a good and serviceable joint. One weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds is the best. Have a largish Kanuckle sawn off, and the middle bone taken out; this will make a good place in which to put some *stuffing*. The flap and the udder must then be folded round, and fastened with skewers. If the hole in the centre does not hold quite so much stuffing as you wish, a little more can be placed between the flap and the fillet. Before putting it down to roast, tie some well-buttered writing-paper over the top and bottom. Place the joint rather near to the fire for a few minutes, and when it is warm rub it well over with butter. Then place it at such distance from the fire that it may roast slowly, and yet get a nice yellow-brown color. A fillet of the weight we have named will require nearly three hours' roasting. A few minutes before serving up take off the string and paper, and baste well with *then* melted butter, with, if approved, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup. Lay it on the dish with the side uppermost most convenient for cutting, and pour over plenty of *then* melted butter. It is usual to have a ham, a piece of bacon, or an ox-tongue, at the opposite end of the table, as an accompaniment.

**THE LOIN OF VEAL** is best with the chump taken off. It should be selected with plenty of fat and a full kidney. Skewer the flap well over, and cover with buttered paper. A loin weighing about twelve pounds will require about two hours and a half roasting. Attend to the directions given about roasting the fillet, and serve up with melted butter poured over.

**CANAPES.**—Cut up an equal quantity of cold roast veal and of sardines in long thin slices, add a fifth of the weight of capers, flavor plentifully with oil, vinegar, and chopped herbs. Serve on pieces of bread about two inches square and half an inch thick, which had been previously fried in butter. Serve cold.

**POTATO BALLS.**—Take four potatoes, boiled the day before, grate (not *rub*) them. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and two eggs, salt, and a *very* little nutmeg. Make into round balls, put them into boiling water, and boil twenty minutes. Oil some butter and brown some chopped onions in it. When the balls are finished, throw over them raspings of bread, and then pour on the hot oil and onions. N. B. The great point is to serve very hot.

**TO STEW MUSHROOMS.**—Peel and take out the insides of some large mushrooms, and broil them on a gridiron. When the outside is brown, put them into a saucepan with as much water as will cover them. Let them stand ten minutes, then add to them a spoonful of white wine, and the same of brownings, and a few drops of vinegar. Thicken with flour and butter, beat up a little, lay sippets round a hot dish, and serve them up.

**HAM TOAST.**—Melt a small piece of butter in a stewpan until it is slightly browned; beat up one egg and add it to it; put in as much finely-minced ham as would cover a round of buttered toast, adding as much gravy as will make it moist when quite hot. When all the ingredients are in, stir them quickly with a fork; pour on to the buttered toast, which cut in pieces afterwards any shape you please. Serve hot.

**A CHEAP GREEN PEA-SOUP.**—Two quarts of green peas, a piece of lean ham, some bones from roast meat, two onions sliced, two lettuces cut fine, a few sprigs of parsley, a bunch of sweet herbs, put them to stew in two quarts of cold water, and let it simmer gently. When quite tender, strain it, and pulp the peas and other vegetable through a sieve. Put it on the fire again, with pepper and salt, and about a pint of milk. Serve with fried bread cut into small dice.

**A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.**—Choose three spring chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a pie-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon: these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; add a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

**TO COOK CODFISH WITH A PIQUANT SAUCE.**—Cut the best part of a codfish in slices, and fry them in butter a light brown color. Take them up out of the pan, and lay them upon a warm dish before the fire. Boil some onions, cut them into slices, and put them into the same pan with the butter, adding a little vinegar, water, and flour, and some finely-chopped rosemary and parsley. Fry the onions and all the ingredients together, and afterwards pour the whole over the fried fish. This dish will be excellent for three days, as it can be warmed easily when wanted.

**A SINEE KABAUB.**—Take a pound weight of a rump of beef, and cut the same into dice-formed pieces, removing all the fat. Have at hand half a dozen roots of green ginger, a few cloves of fresh garlic, some green shalots, and a small portion of green lemon-peel. Take a long, thin iron skewer, cut the ginger into small separate thin pieces, serving the shalots, the garlic, and the lemon-peel after a similar manner. Then strew a small quantity of fine curry-powder over the meat, and reeve the skewer through one piece at a time, intermediately skewering the ginger, shalots, onions, garlic, and lemon-peel after the mode following: Meat, shalot, garlic; meat, ginger, lemon-peel; meat, shalot, garlic; meat, ginger, lemon-peel, and so on till the skewers are fully occupied. Expose the same before a clear, fierce, charcoal fire, basting the whole with a bunch of fowls' feathers, introduced into fresh *ghee* till done brown. Serve the same up with boiled rice.

## GRAVIES AND SAUCES.

**MELTED BUTTER.**—Keep a pint stewpan for this purpose only. Cut two ounces of butter into little bits, that it may melt more easily, and mix more readily put it into the stewpan with a large teaspoonful of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. When thoroughly mixed, add six tablespoonfuls of water; hold it over the fire, and shake it round every minute (all the while the same way) till it just begins to simmer, then let it stand quietly and boil up. It should be of the thickness of good cream.

**CELERY SAUCE, WHITE.**—Pick and wash two heads of nice white celery; cut it into pieces about an inch long; stew it in a pint of water, and a teaspoonful of salt, till the celery is tender; roll an ounce of butter with a tablespoonful of flour; add this to half a pint of cream, and give it a boil up.

**THICKENING.**—Clarified butter is best for this purpose; but if you have none ready, put some fresh butter into a stewpan over a slow, clear fire; when it is melted, add fine flour sufficient to make it the thickness of paste; stir it well together with a wooden spoon for fifteen or twenty minutes, till it is quite smooth: this must be done very gradually and patiently; if you put it over too fierce a fire to hurry it, it will become bitter and empyreumatic: pour it into an earthen pan, and keep it for use. It will keep good a fortnight in summer, and longer in winter.

A large spoonful will generally be enough to thicken a quart of gravy.

**Egg SAUCE.**—This agreeable accompaniment to roasted poultry, or salted fish, is made by putting three eggs into boiling water, and boiling them for about twelve minutes, when they will be hard; put them into cold water till you want them. This will make the yolks firmer, and prevent their surface turning black, and you can cut them much neater: use only two of the whites; cut the whites into small dice, the yolks into bits about a quarter of an inch square; put them into a sauce-boat; pour to them half a pint of melted butter, and stir them together.

**LEMON SAUCE.**—Pare a lemon, and cut it into slices; divide these into dice, and put them into a quarter of a pint of melted butter. Some cooks mince a bit of the lemon-peel (pared very thin) very fine, and add it to the above.

**MOCK CAPEER SAUCE.**—Cut some pickled green peas, French beans, gherkins, or nasturtiums, into bits the size of capers; put them into half a pint of melted butter, with two teaspoonfuls of lemon-juice, or nice vinegar.

**YOUNG ONION SAUCE.**—Peel a pint of button onions, and put them in water till you want to put them on to boil; put them into a stewpan, with a quart of cold water; let them boil till tender; they will take (according to their size and age) from half an hour to an hour.

#### POTATOES.

HOW TO CHOOSE POTATOES, AND KEEP THEM FROM BEING WASTED.

That excellent authority, M. Soyer, says: "Observe, in a general rule, that the smaller the eye, the better the potato, as when they are too full in the eye, they are either of an inferior quality, or are running to seed. To ascertain if they are sound, nip a piece from the thickest end with your finger-nail; if good, the inside will either be of a white, yellow, or reddish hue, according to the sort and quality; if, on the contrary, they are spotted, they are bad, or getting so; but though this part may be slightly touched, by cutting a little off the outside they may prove fit for boiling; though they ought to be bought, when in this state, at a cheap rate. Potatoes always get bad in the spring of the year, as then the old ones are going out, and the new ones for some time continue to possess but little flavor, and are watery when boiled. The old ones ought to be peeled, and steamed, and mashed, or baked in an oven under a joint, or fried in fat; for when done whole in their skins at this time of year, the slightest spot spoils their flavor. The new ones are tasteless and watery, and are much better cooked when put in very hot water, but not boiling, than when put in cold."

There are few articles in families more subject to waste, both in paring, boiling, and being actually

thrown away, than potatoes; and there are but few cooks but what boil twice as many potatoes every day as are wanted, and fewer still that do not throw the residue away, as totally unfit in any shape for the next day's meal; yet if they would take the trouble to heat up the despised cold potatoes with an equal quantity of flour, they will find them produce a much lighter dumpling or pudding than they can make with flour alone; and by the aid of a few spoonfuls of good gravy, they would produce an agreeable dish for the dinner-table.

#### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**BREAKFAST SPONGE CAKE.**—Beat six eggs two minutes, add three cups sugar, beat five minutes; two cups flour with two very small teaspoonfuls cream tartar, beat one minute; one cup of cold water with a small teaspoonful soda; beat one minute; half the rind and juice of a lemon, two cups flour, a bit of salt. Bake twenty minutes.

**BREAKFAST CAKE.**—One pint milk, two or three eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda, flour sufficient to roll out. Roll quite thin, and cut into round, square, or diamond shape, according to fancy. Fry in hot lard like doughnuts. To be eaten with butter.

**MIXTURE FOR THE CREAM CAKES.**—Two cups sugar, one cup flour, four eggs; the eggs, sugar, and flour to be well beaten together; one quart of milk boiled, and while boiling stir in the eggs, sugar and flour. Let it cool, and flavor; open at the side and put the cream in.

**CREAM TARTAR CAKE.**—Half cup butter, two cups sugar, three and a half cups flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in one teacup of milk, one tablespoonful flavoring; stir together quickly, and bake in a quick oven.

**PERPETUAL LEMON CHEESECAKE.**—One pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two, the juice of three fine lemons, and the grated rind of two of them, one quarter pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a pan, boil them gently over a slow fire, until they assume the consistency of honey; pour into small jars, and tie brandied papers over them. A dessertspoonful is sufficient for each cake. This should be made when eggs and lemons are plentiful, as it will keep two years.

**VELVET CREAM.**—Dissolve nearly half an ounce of isinglass in a teacupful of white wine, one pint of cream, the juice of a large lemon. Sweeten the cream to your taste, and when the isinglass is dissolved, put in the juice to the cream, then pour the wine to that. Stir it frequently until it begins to thicken; pour it into a mould.

**VERMICELLI PUDDING.**—Boil four ounces of vermicelli in one pint of new milk with a stick of cinnamon until it is soft. Then add one half pint of thick cream, one quarter pound of butter, one quarter pound of sugar and the yolks of four eggs. Bake in an earthenware dish without paste.

**A COUNTRY PUDDING.**—Mix the yolks of three eggs smoothly with three heaped tablespoonfuls of flour; thin the batter with new milk till it is of the consistency of cream; whisk the whites of the eggs separately, stir them into the batter, and boil the pudding in a floured cloth or basin for an hour. Before it is served, cut the top quickly in cross bars, pour over it a small pot of raspberry or strawberry jelly or jam, and send quickly to table.

**DEVONSHIRE JUSSET**—Put some new milk into a china basin, or else warm some cold milk to the same heat as new, add to it a little calf's rennet, and some brandy or rum, stir it with a spoon so as to mix the whole perfectly. Place it near the fire or on a warm stove till turned, but it must not be kept too hot, or it will not turn properly. When turned, put sugar, grated nutmeg and ground cinnamon on the top, and clotted cream without breaking the curd, and serve.

**ARROWROOT BLANC MANGE**—Mix three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot in milk, in the same manner as though you were preparing starch. Add afterwards a quart of cold milk, sugar to your taste, a few chopped almonds and some grated lemon-peel. Put it on the fire, and stir it until it thickens. Pour into a mould and turn it out when cold.

**FOAM SAUCE FOR THE PUDDING**—One teacup sugar, two-thirds cup butter, one tablespoonful flour, beaten together until smooth. Then place over the fire, and stir in rapidly three gills boiling water; season with outmeg; soda about the size of a pea.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO CLEAN SILK STOCKINGS**—Wash your stockings first in white soap liquor, lukewarm, then rinse them in four waters, and work them well in a fresh soap liquor; then make a third soap liquor, pretty strong, into which put a little *stone blue*, wrapped in a flannel bag, till your liquor is blue enough. Wash your stockings well therein, and take them out and wring them; let them be dried so that they remain a little moist, then stove them with brimstone, after which put upon the wood leg two stockings, one upon the other, observing that the two fronts or outsides are face to face; then polish them with a glass. N. B.—The two first soap liquors must be only lukewarm, the third soap liquor as hot as you can bear your hand in it.

**TO CLEAN PLATE**—Avoid the use of what are called "plate powders;" most of these contain quicksilver, which is very injurious. Boil one ounce of prepared hartshorn powder in a quart of water; while on the fire put into it as much plate as the vessel will hold; let it boil a short time, then take it out, drain it over the vessel and dry it before the fire. When you have served all your plate thus, put into the water as much clean linen rag as will soak up all the liquid. When dry, they will be of great use for cleaning the plate as well as brass locks and the finger plates of doors. When the plate is quite dry, it must be rubbed bright with leather. The use of gritty substances, however fine, should be avoided.

**TO CLEAN TINS AND PEWTER**—Wash thoroughly clean with warm water, into which a handful of bran and a few slices of soap have been thrown while hot. Dry, and then with some of the best whiting powdered, and a little sweet oil, rub well and wipe clean; then dust them over with some dry powdered whiting in a muslin bag, and rub dry with soft leather. When tin covers come from the table, they must be wiped very dry before they are hung up, or the steam will rust the inside.

**TO PREVENT HAIR FROM FALLING OFF**—Coconut oil melted with a little olive oil, and scented as preferred. Sage tea is good for a wash; or warm water. A very good pomade is also made of white wax one-half ounce, spermaceti one-half ounce, olive oil six ounces. Different sorts of hair require different treatment; for what agrees with one makes the other harsh and dry. Cold

cream is often used: it is made with one-quarter ounce of spermaceti, and one-quarter ounce of white wax; dissolve by putting the basin in which you are going to mix it in hot water; then add one ounce each of oil of almonds, and rose water.

**TO PRESERVE MILK**—Provide bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottles, and, as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with packthread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place bottles with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles, and pack them in sawdust, in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of the house. Milk preserved in this manner, and allowed to remain even eighteen months in the bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from the cow.

**BLUE INK**—Two drachms oxalic acid, two drachms Prussian blue, to be mixed in half a pint of water, make as good blue ink as we have seen, and is very simple.

**HOW TO MAKE VINEGAR**—Vinegar is made from sweetened water. That tells the secret. The saccharine principle turns to acid, and we have vinegar. Sweet cider needs but to be put in a warm place—in the sun in summer—with a thin cloth over the bung-hole, to make it the best of vinegar. The mother will soon form a scum on the top, which must be left in. Sour cider needs sweetening when set away for fermentation. That starts it on its way. It is difficult to get vinegar from sour cider alone. In the West, where cider is scarce, sweetened water (it matters not how much or how little sweetened) is the thing. The water must be soft. Rain water is used. A barrel half filled will sour quicker than when full, so said: we have never tested it. Take out the bung. Stretch over the bung-hole a fine sieve or cloth to keep out the flies. When vinegar is formed, cork it up tight, for exposure to the air hurts it.

**TO CLEAN SILKS**—A quarter of a pound of soft soap, two ounces of honey, and a gill of gin: mix these three things well together, and if too thick add a little more gin. Lay the silk on a board, and with a stiff hat-brush brush it well with the mixture, occasionally dipping the brush in a little cold water to make it froth. Rinse it well in cold water, and hang it to drain (without wringing) for a few minutes; then roll in a towel, each piece singly, and iron it wet.

**CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, ALABASTER, OR IVORY ORNAMENTS**—A quarter of an ounce of the best fine isinglass—not *gelatine*—half an ounce of spirits of wine; put the isinglass into any very small jug with a lip; pour on it a few drops of fast boiling water (this will dissolve the isinglass), then put in the spirits of wine—let it stand ten minutes by the fire, or until the whole is well mixed—pour it into a bottle with a tiny neck; when cold it will be a solid white mass. The articles to be repaired must be dry and warm; melt the cement by standing the bottle in hot water, and apply it with a camel's hair brush. After using, observe that the bottle is well corked, or the cement loses its strength by evaporation. This is the cheapest, best, and readiest cement to use for repairing articles not intended to contain hot water, as this would cause the mended fracture to come to pieces.

# Editors' Table.

## WOMAN!

### HER NAME AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

1. She shall be called *woman*.—*Gen. ii. 23.*
2. I will put enmity between thee and the *woman*.—*Gen. iii. 15.*
3. A *woman* that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—*Prov. xxxi. 30.*
4. Blessed art thou among *women*.—*St. Luke i. 28.*
5. God sent forth his son, made of a *woman*.—*Gal. iv. 4.*
6. The *woman* is the glory of the man.—*I. Cor. xi. 7.*
7. A *woman* clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.—*Rev. xii. 1.*

The BIBLE is woman's Magna Charta. In this blessed Book her destiny is predicted; her duties are defined; and her privileges made sure by the unalterable promises of God. One privilege is that of bearing her Eden name—*woman*, significant of her true relation to man, of her peculiar nature; and also of the duties to God and humanity which would be required of the sex till time should end.

In the passages we have selected from Holy Writ are shadowed forth the history of woman as the Bible discloses it. We are intending to take up one subject for elucidation in each monthly Table, till the seven selections are discussed.

The first thing to establish is woman's right to the name given her by divine inspiration. "*She shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.*" It was from the "dust of the ground" that the Lord God made man, breathing into him the breath of life, the "living soul;" but man was not then perfected. Looking on all the previous work of Creation, when accomplished, "God saw that it was good." Of the human being made from dust, the Lord God said: "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." Therefore the feminine nature was the perfecting of the man, and the crowning work of creation.

Bear in mind that every step from matter to man, had been in the ascending scale. Was the last step backward? It must have been, unless the woman was endowed with some gifts of excellence superior to the similar gifts held by man; as in some gifts held by him she was certainly his inferior. Woman has not the perfection of physical strength, nor the mechanical ingenuity, nor the large capacity of understanding, to grasp all subjects relating to this world, its material interests and government which distinguishes man. She could not help him in subduing the world. But moral sense is superior to mental power; intuition is above reason; and if she were wanted to *help him*, she must have possessed a nature more refined, pure, and spiritual than his, a quicker insight into heavenly things, a nearer assimilation with the angelic, a link in uniting the divine with the human, more holy and elevated than man held or ever could have attained without her help.

These qualities of her nature were signified in her Eden name, *woman*. It was also prophetic of the manner in which her moral endowments would be, in her sex, developed and directed, as we shall see in the course of these papers.

*Woman*, then, was the generic name of feminine humanity as distinct from the masculine. In Eden the two natures were one personality. "God created man in his own image: male and female created he them." The two in union formed the perfect man, the mortal immortal, the sovereign of earth, the wonder and mystery of the Heavenly host.

After the Fall another name, designating the specific characteristics of the feminine, in the altered destiny of the race, was given her: "Adam called his wife's name *Eve*; because she was the *mother* of all living;" that is, of all mortal immortals.

Thus was human motherhood placed immeasurably above animal females—brute, bird, insect, "which bring forth animal young"—but all are soulless. With such female creatures to bear young is their highest perfection. Not so with the human feminine: to *help her husband in his moral nature*, and mould her children for God are the perfections of her womanhood.

We see, therefore, why woman cannot be rightly distinguished by the term *female*, when used as a noun or name, and why this term is never applied to her, except as an adjective, by inspired writers. The passages at the head of this paper give her true name, and how the language would be corrupted and the sex degraded by the use of *female* in the place of *woman* may easily be tested by substituting the former in the first clause, "She shall be called *female*;" and so in all the selections that follow. Would such readings be proper?

The Word of God never degrades woman by permitting her distinction of sex to signify her personality. Search the Scriptures; you will find her always called by the names or titles designating her humanity; never with any reference to sex, except in contradistinction to man as male: "God made them *male and female*." This adjective term of *female*, applied to woman, occurs but *twelve times* in the Bible; while her names and titles, *woman, mother, maiden, lady, damsel, bride, wife, daughter, sister, widow, mistress, midwife, prophetess, princess, queen*, these and other appellations, none of which are ever applied to animals, are used over *thirteen hundred times*!

The Bible has for us another important bearing on this question of woman's rightful name and style of address. The English version of the Holy Scriptures is the Palladium of our mother tongue; in it is centred and preserved the purity, truth and strength of the Anglo-Saxon language. This, the noblest of all living languages, which expresses the meaning of the Hebrew text more clearly and forcibly than any other Gentile language can do; this our mother tongue is violated, degraded, polluted by the vulgarity and impropriety which have become prevalent, both in speech and literature throughout our land, using as we do the animal adjective *female* as the noun for woman, or the substitute for *lady*. No other language has thus degraded the sex. Correlative terms are used for the appellations of mankind and womankind by all nations, save the Anglo-Saxon. No French writer would say: "*A gentleman walking with a female*;" "*The females outnumbered the men!*"

We meet with this corruption of our tongue in every

newspaper we take up; in every journal we read, whether literary or scientific. Our swarming works of fiction, many written by women, are vulgarized by this low style. Legislators and jurists have adopted the false term, and use it almost exclusively. In a New York statute for "protecting the rights of married women," the word *woman* does not occur at all; while *femina* is used five times, as a correlative for *husband*.

Even our learned clergy, whose text book is the Bible, have yielded to this tide of corrupt language, this violation of the Divine Word. Do not the greater portion of clergymen speak and write as though the Church was composed of *men and females*? Christ did not speak thus. The Apostles did not so teach. Why and how has this false and bad mode of language become popular?

#### DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENTS.

(From a Letter to the *Edressa*.)

[The following excellent thoughts—"apples of gold in pictures of silver"—are very encouraging as evidence of the changes in public sentiment concerning "woman's sphere." She will find her best place is in the household sanctuary.]

DEAR MRS. HALE: I am no "Woman's Rights woman," as you may friend. Know, meaning by that a discontent with the province of woman as at present arranged, or a desire that she should interfere in politics or government. But I would that women should fill their own situations properly and gracefully; domestic service and activity being one of the most important. We maintain a hundred thousand of the Celtic race to perform duties which would be more properly and respectfully performed by native Americans.

When women, American women, are employed in a house or a factory, there will be no need of the perpetual outcry that they are not allowed fair scope for their energies. They will not seek to be college professors or to go to Congress. There will be enough employment for all when there is a disposition to avail themselves of open opportunities. Of course, I do not expect everybody to be in everybody's kitchen. Nor do I wish to limit any woman's field of action further than the natural propensities of her sex limit her. But I think the perpetual outcry about women's rights and sufferings proceeds much oftener from a partial than a general survey of the case. Those things settle themselves as much as any other portion of political economy.

If an immense number, comprising a class of laborers, withdraw from all competition in that field of labor, their places are, of course, occupied by others, and the field they themselves enter on is crowded. They are ill-paid, of course. Now everybody knows that the withdrawal of this large class of American laboring women is not more the result than the cause of competition in that special field. It arose at first from weakness and false pride, and is continued partly from a feeling that the advantages of the condition from which they have withdrawn are fewer than they formerly were; and partly from a lingering impression that they lower themselves by such employment. Of course, to such persons, argument is of no avail. The effect of sympathy and example is as powerful to restore them as to withdraw them. There is room and to spare for all in the field of which I speak. American women, from their superior tact, ability, and thrift, would always be welcome in a household, and without displacing others whose other qualities would be valuable.

Irish girls are strong and cheerful; American girls have more judgment and skill. There is room for all, and a reasonable support for all. There will not be the opening for immigrants, of course, that there has been. But there will not be the call for foreign laborers when good, and efficient, and sensible women are willing to labor in a household. The whole tone of thought in relation to domestic service would be raised if the class of women to whom I refer were to enter it.

Is this not better than to starve in the streets from a false and wicked pride? It seems so to me. But then, I am an old-fashioned woman, and loved dearly the old friends who labored diligently and faithfully in the old

kitchen in the old times. It was altogether a different affair from the present state of things.

If the war, with its introversions, its upsets, and its involutions, shakes to the centre our social fabric, out of the evil of idleness and self-indulgence, educing consideration for others, and a generous helpfulness, if it bring the proud woman in the parlor to a thoughtful humbleness, and the not less proud one in the attic to a ready activity and usefulness, it will shake some important atoms into place. And, as philosophers tell us the smallest feather does not fall without making in proportion remote spheres, let us hope that a right understanding on this subject may have its weight in determining the whole welfare and destiny of Woman.

#### BOOKS FOR HOME CULTURE.

"SPRINGS OF ACTION" is the title of a choice volume for young ladies, and it will greatly aid mothers in their plans of home instruction. The authoress, Mrs. Richards (see Literary Notices, page 308), is sister of Mrs. Alice B. Haven, and to her this pearl of a book is dedicated. All our readers love Mrs. Haven, whose stories and heart histories have been so long treasured in our Lady's Book. We are sure these readers will want no other commendation of this new work, which Mrs. Richards has sent out, than the testimony of her devotion to her amiable sister. We will quote one sentence from the dedication: "You have been the best example to me of the lessons I strive to teach, and you have shown me how certainly, by the grace of God, the victory is given to such a struggle in humble patience, and in self-abnegation, with the infirmities of our nature."

There are eighteen subjects discussed: all are important in forming "a perfect woman." "Health" is the first subject, and so ably and thoroughly examined, that, were there nothing more, the book would be worth its price in gold. We shall make selections, as soon as we have room, from some of the beauties of this true woman's book.

"THE BIBLE AS AN EDUCATING POWER AMONG THE NATIONS." By Professor John S. Hart. This is a great work in small compass. We intended to make selections from the rich wisdom of its thoughts, but have not now room. The whole should be studied. It is a wonderful work, because the writer seems to have read the Bible till he caught the fire of its inspiration by which he sees its true meaning. May a household will bless him for his labor, finding it turn their attention to the Bible as a *new* Book. As a help in home culture, the work of Professor Hart can hardly be over-estimated.

Published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES BETWEEN COUSINS.—The question whether such unions should be permitted has, of late, excited much interest. As women are deeply concerned in whatever clouds the prospects of domestic happiness and injures the well-being of children, the following report on this subject, from the *New York Observer*, is highly important to our readers:—

"Dr Millingen, of Dublin, ascertained the situation of 154 families, the heads of which were related in the degrees of first, second, and third cousins, and in which there were 160 children who were deaf and dumb. In 34 families, there were two in each; in 14 families, three in each; in 3 families, four in each; in 1 family, six; and in 1 family of thirteen children, seven of them were deaf and dumb. He says nothing of other defects.

"Dr Duxton, of Liverpool, states that he found 170 cases where the parents were related as above. In 109 of them, there were in each family one child deaf and dumb; in 38, two children; in 17, three children; in 3, four children; in 1, six; in 1, seven; and in another, eight. He omits to state the whole number of children

in those 100 families, or whether any other defects existed, but here are 289 who are deaf and dumb.

"The first number of the *Social Science Review* contains a paper on the statistics of the birth of deaf and dumb children. According to M. Boudin, the result is a very considerable percentage of deaf mutes. M. Boudin finds that consanguineous marriages take place in France in the ratio of two per cent. of the population; and that of the issue of such marriages the proportion of deaf and dumb children is 28 per cent. in Paris, 25 at Lyons, and 30 at Bordeaux. At Berlin, he has discovered that the number of deaf and dumb children born of Christian parents is 6 per cent., while that of the children of Jewish parents is 27 per cent.; a result which he attributes to the fact that Jews intermarry with blood relations—more frequently than Christians.

"In New England, a distinguished gentleman ascertained that in 17 families where the parents were blood relations, there were 95 children, 44 of whom were idiotic, 12 scrofulous and puny and 1 deaf. In one of these families of 8 children, 5 were idiotic.

"Dr. Bemis of Kentucky reports, as the results of careful researches by reliable gentlemen throughout the United States, in the relationship above named, 763 families, in which were 3,588 children, and 2,331 of them were defective; among 1,4 children where the parents were double cousins, 133 of them were defective."

**MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.**

This school has now entered on its seventh year. The success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is 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 Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

*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.

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

**TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS**—We shall use the following articles as soon as we can make room: "Aunt Esther's Warming-pan"—"May Murray"—"Engelburg"—"The Story of Fair Mabell"—"Sonnet"—"Smoke from my Chimney corner" (see Godey's Arm-Chair)—"The Emigrant's Lament."

These articles, we are sorry to say, we cannot use: "When I am Dead"—"Robinhood" and other poems (we have no room)—"The Stream of Time" (very good poetry, but we are burdened with our stores)—"The Day of the Dead"—"Good-night"—"An Old Maid's Thoughts," etc.—"Three Cheers"—"Shakespeare—an Acrostic"—"Squeaky Boots" (good article for a newspaper)—"The Spring Violet"—"In Memory of the Poetess," etc. (good poetry)—"The Little Shoe" (if we had room, this would be accepted)—"A Woman's History"—"Chaos"—"The Angel's Welcome"—"The Philosophy of Laughter"—"Ready for either Fortune"—"My Sword"—"Society in the Country"—and "Second best."

We have many manuscripts on hand to examine.

The authoress of "Lily Carleton" is requested to send us her address.

## Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

[In reply to letters, commending this department, and asking "if Dr. Wilson's articles about children have been published in book form"—we reply, not yet. These papers are original, written purposely for our work; but Dr. Wilson intended to reissue them, when concluded, in book form, as "A Health Manual for the Nurse and Mother," etc. We think it will be one of the best works of its kind ever published.—EDITORS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.]

**CHILDREN SHOULD NOT EAT BETWEEN MEALS.**—The same mistaken idea that has given rise to the practice of feeding children on meat, has been largely influential in originating and sustaining the ruinous custom of allowing food at all hours between meals. True, the digestive process is active in children, and they require a good deal of nourishment to sustain their growing bodies; but there is neither philosophy nor common sense in keeping their stomachs always filled: while six meals in twenty-four hours are enough for an infant, three are all-sufficient for a child after weaning. Children should be trained then to take their meals at regular intervals, and never allowed to eat between meals. Mothers frequently fall into the habit of allowing their children "something to eat" between meals in order to keep them quiet, and to save trouble. But they could not possibly fall on a better plan to cause trouble. Children thus indulged will, nine times in ten, be crying and kicking half their time with all kinds of aches and pains; and when they are not crying from sickness they will be crying for "something to eat:" from morning to night it will be—"Ma, I want some cake; Ma, I want some meat; Ma, I want some bread," and so on, until the poor mother is completely worn out. And then when night comes, when she would fain find repose from the endless annoyances of the day, her troubles are only increased; for Johnnie has the toothache, and Mary has the headache, and Jimmy has the colic, and the baby is restless, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Such are some of the evils of feeding between meals, to say nothing of dirty floors and clothes, greasy furniture, and many other things but too well known to mothers.

Now all this can and should be avoided. It is just as easy, as we know from our own experience, to teach children to eat only at regular meals, as it is to get them into the habit of eating at all hours. A little firmness at first is all that is necessary, and if this is used for a while, children will soon get so that they will never even think of eating between meals. It will be very hard to convince some mothers of this, but to such we say, *try it*, and you will then be so well satisfied that you will continue the experiment the remainder of your life.

**VACCINATION OF INFANTS**, within a few days after birth, has been attended with accidents more or less serious, and sometimes fatal; and as smallpox is very rare in children under six months of age, it is best, in the case of private families, to defer the operation until the third month; children in hospitals or very exposed situations must be earlier attended to. Special efforts should be used to secure proper vaccine matter.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.\*

The monthly from which we have selected the above, is a small pamphlet, but of great merit, entirely devoted

\* Hall's Journal of Health. W. W. Hall, Editor. Terms, one dollar a year; single numbers, ten cents. Office of publication, 831 Broadway, New York.

to the promotion of health and happiness among the people. Dr. Hall upholds the true principles of all human improvement, moral goodness. In his February number there is an article—"Farmers' Wives over-taxed,"—if all the Agricultural Societies in our land would unite and offer a premium of ten thousand dollars for the best essay, "On Improving the Condition of the Farmer's Life"—this plan proposed by Dr. Hall would surely take the prize. Pray buy and read this number.

## Literary Notices.

Owing to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**VERNER'S PRIDE: A Tale of Domestic Life.** By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Mrs. Halburton's Troubles," etc. etc. In two volumes. The author of "East Lynne" bids fair to make another sensation with "Verner's Pride," her latest work. It is the best of her productions since the issue of the former named romance. Its plot is more intricate, and its characters more strongly marked than those of its immediate predecessors. We do not profess to be among those who admire Mrs. Wood unqualifiedly. She has many faults, among which is superficiality in her comprehension of human nature, and, consequently, in her conceptions of character. Yet she has the faculty, developed in a high degree, of writing to please the multitude; though her fame is bound to be ephemeral as that of writers of her class always is. She has strong imaginative powers, which aid her in the invention and development of her intricate plots. The plot of "Verner's Pride" is the most complicated, and yet the best managed of any. The reader, who, early in the first volume, imagines he already guesses the denouement, is, in the middle of the second volume, bewildered in a maze of mystery and doubt. As bad characters are quite as essential as good ones in novels, we have to thank Mrs. Wood for a rare embodiment of disagreeable traits, in Mrs. Verner, the vain, heartless beauty.

**AURORA FLOYD.** From "Temple Bar." By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "John Marchmont's Legacy," "Lady Lisle," etc. There is a certain furor just now about an authoress who has lately made her debut in the literary world, and has since produced a number of works in rapid succession. Three of these are before us now for examination, "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," and "The Lady Lisle." Though the two latter are from the publishing house of Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, we find it more convenient to speak of the three together. Miss M. E. Braddon is, we are told, a young lady, who, after various unsuccessful endeavors to make her way in the world, has finally turned her attention to romance writing, and, as the saying is, "made a hit." Her stories have received the sanction of "Temple Bar," and she is on the high road to fame and fortune. Her writings prove her to be a woman of superior intellect, well versed in the ways of the world, and familiar with matters literary, artistic and dramatic. Notwithstanding, we are not prepared to give her works the unlimited approbation which their publishers seem

to expect, and which certain critics more obliging than wise have readily accorded them. She is deficient in variety, both in her plots and in her conceptions of character. She has, in truth, but one plot, which is repeated in each of the three volumes, with some alterations. The framework of each of these stories is based upon the circumstance of an individual marrying who has already been previously married, and whose first husband or wife is sure to turn up either in person or by representative, giving a great deal of trouble, the whole resulting in crime. This may be a very clever plot, once used; but when the changes are rung upon it three separate times, it becomes rather tedious. It would please us to enter more critically into the merits and demerits of these novels, but limited space forbids. Therefore it must suffice to say that Miss Braddon's works possess sufficiently the elements of popularity to make them the sources of entertainment to the public, and profit to the publishers; though we doubt whether they will obtain a lasting place in English literature.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.** Parts 57 and 58  
**THE BOOK OF DAYS.** Part 12.

The Encyclopædia is the most useful ever published; and the Book of Days is not only valuable as a book of reference, but very interesting to read. Both works are amply illustrated. Only twenty cents each number for these valuable publications.

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

**THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD for 1863.** We welcome this much needed volume to our Table, with many thanks to the eminent publisher. The information it contains is invaluable to every family; it will aid in the education of the young while helping the elders to much useful knowledge which would require many other volumes to obtain. Those who desire to have easy access to the material facts connected with the present condition of our country should buy this book. Teachers of public schools, ladies as well as gentlemen, need this manual of accurate information for daily reference. We live in the present. It is more important for us to know what is the condition of our own nation in this particular year, than to have studied the conjectural histories of every Egyptian dynasty which have been written since the first mummy was unrolled. "The National Almanac" is the last *four-print* of our national progress. The publisher promises a similar record yearly. As no work of the kind in our country has ever been prepared so fully and perfectly as this Annual, we are glad to know that it is to be a permanent "institution" in this good city. Philadelphia is the place for good works; and this large volume will be duly appreciated.

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

**NO NAME: A Novel.** By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc. Illustrated by John M. Lennan. The mere announcement of a new book by Wilkie Collins is a sufficient guarantee of its merit. But whatever public expectation may have been in regard to this work, it is more than realized. It is even superior to "The Woman in White," which was of itself enough to make Collins' reputation. It is a bold, a dashing book, and will undoubtedly challenge criticism in some quarters. These attacks will be, perhaps, specially directed

against the heroine, Magdalene Vanstone. She is a remarkable character, and certainly not without faults; but there is a dash and a recklessness about her which is very captivating in a novel, whatever it may be in real life. But the strongest characters in the book are Captain Wragge, the self-styled "moral agriculturist," the accomplished swindler, and Mrs. Lecount, between whom the war of wit and strategy is both amusing and exciting.

**BARRINGTON: A Novel.** By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," "One of Them," etc. etc. One of the most cleverly written novels of the day, and one which is likely to be widely read. It is a story of Irish life, dating back to the beginning of the present century, and for a character novel we have seldom seen it equalled. First, there is Peter Barrington, a gentleman of the old school, who, though in reduced circumstances, can never forget that he has been and still is a gentleman, and maintains all his courtly manners and generous, even extravagant hospitality, without so much as counting the cost. His sister, a stately lady with manners of the past, is yet the reverse of her brother in her prudence and worldly wisdom. Polly Dill is the spice of the book, and all the remaining characters are boldly drawn. There is quite an ingenious plot, though it is sometime before the reader suspects there is any at all: but it is too intricate in its details for us to attempt a sketch of it.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET: A Novel.** By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," etc.

**THE LADY LISLE: A Novel.** By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

**ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS: Newly Translated, and Explained from a Missionary point of View.** By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. This noted bishop has again prepared a religious work for publication, differing somewhat in character from his last. He gives a new translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, accompanying it throughout with carefully prepared original notes explanatory of the text. To the earnest student of the Scripture this will doubtless be a great aid in fully comprehending the apostle's meaning and allusions.

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH.** By William Howard Russel. This book has a peculiar interest just now which will doubtless cause the sale of an immense edition. The impressions received by the correspondent of the London *Times* have been already shadowed forth in his published letters to that paper. This book is not, however, a collection of these letters, although in some instances they are borrowed from and made use of. That the author is candid in his opinions all are ready to agree, and many of these opinions are to be received with a certain consideration. Nevertheless, like foreigners who have preceded him, and who, like him, have given their experience in America to the world, he is influenced more or less by prejudices in his view of our affairs, both politically and socially, and commits

about the usual number of blunders, some of them certainly amusing.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through MARTIN & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

**THE RISEN REDEEMER: The Gospel History from the Resurrection to the Day of Pentecost.** By F. W. Krummacher, D. D., author of "Elijah the Tishbite." There are twenty-one "Discourses" in this large volume; the subject is the most important which the Christian teacher can bring before hearer or reader. Such a grand theme requires the highest effort of human intelligence, irradiated by the best knowledge which study imparts, and the wisdom which faith in the Divine Saviour inspires. Dr. Krummacher has not only not failed, but his work is deeply interesting as well as instructive, and will be a welcome comforter to many an humble Christian.

**PATRIARCHAL SHADOWS OF CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH: As Exhibited in Passages Drawn from the History of Joseph and his Brethren.** By Octavius Winslow, D. D. The aim of this book is to show the reader the great "central part of Christianity—A LIVING CHRIST;" and that the whole Bible is living truth in His life. It is just the book for Sabbath Schools and family readings on the "Lord's Day." Children will read the stories with pleasure as well as profit.

**THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.** By the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D., author of "Morning and Night Watches," etc. This is a little book, but of a large measure in its precious truths. There are "Thoughts"—for every day in the month—short but wonderfully suggestive. It is a continued *Gloria in Excelsis*; and those who are sorrowful or depressed with cares cannot fail of finding in such outbreathings of faith and love some words of encouragement and comfort.

**WAR AND PEACE: A Tale of the Retreat from Cabul.** By A. L. O. E. This popular writer for the family circle and particularly for children, has availed herself of the interesting "Journal of Lady Sale" and other accounts of the Afghans, thus furnishing one of her useful and attractive books. The series is now a library, and few of the number deserve more praise than this story of *peace and war*.

**THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES.** Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. Price \$5 a year.

**QUARTERLY REVIEWS.** The republication of the British Quarterlies, viz: *London, Edinburgh, North British, Westminster*, also *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been for many past years successfully accomplished in New York by Leonard Scott & Co. The great advantage to our literature in thus having *easy and cheap* access to the rich mines of British scholarship, in all its best productions, can hardly be over-estimated. We name it here to call attention to the following circular, issued in consequence of the loss of the extensive publishing establishment by fire. The republication will go on; *Blackwood's Magazine* has been issued.\*

\* "The late fire having destroyed our entire stock of the back numbers of the Reprints, we find ourselves much in want of some of the late numbers. If you do not care to preserve your files, we should take it as a great favor if you would return us by mail as many numbers of the last quarter of 1862 as you conveniently can. The favor will be reciprocated in any way you may desire. Please address them, simply, *Blackwood's Magazine, New York.*"

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

**THE APRIL GODEY**—The first real spring month, and we give spring plates. The first, "Spring, or The Return of the Swallows," is a most beautiful and appropriate engraving—pretty in its design, and admirable in the engraving, and particularly pleasing from its agreeable variety of figures and landscape.

All the incidents connected with the arrival of the swallows, and the pleasurable interests which the event excites in the old-fashioned household which they favor with their annual visit, are very naturally and agreeably expressed. The old man, who takes advantage of the first mild day to snatch a breath of air in the porch; old granny, leaning over his chair, behind him; and two generations of their descendants, watch the newcomers with joyful recognition as the latter proceed to take possession of their nests. The other objects introduced into the picture are the kitten, about to pounce upon a saucy calf of milk the sheep and lambs in the pasture beyond, and the trees just beginning to put forth their first buds, which are completely in harmony with the one all-pervading theme, the revival and replenishment of creation under the benign influence of spring.

We give something entirely new in our Fashion plate—dresses that now appear for the first time in print. The fifth figure is a great novelty, a description of which will be found under the proper head. The plate comprises five figures, and the fashion of each is really a fashion, not a fancy figure. There are very many new devices in dress and adornments, all of which our Fashion editor chronicles with her usual ability. We may here mention something new. A bouquet of natural flowers, with artificial butterflies on it.

"The Rain Hums, or Grinding up April Showers." Here is an original design, and an amusing one. We have all heard of April showers, and here we show how they are produced.

**CAUSE OF DELAY**—Some of our subscribers had to wait a few days for their numbers after their orders were received. The cause was a flattering one to us. Owing to the immense demand, we were unable to print the Lady's Book fast enough, although we had eight steam-power presses running night and day.

**ABOUT POSTAGE**—Any postmaster who charges more than four and one-half cent postage for three months' postage on the Lady's Book, if paid in advance, is derelict of his duty, and liable to a suit for recovery of any amount overpaid. Will our subscribers please notice this, and act accordingly?

**ARTEMUS WARD**, that prince of showmen, has been "speaking a piece" in Philadelphia—"Sixty Minutes in Africa." The house was crowded, and a more delighted audience we never saw. We commend Artemus to our brethren of the press all over the country, as a gentleman and a humorist.

The new Chestnut Street Theatre is a decided success. It is a beautiful house, well lighted, and ably managed.

**GENERAL TWIGG'S HAIR-DYE**—A lady wishes to procure this receipt.

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

**New Musical Monthly**—The first number of this new and beautiful publication, which we announced last month, is now ready for delivery. It contains one dollar's worth of piano music which subscribers get for the low price of 25 cents. Heretofore there has never been a periodical devoted solely to the publication of music, in the popular sheet form, easy of handling at the piano. The pages of the New Musical Monthly are of the regular sheet music size, the music is all printed from engraved plates, as sheet music is printed, on the best music paper. Each number will contain from three to four 25 cent pieces of music, or their equivalent—songs, ballads, polkas, transcriptions, marches, etc., each piece having a distinct and beautiful title-page of its own, adapting the whole for binding into a handsome volume at the close of the year. This is a feature never before attempted in a musical periodical. The terms of the Musical Monthly are \$3.00 per annum. Single numbers, 25 cents.

The first number, for May, now published, contains, first, Brinley Richards' exquisite transcription of Glover's beautiful melody, Floating on the Wind, a charming composition that alone costs 50 cents in the music stores; second, the celebrated Shadow Air, from Meyerbeer's new Opera, Le Pardon de Ploermel, which has created so great a furor in Paris, Philadelphia, etc.; third, At The Gate, a new ballad, never before published, by the author of Poor Ben the Piper, Beautiful Valley, etc.—in all, one dollar's worth of music for 25 cents, and in the style and size of sheet music, it will be remembered, with handsome title-page to each piece. The Musical Monthly is a subscription work, and will not be for sale at any music store in the country. Subscriptions, at \$3.00 per annum, must be sent to the publisher, J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. Club lists will be furnished on application. As a large subscription list, only, will remunerate us for this undertaking, we trust that our friends everywhere will give us their aid in this attempt to popularize first class music.

**New Sheet Music**—Loe & Walker, this city, publish three new ballads by Alice Hawthorne, The Cozy Nook, As Dear to Day as Ever, and Friend of my Heart. Also five new patriotic songs, Rally for the Union, The Picket Guard, Comé Rally Round our Flag, Unfurl the Stars and Stripes, and Huzza, the Union Forever; all spirited and stirring melodies, the words mostly by Rev. M. L. Hoford: each 25 cents. The Soldiers' Vision, and We Think of Thee at Home, are two new songs by our contributor, Mr. Everest: each 40 cents, with title in colors.

The same publishers issue, a fine arrangement of Hummel's Battle Prayer, by Grobe, 40 cents. Glory Hallelnjah, varied by Grobe, 50. Tic Tac Polka, Peabody Polka, Donna Schottische, Isabella Schottische, each 25. Col. Hall's Grand March, by Jarvis, with vignette battle scene, 50. Monitor Grand March, colored title, 40. Mocking Bird Quickstep, introducing the favorite air, 40. A new transcription of the Last Rose of Summer, Everest, 25. Also the following Grand Marches and Quicksteps, each embellished with a fine portrait of its respective subject—Gen. Halleck's, Gen. Pope's, Gen. Buell's, Gov. Sprague's, Col. Hartranft's and Parson Brownlow's. All fine pieces, each 30 cents.

The musical editor will mail any music on receipt of price. Address, at Philadelphia,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

A SPECIALITÉ OF PARIS.—Can you believe that in the middle of the nineteenth century there exists dressmakers with beards, men, real men like the Zouaves, who, with their strong hands, measure the exact dimensions of the most titled women in Paris, dress them, undress them, and turn them round and round before them, as if they were neither more nor less than wax figures in a hairdresser's window?

Of course you know the Rue de la Paix—so called because it celebrates war in the shape of a column. In that street lives an Englishman who enjoys a very different popularity in the world of frippery from that of a Lent preacher. This Englishman, it must be admitted, has created a new kind of art, the art of screwing-in a woman's figure with a precision hitherto unknown. He has the inspiration of the scissors, the genius of the gore. He knows the exact spot at which the stuff should fit tightly, and where it should float around at will. He understands at a glance, by the whole context of the woman, what should be shown, and what concealed. Providence has created him from all eternity to discover the law of crinolines, and the true curve of the petticoat. He is a perfect gentleman, always fresh and clean shaved, always curled, black coat, white cravat, cambric sleeves, fastened at the wrist with a gold button. He officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist who carries the future of the world shut up in one of the compartments of his brain.

When he tries a dress upon a live doll of the Chaussée d'Antin, it is with the most profound contemplation that he touches, fits, measures, and marks with chalk the defective fold in the stuff. Anon he steps back, and the better to judge the effect of his handiwork at a distance, he holds his hand before his eye like an opera-glass, and resumes, with an inspired finger, the work of modelling the dress on the body of his customer. Sometimes he plants a flower here, or tries on a ribbon there, in order to test the general harmony of the toilet; and all this time the Eve in process of manufacture stands motionless and resigned, and allows her creator to proceed with the work of her creation in silence.

At last, when he has moulded the silk as if it were clay, and when he has modelled the figure according to his idea, he takes his place at the other end of the room, and seats himself upon a sofa with his head thrown back, and directs his work as with a conductor's *baton*. "To the right, madam!" and the lady turns accordingly. "To the left!" and round she goes. "Face me!" and she looks straight at the artist. "Right about face," and the obverse is presented. In this manner a German princess, acclimatized at Paris, executes, at the orders of a man, a complete course of drill. After which he dismisses her with a royal gesture, "That will do, madam."

I have never witnessed these mysteries, and only know of them through the indiscretions of the initiated; but this is what a passing zephyr whispered in my ear, and I only repeat the disclosure (be it thoroughly understood) under all possible reserve. The fashionable ladies of Paris, enchanted with the splendid fashions of their trowsered dressmaker, have come to believe that a man who can make a dress so beautifully ought to be able to put it on better than any one else, and set upon it the seal of the master. Therefore, whenever a court ball takes place, or a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, or even a grand reception at the Palais Royal or the Luxembourg, you may see drawn up, about ten o'clock at night, before the door of the foreign dressmaker a long string

of carriages, the wretched coachmen sitting on the boxes buried in their great coats. The mistresses have mounted the stairs into this Temple of the Toilet; as they enter, they receive a card bearing the number of their turn, and they pass on into the waiting-room. As they can only appear one by one before this pontiff of the petticoat, the late comers have occasionally to wait a long time; but a delicate piece of attention on the part of the master of the house enables them to relieve as much as possible the fatigues of the ante-chamber. A sideboard, richly provided, offers to the fair expectants the positive consolations of the choicest dishes and pastry, and here the ethereal little dames of the Paris drawing-rooms fortify themselves for the polka by partaking of unlimited *pâté de foie gras*, washed down with abundant Malmsey. Thus refreshed at the expense of the establishment, they brave with an intrepid spirit the operation of the toilet. The master dispatches them one after another, and with considerable celerity. He examines; turns them about; a final touch; a pin here and there, and madam has realized the prototype of elegance.

The following are his charges: For cutting a dress, \$10; for dressing a lady, \$15; for fitting her for a dinner, \$20; and \$25 for a party.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Have just been reading some of your subscribers' complimentary letters on the Lady's Book, and felt as though I should like to let Mr. Godey and his friends know that I, too, think its equal *cannot* be found in the country. With such a cheerful home-like appearance on every leaf, it never comes without a seeming blessing; I believe I might say with propriety a real blessing; at least I never look at one of its numbers without a smile leaping from my heart. And who am I? you may ask, that I should so appreciate its excellencies. Not one of your city belles, I assure you, who has nothing to do but to read Godey when she finds the hours tedious, but one of the country girls who is heartily thankful for the moment she can lay aside her work and fill her heart with incense from the embalming words in the Lady's Book. I have for years read your Book, but this is the first year I have taken it. The two first numbers, January and February, have already sent many blessings and sweet moments of peace to my heart. How many more shall I receive through the coming year? Dear Godey, if all who are taking your magazine are as deeply in love with it as I am, they will each one continue to hold you up in your well-doing.

INDIANA GIRL.

THE Skanateles *Democrat* says: "The embellishments are multitudinous, and beautifully executed. As a New Year's gift we think it cannot be surpassed. The price for so elaborately finished a periodical is merely nominal, at the present high prices of paper, barely sufficient to cover the expense of this article alone."

That is a fact.

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.

## THE FLOWER GARDEN.

SPRING, with its vernal showers, is again upon us; and with its return our thoughts are naturally directed to the flower garden. We have from time to time prepared lists for the readers of the Lady's Book of the most desirable plants for general cultivation; and from the many flattering and unsolicited letters of commendation received from those who have ordered both seeds and plants, we feel that our effort has been appreciated. Our mode of packing is so secure that plants can be forwarded in perfect safety as far as Kansas. As general remarks on the cultivation, preparation of soil, etc., have appeared at various times in the Lady's Book, they will, for want of space, be here omitted. To those, however, who may desire further information we refer to DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR, or Mrs. Loudon's "Ladies' Companion to the Flower Garden." The former will be mailed to any address by inclosing a three-cent stamp; the latter costs \$1.50, and is the best work for its size and price ever published.

We herewith subjoin a list of roses and other desirable plants, which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

**HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.** Six varieties \$2.50  
 Augusta Mia, very large rose; Géant des Batailles, dark scarlet; General Jacqueminot, splendid scarlet; Lou des Combats, purplish crimson; Pœonia, large crimson; Jacques Laffite, rosy blush.

**BURBON ROSES.** Ever-blooming. Six varieties \$2.  
 Hermosa, pink; Souvenir de Malmaison, large blush; Sir Joseph Paxton, rosy crimson; Imperatrice Eugénie, rosy lilac; Souvenir de Anselme, brilliant crimson pillar rose; Louise Odier, large rose.

**TEA ROSES.** Exquisitely fragrant. Six varieties \$2.  
 Madame Brany, pure white; Gloire de Dijon, large, buff and pink (strong grower); America, creamy white; Eugène Deszanges, waxy rose; Princess Maria, buff rose; Madame Barbet Deschamps, large, creamy white.

**BENAL OR DAHLIA ROSES.** Six varieties \$1.50.  
 Archduke Charles, changeable crimson; Indica Alba, pure white; Cois, blush; Louis Philippe, light crimson; Eugène Bonbarnais, deep crimson; La Seduisante, light blush.

**HARDY CLIMBING ROSES.** Six varieties \$2.  
 Walter Scott, deep rose; White Microphylla, creamy white; Monstrosa, blush; Trompette de la Duchesse, large blush; Prairie Queen, deep rose; Baltimore Belle, blush white.

**VERBENAS.** Twelve distinct and very choice varieties for \$1.  
 Ivanhoe; Prince of Wales; Mrs. Woodruff; Blushing Bride; Purity; Sarah; Richard Fetters; Lady Havelock; Star of the Union; Thetis; Glorie de Vaise; Miss. Ingersoll. For description, see Catalogue.

**LANTANAS.** Constant bloomers. Six varieties. \$1.  
**PENSTEMONS.** Six beautiful varieties. \$1.

**FUCHSIA, OR LADIES' EAR-DROP.** Six splendid varieties, including the best double sorts \$1.50.

**PETUNIAS.** Double and single varieties. Six for \$1.

**HELIOTROPE.** Six choice varieties for \$1.

**SCARLET GERANIUMS.** Six varieties, including the beautiful variegated-leaved varieties, for \$1.

**PELAGONIUMS, OR LARGE FLOWERING GERANIUMS.** Six distinct and beautiful sorts \$1.50.

**SCENTED GERANIUMS,** including Apple, Nutmeg, Peppermint, Lemon Rose, etc. Six for \$1.

**DAHLIAS.** Twelve very choice and distinct varieties, including all colors, for \$2.50.

**GLADIOLUS.** New French hybrid varieties, now so popular; one of the greatest acquisitions of late years to the flower garden. Twelve distinct fine varieties for \$4. Very choice varieties, \$5 per dozen.

**PANSIES, OR HEARTSEASE.** Six large flowering kinds for \$1.

**COBEA SCANDENS.** Rapid summer climbing plant; large bell-shaped flowers, each 25 cents.

**IPOMŒA LEAPHII.** Large cerulean blue convolvulus flowers, each 25 cents.

**GAZANIA SPLENDENS.** A new bedding plant, blooming until late in the autumn, each 20 cents.

**SALVIA.** Six varieties, including the Scarlet Sage, for \$1.

## PLANTS IN ASSORTMENTS.

One Hundred Plants for Ten Dollars, including a selection from the above, with a number of other desirable bedding plants not here enumerated. These assortments have given general satisfaction, and will be sold much cheaper, and often more satisfactory than when the purchaser makes the selection. We wish it distinctly understood that the assortments are our own selection. No charge will be made for packing.

The following plants are not generally known, and are very desirable:—

**THE PAMPAS GRASS.** The most magnificent of grasses, with long, terminal silvery plumes. A beautiful and striking object on a lawn, or near a fountain. 50 cents each.

**TRITOMA UVARIA,** with stately flower-scapes, and magnificent terminal dense spikes of rich orange red flower tubes. 50 cents each.

**DAPIFNE CYNORUM.** The best hardy evergreen shrub of recent introduction, growing one foot high, very tree, flowering, and fragrant, blooming among the first in the spring, and continuing until the last in the autumn. It is admirably adapted for cemetery lots, city, and suburban yards. Price 50 cents each.

Catalogues of seeds and plants will be forwarded on application to

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist,*  
 327 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WE copy the following from the *Reformer*, of Galt, Canada. We noticed last month that we had no travelling agents in Canada or any other place:—

"A SWINDLER—LOOK OUT!—We learn that a rascally swindler has been plying his dishonest vocation in this neighborhood recently. He professed to be a travelling agent for Godey's 'Lady's Book' and Moore's 'Rural New Yorker.' One of the victimized, who resides near Sheffield, and one who generally has his eyes open, informs us that the party gave his name as W. T. Wilson, that he was well-dressed and smooth-tongued, and equally well posted in religion, politics, or the chit-chat of the drawing-room. He offered either of the above periodicals at \$1.50, and had about twenty names, some Galt ones amongst the rest, when our friend saw his book, and all paid in advance! Of course none of the subscribers received a single number, Mr. Wilson making himself scarce as soon as possible after the rhuo had been carefully secured."

"The 'nice young man' told our Boverley acquaintance that he was acting for Tunis of Niagara Falls, and actually had the effrontery to give him a receipt in Mr. Tunis's name. This, of course, was untrue. Mr. Wilson has been playing his pranks in various parts of Canada, and it is to be hoped he will yet have the pleasure of ruminating in jail on the design of dishonesty. The publishers of the 'Lady's Book' and the 'New Yorker' never send out travelling agents, so that the public may be sure that one who represents himself as such must either be Mr. Wilson or some gent of the same kidney."

ON our March cover we published the advertisement of Mr. S. Ott, of New York, who, as well as a general agent, is also agent for Boardman & Gray's pianos, those well-known instruments. Mr. Ott's capabilities as a business man are well known, as for years he conducted the immense concern of Boardman & Gray, and by his courtesy and punctuality he won the good opinion of all.

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We have some choice little illustrated hymns, which we will give from time to time in the Juvenile column. We know they will meet with favor from our young friends.

## HOLY BIBLE.



HOLY BIBLE, Book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine to tell me whence I came;  
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove;  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine to comfort in distress;  
Mine to lead to promises;  
Mine to warn of sinners' doom;  
Mine to show that doom to shun.

Mine to show the living faith;  
Mine to triumph over death;  
Mine to tell of joys to come;  
Mine to bring an earnest home.

Mine to point me out the road;  
Mine to lead my heart to God.  
O thou precious Book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

## REASONABLE CONDUITS:—

When is a ship properly in love?—When she is tender to a man of war.

When is she improperly in love?—When she is (b) anchoring after a heavy swell

When foolishly in love?—When attached to a great bray.

When ambitiously in love?—When she is making up to a peer (pier).

If a boy makes a long speech, why is it like a genuine article?—Because it is not an adult-oration!

OUR readers all know by this time that Mr. Stratton, otherwise Barum's "Tom Thumb," has been married to Miss Warren, another dwarf. The following is a description of her dresses and jewelry:—

## MISS WARREN'S WEDDING AND TRAVELLING DRESS.

The wedding-dress is of white satin, low in the neck, with deep point both back and front, and laced up the back. The skirt is made with a decided train, and has one *point appliqué* flounce half a yard deep, headed by a row of *appliqué* about one-inch wide. The veil is very beautiful, being of rich *point appliqué*. The tiny slippers are made of white satin, and trimmed with bows powdered with pearl beads. The glove tops are of *point appliqué* lace.

The travelling-dress is of stone-colored silk poplin. The skirt very long at the back, and trimmed on the edge with a quilting of brown velvet. A long sack is of the same material as the dress, prettily trimmed with brown velvet. The bonnet is of silk, matching the dress in shade, and trimmed with brown velvet. The inside trimming is a full *ruche* of blonde, and a tuft of pink rose-buds over the forehead.

## THE JEWELRY.

A pair of handsome diamond hair-pins, with pendants; two beautiful gold bracelets, with diamond clusters, each of which can be detached and used as a pin; a necklace, with cluster and pendants of diamonds; a diamond locket, pin, and ear-rings; pin, ear-rings, and sleeve buttons of turquoise, with figures of gold and diamonds; pin and ear-rings of pink coral, with green enamelled leaves; a small watch, the shape of a leaf, and covered with green enamel, and studded with diamonds, chain, pin, and keys attached; two handsome diamond rings; a necklace of gold, with coral ornaments attached; also a bunch of very handsome charms.

WE copy the following from our July number, 1862. It is all the rage now, and some most beautiful effects are produced by it. On china it's very pretty:—

"A new style of work has been brought out in Paris, which is called *Décalcomanie*, or the art of decorating wood, plaster, porcelain, alabaster, ivory, etc. etc. The art is very simple; you have only to take a picture representing flowers, birds, or landscapes, which you cover entirely with varnish, taking great care not to go beyond the outlines of the picture. Place the picture thus prepared on the article you wish to ornament; then cover it with a piece of cloth or muslin dipped in water, and with a paper-cutter press it sufficiently to cause the design to adhere. This done, remove the cloth, and with a paint-brush wet the paper, which will then come off leaving on the paper no trace of the picture, which will be pressed on the object you wish to ornament. Next day you put on a light coat of varnish to brighten the colors.

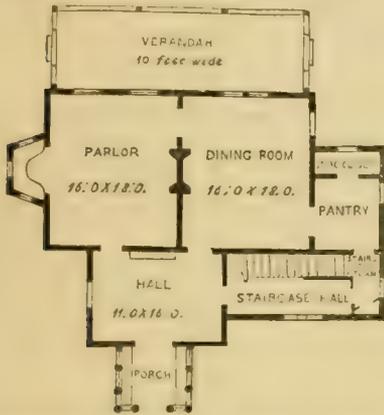
"We find this description in a French work. We cannot vouch for its accuracy, as we have not practised the art ourselves. The work from which we took this description does not state whether the varnished side of the picture is to be placed next to the object to be ornamented, but we think it should be."

A dog is counted mad when he won't "take something to drink;" and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains "respectable" with a fortune that don't belong to him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

## COUNTRY RESIDENCE.



The above design is taken from a work published in New York by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, entitled



"Villas and Cottages," and is the best work upon rural architecture yet published. The designs are all by Calvert Vaux, Esq., Architect, late Downing & Vaux.

## 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.

Mr. C. D. C.—Sent box, January 21st.

Miss M. V.—Sent Garibaldi 23d.

E. B. H.—Sent cloak and cap 24th.

Mrs. E. W. T.—Sent patterns 24th.

Mrs. J. A. D.—Sent silk braid, etc. 24th.

A. M.—Sent hair ring 27th.

Mrs. E. B. E.—Sent Garibaldi and jacket 30th.

L. J. C.—Sent collars 31st.

J. A. H.—Sent crochet jacket by express February 3d.

Mrs. H. S. C.—Sent zephyr and needles by express 3d.

Miss M. Z.—Sent braids 3d.

Mrs. G. W. T.—Sent patterns 3d.

W. E. W.—Dissolve in spirits of wine.

A. F. M.—Sent patterns 3d.

Mrs. A. S. A.—Sent patterns 3d.

E. C. B.—Sent hair ear-rings 15th.

A. R.—Sent braiding pattern 16th.

Meta.—A Tin Wedding is celebrated on the 10th anniversary. Every friend sends some domestic article for the kitchen or dresser—the material being tin. It is a humorous matter. The Silver Wedding is on the 25th anniversary; the Golden on the 50th.

Mrs. S. A. H.—In 1833, the dresses did not reach the ankle by at least four inches. In 1861 and part of 1862, the bonnets were flat on the head; in 1863 they are from four to eight inches above the head.

Madge May.—Nothing improper in the request. All ladies have to do the same thing.

Mrs. V. R. L.—Enamelling of ladies' faces is practised here. We meet constantly on Chestnut Street faces done up in this way. The only trouble is that it is difficult to smile; to laugh they dare not.

R. S. A.—"If you had a wife that was determined to spend every cent you made, what would you do?" We really cannot answer this question. We think it is one that must be brought home to a person before he can reply.

G. S.—You ask what are the popular plays of boys now. We have no boys now. They used to play marbles; they now at the same age play billiards; they formerly played "Old Maid," they now play euchre.

L. C. R.—Yes; we have seen the dancing figures for pianos.

## H. A. DREER'S—SEEDSMAN—ANSWERS TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. C.—We herewith give you a selection of a few of the most desirable of the new as well as older varieties of annual flower seeds, which can be recommended. The twelve varieties will be mailed for one dollar.

Asters, new Emperor, very large and fine; Antirrhinum, firely, scarlet white throat; Balsams, new dwarf Camellia, flowered; Cockscomb, superb dwarf, velvet crimson; Dianthus Heddevegi, new Japan pinks; Lobelia erinus speciosa, superb blue, trailing; Lychnis Haageana, brilliant scarlet; Mignonette, new, in size flowering; Nasturtium, Tom Thumb; Phlox Drummondii, Louis Napoleon, brilliant colors; Stocks, new, large flowering; Zinnia, new double.

The best soil to sow in is a light sandy loam; observe not to cover the seeds too deep; failures frequently occur from this cause; from one-eighth to one-quarter inch is sufficient. Use a fine rose to watering pot. We would

recommend sowing in a frame and covering with sash; if a slight hot-bed can be made, it would be desirable; transplant the plants into the open border as soon as there is no more danger of frost.

## Chemistry for the Young.

### LESSON XXIII.

*Analysis by fire, or the dry way.—Use of the Blowpipe.—General Outline of Smelting and Assaying.*

#### MATERIALS AND APPARATUS REQUIRED.

BORAX; bone ashes; a blowpipe; a brass thimble; powdered silica; piece of oxidized (rusty) iron; piece of copper; a triangular file; spirit lamp; wax candle; platinum wire; a piece of charcoal.

555. It has been stated in a very early portion of our lessons that the first object to be aimed at in all cases of chemical analysis, is to obtain a solution, which solution is effected either by water, acids, or other fluid menstrua, or by means of fusion. The three former, constituting what is technically known as "the moist process," is by far the more correct—the better adapted for chemical analysis; therefore, the one most usually had recourse to by chemists. Very slight consideration, however, will suffice to prove that the moist process is far too expensive, too delicate, too refined, for application on the large scale. The chemist may get iron, and lead, and copper out of liquids by precipitation; but fancy lead, and silver, and iron dissolved and precipitated by hundreds of thousands of tons! Hence the dry process is always, as a general rule, had recourse to on the large scale, whenever one of two processes might be theoretically employed. Nevertheless, the manufacture of platinum, on account of the great infusibility of this metal, is an exception to the rule; as also, in certain cases, is the extraction of gold.

556. However, the process of analysis in the dry way must not be neglected by the chemist. The branch of it relating to the use of the blowpipe is of almost universal importance, and furnace operations are useful as furnishing the counterparts, so to speak, of the products obtained on the large scale. If a mineral proprietor send a specimen of iron ore to be assayed, he does not want to know absolutely how much iron is there, but how much, by a smelting process, can be got out. Further information, instead of being advantageous, might actually mislead him. Enough, then, having been said to show the importance of this branch of chemistry, let us proceed to the subject of our lesson.

557. The objects of all analyses are either *qualitative* or *quantitative*. The latter is generally easy of attainment, when the former has been secured. Now, in this age, no chemist would give himself the trouble to set in action a furnace, however small and portable, for the mere purpose of qualitative investigation. Not only is furnace work troublesome, but one likes to see what is taking place. If a furnace could be rendered portable enough to be carried about, in the pocket, to be set in action at a moment's notice—requiring neither crucibles, tongs, coal, coke, nor charcoal—neither distributing sooty fumes, spoiling furniture, burning the fingers, blackening the face nor hiding the changes that occur within—then chemists might use a furnace more frequently. Chemists have such a furnace in a little instrument termed the blowpipe.

## 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.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 APRIL.

*Fig. 1.*—Black silk skirt, with a broad band of Imperial purple silk laid on, four inches from the edge of the skirt, and bordered on each side with three rows of the silk doubled and box-plaited. The waist is a purple silk jockey, trimmed with full ruchings of black silk. The jockey is square, and laid in plaits caught with buttons, and in front are points four inches long. The shawl is of white Thibet, braided with narrow black velvet, and highly ornamented with bead and silk embroidery. It is also trimmed with two rows of black guipure lace. The bonnet is of rice straw, with a curtain of *appliqué* lace over white silk, and ornamented with clusters of grapes with foliage. The hair is crimped and arranged very low on the neck.

*Fig. 2.*—Dress of Isley green gros d'Ecosse silk. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with a plaiting of the silk, doubled and sewed in between the facing and the dress. Above this is a wavy trimming of the silk, box-plaited, and between the waves are fans formed also of the silk. The sack, which fits rather tight to the figure, is of gros Italicque, and very elegantly trimmed with jet and gimp passementerie. The collar is standing, and fastened with a gimp bow. White silk bonnet trimmed with loops of Isley green ribbon and tufts of roses. The hair is crimped and brushed over a roller.

*Fig. 3.*—White and mauve *chine* silk, made a *l'Indiennatrice*, and trimmed around the skirt and up the front

with three rows of mauve ribbon and two rows of mauve silk ruching. The sleeves and covers of the corsage are trimmed to match. Plated chemisette and plain muslin sleeves; the collar and cuffs are edged with a narrow dotted ruffle. The hair is brushed off the face, and falls in curls behind the ear on one side only. The back hair is arranged in a large bow.

Fig. 4—Dress of *mode-cour glaire* silk, trimmed with three graduated bands of black velvet, and between the bands are rows of black velvet cut in diamonds and stitched on. The tulle is of black gros grain silk, trimmed with three rows of thread lace, one row being continued up the front and round the neck. The bonnet is of black and white tulle, with a Vesuve crown. The cape, strings, and front binding are also of Vesuve silk or ribbon.

Fig. 5—Dinner-dress of Napoleon gros de Suez, trimmed with a plaiting on the edge of the skirt. At intervals are boxed rings of plaited silk, the lower one having a fan of the silk caught in it. The corsage is of white silk embroidered and trimmed with *applique* lace. The coiffure consists of a large blue velvet bow, edged with lace, placed over the top of the head, and loops and ends of blue velvet caught in with the puffs at the back of the head.

#### COIFFURE MAINTENON.

(See engravings, pages 394, 395.)

Figs. 1 and 2 are different views of the Coiffure Maintenon. The natural hair in front is braided smoothly back, *à la Chemise*, the ends of the front hair terminating in two curls on each side. The back hair is divided in two bows, the hair being tied. The lower bow is first arranged, and with the remainder the upper bow is formed, and is secured in the centre, flowers concealing the fastening, or a chignon like Fig. 3, page 493, June number, 1862, can be pinned on, and the natural hair form only the upper bow. The front of the coiffure is composed of a band of frizzed curls, same as Fig. 3, and the rest of the coiffure is a pointed *barbe* and flowers.

#### BREAKFAST CAPS.

(See engravings, page 396.)

Fig. 1—Breakfast-cap made of French muslin, and trimmed with violet ribbons.

Fig. 2—This cap is arranged in the form of a net, trimmed all round with a double row of blonde, and two ribbon streamers behind. Three roses make a pretty bandeau to the front of the cap. Black or white net may be used for the purpose, and whatever colored ribbon best suits the complexion of the wearer.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

The crocuses gleaming from the short emerald velvet turf of our lawns, with their delicate tints of mauve, white, and gold, are not more certain harbingers of spring, or, as it happens this season, more beautiful creations than the first fresh spring taffetas unfolded on Stewart's counters.

Quite as chaste as the crocuses are the tiny *chinté* patterns in delicate spring tints, on a plain mauve, stone, or cuir ground, or that indefinite, pinkish, purplish shade, the exact counterpart of our emblematic flower. Then again, and newer still, we have the same designs and colors on a *moiré* ground—*moiré chinté*, an entirely new combination. These are moderate in price, at \$2 a yard.

In plain silks, there are the Gros de Suez, d'Ecosse, d'Afrique, Gros Grain, and Gros Italien, one of the most delicate new shades, some only suited to evening dress, such as fleur de pèche, jonquille cœur de melon, the exact shade of the inside of a melon; lanvette, dahlia, ruby, and primrose, a rich creamy tint, suggestive of the cream gathered in Alderay daines only; a new cur and purple, so light, as scarcely to be changed from white, until held up in folds, and then perfectly exquisite, the colors more delicate than any we have ever seen.

In silks suitable for street dress, we have droquet sans envers, or double-faced; the corduroy, one of the standard silks; the *raye*, that is, striped down, *chintes*, checks of equal and unequal sizes, and silks simply corded in every available shade of brown, mode, purple, and other colors. We are often asked "are black silks worn this season?" Yes, always worn, very much for street dress, or as a useful home dress, also in costly dinner toilet, ranging from the soft, light apron silk, as ladies call it, from \$1 12 to the magnificent *moiré*, plain or with a superb figure pattern in satin, which has all the effect of velvet by gaslight; as, for instance, a wreath of foxgloves and foliage the natural size, surrounding the hem of the dress, and smaller bunches of the same flower repeated as a figure through the dress itself. These range from \$4 to \$5 the yard.

One of the newest styles of pattern silks, or robe dresses, is a taud'or, embroidered in black to imitate a sash, which extends half way down the skirt, with heavily fringed ends. The embroidery is an exact imitation of gypure lace. The same design is repeated on the waist and sleeves in a narrower width. Conspicuous among the newest ideas is a large plaid, having the effect of brown, black, and Magenta ribbons, of the richest corded taffeta, four or five inches in width, and thrown across each other with careless weaving of outline. Large plaids are so old as to *honey* now, but they will only be in the richest materials as yet.

And now we have arrived at the superb brocades, rivalling, or outdoing those of our grandmothers. Delicate grounds of mode, with rich figures in white and a clear brown, usually a flower group, with abundant foliage, rather than the stiff bouquet of roses or pansies lately in vogue. Mauve grounds with rich deep purple and black standing in relief, deep blue with a tiny fretwork of silver powdering the surface, and many other combinations that mock the dulness of the pen.

But we must not pass in silence the rich *chintés* and *moirés* that, lovely as they are by the light of day, are richer still in the golden artificial light of the chandelier, by which alone they will be worn. The softest fleur de pèche, the most golden maize, the loveliest amber grounds, with vines and bunches of flowering plants trailed over them, breaking into bloom here and there, in colors that rival the pencil of nature, while bright tinted butterflies and humming-birds of the richest plumage hover over the bending blossoms. Then the robe pyramidale, of amber *moiré*, the pattern forming a festoon of the richest *chinté* flowers on each breadth. It is impossible to give the rich yet delicate effect of these wonders of the loom, or of a robe richer still, the Princess Alice, which is a heavy white taffeta, thickly sown with tiny rose-buds of velvet in the most natural hues, perfect buds, scattered leaves, and buds snapped from the stem.

We pass now to cotton goods. The time has been when such a transition would have been thought a step

from the sublime to the ridiculous. But every one knows that, at least as far as price is concerned, there is nothing ridiculous about cotton goods *now*.

We find ourselves first among the Percales, suitable for nursery wear, as well as for shirting. Some are quite original in design. For instance, a white ground with tiny watches of various colors scattered over it, another with pitchers arranged to form figures, others seemingly covered with small dots, but, upon examination, these dots are in some cases small Arabic figures, and in others letters. Others again have *de-re-mi-fa* arranged in diamond form. The more expensive Percales have the loveliest pearl, mode, and white grounds, with the daintiest figures imaginable. The Lowell calicoes must not be overlooked, for never have they been produced in such perfection as this year. In previous seasons they have been very nice, common, cheap goods, not remarkable for beauty. But this season they are equal to any English prints, and closely resemble small figured delaines. The grounds are of the most approved shades of stone, drab, mode, cuir, and pale green, covered with tiny figures in brilliant and good colors.

The thinner goods, such as lawns and organdies, though beautiful and delicate in design, differ very little from those of previous seasons. Among the new goods we find white grounds, with fine cross bars or stripes of black, and brilliant figures at intervals. Then there are clouded or *chânée* grounds, with rose-buds and geometrical figures; also large cross bars, three or four inches wide, with large flowers, such as passion-flowers, thrown carelessly over them; also fancy bars forming diamonds, with bouquets of roses and pansies; also large diamonds three inches wide, for instance, of a brown, the ground-work being gray *chânée*, and in the centre of each diamond a linked square of two shades of brown.

The Grecque figure prevails in all classes of goods, and is one of the prettiest designs.

For travelling wear, we have alpacas, valencias, poplins, toile de Saxe, and Orleans. These are in fine and large cross bars, stripes, *broché* figures, and Grecques. The colors are light cuir, Havanne, every possible shade of mode, buff, or Nankin (which last will be one of the most approved colors for whole suits), California brown, and other shades. The buff, if not plain, is generally figured or barred with purple or black, the latter the more effective. The newest material for travelling is the toile Nankin, a mixed cloth, unfigured, very serviceable, and generally of brown or gray color.

For children's wear we have the light valencias, poplins, and toile de Saxe, of mode or white grounds, figured or cross-barred with the most lovely colors, or plaided in the most beautiful spring combinations.

The next question most generally asked is, "How are dresses made up?" Our authority on that subject is Mrs. Ellis, of 550 Broadway. She is making a number of gored dresses, with jet frog buttons down the front; wrappers to imitate a vest and Zouave, trimmed with *broché* trimming; also for dinner or evening-dress, the universally worn Spanish jacket, very dressy and youthful, though nothing new; for if our readers will refer to the August plate, 1862 (Fig. 3), they will see a very good representation of it. Of course it is varied in style, some being made with deep points, and to lace both back and front; others with jockeys at the back, and epaulettes on the shoulders. We frequently see wide sashes with two loops falling from under the deep point at the back. The trimmings are generally quilled ribbon or silk, bugle trimming, also quillings or puffs of illusion.

These waists are made of every shade of silk and velvet, and will we think be the style for summer dresses. The under waists and long sleeves are generally of puffed illusion or muslin, sometimes separated by a beading, through which is run a black velvet. White silk is sometimes substituted for the illusion, when delicate health will not allow much exposure of the neck and arms.

A very pretty dress from Mrs. Ellis's establishment was a black silk, made with crescents of the silk trimmed with bugle trimming, arranged round the skirt and up the front, *en tunique*. The corsage was made with a jockey, and trimmed to match the skirt. Jockeys at the back and points four inches long in front, and elbow sleeves, and also the Pompadour, or square necked dresses will be worn. The skirts are exceedingly long, and cut with a train, that is, the breadths are even at the waist, but sloped very much at the lower end of the dress. Insertions of black lace over white silk, and true lovers' knots braided in ribbons, are among the prettiest styles. Dresses are also waved on the edge of the skirt, and trimmed with a narrow fluted braid. We also noticed that the dresses of this tasteful modiste were faced with a kind of leather (such as is used for embroidery), which must certainly be a very great protection to them. Another new idea is to have the sash fastened to the dress under the arms, and from thence it falls, and is tied carelessly in a knot half way down the skirt.

We spoke in our last Chat of powdered heads, and new styles of hair-dressing. The hair is still arranged very high, and headdresses are daily becoming more eccentric. For instance, coronets of velvet spotted over with scarabees, or beetles of a brownish red color, spotted with gold and emerald, producing a brilliant effect. A very stylish headdress was of white feathers, with a bow of Azurine blue velvet, on which a butterfly was beautifully poised.

We cannot close without saying a few words about the exquisite creations at Mme. Tilman's, 148 east Ninth Street, late 712 Broadway. Among the beautiful flowers, perfect gems of art, so perfect indeed that one bends down almost involuntarily to catch their fragrance, we see humming-birds, butterflies, and all kinds of brilliant winged insects lighting or seemingly fitting among the beautiful exotics. The birds and butterflies are of course perfect, being the real birds and insects preserved and mounted. The flowers are all arranged in the coronet form, some merely the coronet mounted on a wire, or band of velvet, others with a spray or tuft of flowers directly at the back; while another style which pleased us greatly, both for its simplicity and its exact representation of nature, had a spray and stem of the white locust, forming a coronet, and at the side was another spray of the same pattern falling gracefully over the neck.

Humming-birds and butterflies are also the novelties for bonnets, and we regret that our space will allow us to describe but one of the artistic Parisian bijoux from Mme. Tilman's establishment. This was of white crape, with illusion cape veiled with black lace. At one side was posed a tiny bird's-nest, with a humming-bird lighting upon it. This was partially concealed among feathery grasses. The inside trimming was in the form of a coronet, composed of a variety of mosses intermingled with pink roses. In other bonnets, the birds were arranged in the inside, and looked as if just darting into the lovely blossoms. We would gladly linger over these charming novelties, but space fails us, and we take our leave for this month.

FASHION.

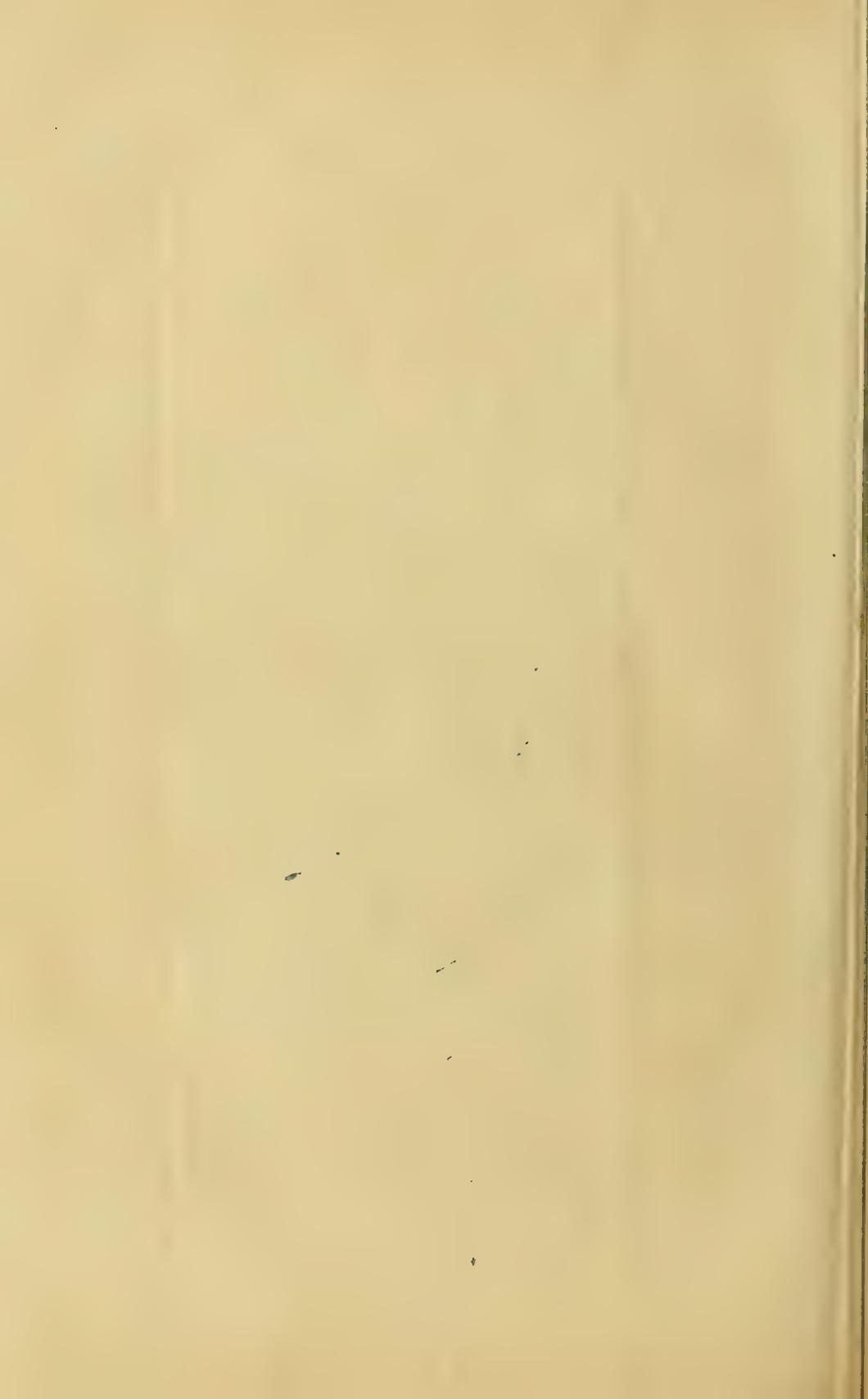






*Copyrighted by J. B. French, 1865*

WOMEN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY 1865.





“HANDS ACROSS.”

# A D I E U ?

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY W. DELESDERNIER.

*Adagio Espressivo.*

*pp*

*p*

Friend of my heart, a - dieu; God keep thee in His

*p*

ADIEU.

care. Re - ceive this part - ing sigh, Be-

The first system of the musical score for 'ADIEU.' consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'care. Re - ceive this part - ing sigh, Be-' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

lieve this part - ing pray'r, And do not for - get the

*cres.* *cres.*

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are 'lieve this part - ing pray'r, And do not for - get the'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Dynamic markings '*cres.*' are placed above the piano part in the second and third measures of this system.

few Bright hopes we've known. A - dieu, A -

*dim.* *pp* *diminuendo.*

The third system of the score. The vocal line lyrics are 'few Bright hopes we've known. A - dieu, A -'. The piano accompaniment features a more melodic line in the right hand. Dynamic markings '*dim.*', '*pp*', and '*diminuendo.*' are present in the piano part.

dieu. Friend of my heart, a - dieu.

*pp* *pp morendo.*

The final system of the score. The vocal line lyrics are 'dieu. Friend of my heart, a - dieu.'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence. Dynamic markings '*pp*' and '*pp morendo.*' are present in the piano part.

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER COSTUME, SUITABLE FOR VISITING.



Dress of green taffetas, with designs in white sprinkled over it. A row of black velvet, braided with white silk cord, is placed on the edge of the dress, and carried up one side. The velvet band is edged with black guipure lace. The body is made with revers, trimmed to match the skirt. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with buff ribbons and field flowers.

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER COSTUME.



Violet silk dress, trimmed with bands of black *moiré*, carried up the right side of the dress. The bands are edged with narrow guipure lace. Corslet of black *moiré*, which is merely a band at the back, and finishes with two long ends trimmed with guipure lace. Cap of spotted white lace, trimmed with two shades of green ribbon.

THE SOUTACHE ROBE



*Presented for publication in the Lady's Book by MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*

## THE VEGA.

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



The above illustration will remind our fair friends of the modes which ruled some decade of years ago—this present style consisting of a long scarf form, with a flounce plaited upon it for a skirt. Two narrow frills, *en suite*, ornament the top and head the skirt. These are graced with a button at the upper portion of each facing plait, and the whole series are edged with narrow guipure lace. The tabs are circular, and flounced.

A more ample garment of the talma shape is a great beauty also. It is to say, a circular. At each shoulder one broad plait, and a very narrow one at either side is set on: then start from the apex of the shoulder, the points being arranged to form a  $\Lambda$  head, the tops of which are ornamented with brandebourgs, or drop tassels. The fronts and bottom are richly embroidered.

THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES FOR HEADRESSES, ETC.

(See description, Fashion department.)

1



2



3



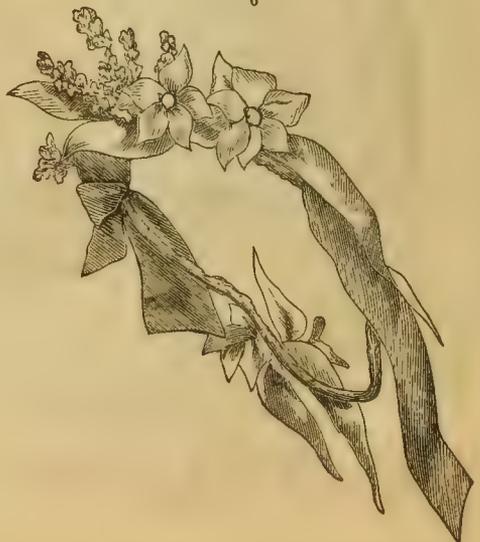
4



5

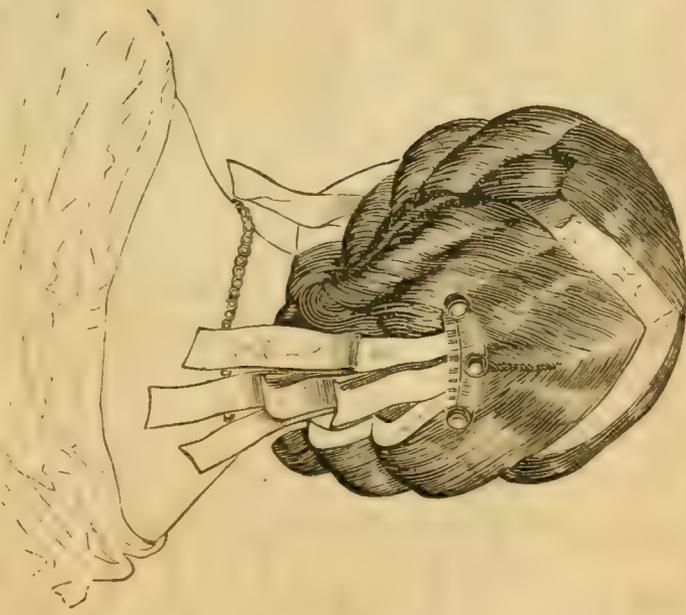


6



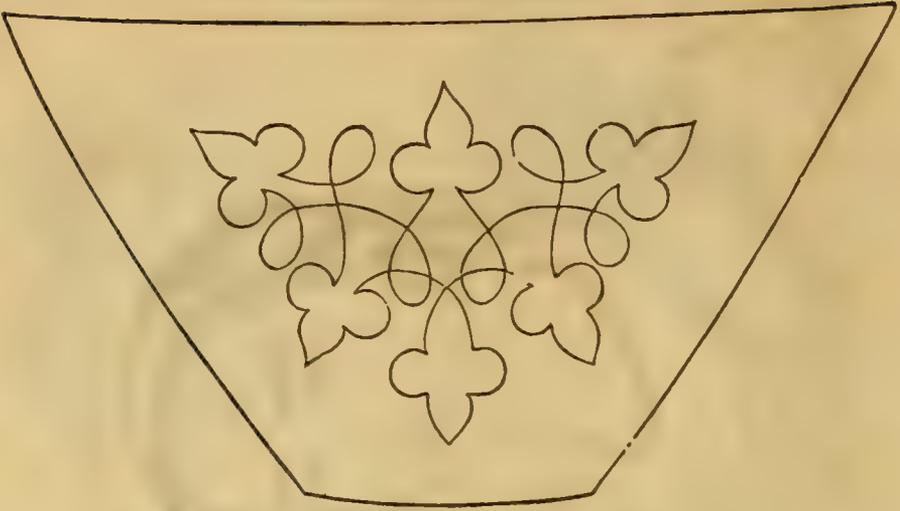
**A NEW COIFFURE.**

*(Front and back view.)*

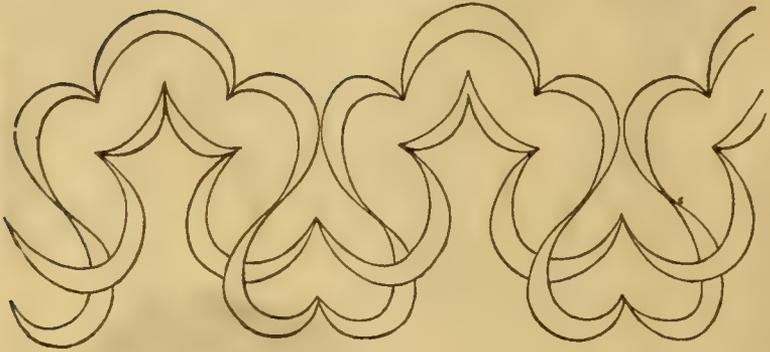


The hair is parted very far back, almost to the neck, reserving but a small portion in which to catch the comb. The front hair is brushed off from the face and rolled forward over a fancy colored ribbon. A succession of rolls fall below this upper one, and are also carried to the back, where the fastenings are concealed by loops of ribbon which fall from the comb.

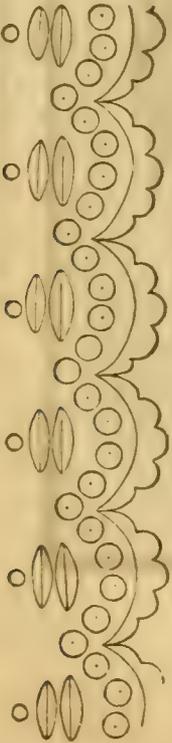
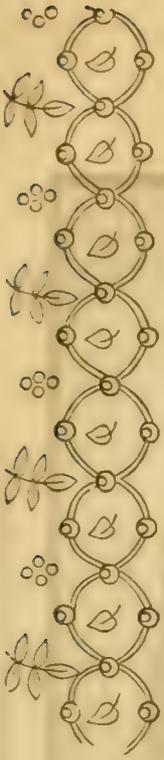
FRONT OF BRAIDED SLIPPER.



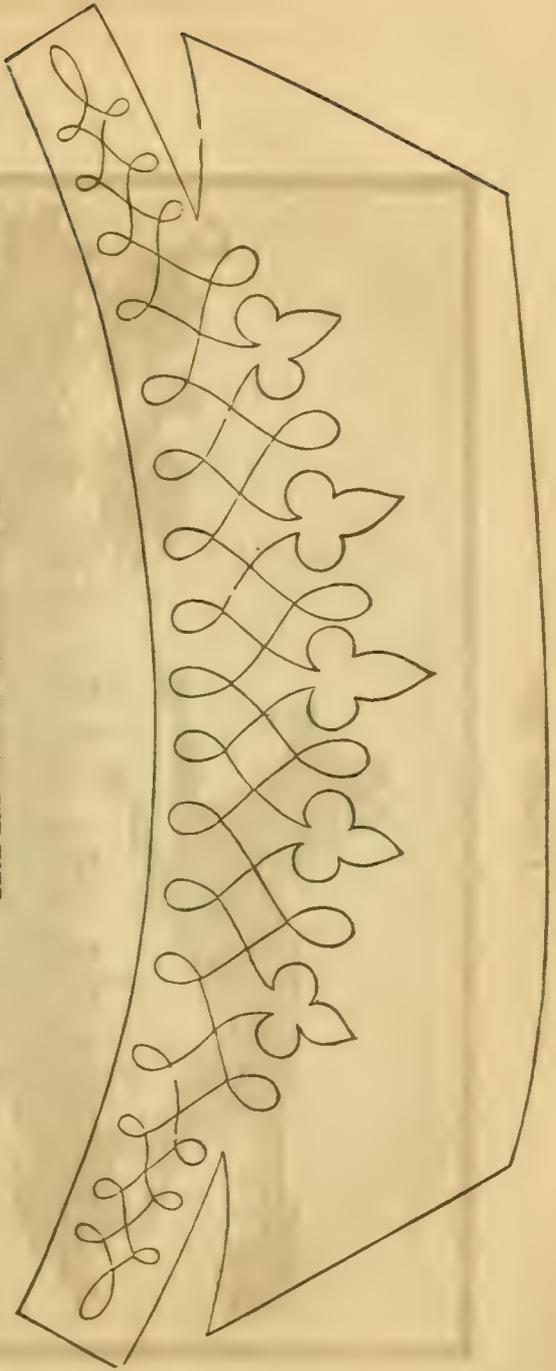
BRAIDING PATTERNS.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



BACK AND SIDES OF BRAIDED SLIPPER.



A FANCY TIDY.



To be netted with German knitting cotton, and the figures darned in.

# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1863.

### A MORNING AT STEWART'S.

BY ALICE B. HAYES.

On the afternoon of a dull November day, in the late dull autumn, we were purchasing some trifle at one of the thronged counters at Stewart's, when we accidentally heard that it was the last week "down town."

Being of the constant conservative temperament that ever deprecates change, whether it is of an article of furniture, a boot maker, or a place of residence, we strolled with a lingering regret, almost amounting to sadness, through those noble saloons for "the last time," calling up the changes that had passed our individual life, since our first bewildered glimpse as a school-girl fresh from the country, of their gay and animated scenes—let us be candid, sixteen years ago!—and the social transition that called for the meditated removal. Then, "Stewart's," opposite the Park, was in the centre of the retail trade; above Canal was up town for general shopping purposes. Now, no one goes below, and the great "quarter"—in which this thronged emporium of spring and fall shoppers stands—is given up, as is "the city," in London to the roar of heavy traffic, and the whirl of vast commercial transactions. They have driven the butterflies from the haunts of trade; the gay equipages and flashing harness give place to the solid dray, or the rattling express; boxes encumber the sidewalk, so lately echoing to the patter of pretty feet, and the light toilets of our "lilies of the field" cease to brighten the anxious, care-worn crowd that throng the public ways. Shall we live to see "below Fourteenth" voted out of reach, and a new Stewart's arise floating Central Park?

On the morning of Nov. 10th, a sunshiny day at last, after a week of storm and English fog, we drove past the deserted palace, which must

have waked wondering that morning to its echoing desolation. Groups of surprised and disconcerted looking females patrolled the steps, tried the various entrances, and at last discovered, from the huge placards, that this was a feminine Stewart's no longer. Henceforth it was given over to unpicturesque buyers of the wholesale.

We designed then, and have recently put into execution, an intention of visiting the new establishment for the benefit of our distant readers who have not an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes. They may congratulate themselves on being saved some physical fatigue, if our pen can photograph its scenes so as to give them some idea of "up town Stewart's."

The building itself, like its predecessor, is of white marble, and looms up purely at the angle of Broadway, occupied by Grace Church, between Ninth and Tenth Streets. It does not yet occupy the whole block, that is left for the hereafter. We will enter on Ninth Street, for this corner is built round, and then have a gradual interior view. We find ourselves instantly in the midst of business. This entrance or lobby is occupied by the package department, where many busy hands are checking, tossing and bearing off for delivery the hundreds of neatly enveloped parcels, stamped, signed, countersigned, and registered to prevent mistakes, to their various places of destination: a most important and beautifully regulated department, and one where great strictness and accuracy are of necessity required, when the whole enormous trade is "retail."

A wide staircase, with a neat mahogany balustrade, apparently ascends to the top of the

building from this entrance; but we are going below, and descending one flight, come upon a room where great brown rolls of oilcloth, twenty, thirty, and forty feet long, are piled like rows of pipes or leaders near an aqueduct terminus; past these, and we enter the wide carpet room, below the level of the busy street, yet as finely lighted on a sunny day as though intended for the sale of silks or satins. How is this managed?

You noticed a pavement of glass running all around the building as you stepped from the sidewalk; knobs of little glass, but so securely set in its close iron framing, and so thickly moulded, that you trod on it as securely as if it had been stone. That is the transparent roof of the recess or gallery that surrounds the room, and from it comes this soft clear daylight; no windows you perceive, unless these great slabs of the same substance underfoot, in the shape of huge windows, occurring at regular intervals beneath the glass roofing, can be called so. They are, indeed, and light a floor still lower, thirty feet under ground, where carpets are stored until required in this the salesroom devoted to them exclusively. Carpets of every degree are spread out upon the wide floor, or ranged in regular order against the wall; from the cotton and woollen plaids, still found upon the floors of the farmer's cheerful sitting-room, to the gorgeous velvet medallions, thick sewn with tropical blossoming, or reproduced from the bewildering lenses of the kaleidoscope, in all their phantasy of form and richness of coloring. Here, by an ingenious contrivance, like the leaves of a huge volume slowly turning, we can choose conveniently from the cumbersome rolls of oilcloth just past; there, as we make the circuit of the room, and mark its depth and breadth, and the graceful Corinthian columns of iron, pure in color as marble, that bear up the fearful weight above them, are piled the luxurious hassocks, on which the rich man kneels to pray in Grace Church yonder; the soft Persian mats that muffle the footfalls of his chamber, or the velvet rugs on which bask "dogs and game," or an antlered deer *couchant*, in the brilliant coloring of life, before his glowing grates.

We are passing on to the staircase on the Tenth Street side, and conveniently near it is a neatly decorated ladies' dressing room of good dimensions, a most admirable thought! of which we make special mention.

Emerging from this staircase, we come at once upon the busy scene. This is the main saloon, entered directly from the street, and

lighted on all sides by walls of plate-glass windows, the light tempered by plain blue shades. No array of laces, and shawls, and silks are displayed temptingly before them, as in other establishments.

"Le bon vin  
Needs no sign."

Not even a tendrill of enticement is outwardly put forth here.

At first the hum, the stir, the flashing, changing crowd, prevents anything like a survey in detail; but presently we come to see that there are four departments, or parallel ranges of low shelves, that separate but do not divide the wide space which occupies all the floor, save that one division towards Ninth Street, against which the principal staircase is placed. These divisions are cut in two by a central aisle, running from Tenth towards Ninth Street, and are entered by doors from Broadway fronting them. As we come from the carpet room, we are in the first division, with a long scarlet-covered oval counter directly before us, the glove department. We know it to our cost. We have worn no other gloves but *Alexandre's* since those schoolgirl days, and Stewart monopolizes his manufacture. Let us acknowledge our one feminine extravagance—a costly self-indulgence with gloves at \$1 50 (they were seventy-five cents when we made our first investment in a pair for examination day), and those of the plainest. "Stitched backs" are \$1 60; thanks to the rates of foreign exchange! We are not surprised at being told that the business of this counter alone is \$300,000 yearly. The other half of the first division is occupied by muslin and cambric embroidered *lingerie* of all descriptions, and laces, from the neat Valenciennes collar at \$2 50, to the Brussels points (shawls) at \$100, or \$1000, as required.

In the second division we find, on the right as you enter from Broadway, merinoes and all wool goods; opposite are reps, poplins, and fancy fabrics in woollen and cotton, woollen and silk, etc. Beyond the dividing aisle, cheaper mixed fabrics; and opposite them again, one side of the hollow square, which incloses the cashier's desk, divided, yet not concealed from the crowd by a particularly light and graceful screen of iron filagree, painted white. Here is another kindly convenience for ladies—a desk where an order, a note, an address, or a despatch may be written at ease, and intruding upon the time and attention of none. There is a corresponding one on the opposite side of the inclosure.

And here "cash boys most do congregate,"

with pencils and currency; tricks and jokes—such as serve to keep these ubiquitous juveniles in good spirits. Here each purchase is remeasured, and each check certified to prevent mistakes, or fancied ones. This is the main artery of the great "cash" system, for which Stewart's is distinguished. In these days six months' accounts are out of date; a thing of the past, and the Reade Street dynasty. Bordering this desk, or series of desks, on the inner side, in the third division, we have the silk department, under the immediate care of an untiring and gentlemanly guide through these unaccustomed labyrinths. And here we are dazzled by a display of delicate and gorgeous fabrics, which never meet the eye of a passing, transient customer, reserved for the occupants of cushioned equipages, which would save them from contact with the dust, and whose owners count their incomes by tens of thousands. Some of these could only be seen in their full perfection by the aid of artificial light, under which they are intended to be worn. They were shown to us in a separate apartment, from which the daylight is entirely excluded, lighted brilliantly by jets of gas, and arranged for an effective display of drapery. But we must not trench on the borders of the "fashion chitchat," wherein all these beauties will be found in detail, but pass around the several counters of this department, to which the upper end of two divisions is assigned, not failing to notice "the remnant counter"—dear to a woman's heart, be she rich or poor, for the love of bargains is inherent with the sex.

A similar arrangement is noticeable in the department of woollens; and thus the stock is kept "clear," and customers are made happy.

Opposite the first portion of the silk department is the stock of cotton goods—muslins, cambrics, etc.; and adjoining it, just at the present season, the popular stock of the house-keeping department; that is, table linen, etc., of moderate prices, in large demand. Passing through to the one remaining division, also entered from Broadway, we find cloths or materials for the wear of men and boys opposite to a general gentlemen's furnishing department, and at the other end, a long range of gentlemen's hosiery on one side, and ladies' on the other.

To return to the staircase rising from the last division; it is broad, with shallow steps and a plain but handsome balustrade. On the landing, half way up, we pause for a *coup d'œil* of the busy sparkling scene below. Now we have a full view of the saloon itself; the light

and tasteful frescoes on wall and ceiling; the gilded chandeliers with grand glass globes; the graceful Corinthian columns, all of iron, that support the floor above; the innumerable plate-glass windows, with the pale blue tint pervading the light that painters seek to soften an atmosphere, or tone down color; the gayly dressed, restless, ever-changing throng, like a waving tulip-bed, or the glittering of a kaleidoscope, with an ascending hum that marks a hive of human activity and industry.

The second floor resembles the first in its essential features, save that there are fewer departments and more space. We enter the cloak room, from the staircase where are displayed cloaks of every grade and description, from the street wrap to the delicate cloth or cashmere opera cloaks, of snowy white, crimson lined, and gayly tasselled, that hang in the convenient wardrobes with sliding doors, that line the wall.

Next to this are shawls of lower grades, the neat stella and the comfortable plaid; beyond, in the inner shrine, and exposed to the best light, those marvels of Eastern industry, and Western expenditure, camels' hair shawls and scarfs. Here are displayed to our delighted eyes the graceful combinations of the French looms, and the prouder glories of the "real India," the cost commencing in price at \$100 and reaching a climax in this heavy drapery of quaint design valued at \$2000. Here we longed to share our morning's experience with other friends, who have an instinctive love for shawls as well as bargains; here we craved, with the last trace of feminine malice, to prove to Mrs. White that her boasted India was only French, and to show Mrs. Black, who had strained her allowance and curtailed her children's winter wardrobes for her one hundred and fifty dollar shawl, how coarse and inferior it was after all, by the side of five and seven hundred dollar cashmeres. How much better it would have been, considering her own position and her husband's means, to have satisfied herself with one of those soft graceful French cashmeres at \$50, either that bride-like white centre with its deep gray and black border, or this rich combination of gold and green, and brown and scarlet, in such wondrous toning and perfect harmony, leaving to Mrs. Smith and Jones, whose husbands are mining gold in Wall Street or California, the triumph duly belonging to an immoderate unstinted income.

Their fairy like frostings of lace draperies indicate an approach to the upholstery, but first we have furs, ermine, sable, mink and

Siberian gray, then we come upon the heavier stuffs for curtains, the reps, drougets, the satin laine, the pure satin, the rich brocade, and the wonderful "cloth of gold," produced from its hidden niche, of real bullion garlanded with silken blossoms such as we find in "kings' houses," or the Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street palaces of the ladies just alluded to. Only \$50 a yard! and how many yards to a lounge, a sofa, or *fauteuil*! There is a sense of freshness and simplicity in the neat furniture chintzes, and twilled stripes for covers, in the immediate neighborhood, and we pass to the housekeeping department beyond, with its dainty wealth of table damask and luxurious blankets, or the plainer grades of every article. Flannels opposite. And now we beg as an especial favor, since we have reviewed this large display of selections for the daily wants of domestic life, that we may be admitted to the great work rooms we have heard exist above us, yet so silent and secluded in their operations that not one in ten of the "oldest customers" guesses their existence.

Our amiable conductor kindly procures for us the desired permission, and leads to the story above, which is occupied as a store-room for the reserved stock, to the next, where we enter a vestibule, or long narrow apartment, where are tables, a stove surrounded by irons required in pressing, and a flock of girls and women busily engaged in that employment. Here, also, are piles of finished garments, cloaks, sacques, etc. ready for the early trade; beyond they are stamping the braiding patterns with which they are to be ornamented. Passing through, we enter the finest work-room we have ever yet seen; and in our vocation and desire to see the employment of working women, we have visited some of the largest in New York. This is neither "under ground" nor in "an attic," but a saloon, spacious and neat enough for a court ball, occupying the entire space covered by the various departments below, and lighted by windows the same size, with no check to perfect ventilation. Here are ranged work-tables, seating from two hundred and fifty to five hundred girls, as the work demands. Our visit was paid in the "dull season," yet the two hundred and fifty grouped over their work under the superintendence of a careful matron, was no insignificant sight.

Another staircase still—the fifth we have ascended—and a busier, more picturesque scene still, presents itself. In the long room or vestibule are piled bales of black rope, the curled hair, which is to be used in the manufacture of

mattresses, like those finished piles; here are women and girls busy in unravelling it; there are great waves and heaps of the picked hair darkening the room—a sight more picturesque than alluring; so we hasten to the light, cheerful saloon beyond, full of work-tables, full of busy groups, of great wicker crates moved on wheels, and piled with orders for house or steamship furnishing—from blankets to kitchen towels. Here the hum of sewing machines where they are hemmed; they are marked yonder; they are reconsigned to a wicker crate again, ready for delivery and use. One may safely say hundreds of dozens of sheets, pillow-cases, towels and napkins, dozens of blankets, counterpanes, etc., pass through these busy hands in a day. There are the costly curtains of the house this order is being executed for; here the carpets, from the Brussels ticketed "Mr. Smith, Fifth Avenue, front basement," to the plain ingrain, "Smith, fifth story, rear hall bedroom;" it is the cook's, probably—and a very good carpet she is to have!

We are certainly lifted "above the world" for once in our mortal life; face to face and on a level with the delicate carving of Grace Church upper spire. Mark the belfries and spires around; the quaint chimney tops; the flat, pointed, square-peaked, gable-roofed houses below; the thread-like openings among them, which are streets and avenues; the jostling crowd of houses stretching out for miles beyond the limit of the eye; the hum of eager life from the far off noisy street; then look back to the busy throng of workers around you; think of the reservoirs of material below; the great warehouse that pours its tide of fabrics and manufactures into this broad outlet; here are the procurers, the producers; there all around you lie the homes of the consumers of this vast centre of industry; even out to the glittering thread of silver that marks the ocean, bearing the floating transient houses "Stewart's" has furnished!

We moralize; it is a sign of advancing age, and one is not ready to confess that there is a point, or a moral in a morning spent amid the trifles that go to make up the sum of household necessities and embellishments; but we thought, as we came back leisurely through the scenes we have attempted to describe, how harmonious was their arrangement, and how those err who break the harmony of social life by vain and ambitious longings for elegancies beyond their stations, and crowd into "a department" where they find only heart-burnings and mali-

dious sarcasms for their straining after dress and equipage.

Let us be content, my sisters, with our neat muslins and our simple merinoes, and admire Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones in their *morbids* and cashmeres. Let us repress the bitter slander of "extravagance" and "worldliness" when we speak of them. It is not extravagance for them, but proper expenditure of ample means; and if it could but be realized, you have had far more pleasure and enjoyment in the serviceable black silk, so neat, so becoming, that hangs now in your wardrobe, than they have realized from the costly brocade, or the dainty lace, that they purchased the morning you so envied them. "Each in their own sphere, and happiness to each."

### A SUNSET VISION.

BY JULIA.

ONE time, in the autumn's shawl,

When the leaves lay crisp and dead,  
And the evening light faintly  
On the hills tips and near,

I walked with a faded maiden  
In the lam and shadowy wood,  
Where the oak and maple softly  
In silent grandeur stood.

And her voice was sweet and silver,  
While her laughter, free and wild,  
Gushed forth from her sunlike music  
From the tips of a smooch and curl.

At length her feet grew weary  
As the shadows dim and dead  
Across the meadows slowly,  
And up the dark allèd.

And we sank on a bed of mosses,  
While I vainly tried to trace  
The holy thoughts appearing  
From her white, unsmiled, sweet face.

After the purple distance,  
From the mountain's snow descent,  
Above the lake's still bosom,  
The light clouds came and went.

The last gleam faintly trembled  
On the verge of heaven, and then  
A violet mist had been  
Lay where the sun had been.

No breeze fell on its stillness,  
While its tideless billows grew  
Up, up to the firmament,  
And mingled with the blue.

Then the clouds like sunset islands,  
Crept slowly back to shore,  
And softly sank to landward  
Just where the light had lain.

And the solemn silence deepened  
With a power that might be felt,  
Till, before its mighty presence  
My soul in worship knelt.

Then her laughing eyes at a moment  
Like the face of summer's sun,  
And her parted lips devoutly  
Essayed to speak a word.

And her small hands slowly raised,  
Casp'd a day round my head,  
And I felt that thril'ing presence  
Stand a foot or more like a cloud.

And when the last gleam faded,  
My heart in transport said,  
That it felt a death-like glory  
Around her radiant head.

And now the dream is o'er,  
I feel a quickening thrill,  
When the vision of that evening  
Comes o'er me calm and still.

For when my eye is clearest,  
My heart is full of tears,  
And a vague, uncertain whisper  
Flutters at the base of years.

And I think of ever's coming  
When I shall see her face,  
The fold of her bright tress  
With in my dream's space.

The stars will smile on sweetly  
From their shores of belted blue,  
But their light will bring no answer  
The eyes I once looked through.

And when with throbbing temples  
And quivering pulse I stand,  
I shall miss the cooling presence  
Of one little loving hand.

My life is like the sea winds,  
My love that purple sun,  
Which like those winds returning,  
Flows backward silently.

Yet I know that misty ocean  
Leads toward a golden shore,  
Where her bright, smiling answer  
And my tears shall fall no more.

COURTESY AT HOME.—Almost any one can be courteous in a neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy but natural in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another, is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic society. A husband as willing to be pleased at home as he is anxious to be pleased in a neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day, to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make home happy.

## ROXY CROFT.

NESTLED among the hills of New England, yet in these days of locomotion not far distant from the great metropolis, is the little town of Oakfield. To a stranger entering the village, the only conspicuous objects are the church and meeting-house, as still designated, in spite of the remonstrances of the younger portion of the community, who consider the latter appellation, however honored in former times, altogether too primitive for these days. The edifices stand on the brow of a hill, facing each other; and the church, with its lofty spire, its glistening coat of white, and strikingly green blinds, looks down most benignantly upon its inferior neighbor, whose steeple, surmounted by a huge gilded cock, bearing upon its sides the impress of British bullets, was the wonder and admiration of my childish eyes. As a proof that the benevolence of the church was not confined to appearances, it has repeatedly relieved its less prosperous rival of pecuniary difficulties, events which have caused the oldest inhabitants to affirm they distinctly remembered when the balance of power was reversed, and the cock crowed most lustily over the feeble demonstrations of the infant church, which, but for an unseen Power, had been silenced forever. But those days were gone by, and the good-natured people wisely and generously determined to forget past grievances.

A little south of the church formerly stood the mansion of Miss Celia Croft, sole survivor of the family of old Doctor Croft, as she invariably announced herself. The old Doctor, after a pilgrimage of ninety-nine years, whose available portion was wholly absorbed in hoarding up filthy lucre, reluctantly "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving an ample fortune to his "sole survivor," with a strict injunction she should not allow herself to be defrauded of it by her neighbors—advice, however, little needed, for the mantle of avarice, which for three successive generations had "waxed not old," fell upon shoulders early trained to wear it. Together with her parent's avaricious disposition, she had also inherited an inveterate dislike to children; and yet, by a strange contrariety, she had picked up, none knew where, a poor orphan girl, to relieve her solitude and minister to her necessities; but upon whom she wreaked all her ill-humor.

In close proximity to Miss Croft lived the

family of Mr. Jones, not less noted for their benevolence than was their neighbor for its opposite quality; farther down the street, and just within sight of Miss Croft's front windows, stood the mansion of Esquire Wentworth, which, having been destitute of a mistress for more than a year, had become an object of special interest to the eyes of Miss Celia; and several times a day would she put on her spectacles, and trip from the back sitting-room to her parlor window, as if to assure her vision that there was in reality an anchorage ground for her golden hopes.

"Come in, Roxy!" said Miss Celia, in her shrillest tone, one frosty morning, as she tapped on the window-pane, and at the same time beckoning with her finger to the little shivering figure, who stood with broom in hand on the door-steps. "Hav'n't I told you repeatedly when I send you to sweep off my steps, never to speak to any one passing? Answer me, you little vixen!" exclaimed her mistress, seizing her roughly by the shoulder.

"Oh, Miss Croft!" said the frightened child, "I did not mean to do it; but Squire Wentworth called me to the gate, and asked if you were at home; he told me to say he would call in this afternoon or evening, for he wished to see you on special business."

"Oh! he wishes to see me on business, does he?" Her hand suddenly relaxing its gripe, and an evident smile of satisfaction playing over her features. "Very well, Roxy! as Squire Wentworth called you, I shall not punish you *this* time; but mind you don't disobey me again. Now go to your work; wash the dishes, scour the knives bright as you can, and then come and I'll tell you what next to do. I don't believe in a girl's being idle! Satan always finds mischief for idle hands." So with this invariable finale to all her instructions, Roxy retreated, leaving Miss Celia to herself and her reflections.

"So he wishes to see me on business, does he?" soliloquized our heroine. "I should like to know for a certainty upon *what* business; but then it does not require much shrewdness to conjecture. Poor man! how I pity him! How gladly would I pour consolation into his wounded heart! How joyfully would I share his griefs and cheer his solitude! And then, those harum scarum girls of his are sadly in

need of a mother's oversight! Now, who is there better adapted to this responsible situation than the daughter of old Doctor Croft? Surely no one! But if ever I am mistress of that house, won't I teach those girls better manners! I'll very soon let them know that Mrs. Celia Wentworth is not a woman to be despised or ridiculed!"

So absorbed was Miss Celia in her meditations, that she became no less oblivious to the flight of time, than to her own actual condition. Roxy, having completed her task, had twice knocked at her door for orders; but receiving no answer, had crept cautiously back to the kitchen. Another hour passed; and still was she deafly absorbed in arranging and remodeling the habitation of which she, in imagination, had been installed mistress for more than six months. And now those girls, to whom she had so long owed a grudge, were to be disciplined; and she was actually standing erect on the floor, haranguing Miss Alice, the most guilty of the lawless trio, when the clock struck loud and clear the hour of twelve. At which Roxy, with dilated eyes, rushed in, imagining from the unusual respite to her labors, that something fearful had befallen her mistress. But no! there she stood safe and sound, but with compressed lips and upraised hand, which dealt a succession of violent blows upon the luckless head that moment presenting itself.

"You saucy little brat! Hav'n't I told you repeatedly never to enter this room without knocking? I'll teach you to know your place!"

"Oh, please don't, ma'am. I did knock at the door *twice*; but you didn't answer, and I thought you were busy, or perhaps asleep, and so—"

"Asleep! you little wretch! You know I never sleep in the daytime. Since you came here I've had something else to do. So don't repeat that lie."

"Oh, Miss Croft!" said the terrified child, "it was so still in here I thought *something* had happened. I thought!—I thought perhaps you had a fit."

"A fit!" fairly shrieked Miss Croft. "Who ever said I had a fit?"

"Why, I heard Miss Alice say you had one once, and—"

"Go on child, go on—tell me every word she said; if you don't you'll be sorry."

"Well, she said, ma'am, she was in hopes 'twould have made you better; but she didn't see that it had."

"There, take *that* for your impudence and

for listening to *her*"—giving her a severe blow—"and never let me hear you repeating her falsehoods again. Now be off; split up some kindlings, for I am going to have a fire put in the front room this afternoon—I *do* wish I knew exactly when the Squire *would* come. But if I don't have the fire kindled early, he'll be sure to come when I'm unprepared for him; and if I have it lighted this afternoon, he won't be likely to come till evening, and then all that wood will be consumed for nothing. With all my economy I find it impossible to get along without *great* waste. Roxy," said she, looking up, "what on earth are you standing there for? I'm not talking to you—hurry and get your kindlings, and I'll run into Mr. Jones's yard and borrow an armful of hard wood from his pile, and that will last for the evening. Come, be off with yourself."

Roxy disappeared on her errand.

Forthwith the fire was lighted; but not without many precautions against its burning too briskly. Miss Croft arrayed herself in her second best dress of snuff-colored merino, which, having with commendable prudence been turned inside out, upside down, and back-side in front, was pronounced by its owner fully equal to a new one. A black lace cap of ancient device, lavishly trimmed with pink ribbon, dyed with balsam leaves from the garden, contributed, in her opinion, not a little to the stylishness of her appearance. Her easy-chair and basket of patchwork brought in from the adjoining room, she seated herself most complacently to await the coming of her visitor. As she had sorrowfully predicted, it was not until dusk she heard the well-known sound of the gate latch. Wanting no further proof her guest was at hand, she rushed precipitately into the kitchen, and placed a candle and match within reach of Roxy, giving her strict orders to bring in the light precisely at the hour of six. In a flutter of delight she hastened back to the door, and opening it, exclaimed:

"Ah, Squire Wentworth! How delighted I am to see you! Walk in, walk in, sir! You find me enjoying the twilight all by myself."

The Squire bowing his thanks, modestly entered, and seated himself, utterly unconscious of the imagined import of his visit.

"Do take this arm-chair, and be seated nearer the fire. I fear my room is not as warm as you are accustomed to; but my poor lamented father used to consider hot rooms very unhealthy. Roxy! Roxy!" said she, going to the door, "bring in another stick of wood, and see if you can't make this fire burn more briskly.

Is your general health good, Squire? You appear to have a cold."

"Yes, madam, a slight cold, nothing, however, of any importance."

"Ah! but these *slight* colds, poor father used to say, ought never to be neglected—they often lead to fatal consequences. I have the receipt for a syrup, which is an infallible cure for one, at least poor father thought so, for he used it with success above fifty years. Poor man! how often he regretted I was a daughter, instead of a son, that he might have taught me his profession. My sex, however, could not prevent my becoming a most skilful nurse; and, I doubt not, poor father owed at least a dozen years of his life to my prescriptions and tender watchfulness. There, Roxy, that is sufficient; the fire will burn now."

"I perceive you are not *quite* alone," remarked the Squire, as he glanced at the retreating figure—"a child like that affords one company as well as employment."

"I agree with you in thinking they afford *employment*. This is a poor orphan girl I took entirely out of charity. She is a very peculiar child and a great trial to me. I fear I shall never be able to train her up in the right way. I'm often led to exclaim, Who is sufficient for these things?"

"Very true, Miss Celia; yet, in my view, the cares and anxieties of guardians are more than compensated in *anticipating*, if not in viewing, the happy result of their labors. If we sow *good seed* we may reasonably hope for a desirable harvest. True, there are exceptions to such results, but, thank Heaven! they are rare. Some of my happiest hours are those spent with my children; and to mark their mental, moral and physical development is a source of never failing satisfaction."

"I readily believe you, sir; and yet, with all your efforts, you can never supply to them a mother's loss. Those poor girls are constantly on my mind. They have sustained an irreparable loss; and at an age, too, when they most need a mother's oversight. I don't wish to flatter you, Squire; but I must say I never knew three more interesting girls than yours. They have my deepest sympathies," said Miss Celia, taking off her spectacles and wiping her eyes.

"I am fully sensible of my double responsibility, ma'am; and my intention is, to secure the services of some worthy person, who will act as Mentor to them."

"You could not adopt a more judicious course, sir."

"Meanwhile, I shall write to their aunt in Clayton, to come and stay with them, until I can make a more permanent arrangement."

Miss Celia smiled her approbation.

"Do you not sometimes find your solitude wearisome?" continued the Squire.

"Oh very much so! To one endowed with a sympathetic nature like my own, it is a most unnatural mode of life. I have felt it keenly, since poor father's death. But the Crofts being naturally of a literary turn, I am enabled to endure solitude better than most of my sex."

"Well, Miss Celia, you are probably aware that our new minister and his wife are expected here next week, and upon me devolves the duty of providing them a suitable boarding-place. It occurred to me, as your house is so convenient to the church, and you have so many unoccupied apartments, you might be induced to accommodate them."

Poor Miss Celia, thunderstruck at this unlooked for proposition, remained for a moment speechless. "Boarders! boarders!" she at length ejaculated; "who ever heard of a Croft's keeping boarders?"

"Pardon me, if I have offended," said the Squire, marking the sudden change in her countenance.

"Not the least offence," she replied, quickly regaining her composure. "But your proposition is so novel and so unexpected, that I scarcely know how to reply to it."

"Mr. Thorne," continued the Squire, "being the son of an old friend of mine, I feel particularly interested in securing him a pleasant home."

"Of course you do, sir; and I would gladly do all in my power to aid you. I don't mean to live for myself alone, Squire! I am willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of doing good. But you must be conscious that to board a clergyman and his wife will subject me to great inconvenience."

"True, but for which you will be most liberally remunerated."

"That would be quite a consideration with many, but if I consent to take them, it will be entirely from a sense of duty and a desire to gratify my friend."

"Very well, Miss Celia," said the Squire, as he took his leave, "you may consider the matter and give me your earliest decision."

Miss Croft carefully secured the door after her visitor, and proceeded to the kitchen, where, to her utter dismay, she found Roxy fast asleep before the comfortable fire. "Wake up, Roxy! Wake up, you gypsy! Why are you not in bed?"

How dare you sit here, burning out my wood and candles? I believe you are the most provoking child living!" Roxy involuntarily raised her hand to ward off the expected blow. "You needn't try to dodge me, child; I'm not going to whip you, as you deserve; but now mind what I say. You sha'n't eat a morsel to-morrow! What you waste in one way, I'll teach you to save in another. Come, be off to bed."

"Sister Mary!" said Alice Wentworth, as she looked out of the window next morning, "here comes Miss Croft; do promise me you'll be very entertaining, for half an hour at least."

"Why so anxious, sis? I thought you and Miss Croft were not on very good terms."

"Neither are we, nor do I intend to share your disagreeable task; but I have a project in my head which I can't stop now to explain." And out she ran, just as Miss Croft was admitted.

"Here, Uncle Jack," said she, calling to an old negro in the yard, "take this basket and carry it, quick as you can, to Roxy Croft. She won't open the door, if you knock ever so long; for that's against her orders; so you must go directly in; and if you don't see her, you must call to her, and if she isn't locked up somewhere, she'll come to you. Be quick as you can, for Miss Croft is here now, and she must not see you coming out of her house with a basket."

"Yes, Miss, jess so exactly," said Uncle Jack; and off he started on his errand.

Obedying Miss Alice's directions, he entered the house unheralded; and, guided by the sound of a saw, he opened the cellar door, and beheld the object of his search, at the foot of the stairs, vigorously sawing on a stick of wood. "Well! now, if that don't beat all natur!" said he, with a prolonged whistle. "Now do tell, Roxy, if the old gal set ye 'bout this ere work?"

Roxy looked up, and seeing the good-natured face of Uncle Jack, dropped her saw, and hastened to meet him. "Yes, I saw the wood! but we don't burn much; and Miss Croft says it's good exercise for me."

"Well, I'll be hanged, if she ain't too all-fired mean for anything! Roxy, I'll saw that ere wood for ye, the very first chance I git. I've got some feelin', if I am a nigger! But I can't stop a minit now. Here's a basket Miss Alice sent ye; take and empty it quick; for I promised her to be back in less than no time."

"Oh, Uncle Jack, how kind, how good she is!" exclaimed Roxy, peering into the basket. "I never can thank her enough! I didn't

expect to eat a mouthful to-day; and here's a real Thanksgiving dinner for me! Chicken pie! cold ham! biscuit! cake! and I don't know what else! Oh, Uncle Jack, she's an angel! I know she is." And the famished child danced about the room in an ecstasy of delight.

"Come, Roxy, you hain't got much time for dancin'. Ef your missus comes in, and ketches me here, you'll have a sorry time on't."

The child, recalled to her senses, hastily seized the basket and ran into the garret to secrete her treasures.

"Uncle Jack," said she, upon returning, "I've been thinking you'd better go through the back gate into Mr. Jones's yard, and out of his gate into the street, for if Miss Croft sees you coming out of ours, she'll ask if you've been here; and then she'll find out all about it, for I can't tell a lie, if it does save me from a beating."

Poor child! fast becoming an adept in artifice; although as yet, she revolted at the idea of uttering a falsehood. Her suggestion proved a fortunate one, for no sooner had Uncle Jack reached neighbor Jones's gate, than he spied Miss Croft about entering her own. She stood and awaited his approach.

"Uncle Jack," said she, "you're the very one I was in search of. The new minister is coming to board with me; and I've got furniture to move, carpets to shake, stoves to set up, and only three days to do it in; and I *must* have your help."

"Jess so ma'am. I've got an errand down to the Squire's, and if he don't want me, I'll be back right away, ma'am, in less than no time."

Uncle Jack, who deserves a particular introduction to the reader, was considered one of the fixtures of the village, and as indispensable to its inhabitants as the Town Clock, or any other public property. An inveterate habit of whistling betrayed his whereabouts at all hours of the day. It was the first sound that greeted the ear at daybreak; and, for loudness and shrillness, had no competitor. On Sunday, arraying himself in holiday attire, he was invariably at his post in church; where, in harmony with his musical propensities, he held the responsible office of organ-blower. It was here that he first made the acquaintance of Roxy; who, to escape the ridicule of the boys and girls in the gallery, had taken refuge at his side in the organ loft. At the present time he was domiciled in the Squire's carriage house; and, consequently, felt under particular obligations to serve its owner.

At the expiration of the three days, Miss Celia pronounced her arrangements complete.

"Uncle Jack," said she, "you've worked for me now three days."

"Jest exactly so, ma'am."

"And I'm going to pay you *well* for it. Now, here's a hat poor father used to wear. To be sure it's a little soiled and worn, but 'twill last a long time yet. That hat cost poor father not less than five dollars; but you've been so faithful that I've concluded to let you have it for your work."

Uncle Jack took the old hat, which had once been white, and examined it rather dubiously.

"Dunno, ma'am, as I know exactly what to do with it. The Squire's jest gin me one as good as new."

"Why, then, lay it by, Uncle Jack; you'll want it some time, if you don't want it now."

"Jess so, ma'am; but couldn't you let me have a quarter? I've been out of tobaccer all day, and I was reek 'nin' of buyin' some when you paid me up."

"Well, if you *must* have tobacco, here's two cents. I can't give you any more. My expenses are very great. Here's Roxy, she eats full as much as a man, and isn't worth a cent to me; so, you see, I am obliged to be very saving."

"I see, ma'am," said Uncle Jack, as he took up the hat and made his exit.

Late, Saturday afternoon, the merry sound of a horn announced the approach of the Oakfield stage—an event which, although occurring three times per week, never failed to produce a commotion. First, old Skilton, the driver, reined his prancing steeds up to the post-office, and handed out the mail-bag; while a group of idlers sauntered out to the stage, and took a survey of the passengers and an inventory of their baggage. Then, gathering up the reins, he was this day seen to drive with an extra flourish around to Miss Crofts, where he deposited a couple of passengers, and no small quantity of luggage. Before night, the intelligence that the new minister had arrived, reached the remotest corner of the town.

The next morning, long before the hour of service arrived, lines of vehicles were seen entering the town in all directions; for people who never entered the sanctuary except on Christmas Eve, now felt it an imperative duty to come, and pronounce upon the merits of the new minister. As the bell began to ring, the villagers issuing from their dwellings swelled the motley throng, until the good old church was filled to its utmost capacity. At last Mr.

and Mrs. Thorne entered, preceded by the sexton, who, passing up the broad aisle, quietly ushered the latter into the "minister's pew," and then conducted his remaining charge to the vestry-room. Meanwhile, Miss Marantha Tufts, who for the last hour had been purposely located in an eligible position, after taking a critical survey of the new comers, looked over to Phete West with a decided nod of approval, and then turned and bestowed a second on Sally Doolittle, who sat a little in her rear. Both met with a hearty response—an occurrence noted with satisfaction by many; for these three individuals were known to be no other than the president, vice-president, and secretary of a clique who, having nothing else to do, had within the last few years taken upon themselves the responsibility of settling and unsettling the minister, *ad libitum*. Everything had proceeded satisfactorily until Mr. Thorne had finished reading the first hymn; then the profound silence which succeeded revealed a fact before unnoticed, that the choir had deserted their post. In vain Miss Marantha stretched her long neck from side to side in her efforts to spy out the deserters; but her eye fell upon one only, who, to her repeated nods and gesticulations, only returned a vacant stare. At length Mr. Jonathan Vamp arose from his seat, in a remote corner, and broke the uncomfortable silence by giving out, in a shrill, piping voice, the good old tune of "Peterborough."

After several attempts to bring his voice to the proper pitch, he commenced on a key which allowed no one to join him; although, during the singing of the eight verses, two or three modestly made the attempt. As Mr. Thorne gave out no more hymns that day, some people came to the uncharitable conclusion that he did not appreciate Mr. Vamp's musical abilities. But of *this* Mr. Vamp did not harbor an idea.

At the conclusion of the sermon there was another interchange of approving signals; and Miss Marantha was heard to exclaim loudly, as she passed out of church, that "the sermon was the most evangelical that had ever been preached from that pulpit." To this remark a bevy of "single sisters" as loudly assented. Mr. Simon Quint, who had slept soundly during the entire sermon, not wishing to remain silent, conscientiously remarked that "Mr. Thorne had a head of the finest black hair he ever set eyes on." Even the most cautious of the congregation wore a look of complacency. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne were so overwhelmed with introductions, congratulations, and invi-

tations that they were glad to escape from the crowd, and take refuge in their own quiet apartments.

Six months passed; during which Mr. Thorne and his wife had exchanged calls with all their widely scattered flock, and the great excitement of their first arrival had given place to a corresponding calm.

"What! my little wife in tears!" exclaimed Mr. Thorne, as he abruptly entered the room one day. "Now, tell me," said he, seizing both her little hands, and looking down into her face. "Are you sick or homesick, or has Miss Marantha been giving you another lecture on the duties of a clergyman's wife?"

"Not one of them," replied she, with a faint smile; "but, to tell the truth, I'm in danger of becoming miserable for want of something to do. If I could only write sermons like yourself, I should be the happiest of mortals. But my lack of brains will forever exclude me from the study."

"Well, if my little wife does *not* aspire to the title of 'Reverend,' like some of her sex, her life may not necessarily be a useless one."

"Oh, you are laughing at me, I see! I do not aspire to titles of any description; nor will my ambition ever lead me beyond my province. I only desire to be useful; in that way alone I feel I shall be happy."

"Yes, I understand you. Your life is a monotonous one—strange I never thought of it before. But my time is so absorbed in official duties, that it has never occurred to me you were not as busy as myself."

"In all our parish visits," continued Mrs. Thorne, "I have never met with a neeedy person; I seem to be as strictly debarred from charitable efforts as from literary ones. I often think I'm the most useless person living."

"Our parish is, indeed, most prosperous; but since you eschew titles, and only desire a field for your charity, I think I can direct you to one, without going from our home."

"What! Do you refer to Roxy? Do you think I can do anything for her?"

"I think you can do *much* for her. Her little pitiful face haunts me continually; and the shrieks forced upon our ears are enough to drive one distracted."

"Yes, I acknowledge it. Miss Croft has several times apologized for the disturbance. She says Roxy is perfectly incorrigible; that she is in the habit of screaming out of spite when she is not being corrected."

"Roxy's face indicates no such disposition. She looks to me like a little crushed flower, so

trodden under, that she hasn't power to raise her head. I don't suppose the child has ever been to school, and, very likely, has never yet been taught to read. If you are willing to devote your evenings to her instruction, you will be conferring upon her a lasting benefit. She is a child susceptible of great improvement."

"If I can obtain Miss Croft's consent, I will do so with all my heart. The plan has often occurred to me; but Miss Croft seems so annoyed, if I express any interest in Roxy, that I've been deterred from mentioning it to her. But I will delay no longer."

"I tell you plainly, Mrs. Thorne, you can't make anything of Roxy if you devote *all* your time to her. She's just fit for a servant, and nothing else. If you try to teach her, she'll get above her place, and make me more trouble than ever. Why, even now, when she hears the sound of your piano, she begins to sing and dance about the kitchen just as though I were not there: although she understands I never allow anything of the kind about *my* premises."

"But, my dear Miss Croft," said Mrs. Thorne, persuasively, "I think it's your duty to have her taught to read and write, at least; and as you can't spare her to go to school, I thought you would gladly accept my offer."

"I have no objections to her learning to read and write; but if she can't do it without getting her head filled with *notions*, she's better off without them. She's a strange child! I can't trust her out of my sight an instant."

"Do promise, Miss Croft, that I may make a trial of her; then, if you find her becoming any more unmanageable for it, I will say nothing farther about teaching her; but I must consult Roxy, too; for, perhaps, she has no desire to be taught."

"No danger of that; she likes anything that will bring her into notice."

"Very well; then you may send her to my room this evening, as soon as she has finished her work; but first, let her put on a clean dress and make herself tidy."

"She hasn't any except her Sunday dress," said Miss Croft, gruffly.

"No matter for that; I'll alter a dress of mine for her, so that she'll have one to wear by Sunday."

"I see plainly, Mrs. Thorne, you're going to ruin that child. I've had a hard task to make her know her place as well as she does."

"Never fear, Miss Croft, of my making her any worse: I trust I shall make her a great

deal better." And good Mrs. Thorne, closing the door, ran back to her room to congratulate with her husband on the success of her mission.

At night Roxy appeared at Mrs. Thorne's door arrayed in a clean calico dress, which had once belonged to her robust mistress, but was now adapted to her slight form by a simple shortening of the skirt and sleeves. Mrs. Thorne could scarcely repress a smile at her ludicrous appearance; but she kindly bade her come in and be seated.

"Roxy," said she, "I suppose Miss Croft has told you why I sent for you this evening?"

"No, ma'am," she timidly replied.

"Have you ever been to school?" continued Mrs. Thorne.

"No, ma'am."

"Can you read?"

"I can read a little."

"You have never tried to write?"

"Yes, ma'am," said she, eagerly, "I can make all the letters. I found an old copy-book in the garret where I sleep, and I got Uncle Jack to bring me a nice wide shingle and a piece of chalk, and I've learned to make every one of them."

"How would you like to come and sit with me evenings, and learn to read and write a little better?"

"Oh I should like it so much! But I'm afraid Miss Croft won't let me."

"Yes, Roxy, she's promised to let you come, so long as it doesn't interfere with your work, and you behave well."

"Oh, Mrs. Thorne, I'm afraid then I sha'n't come any more, for I can't please her if I try ever so hard."

"Only do your best," said Mrs. Thorne, encouragingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I shall try to."

"Here's a dress I'm going to give you for your best one. Now stand up by me while I fit it to you. The one you have on you must keep to wear evenings."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll do everything you want me to."

"Have you a book to read in?"

"Yes, ma'am; I've several real nice ones Miss Alice sent me. Oh, Mrs. Thorne, if it hadn't been for her and Uncle Jack, I don't know what I should have done; and now you are going to be my friend too!"

"Yes, Roxy, I'm going to be your friend; and in return, you must try and see how fast you can improve. Now go and bring in your books, and we'll commence with a reading lesson."

Roxy quickly returned with them. And the two became so absorbed in their new duties, that it was not until Mr. Thorne entered from his study that they became aware the evening was drawing to a close.

"Come, Cora," said he, "it's time you had dismissed your pupil; you forget she's obliged to be an early riser."

"True. I had forgotten it; but I must detain her a few moments yet." Mrs. Thorne arose, opened the piano, and seating herself at it called Roxy to her side. "I believe you sing, do you not, Roxy?"

"Sometimes, ma'am," said she, bashfully.

"Can you sing this?" pointing to the Evening Hymn.

Roxy glanced at Mr. Thorne and hesitated.

"You will sing to please me, won't you?" whispered Mrs. Thorne.

Roxy needed no further solicitation, but instantly joined Mrs. Thorne, at first, low and tremulously, but as she gained courage, in a voice so sweet and plaintive as to excite their deepest admiration. At the close of the hymn, Mrs. Thorne dismissed her, cautioning her at the same time against oversleeping in the morning.

"Cora," said Mr. Thorne, as soon as they were left alone, "I think you will find Roxy no ordinary child."

"I am convinced of it," she replied; "and I feel she's worthy of a higher position than she's likely to occupy. Is not her voice a remarkable one?"

"It is, indeed! I could scarcely restrain my admiration while she was singing. But what induced you to ask her to sing?"

"Because the Wentworths have so often spoken to me of her voice. You know they sit in the choir at church; and Roxy, they tell me, stations herself in the organ loft—out of sight, it is true, but not out of hearing."

"Hereafter, I suppose you will take her under your protection?"

"Most assuredly I shall; and I've already commenced preparing a decent suit for her to wear."

"What course do you intend to pursue regarding her studies?"

"That is what I wish to advise with you about. But if I had the entire control of her. I think I should be inclined to give her a musical education. With her natural talent, she could not fail of becoming an accomplished performer; and besides, as a music teacher, she would always obtain a good support."

"If she could have the necessary time for

practice, I should advise you to commence with music at once."

"There is no time for it, unless she gets up at daylight and practices until her usual time for rising—that, I fear, would be somewhat annoying to those accustomed to a morning nap."

"For her sake, I am quite willing to forego mine," said Mr. Thorne.

"And I mine," echoed Mrs. Thorne. "And as for Miss Croft, her room is so remote from ours that I don't think she can be in the least disturbed."

So it was finally decided that Roxy should be taught music in addition to the simple English branches.

"How comes on your *protégé*?" asked Squire Wentworth of Mrs. Thorne, one day.

"Oh, admirably! It is less than a year since I commenced teaching her, and she's made double the progress an ordinary girl would have done."

"You have hit upon an inexhaustible theme," said Mr. Thorne, laughingly. "Mrs. Thorne is so interested in Roxy, that nothing but the fear of Miss Croft prevents her from going into the kitchen to share her domestic duties also."

"But," said Mrs. Thorne, "if you could only witness her ambition, and knew what daily sacrifices she makes to prosecute her studies, you would not wonder at the interest I take in her. Only think, Squire Wentworth, she has never yet failed to rise at daybreak to practice her music lesson. Then, after working hard all day, she studies till late in the evening. I think you will agree with me, that a girl of her age and position, who thus perseveres, is really a prodigy, and justly entitled to the sympathies of every one."

"Most truly; but I must relieve you of a portion of your duties, by sending Savelli to instruct her in music."

"I am very, very grateful to you for an offer so much to her advantage; for her genius in that department merits a teacher superior to myself."

"He will be at my house to-morrow;—shall I send him to you then?"

"She will not be at leisure until evening."

"Very well! then I will arrange to have him come at that time."

"My dear," said Mr. Thorne, "what think you Miss Croft will say to this new arrangement?"

"Oh, nothing at all," said she, archly; "when I tell her it's Squire Wentworth's proposition."

"If there is likely to be any trouble about it, you must refer her to me," said the Squire, blandly, as he took his leave.

"This is a world full of trouble, Miss Croft. I have *my* trials, and I suppose you have *yours*," said Miss Mariutha, one day, in a suggestive tone.

"You would think you had trials if you were in my place," sighed Miss Croft. "Have you heard how that book peddler swindled me out of his board bill?"

"Why no! I haven't heard a word about it."

"Well, he came here with a parcel of books to sell. I told him I shouldn't buy any; but he insisted on my looking at them. He said it wouldn't cost anything to do *that*. So, at last, I sat down and examined them. I found two elegantly bound volumes, that suited me exactly; and in exchange for them, I offered him a razor and lancet for which poor father paid double the price he asked for the books; but he refused everything but cash. As he was preparing to leave, he asked me if I knew of a private family who would board him a couple of weeks. He said he needed quiet as well as rest, and on that account avoided a hotel. I told him, as I had already two boarders, perhaps I would accommodate him, if we could agree upon the terms. Well, we made a bargain without difficulty. He proved to be a very light eater, and agreeable in every respect. After staying nearly a fortnight, he took his books one day, and walked out; and that's the last I've seen of him."

"Why! do tell, if he did? Well it's astonishing to see how wicked people are in these days. They're a great deal worse than they used to be."

"Yes, poor father often made the same remark. Then it's a great undertaking for me to board the minister and his wife. There isn't another one in the parish who would make the sacrifices for them that I do."

"But they say he pays you an enormous price for it."

"Well, it *costs* me a great deal! Mr. Thorne is an enormous eater; and it's worth a dollar more a week to board him than I had calculated on."

"I'm not surprised to hear it. He always looked to me like a great eater."

"It would astonish you, I am sure, to see him at the table. At breakfast, he always takes four cups of coffee—and you know the size of my cups?—besides eating as much bread and meat as would last me a week."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Miss Marantha.

"And at dinner, he eats twice as much as at breakfast; and at supper, he devours everything on the table, except a cracker and cup of tea, which Mrs. Thorne takes. Roxy and I don't eat anything at night—we don't consider it healthy."

"Well, it does seem incredible!"

"And takes so little exercise," continued Miss Croft, *that's* what troubles me. I fear he's inclined to apoplexy; and I've felt it my duty to recommend to him a low diet, and plenty of exercise."

"It was very kind in you, I am sure! What did he say to your advice?"

"He said very little; but I thought he eat rather more afterwards than he did before."

"Strange that he'll be so perverse!"

"I think, too, he's naturally very indolent."

"I don't doubt it," said Miss Marantha. "I have observed he keeps very much in his study."

"Yes! he never allows himself but one day in the week for visiting."

"If he visited his parishioners as often as he should, he wouldn't suffer for want of exercise."

"But how much better still," said Miss Croft, "if he would only take a hoe and work a couple of hours every day in my garden. I've often hinted to him there was plenty to do there; but he never profits by my suggestion."

"That's a very sensible idea; I never thought of it before. But I should think he would be delighted with the charge of your garden."

"No! nothing like work delights him; he has never even chopped a stick of wood for himself, since he came here."

"Is it possible he's so inefficient!"

"Yes! it's a fact."

"Well, Miss Croft, we pay our minister a liberal salary; and we expect him to devote his whole time to us. An energetic man would write two sermons a day, and devote the remainder of the week to visiting the Parish; besides chopping wood or cultivating a garden at 'odd spells.' Deacon Billsby and I have been talking over this matter; and he agrees with me precisely."

"Now, Marantha," said Miss Croft, drawing her chair a little nearer her friend, "I'm telling you confidentially a few of my trials. There's Mrs. Thorne—*she* has her faults, as well as the rest of us. As she has no business of her own, she seems to think she must attend to other people's. You've heard, I suppose, what a fool she's making of my Roxy?"

"I've only heard she was trying to educate her."

"Well, I promised Mrs. Thorne she might learn her to read and write; but she wasn't long satisfied with that. She went on teaching her everything she could think of, until at last she got that Italian music master to give her lessons on the piano. You know if you give some people 'an inch they'll take an ell.'"

"Yes, Mrs. Thorne looks to me like just such a woman."

"Roxy has no time for study, except she gets up before daylight, and sits up late in the evening; and you don't know what a trial it is to me to see her deprived of her needful rest—girls of her age require a great deal of sleep."

"It must be a dreadful trial to you; can't you put a stop to it?"

"No, not as long as she has Mrs. Thorne to encourage her; but I'll tell you in confidence that I sha'n't board them much longer, just on her account. I can't afford to have my help spoiled in that way."

"I don't blame you in the least," said Marantha. "I think somebody ought to advise them both; and if nobody else does, I believe I shall undertake the task."

Roxy had now reached her fourteenth year. In every respect she had thus far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of her friends. Still, she was like a plant reared in an uncongenial locality. To Mrs. Thorne, as to the warm sunlight, she turned with all her wealth of affection and talent; while in the atmosphere of a tyrannical mistress, the tree of promise displayed but sickly leaves and blighted buds. Her face, once so wan and pitiful, might now, in its rounded outlines, be styled almost beautiful; and in the lithe figure, so neatly clad, the Roxy of old can scarcely be recognized. Her dark, mournful eyes alone remained unchanged; yet even these in the presence of her benefactress seem to forget their habitual expression.

"Roxy," said Mrs. Thorne one evening, as the former entered her room, "Mr. Thorne and myself are going to Boston to-morrow."

"To Boston!" exclaimed Roxy in great dismay. "How long shall you be absent?"

"About a fortnight; but Mr. Thorne will return sooner. I shall not be able to hear your usual recitations this evening; but you may sit here and study if you wish."

Roxy sat down and opened a book. Mrs. Thorne glanced at her, and saw her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, Roxy," said she, "do you think

I'm going so far that I shall never get back again."

"No, ma'am," she sadly replied. "I'm getting very selfish, I know; but I feel I can't live a day without you; and a fortnight seems such a very long time."

"It will soon pass, my child. You must practise every morning while I'm gone, and as much more as Miss Croft will allow. I dare say you will have plenty of leisure when we are away."

Roxy shook her head, doubtfully.

"Mr. Savelli says he can give you but one more lesson, as he is about to leave town."

"He is!" exclaimed she with surprise. "He has never mentioned it to me, though that is not strange; for he seldom speaks except about my lesson. But I'm sorry he is going; for although he looks so stern and sad, I can't help liking him."

"He speaks very flatteringly of your progress and ability; and I am sorry to have him leave us; but Esquire Wentworth will employ another teacher in his place; so that you will not be interrupted in your music."

"You are all too kind, Mrs. Thorne; and I only wish I could do something to show you how grateful I am."

She then resumed her study, but evidently her mind was not upon it; for soon closing the book, she said:

"Mrs. Thorne, has Miss Croft ever told you how I came to live with her?"

"No, Roxy, she has never told me anything about you."

"I thought she had not; and I've felt lately I was doing wrong to keep any secret from you who are so good and kind to me. Hav'n't you sometimes heard her call me a gypsy?"

"Yes; but only when she was scolding you."

"Oh, Mrs. Thorne, do not despise me when I tell you *I am one*! I almost hate *myself* for belonging to such a race. I never thought I should tell any one my secret, for I know Miss Croft never has; but I couldn't endure the thought of deceiving you any longer." And Roxy, hiding her face in her hands, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

"Be assured," replied Mrs. Thorne, "that I shall never think the less of you for your origin; as long as your conduct is praiseworthy, you will have my sympathy and affection. Now compose yourself, and tell me your whole story."

"Only one person, I think," continued Roxy, "ever suspected me, and that is Mr. Savelli.

Didn't you notice, the first time he came here, how keenly he looked at me? I was so confused, I would have gladly quit the room, and nothing but the fear of displeasing you prevented me from doing so. As soon as you left us, he said, 'Roxy, you are not an American!' I told him I was; but I think he doubted me, for he looked at me a long time very suspiciously. I think he must have seen me somewhere with the gypsies."

"Very possibly he has. But were not *they* foreigners?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I never thought though but that they were *Americans*. When I was between three and four years old, Annita told me, my mother died, and my father died before she ever knew us. I was very sick, too, at that time, and for a long while after; but, finally, I began to get better, and as there was no one who wanted me, she said she coaxed her husband, Pietro, to let *her* keep me; for she had just lost a child of my age, and was very sad and lonesome."

"Where were you before Annita took you?" asked Mrs. Thorne.

"I don't know, ma'am; I never could remember—I seemed to forget everything that happened before I was sick. The *first* that I do remember was Annita's taking me to the encampment. Everything seemed so different from what I had seen before, that I could never forget it. I was so weak that I couldn't walk much; so Annita carried me most of the way in her arms. We seemed to go a great distance; then we came to a thick wood. Right in the midst of it was a tent, and a great fire burning on the ground before it, where two women were cooking supper. Close by stood a wagon with a horse tied to it, and ever so many people were lounging about. Annita went right into the tent with me, and they came flocking in to see us. They laughed and talked so loud I was afraid of them; so I got into Annita's lap, and hid my face under her arm. Finally, Pietro came in; when he saw me he was very angry. He didn't expect, he said, Annita was going to bring home such a little skeleton as I was. He told her she must carry me back; but she refused, and then he tried to force me from her; but she held me fast, and I clung to her in such terror that he couldn't separate us. I could never afterward get over my fear of him; and whenever I saw him coming, if Annita wasn't with me, I always ran and hid myself. We stayed here some weeks; then they packed up their things and moved on. Annita and I rode in the wagon with the baggage, while the rest

followed on foot. There were eight of us in all. In a few days we came to a large town. Here Pietro and his wife left the company, taking me with them, but not without another dispute about me; for Pietro was determined not to take me any farther. But Annita would not give me up; so we all went on board a ship. I never knew how long we stayed there or where we went, for I fell sick again, and when I got well enough to notice things, we were riding about the country, just as we did before. Whenever we came near a town we would stop, sometimes for several days. Pietro and his wife made baskets, which he sold; while she, taking me by the hand, went from house to house begging and telling fortunes. In this way we got along very well through the summer; but when winter came, I used to suffer very much from the cold, and so often fell sick that I must have been a great trouble to Annita; although she never complained, and always treated me with the greatest kindness. Sometimes Pietro would drink too much, and then he was very cruel to us both. He would steal, too, whenever he had a chance; and once he was put into prison for it. Then they took away our horse and wagon; and Annita and I wandered around the country till they let him out. I lived in this way until I was eight years old. At last, we came to *this* place. We stayed at night in Uncle Simon Quint's barn. In the morning Annita woke me, and told me, with tears in her eyes, that she'd promised Pietro not to keep me any longer; and she was going out to see if she could find a good home for me. She then went out, leaving me alone, for Pietro had gone before I was up. She didn't get back till noon. She brought a bundle with her, which she opened; and taking out some clean clothes, stripped off the rags that covered me, and put them on me. Then she combed my hair, which hung in long curls over my shoulders, and tying on me a bonnet I had never seen before, we set out together for the village. When we came to the Cross Roads, which you know is just a mile from here, we sat down on the great rock to rest ourselves. Annita then told me she had found a lady who would take me to live with her, where I should have a nice pleasant home, and where I should be a great deal better off than I had ever been with her. But she said, if 'twere not for Pietro, she could never be willing to part with me. I loved Annita; and yet I wasn't sorry to quit my wandering life; for, young as I was, I disliked it, and always envied the well-dressed children I saw in their

comfortable homes. While we were sitting there, Annita took a little packet she had concealed about her, and opening it, took out a gold chain with a miniature fastened to it. 'Teresa,' said she, putting it around my neck, 'this is your mother's picture. I've kept it safe from you ever since she died. I hav'n't even let Pietro see it, for fear he would take it from me. Promise me you'll take care of it.' I took the picture in my hand, and as I looked at it, I seemed all at once to remember my mother, as distinctly as though I had seen her but yesterday. 'Oh, Annita!' I cried, 'do tell me something about her.' 'I can't tell you anything,' she said; 'I only know she died and left you a little sickly thing that nobody cared for, and so I took you for my own; but keep the picture, Teresa, it may be of use to you some time.'

"While we were talking, we saw Pietro coming down the road. Annita seized me by the hand, and we hurried on. We were not long in coming to Miss Croft's; for she was the lady I was going to live with. Miss Croft met us at the door. Annita led me in, and throwing her arms around me, kissed me repeatedly; then, without saying a word, she darted out of the house, and I never saw her any more. I was so grieved when I found she had really left me that I threw myself on the floor, and cried as though my heart would break. Miss Croft, at first, tried to pacify me, but finding nothing would quiet me she concluded to send me to bed. It was scarcely dark when she led the way up into the garret where I was to sleep. I had always been cowardly; but I shall never forget my terror at finding myself, for the first time in my life, alone at night in a strange place. I would have given worlds to have been once more with Pietro and his wife. I took my picture, which seemed to console me a little, and when it became too dark for me to see it any longer, I put it under my pillow and cried myself to sleep.

"Early next morning I heard Miss Croft calling me. I got up and dressed myself as quick as I could, and taking my picture from the chain laid it carefully away; then, putting the chain around my neck, I went down stairs.

"After I had eaten my breakfast, she called me to her, and, taking the scissors from her work-basket, cut off my hair as short as she could. I felt very bad; for Annita had always taken so much pains with it, that I was rather vain of it. Next she took off my chain, and though I told her it was my mother's, and begged her to let me keep it, she wouldn't lis-

ten to me ; and I didn't see it again, until one day a peddler called here, and I saw her swap it away for those gold spectacles she wears and a silver thimble. After this I took good care of the miniature ; for I know if she saw it, she would take that too. I hadn't lived here long before I found that Miss Croft was quite as much to be feared as Pietro, and perhaps more ; for here there was no one to protect me when she ill-used me. You know something, Mrs. Thorne, of the life I lead here. If it were not for your kindness, I don't think I could endure it ; and do you wonder, ma'am, that I dread to have you leave me even for a visit ? I believe, now, my story is ended. Shall I show you my mother's picture ?"

"By all means, Roxy ; I am very desirous of seeing it."

Roxy left the room for it. When she returned, finding Mr. Thorne present, she hesitated about showing it ; but Mrs. Thorne, extending her hand, she silently placed in it the much-prized treasure.

"Beautiful ! beautiful !" exclaimed Mrs. Thorne, the instant her eye fell upon the picture. "Look, Mr. Thorne, was there ever anything more exquisite ?"

"It is truly exquisite !" said he, examining it with curiosity. "The face, though, seems to be of foreign cast ; and this costly setting is evidently of foreign workmanship. But whose miniature is it ?"

"It is that of Roxy's mother," said Mrs. Thorne.

"And her name was Theresa," said he, deciphering the faintly-traced characters beneath.

"Yes, sir," replied Roxy, modestly ; "and it's my name, too. But Miss Croft didn't like it, so she changed it to Roxy."

Both gazed long and ardently upon the face, whose matchless beauty seemed rather the embodiment of an artist's dream than a sketch from reality.

"Roxy," said Mrs. Thorne, with enthusiasm, "if this is truly your mother's picture, you need no longer lament your origin. This is not one of the forest flowers, beautiful as they often are. In every lineament, I trace high birth and breeding."

"It is my mother, I know," said she, earnestly. "When Annita gave me the picture, I knew at once the face that had always looked so kindly on me in my dreams, but I never knew till then that it was my mother's. Oh, Mrs. Thorne, if I could only believe I were not a gypsy, I should be too happy ! Miss Croft

says every day nobody can make anything of them ; and I know myself everybody despises them. Annita was the only one I could ever love."

"I cannot think you are one ; but even if it be so, you have nothing to discourage you. Your friends will never desert you on that account. Here, take your picture, but bring it to me again some time, for I am not half satisfied with looking at it."

At four o'clock the next morning Roxy bade her kind friends good-by. She watched the stage until out of sight, and then with a heavy heart obeyed the summons to the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

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### OBSTINACY.

AN obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him ; for when he is once possessed with an error it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never looses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to anything it lays hold on. His skull is so thick that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on a wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves ; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent ; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment ; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold ; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into any lighter color. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is ; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is burdened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

## A RAILWAY JOURNEY: AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

UPON a sunny morning in early June, the post-boy rapped at the door of Judge Marston's dwelling, and left a letter for his pretty daughter Hattie.

Now this letter was nothing remarkable of itself, not being a love-letter, and not even coming from a gentleman correspondent. It simply bore a western post-mark, but it set little Hattie Marston all in a flutter after she had eagerly perused its contents; and, with it in her hand, she hastily sought her mother, who was superintending dinner.

"Oh, mother, a letter from Cousin Lizzie, from Cleveland! Uncle and aunt wished her to write for me to visit them next month. There is a gentleman of their acquaintance coming east in a week or two, who will call for me—a Mr. Farlow—who, Lizzie writes, is the son of an old college friend of uncle's and father's. Lizzie has told him about me, and he politely offers to be my travelling companion on his return. What a grand opportunity it will be! won't it, mother? You know I have been wishing to go West for a year or more; and father is so much engaged that he cannot accompany me. I can go, can't I, mother?" said Hattie, eagerly.

"Wait, and see what your father says. I know we have long promised you a western visit; and now, if the Judge thinks it best, and this young man is a proper escort, I shall be willing for you to leave us for awhile. When your father returns to dinner, read the letter to him, and see what his opinion is."

At dinner, Judge Marston, with his dignified mien, silvery hair, and frank, genial countenance, was met by his daughter.

"What is it, Hattie? what has happened?" he asked, as he noted her eager, flushed face, and the open letter in her hand.

"Oh, father, a letter from Cousin Lizzie, wishing me to pay them a visit! I will read it to you; and shall expect you will gladly say that I may go forthwith." And Hattie proceeded to read aloud her cousin's letter. "There, father, what do you think? May I not go?" she asked, as she finished reading.

"Why, what a girl, Hattie! so eager to leave your old father and mother!" said the Judge, teasingly, "and with a strange young gentleman, too! I don't know about trusting my Hattie to the care of this handsome friend of

Cousin Lizzie's. Who knows what *might* come of it, eh, Hattie?" and the Judge laughed provokingly.

"Don't talk so, father!" said Hattie. "You forget that Lizzie says his father is an old friend of yours, and that he is one of the ablest lawyers of Cleveland."

"Well, if Robert Farlow inherits any of his father's qualities, he is a noble young man. His father was my most intimate college friend, and many a scrape did he save me from while there. I should like to see the young man right well, and hope he has the same traits of character which distinguished his father. You can write your Cousin Lizzie that your mother and I give our consent, and that she may expect 'our plague' at the time appointed," and the Judge turned to his dinner.

Two weeks later, Robert Farlow arrived in W——, and stopped at the village hotel. On the evening after his arrival he called at Judge Marston's, with a letter of introduction from the Judge's brother, Mr. Marston, of Cleveland.

A frank, manly bearing—like that of his father's in youth—quickly won the Judge's favor; and he cordially proffered the hospitalities of his house to the young lawyer during his stay in the place, remarking laughingly to his wife, "That, now, he had no fears of intrusting Hattie to his care!"

And Hattie, what did she think of her escort? Ah, methinks if the pillow whereon she pressed her golden head could tell tales, it would speak of a strong prepossession in the young lawyer's favor.

A week later, and the westward train bore Hattie Marston and Robert Farlow among its passengers.

It was something new for Hattie to travel, having never been farther from home than a neighboring boarding-school; and everything was fresh and delightful to her. The varied scenery of lake and forest delighted her; and her fresh, childish remarks pleased her companion, who had hitherto been accustomed only to the society of fashionable ladies. He discovered in her a true child of nature, whose unhackneyed guilelessness attracted and gratified him. But, as night drew on, poor Hattie became tired of asking questions and looking from the window. She gradually grew silent; and after many vain efforts to keep her eyes

open, they unconsciously closed, and she was really fast asleep, while a gentle hand drew her head down against a manly shoulder, and tender eyes, in which beamed a new light, gazed upon the sweet face nestling there in quiet security.

The succeeding two days and nights were similar to the first to our travellers, save that the manner of Robert Farlow grew more tender and thoughtful for his charge. On the third eve they arrived at their journey's end, and Hattie was safely transferred to her uncle's house.

"And how did you like your escort, Cousin Hattie?" asked Lizzie Marston, as the two girls sat in the latter's room late that night.

"Oh I think he is *splendid!*" answered Hattie, while a blush unconsciously stole up her face. "He was so polite and gentlemanly! It seemed as if he could not do enough to make me comfortable."

"I thought you'd like him; and I knew he couldn't help liking Cousin Hattie, as I told him he would! He is usually averse to making himself agreeable to ladies; though they, dear creatures, perfectly dote on him when in his society," said Lizzie, laughingly. "Now I'll tell you a little secret, Hattie, if you'll promise not to scold me. Do you want to hear it, Hattie? If so, promise not to look cross."

"Yes, I'll promise, if it is anything that I ought to know."

"Well, it is; and so here's the story! You see, for a year or more, I've been wanting a certain gentleman and a certain cousin of mine to become acquainted; and, for awhile, I really despaired of effecting a meeting. But one day a bright idea occurred to me. I had just received a letter from this cousin of mine, who shall, for the present, be nameless; and it so chanced that the gentleman in question, who also shall be without a name, happened in as I was reading the letter, when what could I do but read aloud a few passages, and then tell him of the writer? Of course I had never mentioned her before! Then I hinted that a journey east would do him no harm, and that one west would do the lady heaps of good; so, very naturally, he took the hint, and offered to be your escort, Cousin Hattie. There, now, aren't I nice for planning?"

"O you cruel, wicked girl! how could you?" exclaimed Hattie, hiding her glowing face, which had gradually grown a deeper hue, till her cousin finished, when it seemed a-blaze with fire—"How could you do it, Hattie? I never would have come *one step*, had I known

of your plans!" And Hattie's voice really betrayed injured feeling and wounded pride.

"There, don't be angry, dear Hattie, or I shall regret having told you!" said her cousin, putting her arm around her and kissing her. "There is no harm done; for I know Robert Farlow doesn't regret his journey, if I can judge from his countenance this evening; and you, Hattie, you, of course, hav'n't been foolish enough to fall in love with him; so, my dear, kiss me forgiveness, and let's seek our pillows, for I know you must be fatigued enough with the journey!"

But little slumber refreshed Hattie Marston's eyes that night, for her cousin's words rang in her ears: "You hav'n't been foolish enough to fall in love with him?" Had she? She hid her face in the pillow, and tears of shame dimmed her blue eyes.

The next morning Robert Farlow called, as a matter of course, to inquire after the health of his *compagnon du voyage*. Hattie's manner was cool and reserved toward him, a marked change from what it had previously been; and he felt it.

"Are you ill, Miss Marston?" he asked, anxiously, as he noted her pale face and heavy eyes.

"No, oh no, not in the least," she answered, quickly, the color rapidly mantling her cheek.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Farlow, the journey has made her ill. It was almost too long to take without stopping to rest upon the way," said her aunt, Mrs. Marston.

"O no; Cousin Hattie is only a little fatigued; she will recover in a day or two," said Lizzie, demurely.

The wicked girl knew all the while that her words of the previous night had caused the change in her cousin's manner toward their visitor; but she had a plan in her head, which she was determined should be fulfilled.

Time passed, and Hattie Marston enjoyed her visit exceedingly. A gay summer and fall she had at her cousin's in the West, cantering over the flowery prairies, or sailing upon the lakes; and her time was fully occupied. Her beauty and grace attracted much attention, and many suitors were at her side; but to all she turned a deaf ear.

But there was one whom she saw daily—yet who stood aloof when others flocked around her—one word from whose lips would have sent fullest happiness to her heart. But this word was not spoken; for her guarded manner, since the night of their arrival, had continued;

and so they two, so near, walked apart, each mistaken in the other. Ah, Lizzie Marston, your plan should not have been told so soon! You made a sad mistake in its betrayal; for Hattie guards her heart with a double bolt and lock, and Robert Farlow, equally watchful over his own, catches no glimpse of what is hidden so securely within hers whom he deems he loves in vain.

As the autumn days deepened and the beauty of the season departed, one morning, at breakfast, Hattie avowed her intention of returning home, and would not listen to entreaties to remain longer.

"But you cannot go until the last of next month, Hattie," said her uncle, "for I shall not be able to go East until then, and your father cannot come for you now."

"But I must go, uncle! I have made you a long visit already. I can go in charge of the conductor, and shall arrive safely; never fear for that," she replied, stoutly.

"Hattie homesick? why, child!" said her aunt, looking at her scrutinizingly. "Well, I don't much wonder at it, for I expect Lizzie would be if she were on east. But try, dear, and content yourself until your uncle can go on with you. I shouldn't feel right to have you go without a companion."

"Hattie, dear, you mustn't go a step now; so don't say another word about it," said her Cousin Lizzie. "Here we have just begun to enjoy ourselves, and you must take this freak into your head to return home. I sha'n't allow it! so don't give it another thought, but content yourself to remain until uncle comes for you; and then, if, of your own accord, you do not wish to remain longer, why, I won't say another word against it. Will you, Mr. Farlow?" said Lizzie, turning to that gentleman, who had just entered.

"Against what, Miss Lizzie? What is it I am expected to influence your cousin in favor of? I must know the case in question before I give my decision, he answered, smilingly."

"Oh, of course," answered Lizzie. "I did not realize but that you were here just now, when Hattie made known her intention of returning home immediately. Now, what we want is, that you should try your powers of persuasion in behalf of her remaining until her father comes for her, which will be only too soon for us to lose her."

"I hardly flatter myself that anything I can say will have the desired effect if you all have failed," he answered; "but if, on the contrary, your cousin wishes to go, perhaps I might be

of benefit to her on the journey, as the duties of my profession call me to New York next week. If she will again accept my escort, I shall be but too happy in rendering it."

"Just the thing!" said Mr. Marston and Lizzie in a breath; the latter continuing, with a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth:

"Well, Hattie, if you are determined to go, why, you can have your old travelling companion!"

Poor Hattie blushed, and murmured out a few words in thanks; and then, pleading a headache, retired.

A week later found our travelling companions upon the return route. Hattie still maintained her old reserved manner; and Robert Farlow despaired of obtaining her love; so he wrapped himself in a reserve equal to her own. But accident was destined to place that happiness within the young lawyer's grasp, which, otherwise, would never have been given him.

It was the last night of their journey. Hattie had sunk into a deep slumber, unbroken by the jolt of the cars or the hoarse breathing of the engine. She slept; and the eyes of the young lawyer rested upon her with tenderness beaming from their depths. He felt that the time was fast nearing when he would be obliged to yield his lovely charge to her parents; and he found himself unconsciously wishing that something might occur to prolong their journey. This desired "something" came.

A sharp, shrill whistle—a sudden crash, mingled with loud shrieks—told that a frightful accident had occurred to the train; and Robert Farlow felt himself whirled rapidly down a steep embankment. Unconsciously, at the first jar, he had grasped the sleeping girl in his strong arms, and, with her clasped to his heart, had been borne down amid the crashing seats of the car. Very fortunate it was that they had taken passage in the last car, and in the rear of that; otherwise, neither would have been saved the sad fate of mangled limbs met by so many of their fellow-passengers.

Five minutes after that terrible crash of the two fiery engines that came in collision, Robert Farlow, with pale face and one hand bleeding and crushed, arose from the ruin around him, with Hattie still clasped to his breast. Faint and stunned from the shock, moments had passed before he recovered his senses; but awakening to a realization of his situation, he rose with his unconscious burden, and stood out in the clear moonlight.

A crimson mark stained Hattie Marston's white forehead, and her eyes were closed;

while the moonbeams showed the otherwise deathly pallor of her face framed in her loosened golden hair which floated around her.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Robert Farlow, as he gazed upon her and saw that she did not revive. "Oh, Hattie! my beloved! my angel, is dead!" he cried, passionately, as he pressed his lips to hers in a first long kiss.

The lips of the young girl trembled at the pressure of his, and her eyelids slowly unclosed, while she murmured softly:

"Where am I? Am I dreaming?" and she passed in confusion, putting her hand to her head.

"No, you are not dreaming, dearest Hattie! It is true that I love you better than life, that I would gladly meet death, if thereby I might save you a pang!" he answered, tenderly and rapidly.

"But where am I? and what is the matter with your hand? There is blood upon my face too!" she said, as she put her hand to her head.

"We have met with a fearful accident, Hattie," he answered, "and many are seriously injured. I was afraid, at first, that you were; but, thank God, it is not so! My hand is slightly injured, and the blood must have touched your forehead, for there is no wound there. You are not harmed. Oh how thankful I am that you are safe!"

It was a strange place for an avowal of love; there, at that midnight hour and in the moonlight, with the sound of the sufferers still in their ears. But a moment they lingered; yet that was sufficient for Robert Farlow to read an answer—not only in the eyes of his companion, but in her few spoken words:

"You have saved my life, Robert; henceforth it shall be given to its preserver!" Then they turned to assist the unfortunate sufferers around them.

A few hours of detention, and they were again on the road, and arrived safely the next nightfall at Hattie's home, where they were tearfully welcomed by her parents, who had just read the news of the accident.

A month later, a wedding was celebrated at Judge Marston's mansion; and when Hattie again left the home of her girlhood for another western journey, it was as the wife of Robert Farlow.

#### WHAT PRECIOUS STONES ARE MADE OF.

FIRST, as to the diamond, which, though the king and chief of all, may be dismissed in two

words—pure carbon. The diamond is the ultimate effort, the idealization, the spiritual evolution of coal—the butterfly escaped from its antenatal tomb, the realization of the coal's highest being. Then the ruby, the flaming red oriental ruby, side by side with the sapphire, and the oriental topaz—both rubies of different colors—what are they? Crystals of our commonest argillaceous earth, the earth which makes our potters' clay, our pipe-clay, and common roofing slate—mere bits of alumina. Yet these are among our best gems, these idealizations of our common potters' clay. In every one hundred grains of beautiful blue sapphire, ninety-two are pure alumina with one grain of iron to make that glorious light within. The ruby is colored with chromic acid. The amethyst is only silica or flint. In one hundred grains of amethyst, ninety-eight are pure flint—the same substance as that which made the old flint in the tinder-box, used before our phosphorus and sulphur-headed matches; of this same silica are also cornelian, cat's-eye, rock crystal, Egyptian jasper and opal. In one hundred grains of opal, ninety are pure silica, and ten water. It is the water, then, which gives the gem the peculiarly changeable and iridescent coloring which is so beautiful, and which renders the opal the moonlight queen of the kingly diamond. The garnet, the Brazilian topaz, but not the oriental—the oriental emerald which is of the same species as the beryl; all are compounds of flint and alumina. But the beryl and emerald are not composed exclusively of silica and alumina; they contain another earth called *glucina*—from *glukos*, sweet, because its salts are sweet to the taste. The hyacinth gem is composed of the earth called *zirconia*, first discovered in that species of stone called *zircon*, found in Scotland. A chrysolite is a portion of pure silicate of magnesia. Without carbonate of copper there would be no malachite in Russia, or in the Burra Burra mines in Australia; without carbonate of lime there would be no Carrara marble. The turquoise is nothing but a phosphate of alumina colored blue by copper. Lapis Lazuli is only a bit of earth painted throughout with sulphuret of sodium.

LET us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that, in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comfort but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.

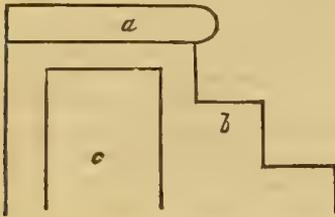
## PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

## SECOND LESSON.

As you have learned to draw straight lines parallel to one another, it will be necessary to make you connect them in some way, so as to form the outline of an object.

Draw two straight lines parallel to one another like *a*, in Fig. 3; then connect the ends of them

Fig. 3.

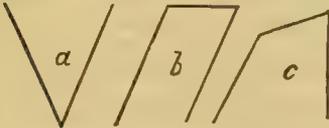


by a small curved line, and from that draw a short perpendicular and a short horizontal line (as *b*, in Fig. 3); repeat until the outline of a set of steps is complete.

Draw a horizontal straight line, and from either extremity of it draw two perpendicular straight lines as in *c*, Fig. 3.

Draw two oblique lines, so that their lower extremities shall meet, as *a*, Fig. 4. Then

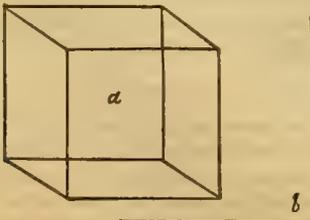
Fig. 4.



draw two parallel straight lines, so that the beginning of the upper one shall be almost immediately over the end of the lower one, and join the ends of these lines with oblique lines, as *b*, in Fig. 4.

Draw a perpendicular straight line, and from the upper end of it an oblique line from right to left, then unite the end of the oblique line to another oblique line, as in *c*, Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.



Draw a perpendicular line, and from the

lower part of it draw a horizontal line from right to left, as *b*, in Fig. 5.

Draw four horizontal lines, and then join their extremities by four perpendicular lines, as in *a*, Fig. 5. This will represent a block of wood (called a *cube* in geometry), having six faces, and eight corners or angles, like a die.

Here is another geometrical figure which you are requested to copy. To do so correctly, begin by making two dots, and then forming the upper line; then calculate that the distance of the second line is twice the depth of the fore part of the stone (which is represented in Fig. 6), and draw a *very faint short stroke* to fix the

Fig. 6.

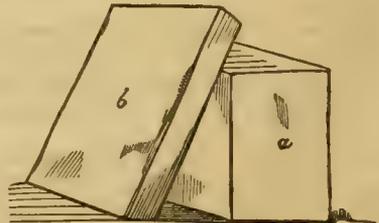


distance. You must now fix the place to commence the second line, and you therefore place a dot at about the same depth as the fore part of the stone towards the right, and another dot at about one and a half of the depth from the right of the end of the upper line; then draw a line between the two dots. Join the ends of these two lines by oblique lines, as represented in the figure above, and proceeding in the same manner to place dots upon the paper for the other parts, draw the short perpendicular lines and the oblique and horizontal lines. The figure is now complete in outline, and you must therefore finish it by the addition of a few strokes and dots as shown in the figure.

To form the outline of the figure, use a *F* pencil, and a *HB* to fill in the other strokes.

Here is another figure that you must practise frequently, because it will give you a fair

Fig. 7.

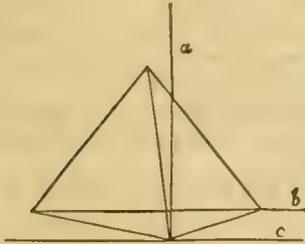


knowledge of the combination of form and proportion, and will school your eyes to the perspective of solids. In this, as in all cases, proceed by making dots before you commence drawing your lines; and we merely repeat this again because we wish our pupils to under-

stand most distinctly that no line should be drawn until the length of it has been marked upon the paper by dots. When you have drawn the upper horizontal line of *a*, in Fig. 7, draw a perpendicular line from each end of it, and let each of these lines be one and a half the length of the horizontal line; then unite the two lower ends of the perpendicular lines. Now draw a faint horizontal line along the base of *a*, and at about half the height of the oblong *a* place a dot on the faint horizontal line, and another dot at rather more than a third of the length of the dot just placed upon the line from the left lower angle of the oblong. You must then place a dot at about half the length of the above distance above the horizontal line, and the same distance from the second dot as the width of the base *a*. From these several dots draw oblique lines as in *b*, Fig. 7, and join them by other lines as shown in the figure. You must now draw other short lines from the oblique ones to the face of the oblong, and finish the figure by a few short strokes at the base, as shown in the figure.

It is required to represent the two sides of a pyramid. Draw two faint horizontal lines *b c*, and another one *a*, perpendicular to them; then draw a line from *c* to *b*, commencing at

Fig. 8.



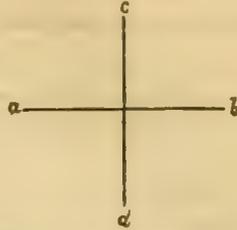
the place where *a* cuts *c*; then draw another line from *c* to *b*, one-third longer than the line on the right of *a*, commencing at the point of junction between *a* and *c*. Place a dot on the left of the perpendicular *a*, at nearly the same distance from it as the space between the lines *b* and *c*, and twice the length of the oblique line on the right of its base, between the line *c b*. From this point or dot draw lines to meet those drawn before, and the figure will be complete.

Draw a horizontal line, *a b*, and then draw a perpendicular line, *c d*, across it, as in Fig. 9.

You will have formed four right angles, *a e c*, *c e b*, *b e d*, *d e a*; but we are not going to study angles now; that is not our object. We wish you to notice our remarks and practise the

figure; then, when you can draw this well, you should draw the lines in different directions so

Fig. 9.



near that *c* may be brought nearer to *b*, and *d* to *a*; by this means you will form various kinds of angles.

THE BROKEN TENDRIL.

BY MRS. WOLVERTON.

THE twilight dew is falling,  
The soft moon sailing near,  
Within her court of beauty  
The starry lights appear.

They waken sleeping memory,  
Unfold a view for me:  
A mother wildly weeping,  
A dying babe I see.

God's guardian angel waiting,  
In robe of holy love,  
To bear that precious infant  
Up to the home above.

Then quick I go in spirit  
Through all that shadow dim,  
Enfold that stricken mother,  
And whisper words of Him.

My tears with hers are falling,  
Her head upon my breast;  
To still the wild heart tumult,  
Her cheek to mine is prest.

None see us but Our Father  
Beneath this cloud of grief,  
Nor hear the words I utter  
To give that heart relief.

And He, unseen, is bending  
Within that lonely room,  
His faith light gently holding  
To break the night of gloom.

Most dear the one He chastens!  
That one he calls "His own,"  
His angel bears the infant,  
The mother follows on.

United in his heaven, on  
Its bright and happy shore,  
Will be the earthly parted  
Forever, ever more.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE gives a man the truest and most constant self-possession.

## "HUSKS."

"And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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 365.)

### CHAPTER IX.

It was at the close of an evening party which both the Hunts attended, and where Mr. Hammond's devotion was as marked as anything so modest could be, that Sarah felt him slip an envelope in her hand, as he put her into the carriage. Surprised as she was at the singularity of the occurrence, and disposed to take offence at the familiarity it implied, she had yet the presence of mind to conceal the missive from Lucy, and talk about other things, until they were set down at home. In the privacy of her chamber, she broke the seal and read her first love-letter.

It was a characteristic composition. If the strong hand had trembled above the lines, the clear, clerky penmanship did not witness to the weakness. Nor was there anything in the subject matter that did not appear to Sarah as business-like and unimpassioned. It was a frank and manly avowal of attachment for her; a compliment implied, rather than broadly stated, to her virtues; the traits that had gained his esteem; then his love—a deprecatory sentence as to his ability to deserve the treasure he dared to ask—and then the *question!* in plain black and white, unequivocal to bluntness, simple and direct to curtness.

"As he would ask the price of a bale of goods!" burst forth Sarah, indignant, as she threw the paper on the floor, and buried her burning face in her hands.

"That there comes sometimes a glory to the Present, beside which the hues of Past and Future fade and are forgotten, I must and will believe. Such, it seems to me, must be the rapture of acknowledged and reciprocal affection!" This was the echo memory repeated to her soul. She saw again the gently gliding river, with its waves of crimson and gold; breathed the pure fragrance of the summer evening; floated on, towards the sunset, with the loved voice in her ear; the dawn of a strange and beautiful life, shedding blissful calm throughout her being.

And from this review, dangerous as it was,

for one fleeting instant sweet, she returned to the proposal that had amazed and angered her. Lewis's undemonstrative exterior had misled her, as it did most persons, in the estimate of his inner nature. Kind she was compelled to confess that he was, in the remembrance of his goodness to her father; his demeanor was always gentlemanly, and she had caught here and there rumors of his generosity to the needy that prevented a suspicion of sordidness. No doubt he was very well in his way; but he wanted to marry *her!* With the intensity of her fiery spirit, her will arose against the presumptuous request. It was the natural recoil of the woman who already loves, at the suggestion of a union with another than the man of her choice; the spontaneous outspokening of a heart whose allegiance vows have been pledged and cannot be nullified. But she would not see this. Upon the unfortunate letter and its writer descended the storm of passionate repugnance aroused by its contents. With the reaction of excited feeling came tears—a plentiful shower that relaxed the overwrought nerves, until they were ready to receive the benediction of sleep.

Lewis had not asked a written or verbal reply.

"I will call to take you to drive to-morrow afternoon," he wrote. "Should your decision upon the question I have proposed be favorable, your consent to accompany me in my ride will be understood as a signal that you have accepted my graver suit. If your conclusion is adverse to my hopes, you can signify the same to me in a letter, to be handed me when I ask for you. This course will spare us both embarrassment—perhaps pain. In any event, be assured that you will ever have a firm friend in  
Yours truly, LEWIS HAMMOND."

Sarah's lip curled as she reperused this clause of the letter on the following morning.

"It is a comfort to know that I have not to answer for the sin of breaking my ardent suitor's heart!" she said, as she drew towards her

the sheet upon which she was to indite her refusal. It was brief and courteous—freezing in its punctilious civility, and prepared without a pang, or a solitary misgiving that its reception would not be philosophically calm. Her design was to intrust it to the footman, to be delivered when Mr. Hammond called; and as the hour approached at which the expectant was to present himself, she took the note from the desk, and started down stairs with it.

The sitting-room door was open, and aware that Victoria West was in there with Lucy, Sarah trod very softly as she neared it. Her own name arrested her as she was going by. She stopped involuntarily.

"I thought Sarah a girl of better regulated mind," said Victoria, in a tone of censorious pity. "Of course she suffers! It is the inevitable consequence of an unrequited attachment. Such miserable folly, such unpardonable weakness brings its punishment with it. But my sympathies are all yours, my dearest. I only wish you were not so sensitive. You are not to blame for her blind mistake."

"I cannot help it!" said Lucy, plaintively. "It seems so sad that I should be made the means of depriving her of happiness. I wish I had never known that she was attached to poor Philip. I can't tell you how awkward I feel when any allusion is made in her hearing to the dear fellow, or to our marriage."

"I meant it for the best, dear, in telling you of my discovery," replied Victoria, slightly hurt.

"I know that, my dear creature! And it is well that I should not be kept in the dark as to the state of her affections. I only hope that Philip never penetrated her secret. I should die of mortification for her, if he were to find it out. It is a lamentable affair—and I am sure that he is not in fault. What did you say that you gave for that set of handkerchiefs you showed me yesterday?"

"The cheapest things you ever saw! I got them at Stewart's, and they averaged six dollars apiece! As to Mr. Benson, I trust, with you, that he is as unsuspecting as he seems; but he has remarkable discernment, you know. What I could not help seeing, before I had any other proof than her behavior, is not likely to have escaped him."

Half an hour later, the twain were disturbed in their confidences by the sound of wheels stopping before the house, followed by a ring at the door. Victoria, ever on the alert, peeped, with feline caution and curiosity, around the edge of the curtain.

"What is going to happen? Look, Lucy! Mr. Hammond in a handsome light carriage, and driving a lovely pair of horses! I never thought to see him go in such style. How well he looks! Take care! he will see you!"

Both dodged as he glanced at the upper windows; but resumed their look-out in time to see the light that was kindled in his face when Sarah emerged from the front door. He was at her side in a second, to lead her down the steps, and his manner in this movement, and in assisting her into the carriage, the more striking in one generally so self-contained and deliberate, inspired the pair of initiated observers with the same conviction. As the spirited horses disappeared into the Avenue, the friends drew back from their loop-hole, and stared each other in the eyes, with the simultaneous exclamation—"They are engaged!"

They *were* engaged! Lewis felt it with a glad bound of the heart—but a minute before sickening in deadly suspense; felt, as he seated himself by *her* side, that the sorrows of a lonely and struggling youth, the years of manhood's isolation and unsatisfied longings were swept from memory by this hour of abundant, unalloyed happiness.

And Sarah felt it! As her hand touched his, at their meeting upon the steps, a chill ran through her frame that told the consummation of the sacrifice which was to atone for past folly; to silence, and brand as a lying rumor, the fearful tale that hinted abroad the revelation of that weakness. In her mad horror at the knowledge of its discovery, she had rushed upon this alternative. Better an estate of honorable misery, than to live on, solitary, disgraced, condemned and pitied by her meanest foe! Now that the irreversible step was taken, she experienced no sharp regret, no wild impulse of retreat, but a gradual sinking of spirit into hopeless apathy.

Her veil concealed her dull eyes and stolid features, and to Lewis's happy mood there was nothing surprising or discouraging in her disposition to silence. With a tact, for which she had not given him credit, and did not now value aright, he refrained from any direct reference to their altered relation until they were returning homeward. Then, changing his tone of pleasant chat for one of deeper meaning, he said:—

"I have dared to hope much—everything—from your consent to become my companion for this afternoon. Before I ventured to address you directly, I had a long and frank conversation with your father."

"What did he say?" asked Sarah, turning towards him for the first time.

"He referred me to you for my answer, which, he said, must be final and positive, since he would never attempt to influence your choice. In the event of an affirmative reply from you, he promised that his sanction should not be withheld."

Sarah was silent. She comprehended fully her father's warm interest in his friend's suit, which the speaker was too diffident to imply, and how this expression of his wishes set the seal upon her fate.

"We are poor and proud! Mr. Hammond is rich and seeks to marry me!" was her bitter thought. "It is a fine bargain in the eyes of both my parents. It would be high treason in me to dispute their will. Mr. Hammond has conceived the notion that I am a useful domestic character; a good housekeeper and nurse, and he is willing to bid liberally for my services. It is all arranged between them! Mine is a passive part, to copy Lucy's sweet, submissive ways for a season, for fear of frightening away the game, afterwards to attend to my business, while he looks after his. I have chosen my lot, and I will abide by it!"

"Have I your permission to call this evening and inform your father of my success—may I say of our engagement?" asked Lewis.

"It is best, I suppose, to call things by their right names," replied Sarah, in a cold voice, that was to him only coy. He smiled, and was about to speak, when she resumed: "Since we are virtually engaged"—she caught her breath, as she brought out the word—"I see no reason why we should hesitate to announce it to those whose right it is to know it."

"Thank you! That was spoken like the noble, unaffected woman you are! Will you always be equally sincere with me—*Sarah?*" His accent trembled with excess of emotion in calling the name.

Is it, then, an easy lot that you have chosen, Sarah Hunt? You, whose pride and glory it was to be truthful, who spurned whatever assimilated in the least degree to deception, what think you of a life where a lie meets you on the threshold, and must be accepted and perpetuated, if you would preserve your name and position in his eyes and those of the world. "It is the way two-thirds of the married people live!" you were saying to yourself, just now. It may be so; but it is none the less a career of duplicity, perjury—*crime!*

"I will endeavor to please you!" she fal-

tered, her face in a flame of shame and confusion.

And this was the hue that met Lewis's eye, as her veil was blown aside, in her descent to the pavement, a blush he interpreted to suit his own wishes. Mr. Hunt appeared in the door-way as she alighted, and read in Hammond's smile and joyous salutation all that he most desired to learn. When the door was closed upon the departing suitor, the father drew his best-beloved child to him, and kissed her, without a word of uttered blessing.

"It would break his heart were I to recede now!" thought Sarah, as she bore hers—*heavy, hard—up to her room.*

That evening was the proudest era of Mrs. Hunt's existence. Two daughters well engaged—unexceptionably paired off! What mother more blest than she? Where could be found other children so dutiful? other sons-in-law so acceptable? By breakfast time, next day, she had arranged everything—Sarah's trousseau, her house, and the double wedding.

Lucy expostulated here. "But, mother, this is the first of November."

"I know that, my dear; but the ceremony will not come off until Christmas, and much can be done in six weeks for your sister—your work is so forward. Then, again, 'tisn't as if Sarah couldn't get everything she needs right here, if she shouldn't have enough. It will be tremendously expensive—*awful*, in fact; but we must make sacrifices. We can live economical after you're married and gone, and save enough to meet the bills."

"If you please, madam, I prefer a plain outfit, and no debts," said Sarah's most abrupt tones.

"If you please, my dear, I understand my affairs, and mean to do as I think proper," retorted the no less strong-willed mother.

Sarah was not cowed. "And as to the time you set, I cannot agree to it. I presume that in this matter I have some voice. I say six months instead of six weeks!"

"Very well, my love." Mrs. Hunt went on polishing a tumbler with her napkin. She always washed her silver and glass herself. "You must settle that with your father and Mr. Hammond. They are crazy for this plan. They were talking to me about it last night, and I told them that I would engage to have everything ready in time; but you must be consulted. I never saw your father more set upon anything. He said to me, private, that he did hope that you wouldn't raise any squeamish objections, and upset their arrangements."

Mrs. Hunt took up a handful of spoons as composedly as if she had never stretched her conscience in her life.

Sarah's head drooped upon the table. She was very, very miserable. In her morbid state of mind she did not dream of questioning the accuracy of her mother's assertion. That a marriageable single daughter was a burden to one parent, she knew but too well; that to this able financier the prospect of getting two out of the way, with the *éclat* of a double ceremony that should cost no more than Lucy's nuptials would have done, was a stupendous temptation, she also perceived. But that the father whom she so loved; whose sick bed she had tended so faithfully; whose lonely hours it was her province and delight to solace—that he should acquiesce—nay, more, rejoice in this indelicate haste to get rid of her, was a cruel stab. "Very well," she said, raising an ashy face. "Let it be as you say. The sooner it is over, the better."

This clause was unheeded by her mother and sister. Had they heard it, they might have understood it as little as they did the composure with which she joined in the work which was begun, without an hour's delay. In this trying juncture, Mrs. Hunt came out in all her strength. Her sewing-machine (she was one of the earliest purchasers of these inestimable time, labor, and money-savers) went night and day; she shopped largely and judiciously, giving orders to tradespeople with the air of a princess; "Jewed" her butcher; watched her pantry, and served up poorer dinners than ever. Jeannie's winter outfit was ingeniously contrived from her sister's cast-off wardrobe; Mr. Hunt's and the boys' shirts and socks were patched and darned until but a trifling quantity of the original material remained; and this pearl of mothers had her two year old cloak and last season's hat "done over" for this year's wear.

Foremost among the visitors to the Hunts, after this latest engagement was made public, was Mrs. Marlow, the wife of Mr. Hammond's benefactor and partner. Sarah was out when she called; so Mrs. Hunt received her, and discovering very soon that, in spite of her husband's wealth and her splendid establishment, she was not, as Mrs. Hunt phrased it to her daughters, "one mite proud, and thought the world and all of Lewis"—the mother opened her heart to her so freely, with regard to the prospective weddings and her maternal anxieties, that Mrs. Marlow was emboldened to introduce a subject which had taken hold of her

thoughts as soon as she heard from Mr. Hammond of his expected marriage.

She had a daughter resident, for the winter, in Paris, whose taste in female attire was unquestionable, and her good nature as praiseworthy. If Miss Sarah Hunt would prepare a memorandum of such articles as she would like to have selected in that emporium of fashion, she would promise, for her daughter, that they should be forwarded in time for "the occasion."

"Some friends of mine, now abroad, have kindly offered to bring me over any quantity of fine dresses with their baggage," said the complaisant old lady; "and, as I do not need their services for myself, I can smuggle in whatever your daughter may order. You would be surprised at the difference in prices here and there—to say nothing of the superior excellence and variety of the assortment from which one can choose. My friends will return early in December. Therefore, should you like this arrangement, I ought to have the list and write my letters to-morrow."

Energetic, fussy, snobbish Mrs. Hunt! She stood an inch taller in her shoes at the imagination of this climax to the glory of the dual ceremony. "Trousseau ordered directly from Paris!" She seemed already to hear the envious and admiring buzz of her set; saw herself the most blessed of women—her daughters the brides of the season. She would order for Lucy, also; for the longer the list, the more importance would the future Mrs. Hammond acquire in the sight of her husband's friends. They could not know that it was not for her alone. Then, as Mrs. Marlow intimated, it would be a saving. Here, like a cold shower-bath, came the agonizing query—"Where was the money to come from?" It would never do to run in debt to such people as the Marlows. If they were hard-pressed shopkeepers, who needed the money, it would be another thing. No! the cash in hand, or its representative, must accompany the memorandum.

Sarah was secretly pleased at this obstacle; for she despised the ostentation and extravagance going on in their hungry household. Strive as she did, with wicked pertinacity, to conform herself to the world's code, there was as yet too much of the ancient and better leaven left to permit more than an outward obedience to the dictates of customs so irrational and tyrannical.

That very evening there arrived a letter that settled the question, and inflated Mrs. Hunt's collapsed spirits to an expansion hitherto

unequaled. It was from Aunt Sarah to her namesake niece; a guileless, fervent expression of good wishes and unabated affection, and a request from "husband" and herself that she would accept the inclosure as a mark of that hopeful regard.

"Since our daughters died"—wrote this true and gentle mother—"we have always intended to give you just exactly what we would have done one of them, as a wedding-present—as you were named for me, and I had nursed you before your mother ever did, and you seemed in some way to belong to us. But since you paid us a visit we have felt nearer to you than ever, and seeing that the Lord has prospered us in this world's goods, we have made up our minds to give you a double portion, dear, what both of our girls would have had, if it had pleased our Father to spare them to have homes of their own upon earth. Living is high in New York, but we have calculated that what we send will buy your wedding-clothes and furnish your house."

The inclosed gift, to Sarah's astonishment, was a check upon a city bank for a thousand dollars!

"Was there ever such a child for luck!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunt, clapping her hands. "What a fortunate thing we sent you down there when we did! That was one of my plans, you remember, Mr. H.! Really, Lucy, our little Sarah understands how to play her cards, after all! I never did you justice, my dear daughter. I ain't ashamed to confess it. This puts all straight, and is real handsome in Sister Benson—more than I expected. Go to work right away upon your list, girls! We'll have to set up the best part of the night to get it ready. Ah, well! this comes of putting one's trust in Providence and going ahead!"

Sarah thought, with aching heart and moistened eyes, of Aunt Sarah's mind-pictures of the neat apparel and snug dwelling she deemed proper for a young couple just beginning house-keeping, and rebelled at this waste, this frivolous expenditure of her love-portion. Mr. Hunt sided with her so far as to urge the propriety of her doing as she pleased with what was her exclusive property; but, as in a majority of former altercations, their arguments and powers of endurance were no match for the determination and mind of the real head of the family. With a sigh of pain, disgust, and despair, Mr. Hunt succumbed, and, deserted by her ally, Sarah contended but a short time longer ere she yielded up the cause of the combat to the indomitable victress.

## CHAPTER X.

THE bridal day came; frosty and clear, dazzlingly bright, by reason of the reflection from the snow, which lay deep and firm upon the ground.

"What a delightful novelty this is, coming to a wedding in a sleigh!" lisped one of the triad of bridesmaids, who were to do double duty for the sisters. "How very gay it makes one to hear the bells outside! Have they come, Vic.?"

Victoria, whose marriage was but one week off, was, true to instinct and habit, on the lookout behind the friendly curtain.

She nodded. "Yes—both of them, but not together. What a magnificent sleigh that is of the Marlows! They brought Mr. Hammond. See the bridegrooms shake hands on the sidewalk! That looks so sweet and brotherly! They will be up here, almost directly I suppose."

The attendants immediately began to shake out their robes and stroke their white gloves. They were collected in the sitting-room so often mentioned, and the sisters were also present. In accordance with the ridiculous custom of *very parvenu* modern marriages, although the ceremony was to take place precisely at twelve o'clock, daylight was carefully excluded from the parlors below, gas made its sickly substitute, and the whole company was in full evening costume.

"Am I all right?" inquired Lucy, with a cautious wave of her flowing veil. "Look at me, Vic.!"

"You are perfect, my dearest!" replied the devoted parasite. "How I admire your beautiful self-possession! And as for you, Sarah, your calmness is wonderful! I fear that I should be terribly agitated"—blushing, and casting a meaning smile at Lucy.

Sarah's statuesque repose was broken by a ray of scorn from the eye, and a slight disdainful smile. Whatever were the feelings working beneath her marble mask, she was not yet reduced to the depth of wretchedness that would humble her to accept the insolent pity couched under the pretended praise. She vouchsafed no other reply; but remained standing a little apart from the rest; her gloved hands crossed carelessly before her; her gaze bent downwards; her whole posture that of one who neither waited, nor hoped, nor feared.

"Who would have thought that she could be made such an elegant-looking woman!" whispered one of the bridesmaids aside to another.

"She has actually a high-bred air! I never imagined it was in her. So much for a Parisian toilette!"

"I am so much afraid that I shall lose my color when we enter the room," said Lucy, surveying her pink cheeks in the mirror. "They say it is so trying to the nerves, and I am odious when I am pale."

"Never fear, my sweetest. It is more likely that the unavoidable excitement will improve your complexion. There they are!" returned Victoria, hurriedly, and—unconsciously, no doubt—the three attendants and one of the principals in the forthcoming transaction, "struck an attitude," as the sound of footsteps approached the door.

Lucy had only time for a whisper—a last injunction—to her faithful cory. "Remember to see that my veil and dress hang right when we get down stairs." And the masculine portion of the procession marched in in order.

Sarah did not look up. She bent her head as the formal exchange of salutations was executed, and yielded her hand to the person who took it in his warm pressure, and then transferred it to his arm. It was one of the freaks, thus denominated by her acquaintances, in which she had been indulged, that she desired to have her marriage ceremony precede her sister's. She assigned what Lucy at least considered a sufficient reason for this caprice.

"Nobody will care to look at me after you stand aside, Lucy. Keep the best wine until the last. My only chance of getting an approving glance lies in going in before you attract and fix the public gaze."

She had her way. A limited number of select friends were admitted to behold "the ceremony;" yet the parlors were comfortably filled, excepting in the magical semicircle described by an invisible line in the centre of which stood the clergyman in his robes.

Still dull and calm, Sarah went through the brief role that fell to her share. "Behaved charmingly," was the unanimous verdict of the beholders, and surprised other people, as well as the complimentary bridemaid, by her thorough-bred air and Parisian toilet. Without the pause of a second, so perfect was the drill of the performers, the wedded pair stepped aside, and made way for the second happy couple. Lucy's solicitude on the score of her complexion was needless. As the solemn words were commenced, a rosy blush flickered up to its appointed resting-place—another and another—until, when Philip released her to the congratulatory throng, she was the most en-

chanting type of a radiant Hebe that poet ever sang, or painter burned to immortalize on canvass.

Philip stood beside her and sustained his proportion of the hand-shaking and felicitation; until the press diminished, then stepped hastily over to where Hammond and his bride were undergoing a similar martyrdom. Until this moment Sarah had not looked at, or spoken to him—had never met him face to face since their parting in the summer at Aunt Sarah's. Now, not aware who it was that approached her, she raised her eyes with the serious dignity with which she had received all other salutations, and met his downward gaze—full of warm and honest feeling. "Sister!" he said, and in brotherly fondness he bent towards her, and left a kiss upon her mouth.

A hot glow, the lurid red of offended modesty or self-convicted guilt, overspread her face; the lips parted, quivered, and closed tightly after an ineffectual effort to articulate; the room swam around her, and Mr. Hammond caught her just in time to save her from falling. It was Nature's vengeful reaction for the long and unnatural strain upon her energies. She did not faint entirely away, although several moments elapsed before she regained perfect consciousness of her situation and surrounding objects. She had been placed in an easy-chair; her head rested against her father's shoulder, and on the other side stood Lewis, almost as pale as herself, holding a glass of wine to her lips. Around her were grouped her mother, Lucy, and Philip. The guests had withdrawn politely to the background, and maintained a respectful silence.

"What have I betrayed?" was her first coherent reflection; and, with an instinctive perception of the quarter where such disclosures would do most harm, her eye turned with a sort of appealing terror to Lewis. His heart leaped at the movement, revealing, as he fancied it did, dependence upon his strength, recognition of his right to be with and nearest to her.

"You are better," he said, with a moved tenderness he could not and cared not to restrain.

The words, the manner were an inexpressible relief to her fears, and trying to return his smile, she would have arisen but for her father's interposition.

"Sit still," he advised. "Mrs. Hunt, Lucy, Mr. Benson, will you entertain our friends? She will be all right in a little while, Mr. Hammond."

"*Tableaux vivants!*" said Lucy's soft, rich voice, as she advanced towards the reassured guests. "This is a part of the performance not set down in the programme. Quite theatrical, was it, not?"

It is very possible that Philip Benson would not have regarded this as an *apropos* or refined witticism, had any one else been the speaker; but as the round, liquid tones rolled it forth, and her delicious laugh led off the instant revival of mirth and badinage, he marvelled at her consummate tact, her happy play of fancy (!), and returned devout thanks to the stars that had bestowed upon him this prodigy of grace, wit, and beauty. Sarah rallied speedily; and, contrary to the advice of her father and husband, maintained her post in the drawing-room all during the reception, which continued from half-past twelve to half-past two.

It was a gay and shifting scene—a sparkling, murmuring tide, that ebbed and flowed to and from the quartette who formed the attractive power. Silks, laces, velvets, furs, and diamonds; faces young, old, and middle-aged; handsome, fair, and homely; all decked in the same conventional holiday smile; bodies tall and short, executing every variety of bow and courtesy; voices sweet, sharp, and guttural, uttering the senseless formula of congratulation—these were Sarah's impressions of the tedious ceremonial. Restored to her rigid composure, she too bowed and spoke the word or sentence custom exacted—an emotionless automaton in seeming, while Lucy's matchless inflections lent interest and beauty to the like nothings, as she rehearsed them in her turn; and Philip Benson, having no solicitude for his bride's health or ability to endure the fatigue, was collected enough to compare the two, and, while exulting in his selection, to commiserate the proprietor of the colder and less gifted sister.

At last, the trial was over; the hospitable mansion was closed; the parlors deserted; the preparations for travelling hurried through; and the daughters went forth from their girlhood's home. Philip had cordially invited Sarah and Lewis, by letter, to accompany Lucy and himself to Georgia; but Sarah would not hear of it, and Lewis, while he left the decision to her, was not sorry that she preferred to journey instead with him alone. It was too cold to go northward, and the Hammonds now proposed to proceed with the others as far as Baltimore, there to diverge upon a Western and Southern tour, which was to occupy three weeks, perhaps four.

## CHAPTER XI.

DURING the month preceding his marriage, Lewis Hammond had spent much time and many thoughts in providing and furnishing a house for his wife. His coadjutor in this labor of love was not, as one might have expected, Mrs. Hunt—but his early friend, Mrs. Marlow. His omission of his future mother-in-law, in his committee of consultation, he explained to her by representing the number of duties already pressing upon her, and his unwillingness to add aught to their weight. But when both girls were married and gone, and the work of "getting to rights" was all over, this indefatigable woman paid Mrs. Marlow a visit, and offered her assistance in completing the arrangements for the young housekeepers. "There is nothing for us to do," said Mrs. Marlow. "Lewis attended to the purchase of everything before leaving; and the orders are all in the hands of a competent upholsterer whom he has employed, as is also the key of the house. I offered to have the house-cleaning done, but Lewis refused to let me help him even in this. He is very methodical, and rather strict in some of his ideas. When the premises are pronounced ready for the occupancy of the future residents, you and I will play inspectors, and find as much fault as we can."

Mrs. Hunt went around by the house, on her way home. It was new and handsome, a brown stone front, with stone balconies and balustrades; but three stories high, it was true, yet of ample width and pitch of ceiling, and—as she discovered by skirting the square—at least three rooms deep all the way up. The location was unobjectionable; not more than four blocks from the paternal residence, and in a wider street. On the whole, she had no fault to find, provided Mr. Hammond had furnished it in such style as she would have recommended. She had her fears lest his sober taste in other respects should extend to these matters, and hinted something of the kind to her husband.

"I have confidence in Mr. Hammond to believe that he will allow his wife every indulgence compatible with his means," was the reply.

Mr. Hunt did not deem it obligatory upon him to state that his son-in-law had conferred with him upon numerous questions pertaining to Sarah's likes and probable wishes; that he had examined and approved of the entire collection of furniture, etc. selected for her use. Why should he, how could he, without engen-

dering in his wife's bosom the suspicion that had accounted to him for Lewis's choice of the father as an adviser? namely, that the newly made husband had gained a pretty correct estimate of this managing lady's character, her penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, and intended to inaugurate altogether a different one in his house.

Regardless of Mrs. Marlow's polite insinuation that their room was preferable to their company until all things should be in readiness for inspection, the ambitious mother made sundry visits to the premises while they were being fitted up, and delivered herself of divers suggestions and recommendations, which fell like sand on a rock upon the presiding man of business.

On the day appointed for the tourists' return, Mrs. Marlow's carriage drew up at Mr. Hunt's door, by appointment, to take the mistress of the house upon the proposed visit of criticism of her daughter's establishment. Mrs. Marlow was in a sunny mood, and indisposed to censure, as was evinced by her ejaculations of pleasure at the general effect of each apartment as they entered, and praise of its component parts. Mrs. Hunt was not so indiscriminating. The millionaire's wife must not imagine that she was dazzled by any show of elegance, or that she was overjoyed at the prospect of her child's having so beautiful and commodious a home.

“The everlasting oak and green!” she uttered as they reached the dining-room. “It is a pity Mr. Hammond did not select walnut and crimson instead! Green is very unbecoming to Sarah.”

“Then we must impress upon her the importance of cultivating healthy roses in her cheeks, and wearing bright warm colors. This combination—green and oak—is pretty and serviceable, I think. The table is very neatly set, Mary,” continued Mrs. Marlow, kindly, to the tidy serving-maid. “Keep an eye on the silver, my good girl, until your mistress comes. Mrs. Hunt, shall we peep into the china-closets before we go to the kitchen? I have taken the liberty, at Lewis's request, of offering to your daughter the services of a couple of my *protégées*, excellent servants, who hired for years with one of my own children—Mrs. Marlaud, now in Paris. They are honest, willing, and, I think, competent. The manservant, if Lewis sees fit to keep one, he must procure himself.”

The china, glass, and pantries were in capital order; the kitchen well stocked, light, and clean, and dinner over the fire.

“You will be punctual to the minute, Katy, please!” was the warning here. “Mr. Hammond is particular in the matter of time.”

“And you will see that *my daughter* has a cup of clear, strong coffee!” ordered Mrs. Hunt, magisterially. “She is delicate, and accustomed to the very best of cookery.” And having demonstrated her importance and superior housewifery to the round-eyed cook, she swept out.

To an unprejudiced eye, the whole establishment was without a flaw; and, undisturbed by the captious objections of her companion in the survey, Mrs. Marlow saw and judged for herself, and carried home with her a most pleasing imagination of Lewis's gratification, and Sarah's delighted surprise with the scene that was to close their day of cold and weariness.

By Mr. Hammond's expressed desire to his father-in-law, there was no one except the domestics in the house when they arrived. As the carriage stopped, the listening maid opened the door, and a stream of radiance shot into the misty night across the wet pavement upon the two figures that stepped from the conveyance.

“He sees the light in happy homes!” The mental quotation brought back to Sarah the vision of that lonely evening ten months before, when she had moaned it in her dreary twilight musings at the window of her little room. “Dreary then, hopeless now!” and with this voiceless sigh, she crossed the threshold of her destined abode. With a kindly greeting to the servants in the hall, Lewis hurried his wife onward, past the parlor doors, into a library sitting-room, back of the show apartments, warm and bright, smiling a very home welcome. Here he placed her in a deep, cushioned chair, and, pressing her hands in his, kissed her, with a heartfelt—“May you be very happy in our home, dear wife!”

“Thank you!” she replied. “It is pleasant here, and you are too kind.”

“That is impossible where you are concerned. Sit here, while I see to the trunks. When they are carried up stairs, you can go to your room. Throw off your hat and cloak.”

He was very thoughtful of her comfort—too thoughtful, because his love made him watchful of her every look, word, and gesture. She was glad of the brief respite from this vigilance that allowed her to bury her face in her hands and groan aloud. She had no heart to look around her cage. No doubt it was luxurious; the bars softly and richly lined: the various arrangements the best of their kind; still, it

was nothing but a cage—a prison, from which death only could release her.

The trim maid came for her wrappings, and directly afterwards Lewis, to take her up stairs.

"Not a very elaborate toilet, dear," he said, as he left her for his dressing-room. "You will see no one this evening but our father and mother, and they will remember that you have been travelling all day."

When she was ready, it lacked still a quarter of an hour of dinner-time, and she acceded to Lewis's proposal that they should go over their dwelling. By his order, there were lights in every room. The graceful furniture, the well contrasted hues of the soft carpets, the curtains and pictures showed to fine advantage. Everything was in place, from cellar to attic; not a symptom of parsimony or cheapness in the whole; and all betokened, besides excellent judgment, such conformity to, or unison with her taste, that Sarah, with all her heaviness of heart, was pleased. She was touched too with gratitude or remorse; for, when they were back in the cozy sitting-room, she laid her hand timidly on that of her husband, and said, falteringly:

"I do not deserve that you should take so much pains to gratify me, Mr. Hammond."

Over Lewis's face there flushed one of the rare smiles that made him positively handsome while they lasted. He grasped the shrinking fingers firmly, and drew his wife close to his side.

"Shall I tell you how to repay me for all that I have done, or ever can do, to promote your ease and enjoyment?"

"If you please." But her heart sank, as she foresaw some demands upon a love that had never existed—a treasury that, to him, was sealed and empty; yet whose poverty she dared not avow.

"Call me 'Lewis,' now that we are at home, dear. I cannot realize that you are indeed all mine—that our lives are one and the same, while you continue that very proper 'Mr. Hammond.'"

"It comes more naturally to my tongue, and don't you think it more respectful than—than—the other?"

"I ask no such form of respect from you. I do not fear lest you should fail 'to honor and obey' me, you little paragon of duty! Believe me, dearest, I fully understand and reverence the modest reserve, that has not yet ceased to be shyness, in the expression of your sentiments towards me. You are not demonstrative by nature. Neither am I. But since you are

my other self, and there is no living being nearer to you than myself, ought we not to overcome this propensity to, or custom of locking up our feelings in our own breasts? Let me begin by a confession of one uncomfortable complaint, under which I have labored ever since our engagement. Do you know, darling, that I absolutely *hunger*—I cannot give any other name to the longing—I hunger and thirst to hear you say that you love me! Do you remember that you have never told me in so many words what you have given me other good reasons for believing? I need but one thing this evening to fill my cup with purest content. It is to have you say—openly, fearlessly, as my wife has a right to do—"Lewis, I love you!"

"It need be a source of no unhappiness to be married to a man whom one does not love, provided he is kind and generous!" say match-makers and worldly-wise mothers. Perhaps not, after one's conscience is seared into callousness by perjuries, and her forehead grown bold as brass; but the neophyte in the laudable work of adaptation to such circumstances will trip in her words and color awkwardly while acquiring this enviable hardihood.

Sarah's head fell, and her face was stained with blushes. One wild impulse was to throw herself at the feet of him whom she had wronged so foully, and confessing her mad, wicked deception upon his holiest feelings, pray him to send her away—to cast her adrift, and rid himself of a curse, while he freed her from the gentle, yet intolerable bondage of his love.

"Dinner is ready!" announced the servant. Sarah's senses returned and with them self-control. With a strange smile, she glanced up at him—a look he did not understand, yet could not guess was born of anguish—and said, with a hesitation that seemed pretty and coquettish to him—"Lewis! do you hear? May it please your worship, I am very hungry!"

"Tease! I will have my revenge yet! See if I do not!"

Laughing lightly, she eluded his outstretched arm, and sprang past him into the hall leading to the dining-room. She assumed the seat at the head of the table with a burlesque of dignity, and throughout the meal was more talkative and frolicsome than he had ever seen her before. So captivated was he by her lively discourse and bright looks, that he was sorry to hear the ring, proclaiming the coming of the expected visitors. The dessert had not been removed, and the girl was instructed to show them immediately into the dining-room.

A toast was drunk to the prosperity of the lately established household, and the gentlemen went off to the library.

"Always see to putting away your silver, Sarah!" counselled the mother. "And you had ought to get a common set of dinner and breakfast things. This china is too nice for every day use. Of course, Mr. Hammond can afford to get more when this is broken; but it's a first-rate rule, child, as you'll find, to put your money where it will show most. That's the secret of my management. Mr. Hammond must give you an allowance for housekeeping and pin-money. Speak to him about it right away. Men are more liberal while the honeymoon lasts than they ever are afterwards. Strike while the iron is hot. You can't complain of your husband so far. He has set you up very handsome. If I had been consulted about furnishing, I would have saved enough off of those third-story chambers and the kitchen to buy another pair of mirrors for your parlors. The mantels has a bare look. I noticed it directly I went in. To be sure, the Parian ornaments are pretty and tasty, and expensive enough—dear knows! but they don't make much of a display."

"I do not like the fashion of lining walls with mirrors," said Sarah in her old, short way; "and am satisfied with the house as it is. Shall we join the gentlemen?"

Nothing had ever showed her more plainly the degradation of her false position than the confident air her mother wore in making her coarse observations, and instructing her as to the method of managing her generous, confiding husband. It was the free-masonry of a mercenary wife, whose spouse would have been better represented to her mind by his money-bag than his own proper person, towards another of the same craft, who rated her lawful banker by corresponding rules.

"Will I then really grow to be like her and her associates?" Sarah questioned inly. "Will a fine house and its fixtures, will dress and equipage and pin-money so increase in importance as to fill this aching vacuum in my heart? Will a position in life, and the envy of my neighbors, make up to me for the loss of the love of which I used to dream, the happiness which the world owes me yet? Is this the coin in which it would redeem its promises?"

Mr. Hunt's mild features wore their happiest expression this evening. He arose at the ladies' entrance, and beckoned his daughter to a seat on the sofa beside him.

"You are a little travel-worn!" he said. "Your cheeks are not very ruddy."

"Did you ever see them when they were?" asked Sarah, playfully.

"She was always just that pale—when she was a baby," said Mrs. Hunt, setting herself in the arm-chair proffered by her son-in-law. "Lucy stole all the roses from her." Sarah may have thought that other and more grievous thefts had succeeded this doubtful one, but she neither looked nor said this. "And that reminds me, Mr. H.! Did you bring Lucy's letter for Sarah to read?"

"I did." Mr. Hunt produced it. "Keep it, and read it at your leisure, Sarah."

"They are supremely happy, I suppose?" remarked Lewis, with the benevolent interest incident to his fellowship of feeling with them.

"For all the world like two turtle-doves!" Mrs. Hunt rejoined. "Their letters are a curiosity. It is 'Phil.' and 'Lucy' from one end to the other. I mean to keep them to show to them five years from now. Hot love is soon cool, and by and by they will settle down as sensible as any of the rest of us. You don't begin so, I see, Sarah, and I am pleased at it. Between me and you, it's two-thirds of it humbug! There is Victoria West that was! She looks ready, in company, to eat up that lean monkey of a George Bond. I don't believe but she shows him the other side of the picture in private."

Sarah heard her father's suppressed sigh, and felt, without looking up, that her husband's eyes sought hers wistfully. The unobservant dame pursued her free and easy discourse. Mr. Hammond was "one of the family" now, and there was no more occasion for choice grammar or fine sentiments before him.

"Not that I blame Victoria for taking him. He was a good offer, and she wasn't much admired by the gentlemen—rich as Mr. West is. Mr. Bond is twenty-five years older than she is, and wears false teeth and a toupee; but I suppose she is willing to overlook trifles. She watches out for the main chance, and will help him take care of his money, as well as spend it. Vic. is a prudent girl."

"Lucy—Mrs. Benson—was at home when she wrote, was she not?" interrogated Mr. Hammond.

"Yes, at his father's. His mother keeps house, and Lucy has nothing to do but ride, visit, and entertain company. She says the house is crowded the whole time, and she has so many beaux that Philip stands no chance

of speaking a word to her. She is perfectly happy."

Notwithstanding the various feelings of the listeners, none of them could resist this picture of a felicitous honeymoon, so naively spoken. Lewis's laugh cleared the vapors from his brow, and the pain at Sarah's heart did not hinder her from joining in.

"And the ousted bridegroom, perforce, seeks consolation in the society of his fair friends?" said Lewis. "If this is the way young married people show the love-sickness you complained of just now, Mrs. Hunt, I am content with our more staid ways—eh, Sarah?"

"Quiet ways suit me best," was the answer.

"Still water runs deep," quoted Mrs. Hunt. "I used to worry over your stay-at-home habits and eternal study of books, Sarah; but I'm ready to say now that you was sensible to behave as you did, as it has turned out. I don't mean to flatter Mr. Hammond, but I'd ten times rather you had taken him than a dried-up widower like George Bond."

"Thank you!" bowed Lewis, desirous of diverting attention from Sarah's growing uneasiness beneath her mother's congratulations.

Mrs. Hunt held on her way. "I never had a fear lest Lucy shouldn't marry well. She was pretty and attractive, and knew too much about the world to throw herself away for the sake of love in a cottage. But now the danger is over, I will allow that I used to mistrust Sarah here sometimes. You was just queer enough to fall in love with some adventurer with a foreign name, and never a cent in his pocket—yes, and marry him, too, in spite of all that could be said and done to prevent it. I was forever in a 'feaze' about you; fancying that you was born to make an out-and-out love-match—the silliest thing a girl can do, in my opinion."

"You never dreamed of her 'taking up,' as the phrase is, with a humdrum individual like myself," said Lewis. "Nor, to be candid, did I, for a long time, Mrs. Hunt. Yet I cannot say that I regret her action, disadvantageous to herself though it was. I wrote to you of our visit to New Orleans, did I not, sir?" he continued to Mr. Hunt, inwardly a little disgusted by the frank revelations his mamma-in-law was making of her principles and plans.

The subject so interesting to most wedded people, so embarrassing to one of the present party, was not again introduced during the elder couple's stay. When Lewis returned to the library, after seeing them out, Sarah sat where he had left her, her hand shading her

eyes—deep in thought, or overcome by weariness.

"You had better go up to your room, dear," said Lewis. "I wonder you are not worn out completely."

She arose to obey; walked as far as the door, then came back to him.

"It may appear strange to you that I should speak openly of such a suspicion; but I must beg you not to suppose for an instant that in my acceptance of your offer of—marriage, I was actuated by mercenary motives. You look surprised"—she hurried on yet faster while her resolution lasted—"but I could not rest without doing myself this act of justice. Much that mother said to-night might—must have led you to this conclusion. I would not have you think worse of me than I deserve, and of this one act of baseness I am innocent."

"My precious little wife, how excited you are! and over what a nonsensical imagination! Suspect you—the noblest as well as the dearest of women—of selling yourself, body and soul, for money? Listen to my speech now, dear Sarah!"

He sat down and pulled her to his knee. "I esteem you, as I love you above all the rest of your sex—above any other created mortal. I know you to be a pure, highminded woman. When I part with this persuasion, may I part also with the life that doubt on this point would render wretched! Judge, then, whether it be possible for me to link this holy realization of womanhood with the thought of another character, which I will describe. I hold that she who enters the hallowed state of wedlock through motives of pecuniary interest, or ambition, or convenience—indeed, through any consideration save that of love, single and entire, for him to whom she pledges her vows, stands, in the sight of her Maker and the angels, on a level with the most abandoned outcast that pollutes the earth she treads. I shock you, I see; but on this subject I feel strongly. I have seen much, too much, of fashionable marriages formed for worldly aggrandizement—for riches; sometimes in pique at having lost a coveted lover. With my peculiar sentiments, I feel that I could endure no heavier curse than to contract an alliance like any of these. I repeat it, I believe in *Woman* as God made her and intended she should live, if for no other reason than because I recollect my mother, boy as I was when she died; and because I know and have you, my true, blessed Wife!"

(To be continued.)

### THE MAIDS OF HONOR TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THEY were allowed one gallon of wine, among them all, two rolls of bread each, and the same diet as their royal mistress, which on flesh days consisted of four sorts of soup, and four *entrées*, a piece of boiled beef, boiled loin of mutton, and a boiled capon. The second course was of roast meats, one joint of mutton, one capon, three pullets or pigeons, three leverets or rabbits, and two pieces of bacon. No sweet dishes are enumerated. The dessert consisted of seven dishes of fruit and preserves, and one dish of chicory paste.

Supper, which was served at four o'clock in the afternoon, was a repetition of the same viands as at dinner—good, plain, substantial fare, with nothing fanciful. Neither tea, coffee, nor chocolate was known in the sixteenth century; milk, whey, and *eau sucrée* were the light beverages which supplied the place of those luxuries with Mary Stuart and her maids of honor. Each of these ladies had a manservant and a maid. The men dined with an officer called the Usher of the Ladies and the *passementier*, an ingenious needleman who worked the borders of dresses and beds, and designed patterns.

Their maids dined at a separate table with the wife of one of the queen's butlers, and one of her female drolls, or fools, called *La Jardinière*. There were several of these in Queen Mary's establishment, who were dressed in the royal livery—scarlet and yellow. Mary Fleming and her three associate Maries were allowed half a pound of candles between them every night, from the 1st of November till the last of March, and, besides this, a *bougie* of yellow wax, weighing an ounce, each.

Their salaries on their return to Scotland were 200 livres de Tournois, which would be about the rate of twenty pounds a year; but then they were clothed at the queen's expense, and that very sumptuously. On the anniversary of the death of Francis II. of France, the lamented consort of their royal mistress, black velvet was delivered from her wardrobe stores to each of the four Maries for their second mourning; also black cloth for their riding-cloaks and hoods when the court was going on a progress into the country; and there were tailors in the royal household who made their dresses—no greater impropriety than the employment of male habit-makers in modern times. They had received much higher salaries when Mary was Queen Consort of France, but con-

siderable reductions were necessarily made in the wages of both her Scotch and French ladies on her return to Scotland, where the strictest economy was practised in the queen's household, in order not to exceed her reduced income.

### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PAROR.

*Pearl to the P'ble.—May.*

O SWEETEST month of all the year!  
All nature with a welcome waits  
To greet you as you pass the gates  
That open to this manifold sphere.

Thy sister April, coy and chill,  
(Like a chaste virgin, love forsworn,)  
Scarce yielded daisies for the lawn,  
Or a green mantle for the hill.

But thou! whose genial bosom glows  
With all a lover's ardor—thou!  
With radiance streaming from thy brow;  
With cheeks the color of the rose—

With steps whose touch to bloom gives birth;  
With lips whose breath yields odors rare—  
Thou comest, bidding all to share  
The glories born to mother Earth.

All day the birds thy praises sing;  
All day the roses yield perfume;  
And even night discards her gloom  
To fold thee 'neath her starry wing.

The farmer at his daily task,  
The merchant at his ledger leaves,  
The schoolboy binding wisdom's sheaves,  
Children, who in thy sunshine bask,

Bless thee in various word and way,  
And feel the impulse of thy spell,  
While even old age loves to dwell  
Upon the memories of May.

Hope—the bright Phosphor of youth's sky—  
Points forward unto coming May,  
Within whose wealth of winning ways  
The endless charms of pleasure lie.

While Memory, whose horizon  
Holds Hesper—star of life's decline—  
To old age teaches, line by line,  
The lessons she from Time hath won.

O sweetest month of all the year!  
Of lightness, brightness, bliss, and bloom,  
Of song, of sunshine, of perfume,  
Of all that human hearts hold dear—

All hail! and may thy blessings stay  
About our daily paths, to yield  
The treasures of a harvest-field  
White with the memories of May!

VANITY is the fruit of ignorance, which thrives best in subterranean places, where the air of heaven and the light of the sun cannot reach it.

## A ROUGH DOSE.

BY MARY FORMAN.

MRS. LAWRENCE WILLIAMS was an invalid!

In one brief sentence were comprised all the domestic miseries of Lawrence Williams, who had given, fourteen years before our story commences, his heart, hand, and honest love to the lady bearing his name. Poor Lawrence! His hopes of happiness faded slowly year by year before the tyrant who held his wife chained to her sofa or bed from New Year's till Christmas. He was an upright, simple-minded man, this cousin of mine, about whom I write, yet withal shrewd, and not easily imposed upon, and when I came to spend a few weeks in his particularly uncomfortable residence, he opened his heart to me. We had been companions and confidants in childhood and youth, indeed until his marriage took him from his native town, so I could listen and understand.

"You see how it is, Lizzie," he said, one morning, as he came into the library where I was sitting; "my home is not fit to invite you into."

"Why Larry!" I said, surprised to see his genial face so overcast, "what a doleful face!"

"And a doleful heart, Lizzie! For the last ten years I have not had a meal in comfort. My children are neglected, my home wretched, ill-trained servants rule the house, and were it not for—Oh, Lizzie, what can I do! I love Mary, and this is all that keeps me from absolutely running away. I have thought of getting a house-keeper, but she resents that as a positive insult."

"But, Larry, if she is sick"—

He interrupted me.

"It pains me more than I can express to say so, Lizzie, but Mary is not so sick as she fancies. I have no doubt that she suffers; for who can be idle for weeks together, and not feel weak and miserable. But she is never too ill for a party, recovers rapidly when the opera is here, and can attend to a tea-party with perfect ease, but is too ill to see to her house, her husband, or her children."

It was all true. Five days' residence in the house gave me a complete insight into Mary's character. She was a blonde, who in her days of girlhood was very pretty, but who, in her now neglected dress, with languid movements and sleepy, half opened eyes, was far from

lovely. Her natural indolence, overcome by her love for her husband in the first years of their married life, had degenerated into a laziness that took advantage of every trifling ailment to keep up weeks of invalid privileges. At times shame would drive her into trying to rectify some of the abuses of which her husband justly complained; but the over-exertion at such times acting upon a system weakened by long spells of inertness, produced pain and actual suffering, that formed for her an admirable excuse for "letting things go." Her children, dirty and ragged, left entirely to the care of servants, were fast becoming vicious. With a heavy heart, I watched my cousin's course. His love of order outraged, his paternal feelings violated, his complaints met with threats or murmurings, he was becoming desperate. Mary's favorite weapon was a fainting fit, and a gloomy appeal to his feelings.

"I cannot live long; and when I am gone you will regret such cruelty," she would sigh, if he remonstrated; and then a flood of tears, or a faint, would bring his kind heart to penitence and a promise to try to "get along."

Another trial was the dear intimate friend of the invalid, a Miss Elvira Jenkins, who revenged herself for the bad taste that left her a lonely maiden, by violent abuse of the whole male sex. Upon Mary she lavished her pity and sympathy, and did not spare her tongue in opinions of Larry's hard-hearted cruelty in expecting this suffering angel to exert herself. My cousin and myself were both convinced that if Miss Elvira were once removed Mary's better sense and feelings might prompt her to a reformation. At last, a plan suggested itself to me, and I, in solemn confidence imparted it to Larry.

"Lizzie," he cried, aghast, "it is too cruel!"

"Harsh medicine must be used, when mild ones fail," I said, resolutely.

"But, Lizzie, to hint at such a possibility."

"Doesn't she speak of it every day?"

He paced up and down the room with much agitation. Finally, stopping in front of me, he said: "I'll try it!"

The following morning I was in Mary's room, removing from a stand the breakfast dishes, when Larry came in.

"Coffee all cold, and weak as water," he said, in a sulky way, without any of his customary kind words for his wife.

"Shall I make you a cup of coffee?" I asked.

"No," he answered, roughly; "you were not invited here to wait on me. If the house were properly managed, there would be coffee fit to drink served on the table."

"O dear!" whined Mary, "I am sure the servants do as well as can be expected, left so much to themselves."

"They need not be left to themselves."

"Oh, Larry, this eternal song is killing me. You complain all the time. I'm sure it is not my fault that I am a poor, suffering invalid"—here she began to grow pathetic; "I wish I was a hearty, strong woman like Lizzie, and could make you comfortable. I'm sure I love you too much to have you uncomfortable if I was able to prevent it." Here Larry would have softened, but I looked daggers at him. "Bear it for a little while, Lawrence; I am sure it will not be long before I die—I am so delicate"—this was between sobs—"and these scenes—wear on my constitution—you will soon be rid of me—and then—when your harshness has driven me—to the grave—you will repent of it—but—I—forgive you"—and then the hysterics came in.

Larry waited patiently till she was quiet again, and then, with a perfection of acting that would have made his fortune on the stage, he stepped coolly to the mirror and began to brush his hair.

"Mary," he said, quietly, not turning his head, "do you really think you will die soon?"

With utter amazement at the matter-of-fact tone, Mary said, "Yes!"

"Well, so you've said a number of times, and I've been thinking it over lately. I think, after you are gone, allowing of course a decent time for mourning, that it will be my duty to the children to marry again."

"What!" The word came from the bed with the force of a pistol shot.

"You see I am still young and good-looking, and I shall try to select a healthy, active partner, who will make my house a home, and be truly a *mother* to the children. A woman who loves me will of course take pride in my home and family, and I can, I know, make her happy. There is a fund of love in my heart for the woman who really loves me."

Poor Mary was sitting up, with straining eyes and pale face. "Lawrence!" she gasped. Then with a sickening fear that her husband's

long tried affections had in reality strayed from her, she said, "Who?"

"Well, I was thinking," he said, "of Miss Elvira Jenkins. She is accustomed to the children, and knows my ways, and if you could exert yourself, Mary, and show her round the house a little"—

He was interrupted by a well aimed pillow flying straight at his head. Mary was crimson with fury. Bottles, spoons, glasses followed the pillow!

"So! that's what she comes here for, is it? To make love to the most cruel, falsehearted man that ever lived! You've made all your arrangements, have you?"—here a bottle of lavender water smashed the mirror. "You'd be very glad to have me die and leave her a clear field"—a tablespoon took Larry in one eye—"but I won't! I won't! I won't!" The last word was a scream, and Mary, utterly exhausted, fell back, this time in a real fainting fit. Lawrence, all penitence, would have ruined all by staying to coax her back to amiability, but I drove him from the house. My patient recovered with a flood of tears. Gravely yet kindly I tried to make her realize the full error of her life, and, softened by the horrible fear that she was really losing the love of her kind, indulgent husband, she made many vows of amendment.

It was a long day's work we did, and when Lawrence came home his eyes fairly shone with pleasure. The well-spread tea-table was covered with nicely arranged dishes, a spotless cloth, and clear glass, silver, and china. His two little girls, in simple but neat dresses, were in the room, but his eyes rested on his wife.

Flushed by exercise and agitation, Mary's cheeks and eyes were bright as of old. She wore a light blue dress, with snowy collar and sleeves, and her soft blonde hair was arranged in wide becoming braids. With a quiet grace, though her hand trembled with excitement, she presided over the table, and led the conversation to indifferent subjects. The evening was spent in the long unoccupied parlor, where the piano did good service in giving fingers the power to take the place of talk. It was not till after the children had retired that Mary went up to her husband. He was standing by the fireplace looking at her with fond eyes. She stole into his arms, whispering, "Forgive me, Larry!"

"My wife! My own dear Mary!"

I crept away with eyes full of tears.

Two years later, I visited them again. A

neat, well-ordered household, and quiet, well-behaved, well-dressed children bore witness to Mary's reform; while she assures me that when, as often occurs, she is prostrated by real

sickness, no kindness can exceed that paid her by Larry. Miss Jenkins has retired in disgust, not relishing the cure effected by the "rough dose."

## LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

### LETTER V.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Since I begun to tell you about my experience at Pendle Holler, I 'spose I orter finish; but it seems ruther foolish in an old woman like me to tell you all these things. You must take it into count, that I was young then, and didn't know so much about the world as some girls of my age, that had been about more. I don't mind tellin' you so much, or havin' the folks in Scrub Oak know it, but I shouldn't like to have it get back to Pendle Holler that I told these things over, twenty years afterward.

You see I went back to Mr. Stowerses to board, a few days after the old lady died. Nat was drefle glad to see me. He said that jest as soon as the moon changed, father and he was goin' to saw off the lims to the apple-trees, that grew up agin the house, so the sun could shine in a little. "Ain't you glad," says he, "we're goin' to sow some grass seed there 'n' put some new steps where them old monldy ones was. I dug up 'bout a cart-load of burdocks, 'n' if you'll go with the gals 'n' me we're goin' to burn em out in the medder to-night. Father said we might. Schoolma'am, dast you set in granny's chair?" I said I didn't want to, but I 'd go with em to burn the burdocks. So, after supper, we put on our sun-bonnets and helped Nat make a pile of the old steps, the dry burdocks, and some straw, and after the cows was milked, and it was dark enough to see stars, we took a shovel-full of coals and went out into the medder. Nat put the coals down among the straw, and fanned them with his straw hat till they begun to blaze. Great white puffs of smoke come out of the pile first. Then little threads of flame crept out in sight, and finally a great clump of waverin' red flames flashed out of the top, and swayed round with the wind. The light shone on Nat's brown face, and old lop-brimmed hat, and made a perfect picter of him, paintin' up his clothes till they looked like anything else but jest a coarse cotton shirt and tow trowsers. Clary and Idy poked the fire with sticks, and laughed right out to see the sparks flyin' up among the stars. There was a great oak tree

close by, and I remember the nearest leaves looked as if they was gilty. While the girls was at play, Nat come round to me. Says he, "Schoolma'am, Liddy was over here last night, 'n' I heard her tell mother that she 'n' Kezier had settled with Square Kinyon. Mother wanted to know what on airth she meant, 'n' she said the Square was a drefle good-natured man 'n' he 'd make a good neighbor; but, says she, you never did hear of sich a trick as he played Kezier 'n' me. He come to our house two or three times runnin' about five o'clock, 'n' got his supper with us; 'n' then he 'd set 'n' talk to father 'n' mother all the evenin'. Finally he got a chance to talk to Kezier a minit, he up 'n' asked her if she 'd have him. Kezier was took so suddin she didn't know what to say at fust, but she told him she reckoned she didn't want to. 'Now,' says Liddy, 'what d' you s'pose he said?' 'I dunno,' says mother. 'Well,' says Liddy, 'he said, you don't understand me, Kezier. I wanted to know if you didn't think Liddy 'd have me. I've got a pooty comfortable place; seems to me 'twould jest suit a spry gal like Liddy. Now don't you think so, Kezier? And she said she wouldn't wonder. Geuss he 'd find out by askin'. Says he, 'won't you ask her yourself?' She reckoned she hadn't better, Liddy might n't like it, she was ruther techy bout sich things. 'Well,' says he, 'ef I had a chance.' 'La,' says she, 'be you in a hurry, Square?' He said, 'No, but when he 'd made up his mind he hated to wait,' so says she, 'Kezier jest called me to come 'n' husk them roastin' ears fur the Square. She was going to get some salt to eat with em.' When she come back the Square was sayin' as crank as could be, 'I'm sorry you're so short, Liddy, I only asked ye 'cause you seemed to be ruther 'spectin' it. I didn't mean nothin'. I'll tell ye now, I'm going to be married rite off, 'n' if ye want to, I'll ask you to my weddin'.' Says she, 'I laughed 'n' said I didn't care where I went if ony they had plenty of fun.' 'Now,' says she, 'did you ever hear the like of that? He asked me to have him, jest as if he meant it, 'n' I said, I thought I hadn't better, 'cause I was too young.' 'O shaw,' says he, 'I don't

care anything about that.' 'Maybe I shouldn't,' says I, 'ef you wasn't quite so old.' 'Well,' says he, 'woun't you have me, Liddy?' 'No,' says I. 'I won't,' 'n' so he up 'n' pretended he didn't mean it. Now, schoolma'am, what's the use in a man's havin' to make sich a fool of hisself to git married? The Square thinks because he's middlin well off, he kin jest have his pick out of all the gals in the Holler. I wish he'd ask my advice. I should tell him that Darkis Blinn was jist sich a woman as he orter to marry." "I wish he would ask your advice, Nat, and take it too, for Darkis needs a good hum," says I. "But he wouln't do it, schoolma'am. He's got so stuck up that he thinks nobody's good enuff, but the smartest 'n' pootiest gals in the Holler. Now I reckon Tilda Button was about the nicest gal, 'round here. I wish 't I knew where she was 'n' what she was a doin'. Oh, but she rit some su-relement poetry though, didn't she? There's one verse.

"An' all the stars was stannin'  
A-listenin' in the sky.  
Their eyes a-weepin' britteness  
For sich a melodi' "

"Go on, Nat," says I; "let's hear the rest on't."

"The waves upon the oshun  
Was chained to the shore;  
The wind-foam up the mountains  
Had ceased their holler roar

"The thunder and the litenin'  
Was folded in a cloud,  
And to the ground, the waterfall  
Its silver forrid bowed.

"The rustlin' corn was silent,  
The popple leaves hung still,  
And all the world was listenin' to  
The lonesome whippoorwill."

"Ain't that got a tang to it? Tell ye what, I like sich. I know a good lot more she writ; maybe I'll tell 'em to ye some time; but jest now I reckon we'd better go in. The gals has laft over this burnin' some; I'm jest goin' to see ef I can't brighten 'em up some. 'Sposin' I learn to play on the drum? Wouldn't that be kind of lively-like, 'n' chirk our folks up a little?" "I don't know, Nat," says I. "I guess you'd better ask your father. I reckon a fiddle is liveliest." "You don't say so!" says Nat. "I didn't think so, for every time I've hearn one, I've felt as ef I should bust right out a-cryin'; it made me feel so kind of solemn 'n' bad, jest as ef I wanted to lay down in the woods somewhere 'n' die, 'n' have the leaves all fall off the trees 'n' cover me up. Don't you never feel kind of baddish when

you hear a fiddle?" "Why, Nat," says I, "don't you know everybody uses a fiddle to make music for dancin'; it can't be solemn." "But I say it is," says Nat; "'n' dancin' 's solemn, too; seems to me ef the Lord was to come down out of the clouds before me, I should be just as likely to dance as David. I've hearn granny read about *his* dancin' afore the Lord, 'n' I 'spect it was the solemnest thing he could do."

A few days after that, when I was in school one afternoon, just a-hearin' the first class spell, somebody rapped on the door. I went and looked out, for you see the door was wide open, and there stood Square Kinyon, his everlastin' invisible green Sunday coat and hat, and oh, such a smile lookin' out of his little blue-gray eyes! I colored up in a minit, and I didn't know what on earth to say. He took hold of his hat, and pulled it over one side, and bowed, and said: "Good afternoon, Miss Broomcorn; I'm one of the trustees. Been a-comin' in to see your school ever and ever so long. Didn't have time till to-day. Hope you'll overlook it." "Oh yes," says I, "certainly. Won't you come in?" So he come and took my chair, and sot down, and put his hands together on the desk before him, with all the pints of the fingers twirlin', and the thumbs stuck up some like a fox's ears. Says he: "Go right on with your school, don't mind me; I'm only an obsarver." If he only knew how provoked I was at him for comin' alone, he would have took his hat and cleared out; but, bless you, he hadn't any notion of clearin' out. He took a book pretty soon and looked over, while I put out words. Somehow the children didn't like to have him there either, for they acted ridiculous. They yelled out their letters when they was spellin', and spit from one end of the house to the other, and pretended they had monstrous clunks of tobaccer in their mouths all the time. I felt my face burn like fire, and tears reddy to come into my eyes; but I was too mad to cry. When they was done spelling, Gains Jones went down to the foot from his place at the head, and Sally Wood standing' in his place, said, "'Tention!" and they all brightened up, and looked straight at me. "Hands down," says Sally. They all unfolded their hands at once. "Decence," says Sally, and the boys bobbed their chins on to their stummaks, and jerked 'em up agin in a twinklin', while the girls curcheyed all at once with a straight up and down stoop and rise motion. Then they scattered to their seats, and the Square rubbed his hands and said, "Very good,

very good!" I caught little Sam Stowers flippin' paper at him with a quill, and stopped him; but in a minit more they was all a-snickerin' at one of the little Joneses for puttin' his hands upon the desk jest as the Square did his. I was goin' to dismiss school rite away, but the Square wanted to look at the 'ritin' books. I got out the 'ritin'-books and samples and showed him. Great deel he knew about samples anyway; but he looked 'em all over, big and little letters, flower-baskets, hearts, marks, stars, and crosses. I thought he never would leave off. Then he read most every copy in the 'ritin'-books, and praised 'em up wonderful. Finally, when he got done, I read over the list of scholars and dismissed the school. The scholars gave a yell, pitched on their hats and bunnits, and started fur home. So didn't the Square. I tied on my bunnit, pinned my shawl, and there he sot, as smilin' as a basket of chips. I wasn't goin' to wait for him; so says I, "Square Kinyon, I shall have to lock this door." "Oh, certin," says he, a-springin' up and coming out doors. "I'd forgot where I was. Very pleasant place here?" "Ruther," says I, startin' off for hum. "How do you like Pendle Holler?" says he. "Don't you think it's a drefle nice place to live in, only the company ain't much to brag of, the young folks, 'specially. They're ruther shaller, considering their advantages." "I don't know," says I; "I ain't so much acquainted with the folks as you be." "Oh, of course not, Miss Broomcorn; but then I hope you will be afore long. "I hope you mean to stay here." I declare I didn't think what I was about when I answered: "Maybe they won't want me to stay." I meant to keep school agin, of course; but the Square took me up quicker 'n a flash. "Oh, if that 's all, you 'll stay. I want ye to. I've set my heart on it. I loved ye the first minit I set eyes on ye. You 'll marry me, and stay here, won't ye? I am well off. I've got considerable money, and you shall have a silk frock, and I'll take you to Boston for a weddin' tower, and there 's heaps of things for housekeepin' in my house—heaps of 'em. I wouldn't have anybody else but you for all the world. Lemme see, I'll git Skimmer to buy you some earrings and gold beads, wouldn't you like that? Just tell me when it shall be; but don't, for massy sake, put it off long." I felt my forehead all break out in a cold sweat while he was goin' on so. Says I, as soon as I got a chance: "For goodness sake, Square Kinyon, jest hear me. I don't want your gold beads, nor silk frock, nor I don't

wan't to marry you. There 's too much difference in our ages." "Why," says he "that 's a slim excuse. I ain't so old as I might be; besides I'll git some new teeth when we go to Boston. They do sich things there. You 'd better think of it now. You will, won't ye? I'll give you till to-morrer to think about it." "I wouldn't for all the world," says I. "It would kill me to think about it till to-morrer. I can tell ye now jest as well as then. I can't have you for a husband, Square." "Oh, but you think about it. I'll fetch my hosses round and give you a ride after supper, and we 'll talk it over agin." I begun to feel cross. Says I: "No, Square Kinyon, you needn't fetch your hosses round where I'm goin; if you do, I won't speak to you. I sha'n't marry you, and you may consider it settled, and drop the subjeck." "Well," says he, a-colorin' up, "such young flirts never know what's good for 'em. You 'll be sorry yet, I reckon, when it won't du you any good. Good-arternoon, Miss." And the Square turned 'round, and hopped over the fence into a medder as spry as a boy. Reckon he wanted to show how smart he was. I could see him a-footin' it 'cross lots, and he stepped off as if he was a little riled in his temper. I was, I own. Not but what I'd thought my chance might come with all the rest to git an offer from the Square. He 'd took every good-natured, neighborly word to heart so much, he really thought everybody was settin' caps at him. Well, it was Polly Mariar's turn now, sence Dr. Stirrup's girl was jest a-goin' to marry somebody else, and there wa'n't no chance there. I hearn Ma'am Jinks say once that if she was a bit like her mother, she 'd make the Square stan' 'round, if she took a notion to marry him. Maybe she would; I didn't care sence I'd got rid of him now.

I hadn't but four weeks left, and I begun to feel lonesome and homesick. I'd boarded at Sam Stowers's, and ever so many other places; but I was a-goin' to stay with Deacon Pendle's folks a few days before I went home; so I went down there one Saturday night. Miss Pendle had a cake in the bake-kettle, and the tea-kettle on. She made me come out behind the house to see her chickens, and she drawed a bucket of water, and turned it over my hands while I washed my dusty face, and neck, and arms. Oh, such water! it was as cool and sweet as a spring in a shady place. Then I went up stairs, and put on my pink calico frock and silk apron, and smoothed down my hair, and come down stairs as fresh as if I'd jest got up in the mornin'. When the Deacon

come in, he shook hands with me, and said he never see me look so bright. Jest as we was settin' down to supper, who should drive up but Deacon Moody and his wife. Of course they had to come in, and Miss Pendle put some more plates on the table, and we all sot down together. The Deacon, Deacon Moody I mean, was jest as glum as ever, and his wife jest as sharp and loud-spoken. She said they'd been over to the Corners a-looking at some furniture. Mr. Damerill owed 'em, and they had got to take furniture for pay. "Why," says Deacon Pendle, "Polly Mariar ain't goin' to get married, is she, Miss Moody?" "I dunno but she may some time, Deacon; anyway, we've got to take the things, and if Polly Mariar gits married, she knows how to take care on 'em better 'n the most of folks, ef I do say it. She is none of your poor shirks. I'll warrant her to make any man fore-handed in the house. And Polly Mariar needn't go out of the way to git married either. There's them as good as the best she can have any minit. Miss Pendle, is your four-and-twenty reed to hum, and your new linen harness? I should like to try 'em on a new piece I'm going to put in, one of these days." "Why, massy on us," says Miss Pendle, "what be you a going to do with so much linen?" "Well," says Miss Moody, liftin' up her eyebrows, "somebody can use it ef I can't. I'm allers exposed to gittin' clean out of a thing before I have anything to supply myself with new. It's a sartin sign of a poor housekeeper. Miss Broomcorn, I wisht you 'd let me have a pattern of your frock sleeves—seems to me they stick out good. Where do you git your pattern? Oh, that's it? Land sakes! There, Deacon, you'll git the stum-rak ake if you take another piece of cake." "Oh no," says Miss Pendle, "not a mite of it. Do take another slice, Deacon. You take another, Miss Moody." "Well, I will; come to think," says Miss Moody, "you're allers famous for cake. Have another piece ef your mind to, Deacon." The Deacon had been lookin' at the cake ruther wishful, but he didn't take one till Deacon Pendle passed him the plate. "I reckon," says he, afterwards, "they don't 'low him to eat cake at hum."

After supper, Miss Moody borrowed a lot of quills, and a shuttle out of Miss Pendle's loom, a pair of hand cards and a quill wheel. Then they went off hum—Miss Moody's big thick shoulders almost crowdin' the Deacon's poor, lean, little body out of the seat; and Dolly, as big and fat as Miss Moody herself, joggin' off at her own rate without mindin' the Deacon's

slappin' the lines over her back when they started.

Next day we went to meetin'. Of course, you know, 'most everybody in Pendle Holler would be there. I could see Dolly Jinks makin' mouths at me from Gran'ther Jinks's pew. She wanted me to look at Square Kinyon. He sat with Darkis Blinn and his little girl. Darkis was a sober-lookin' mortal; but the Square wasn't, I can assure you. His face fairly glistened with grins, and he had on a new blue and white neck hankercher, and a speckled vest. I 'spose he 'd about wore out the others, wearin' 'em 'round so much lately, courtin'. Pooty soon Miss Moody come in, with Polly Mariar close behind her, and the Deacon shirkin' along after 'em as meek as a sheep. They wasn't fairly settled before meetin' begun, but somehow folks would look at 'em. They looked when they stood up at prayers, and when they set down for sermon, and when they ought to be findin' their places in the hymn book, they looked; but they looked all at once and together when Elder Jones got up and read out the names of "Timothy Kinyon" and "Polly Mariar Moody," who intended marriage. I 'spose nobody had anything agin it, though they was asked to say so, if they had. Well, the folks didn't want anything to talk about that noon-time I can tell you, if it was Sunday. Dolly Jinks told me that she and Reuben found it out in season, or they'd been called at the same time. "I wouldn't have stood that," says Dolly, "so I jest told Reuben to run over to Elder Jones's, and take back the notis. I put it off a hull week," says she; "though Reuben did look a little put out, I reckon he'll git over it. Now, you'll see what a bustle Miss Moody will be in, and how she'll snub the Deacon. That's the way Polly Mariar'll snub Square Kinyon one of these days, and she'll have her mother to help her, too. That little gal is to be pitied. There ain't no chance for her unless she grows up as big and stout as Polly Mariar herself. Her father won't dast to do a thing for her. Come, don't you wish you was goin' to the weddin'? There'll be one kind of cake baked in four different ways, and they won't let the Deacon eat any of that. Poor Deacon! I tell ye what, Betsy, I'm a-goin' to manage to have the Deacon come when Reube and I git married, and I'll stuff him with goodies then, for once in his life."

In the afternoon meetin', Square Kinyon looked redder, and more pleased than ever. Everybody 'd been a wishin' him joy, and he really begun to think he'd done something

smart. As for Mrs. Moody, a great pair of brass rimmed spectacles was all she had on in the way of extra fixins, and Polly Mariar didn't look as if she knew anything about it, or had ever heard of Square Kinyon at all. I set in the gallery that afternoon, and Nat Stowers was there. He looked so sober I couldn't help thinkin' about him, and wonderin' what he was thinkin' about all the afternoon, when he set and watched the wasps a sailin' round, and round, and bumpin' their backs agin the walls, and buzzin' up and down the windows. After meetin' was out, Nat went with me over to Deacon Pendle's, and set down on the door step, and begun to whittle a laylock sprout. "Why, Nat," says Deacon Pendle, "be you always so sober?" Nat bust out a laffin'. Says he, "I've been a wantin' to tell somebody so bad, that it laid heavy on my mind. You ain't agoin' to laugh at me, schoolma'am, nor you, Deacon, 'cause you stan' as good a chance to git scart as I did, afore it happened. You see I goes right by the old Biddle house when I drive away my cows, 'n' it's all shackly 'n' tumblin' to pieces. Well, I was comin' along one evenin' pooty late. I warn't thinkin' of nothin', till all at once I heard somebody knockin' in the house. I thought to be sure somebody's in there 't aint no sort of business there. So I jist went 'n' pushed the door back, 'n' peeped in. There warn't nobody there; I could see into the bed-room 'n' all over. It was all still. Wall, says I, that's curus. Guess 'twas a woodpecker, so I went off. When I come back I hearn it agin. I didn't turn out to look for 't; but next mornin' I hearn it agin, louder. So I shyed round and looked. There warn't no woodpecker there at all, but somethin' rapped, rapped hard summers inside the house. I climbed into a winder on the back side 'n' looked agin. It was all as empty as a last year's snail shell. Wall, I jist went off 'n' said nothin'. Fur three mornings 'n' nights, I hearn that rappin' every time I went by the house, 'n' I begun to feel as ef I'd a little rather not go there, but you see I darn't tell, so I gin a little run 'n' whistled sum when I cum there so as not to hear it. Wall, day before yesterday I spunked up a bit. Thinks I it won't hurt me wuss to see it than it does to hear it. I'll jist go 'n' search down cellar, 'n' up garret. So I went there. I hadn't teched the door stone before I hearn three faint raps. Just as if they didn't mean to scare me. I felt my heart give a big thump 'n' my face 'n' hands prickled all over. I thought of Gran'ther Biddle's wooden leg stumpin' over the

floor. I was jist as sure it was he as ef I'd seen him. But I walked in 'n' stood 'n' looked round. I couldn't see nothin' agin. After I'd stood a minit I went 'n' opened the trap door, 'n' went down celler. The outside door was down, 'n' the sheep use to sleep there, but there warn't nothin' onnatural in sight. I went up 'n' looked 'n' listened a minit. Bymby, says I, pooty loud, 'Gran'ther.' 'B-a-a-a,' says a little weakly voice in the stair-way. Oh, Diner, how I bounded! I opened the door, 'n' I boo-hooed rite out. I couldn't help it, deacon; I swan I couldn't, for there was our corset sheep Nancy layin' on the broad stair enamost starved to deth. She'd scraped the door with her huff every time she hearn me, 'n' stomped when she could stan' up. That was Nancy's way; she'd stop when she wanted anything. I never see a poor thing so pitiful; I s'pose she'd laid down there, and the wind blowed the door to; she couldn't stan' up, nor but jist make a noise. I run 'n' gathered sum grass 'n' wet it in the brook, 'n' Nancy eat a little; but she wanted some water. I peeled some bark in a jiffin', made a cup 'n' carried her water. She dranked it up 'n' eat the grass 'n' then I helped her up 'n' out doors, 'n' she lay down 'n' begun to reach out till she'd cleaned a good ring 'roun her. Then I helped her to a spot o' clover, 'n' run home to git her some milk. Nancy's about well, 'n' I reckon I sha'n't come across any more ghosts there. You needen't laugh at me, schoolma'am; I've seen my last ghost." "I hope you have," says I, "fur they ain't agreeable company, I've heard say." "Well, I s'pect they aint," says Deacon Pendle, "leastways they don't appear to make themselves agreeable to them that they allows to see em." "Wall," says Nat, "I reckon I'll run hum. I wish you'd come to our house afore you go off, schoolma'am. We're offe lonesome, 'n' I want you to see how the sun shines into the winders, 'n' makes the gals play like as if they was kittens." I promised him I would, and he put on his straw hat and went away.

I went down to Miss Jones's the next day, and she said Miss Moody had been there 'most all day long a-havin' her cut and baste a couple of frocks for Polly Mariar, and says she, "Only see what she brought me." She opened a box, and there was about four quarts of Indjin meal, and a paper full of sage. She said sage made good, hulsome tea, better 'n common tea for nervous folks like brother Jones, and she and the Deacon had sage tea and corn coffee all the time. Of course that was a first-rate reason

why we should drink it, too. I jest told Mr. Jones he orter contrive to furnish the folks with sage tea, and corn coffee sermons. Then, only think, Square Kinyon has paraded 'round a five-frank piece he 's goin' to give Mr. Jones for marryin' him. "O, Lord!" says she, "to think anybody can live and bear such things! I wouldn't if I was a man. They're wonderful pious, but they're stingier about religion than anything else on earth."

When Mr. Jones come in he looked 'most as discouraged as his wife; but he took the baby and rocked it to sleep, and then made a top for one boy, and a boat for another, and a paper kite, with a string tail to it, for the little girl, and kep 'em busy till bedtime. I come off next day, thinkin' I wouldn't marry a minister for nothin' on airth.

Well, after I'd been 'round to all the places where I'd boarded, and bid the folks good-by, I come back to Deacon Pendle's to stay till I went home. Square Kinyon was tearin' 'round, gittin' ready to bring a wife home; I 'sposed he had the geese picked closer than ever, and all the feathers he'd been savin' for a year was hung on one of the great elm trees in the dooryard to git sunned. There they hung and swung two or three days, lookin' like some monstrous kind of fruit growin' on the tree. The fences was full of blankets airin', and they said there was a new coat of paint put on the north room floor, and all the kitchen chairs was painted over bright blue. The Square put up a new well sweep with his own hands, and got Tom Potter to put a new slat fence before the front yard. Such a fixin' up hadn't happened in Pendle Holler in ever so many years, folks said. But, then, he could afford it jest as well as not, and Square Kinyon wa'n't the man to flinch when he put his hand to a business. The weddin' was comin' off next week; but I didn't stay to see or hear anything more about it. When Saturday come, Deacon Pendle was to take me hum in his bellus-top shay. I dismissed my school the last day, and give every one of the children a little primer with picters and stories in it, and they went off my very best friends. Then, after my trunk was put into the shay, and I was all ready to start, I went down the little path from the bird-cage portico to the gate where the Deacon was waiting for me. Miss Pendle went along with me, and she couldn't help tellin' me that she hoped I'd been happy there. "Fur," says she, "I never see a poor gal so forlorn and pale as you looked when you come here; but, deary me, you've got as plump and rosy as a pippin. I

hope you'll come and see us agin." I promised her I certain would; and, after sayin' good-by, we drove off toward hum. The fields and hills that was so fresh and green when I come to the Holler, was yeller and bare now, and the crickets was singin' in the stubble all day long. The orchards begun to show their red and yeller apples, and the swallows was gatherin' in great flocks on the roofs or the barns, that had their doors wide open for the wind to blow through, and keep the grain and hay that was crammed into them, dry and cool. The ditches along the road, that in the spring was full of white vilots and blue, had scarlit pinks and bogle-flowers growin' in them now. There was vervine and daisies in the corners of fences, and blackberries beginnin' to git ripe in the new clearin's. If things was different now, they was jest as pleasant, and I felt almost a pain at my heart when I thought that I was goin' home. It was such a gladness as nobody can feel but jest them that's been away the first time in their lives. Gone away too, with such a dreadful faint heart as I had carried with me. But now I was glad I had gone, for I had got a little better able to bear my troubles. I liked the world better, and felt as if I could take hold and help myself, or anybody else that needed help, and not sit down as I use to, and groan and moan, and feel as if I'd like to die—jest because what I hoped for had all melted away into nothin', jest as I was a-goin' to realize what was too much happiness for this world. So I felt glad to go home, and when I come to the turn in the road, I didn't cry, I only said to myself, "I'll make Susan glad, too, to see how I've gained in courage sense I went away." You needn't ask me to tell you any more about that; but I'll tell you how I went back to the Holler visitin' afterwards.

Your obedient,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

#### THE ADVERTISEMENT.

BY L. S.

The newsboy in his usual round left the daily paper at Mr. Mason's. Kitty was alone in the sitting-room, father had gone away, and mother was busy in her own room; so Kitty had the paper all to herself—a rare occurrence; for, so great was the anxiety to get the news, that the paper was cut into parts that more might read at a time. Now she dropped her sewing, leaned back in her chair, and devoted herself to the perusal of it. First, the headings: "Important from Washington;" "General McClellan's

operations on the Peninsula—Rebels reconnoitering, etc. etc.;" then letters from "our own correspondents;" then the "Editorials;" she stopped then to think over what she had read, and her mind wandered off to the "sunny South," where was her soldier brother; no present anxiety about him though, as she received a long letter from him last night; so she resumed her reading. "Matrimonial" meets her eyes first. "A young gentleman of prepossessing appearance, of good family and fortune, wishes to correspond with some young lady, with a view to matrimony. Address, in sincerity, Leonidas. Box No. —, Post Office."

"Bah!" said Kitty to herself, after running it over, "I guess it is *in sincerity*. I presume, though, the writer will have scores of answers and applications for the honor of his hand, over which he will make merry. I wish I could punish the audacity of such fellows. An idea strikes me—ah, that's the very thing!" And the little gypsy sprang up and ran off to her room, putting her curly head in at her mother's door on the way: "No one killed or wounded in this morning's paper, mother."

That afternoon Kitty sallied out to make some calls. She took the Post Office in her way; fortunately for her, no one was in but the Postmaster, an old friend of the family.

"Here 's a letter to mail, Mr. Jamison."

He glanced at the superscription—Leonidas. Box No. —, Post Office. "What does this mean, Kitty?"

"Oh, mischief, I suppose," said the gay little thing. "And, Mr. Jamison, when you stamp it, put the stamp on very lightly, and give it a little 'skew,' will you not—please; for I do not want my friend Leonidas to know where I am?"

Mr. Jamison could not resist her bewitching look, and he promised. Kitty then went on her way rejoicing, and made some of her dear five hundred—no, she had not as many friends as that, but some of her friends happy by calling on them.

In an elegantly furnished room in the city sat two gentlemen, young and handsome. "Morris," said Frank Lucas, "I'm going to have some fun."

"Ah! that's something unusual for you."

"Well, I mean a new kind of fun. I'm going to advertise in the papers for a wife; going to lay it down strong about prepossessing appearances. You know the style, and see how many answers I will get from silly girls. I'll not be selfish either; but you may help me read the letters."

"I wish neither part or lot in the matter, Frank; and I think it wrong in you to trifle so," said Harry Morris. "To be sure, some will understand your advertisement in its true light—a humbug—and, for the fun, will answer; but I know there are many others, regarding it 'in sincerity,' as you have written it here, will answer in sincerity."

"So much the more fools they; but, Morris, you always defend the women so, why have you never got one of the angels to torment—no, I mean to bless your life? You look ferocious—no matter about answering; good-morning, old fellow; but I'll be sure to come around when the letters come, and read them to you."

A few days afterwards, Frank made his appearance again at Morris' rooms, with his coat pockets stuffed full of letters, letters in his trousers pockets, letters in his vest pockets, and some in his hand.

"I have come," he shouted. "Morris, you must hear some of these precious documents. I have had a peck measure full; have brought some of the richest, and here are some I took out of the office on my way, which I have not opened yet."

"Away with you, Frank Lucas. Did I not tell you I would have nothing to do with them?"

"Oh, but I won't away; so here goes No. 1."

"Dear Leonidas—sweet, precious youth! my heart goes forth to you as the dove went from Noah's Ark.' Beautiful comparison! I recognize in you a congenial spirit from the mere advertisement you inserted."

"Frank, I never have quarrelled with you yet, and I should be sorry to, now; but I tell you plainly, once for all, I will not hear any more of that twaddle," said Morris, looking so much in earnest that Frank thought it best to stop.

"Will your Majesty grant me gracious permission to open the rest of these letters here, or will it desecrate your premises?"

"You know you have the freedom of my rooms when you behave like a loyal subject," replied Morris, smiling. "Proceed."

Silence reigned for a few minutes; it was broken by an exclamation from Frank:

"By Jupiter, a fairy! Look here, Harry Morris." And he handed across the table a sheet of paper containing a full length *photograph* of a young lady, and these words—"Dear Leonidas," then below the picture, "I remain truly yours, Kitty."

"Frank Lucas, where did this come from?" demanded Harry.

"Don't snap a fellow up so; I know no more about it than you. Let's see if there's any postmark, though," said Frank, turning over the envelope. "No, I cannot make it out; it is so indistinct. I can see an *s*, and a *g*, and an *a*—that's all. Let me look at the picture again."

While he is looking, we will peep over his shoulder. A beautiful girl, not too tall, her form exquisitely moulded, dark brown hair falling in curls, small pretty hands resting lightly on the back of a chair, by which she is standing, while out of her splendid eyes such a mischievous sprite peeps just now, that Frank thinks she is ready to laugh at his amazement. Ah, Kitty Mason, we understand your little plan now: we are in your secret, though these two gentlemen are not, and in a pretty state of bewilderment are they—no postmark or any other mark by which they can gain the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the original.

"Frank, I implore you, give me that picture. If there is such a woman on earth, she shall be my wife, though I have to compass heaven and earth to find her."

"Do you hear that big vow of Harry Morris, Miss Kitty? Ha! ha!" laughed Frank. "Changed your song, hav'n't you? Are you not the young man who was declaiming with so much vehemence against such immoralities as advertising for wives? I guess you will have to compass heaven and earth to find the original of this picture. I hav'n't time; promised to go jaunting this summer with the Newtons; am off to-morrow; so you may have it. I only stipulate that, after you get to house-keeping, I may have the *entrée* of your house as I now do of your rooms."

"I grant anything you ask."

Frank soon took his leave, with many satirical wishes for the success of his friend, and then Harry commenced his investigations. He gazed at the lovely picture a long time until every feature was impressed upon his memory, then he looked at the few written words; nothing to be gained there, except the inference that the writer was a lady from the delicate handwriting; and now the envelope claims his attention: he studied it as intently as a school-boy his task; but Mr. Jamison had so well obeyed orders, that not much was to be discovered. "That *s*," he soliloquized, "is the first letter, I am sure; then all is blank until the *g*—there's room for three or four letters between; then another space, and then an *a*. Is that the last letter of the name?" He thought of all the names of towns that had an *s*, a *g*, and an

*a* in them; he strewed his room with directories and gazetteers; he spent three or four days consulting his maps—he would not give up, though the search seemed so fruitless. Finally, he bethought himself to go to the city Post Office—perhaps he could get some light on the subject there. Accordingly, he took the envelope to the postmaster, and told him it was a matter of life or death to him to find out the postmark on that envelope.

The good man took it into consideration, as it was such an important affair, looked over his post books, fitted letters into the vacant places, and next day handed it to Harry with "Stringham" marked on it. "That," said the postmaster, "is the nearest I can come to it. If it proves not to be the right place, I will try again." The resolve of Mr. Morris was quickly taken; anything was better than this terrible suspense; he would go to Stringham. On the next train for the north is Mr. Harry Morris, in search of a young lady named "Kitty"; he could not help laughing at himself. He did not meet with any adventures, nor did he find Miss Kitty on the cars, though he could not help looking into every lady's face, if perchance it might be her, but arrived safe and sound at O—the terminus of the railroad in that direction. As soon as possible he procured horses and a carriage, and drove on towards Stringham. His plan was to domesticate himself at the hotel, if there was such a convenience in the place—go to church, and to all places of public assembly—ingratiate himself into the favor of the landlady, and by skilful questionings find out regarding young ladies named Kitty.

"Fortune favors the brave," as you may have heard. Our hero was riding along, when he espied a pretty cottage near by—some children playing in the yard, and a young lady standing on the piazza, with her back to him. Attracted by the sound of wheels, she turns her face—good heavens! does he see aright?—it is—yes, it is, "Kitty." Driving up before the gate, he stops, gets out and walks bravely up to the young lady, who stands amazed, not recognizing him as belonging to her circle of acquaintance—and—

"Will the lady please give me a drink of water, as it is very warm and dusty?"

With a graceful nod of acquiescence, she goes into the house, while he improves the opportunity by asking a little girl who stood near what her name was.

"Mary Meade, sir."

"And that's your sister who has gone after some water?"

"No, it's cousin Kitty."

"Kitty who?" he asked again, thinking it best to gain all possible information.

"Kitty Mason, to be sure—don't you know her?"

Kitty Mason came just then with the water, and prevented further questioning. Harry knew it was not polite to gaze at her while he was drinking, but he could not resist the temptation of seeing if this was certainly the original of the picture he was so sacredly preserving. There could be no mistake—the same hair, eyes, and figure. Mr. Harry drove to the hotel in good spirits, though there was considerable to be done yet in the way of getting introductions to the father, and to the young lady herself. These difficulties overcome as soon as practicable, he desired a private interview with Mr. Mason. It was rather awkward asking a man for his daughter when he had seen neither of them but once or twice before, and was an entire stranger to them, but Harry plunged in heroically.

"Mr. Mason, I rode by your house last week; I saw your daughter; I wish your permission to address her; I am, I know, an entire stranger, but I can refer you to Rev. Dr. Drayton, Mr. Olmstead; and many other prominent persons in my native city as to my character and standing."

To make a long story short, Mr. Mason went to the city himself, obtained satisfactory evidence as to the moral character and standing of Mr. Harry Morris, and gave his consent.

Not a word about the picture yet, you see, until one day Harry took it out of his pocket, and said, "Kitty, did you ever see this before?"

She looked first at the picture, then at him, and exclaimed, "Harry Morris, where did you get that? Are you Leonidas? How did you find out who I was and where I lived?"

"I think there was a Providence in it," he replied, laughing at her amazement, "for I never should have found you without," and then he told her the whole story. Harry and his beautiful wife spent the summer in travelling, and then went in the fall to the pleasant home in the city which Harry had caused to be prepared. Frank Lucas is almost inconsolable, because he had not perseverance enough to "track" Kitty and get her himself.

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It is the greatest misfortune in the world to have more learning than good sense.

## ANGEL FOOTSTEPS.

BY IVY BELL.

SHE had waited for their coming  
Through all the summer hours;  
She had seen their shadows throwing  
A light o'er fairest flowers.

SHE had heard their footsteps falling  
Upon the soft, thick grass,  
Till now the dry leaves rustled  
Beneath them as they passed.

Then her sweet, young face grew fairer,  
And holier yet her brow:  
And like autumn's golden lustre  
Was her bright hair in its flow.

Then her eyes grew yet more earnest,  
Till, as shorter grew the days,  
A veil seemed drawn before them  
Like the autumn's faint blue haze.

She was like unto the angels,  
As she walked from us apart;  
Ever listening to the footsteps,  
And the voices in her heart.

Thus ever passed she onward,  
Still singing as she went;  
Till we knew that she must leave us,  
Yet we could not feel content.

But the footsteps came still nearer—  
She said she heard their fall—  
Come slowly up the pathway  
Beneath the garden wall.

And the shadow fell still deeper  
Upon her fair, young brow,  
And within those earnest eyes  
That song is broken now.

## TO ELSIE.

But for thee, lovely lady,  
I long had remained  
In a passionless torpor  
Despairingly chained,  
With naught to impart  
The least light to my heart,  
Where gloominess only had reigned.

But as the calm twilight  
In summer is broke  
By the robin's sweet music,  
Thy beauty awoke  
My soul from its dream  
By a magical beam,  
And in Hope's soothing melody spoke.

The theme of my musings  
Thy beauty shall be;  
And my dream shall be nightly,  
Dear lady, of thee.  
O'er my heart thou shalt reign,  
And I never again  
From thy power would wish to be free.

NOVELTIES FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.

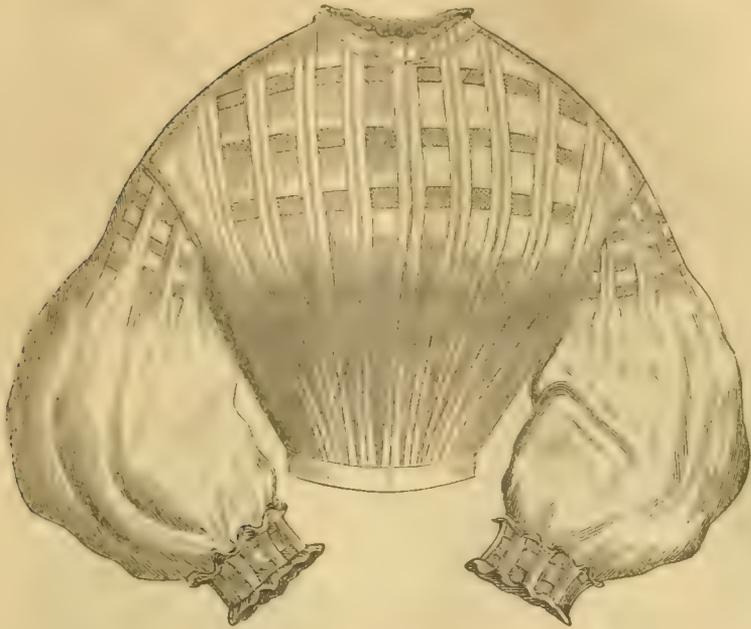


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

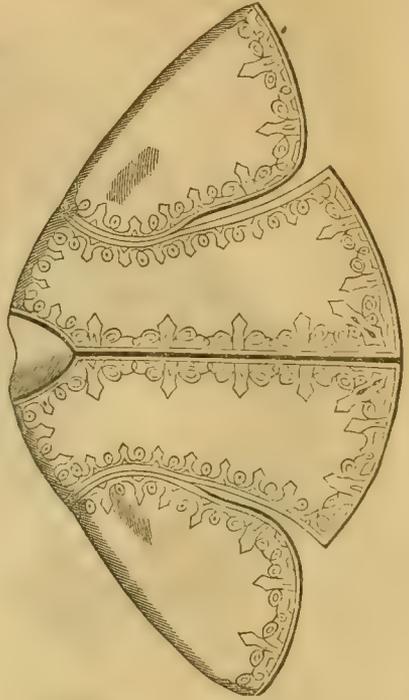


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 1.—A fancy muslin spencer, with ribbon run between the plaits.

Fig. 2.—A new and pretty style for a summer dress. The scarf bretelle can be either of ribbon or silk, embroidered or braided. It is suitable both for thick and thin materials. With a white waist the effect is charming.

Fig. 3.—A bonnet shade, in England called an "Ugly," which we think a very appropriate title for it. It is, however, very convenient for travelling, and a great protection to the face, and for weak eyes very beneficial. Green or blue silk is the most appropriate material. The casings should be as represented in the

engraving. The screen can be caught to the bonnet by a spring, or tied with ribbon under the chin.

Fig. 4.—Fancy sack, suitable for a little boy or girl.

Fig. 6.—Black silk apron, trimmed with a box-plaited ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Dress for a child of five years old. Made of blue merino, and black and white shepherd's check.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

*The Military Jacket.*—This very becoming and stylish jacket closes over the vest, midway to the waist, rounding off to the side and back with a slight spring which descends over the hips. The vest is pointed and closes with but-



tons. The material may be in any solid color, the vest black, or contrasting. The decoration consists of a simple braided border, in an interlaced pattern. The sleeves terminate in a deeply pointed cuff, braided to match the body part of the jacket.



*Jerome Coat.*—This is a pretty sack coat, trimmed with velvet bands, so as to give something the appearance of a pelka jacket. On

the right side, the curl of the velvet forms the pocket, from whence may be seen issuing, the folds of the handkerchief. Velvet in points, with buttons in the spaces between, constitutes the decoration of the skirt. The sleeves plain, loose, and trimmed with velvet, to match the waist.

*Greek Jacket.*—The upper part of this jacket buttons over a plain waist, and then rounds off from the front to the side seam under the arm,



where the jacket terminates. The trimming consists of a double quilling, with a narrow velvet run through the centre, and forms a bodice in front of the waist. This decoration is carried round to the back part of the waist, which terminates in a point. The sleeve is plain at the top, demi-flowing, and is decorated with the quilling in the form of the letter S.

*French Waist.*—This is an elegantly fitting



waist, high and plain, with a slight spring descending upon the hips, and deepening into

points at the back and front. The fastening consists of buttons and button-holes, and descends only to the line of the waist, from whence the points are cut away. The sleeve is demi-flowing, and rounded up on the back, where it is finished with bow and ends of ribbon.

*The Lady Alice Sleeve.*—This is an admirable style of sleeve for the small checked goods, so much in vogue for house wear. The fulness on the lower front of the sleeve is held by a quilling of silk, in a solid, contrasting color, a



narrow velvet, placed below the upper edge, forming a heading. The trimming crosses directly in front of the arm, and terminates in flat bows. At the top of the sleeve, the silk quilling is arranged in the form of a pointed cap, which completes the decoration.

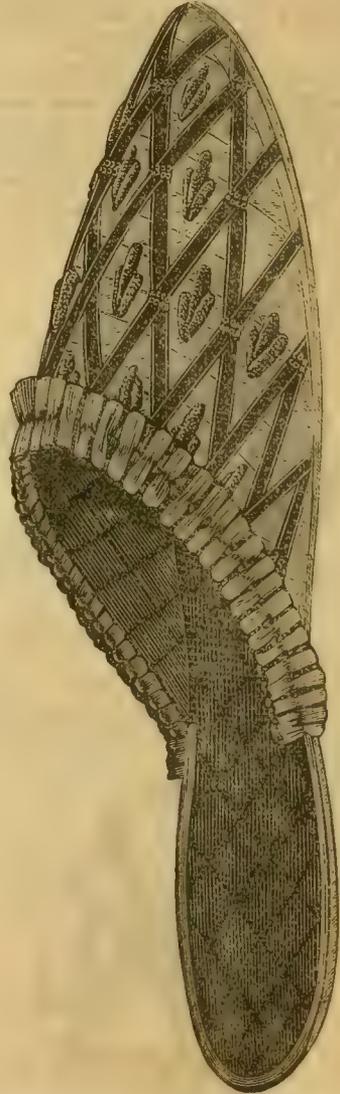
#### A RUSTIC HANGING BASKET FOR WINDOW OR PORCH.

PROCURE a fancifully-shaped wire basket at the wire-workers; line the inside with moss, with the green side outwards; it will look very pretty through the wide wire openings. Then fill the hollow with earth, and place in the centre a scarlet geranium, or dwarf fuchsia, or other elegant plant. It will live and grow there a long time; and so will the German ivy, which will hang gracefully over the basket, and twine upon the cords by which it hangs. Can anything be prettier than this as an ornament for the vine-shaded porch or window? So easily, too, is it made, that no one need be without one; but you must not forget to water

it every few days, and, once in a while, the whole basket had better be dipped in a pail of water, which will make the moss perfectly green and fresh.

#### FANCY SLIPPER, WITHOUT HEEL, FOR A LADY.

MADE of strands of straw sewed together, and crossed in diamond form with black velvet. In the centre of each diamond a figure is worked



with scarlet chenille. The slipper is lined and quilted with scarlet silk, and trimmed with a quilling of scarlet ribbon.

SPRING COSTUME FOR A BOY AND GIRL.

Fig. 1.

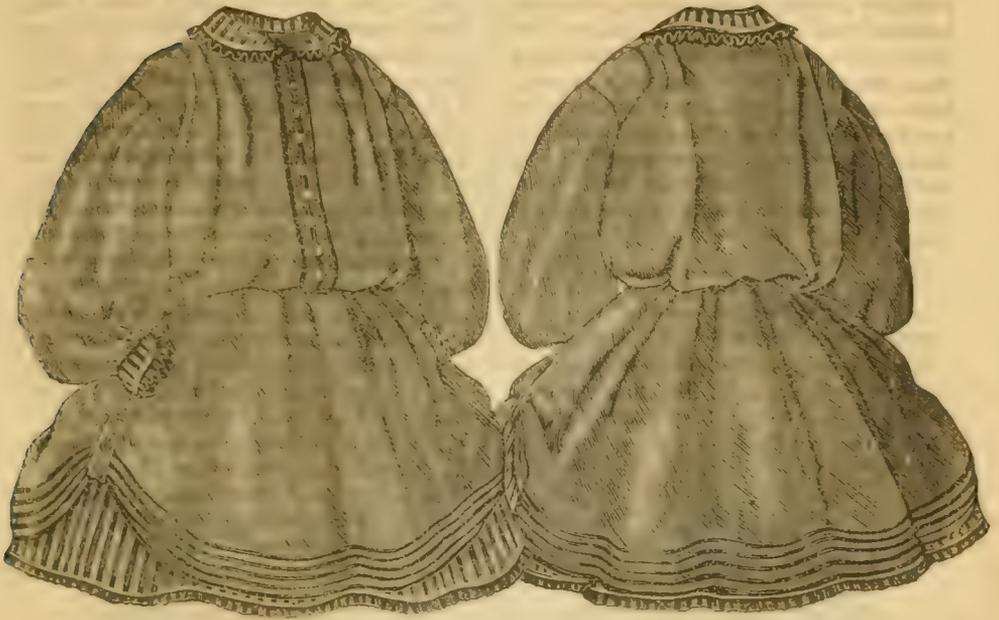


Fig. 1. *Spring costume for a Boy.*—The body is a Garibaldi, with a short skirt of the same material, which would be pretty of gray sum-

mer poplin. The dress skirt is trimmed with five rows of narrow black velvet or braid, and looped up on each side, in the Watteau style.

Fig. 2.



The underskirt is of black and white striped material, and edged with a Marie Louise blue

braid, quilted. The collar and cuffs of the dress are made of the striped black and white

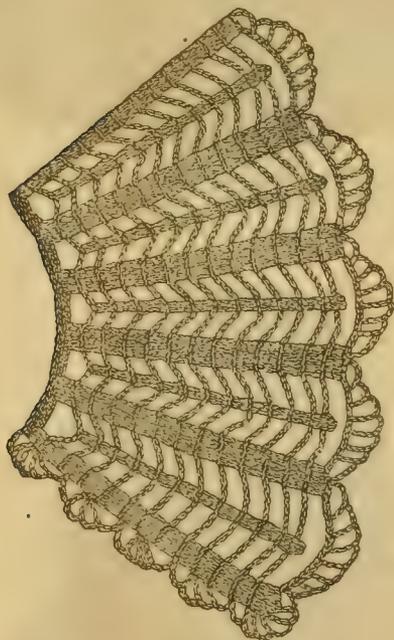
material, and edged with the quilted blue braid. Our cut represents both back and front of the same dress.

Fig. 2. *New Spring Costume for a little Girl.*—Skirt, low peasant's waist, sleeves, and sash of a silver gray alpaca. All the edges of the dress are cut in scallops, and bordered with a black and white braid. Underneath the scallops is sewed a plaited ruffle of blue silk, which has a charming effect. The high waist is of blue silk, finished at the throat with a silk ruching edged with black and white braid. The pockets are trimmed with blue silk and braid.

### CROCHET COLLAR.

*Material.*—Cotton No. 36.

For this pretty and easy collar make a chain of 360 stitches, and work into these 2 rows of dc. The thread is cut off at the end of each row. *3d row.*—\* 5 long in the first 5 stitches



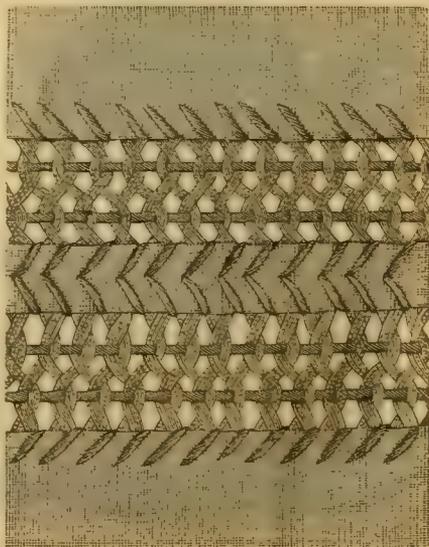
of the previous row, 7 chain, miss 5, repeat from \* to the end of the row, arranging the stitches that there may be 5 long at the end as at the beginning, cut the cotton off, and commence the *4th row*: \* 5 long, 3 chain, 2 long in the middle of the 7 chain of the previous row, 3 chain, repeat from \* to the end. *5th.*—\* 5 long, 3 chain, 2 long on the 2 long of the previous row, 3 chain, repeat from \* to the end of the row. *6th.*—\* 5 long, 4 chain, 2 long, 4

chain, repeat from \* to the end. The *7th* and *8th rows* are worked the same as the *6th*. *9th.*—\* 5 long, 5 chain, 2 long, 5 chain, repeat from \* to the end. The *10th* and *11th rows* are worked like the *9th*. *12th.*—\* 5 long, 6 chain, 2 long, 6 chain, repeat from \*. The *13th* and *14th rows* are the same as the *12th*. *15th.*—\* 5 double long in the 5 long of the previous row, 5 chain, 1 dc. on to the first of the two long in the previous row, 4 chain, 1 dc. on the second long stitch, 5 chain, repeat from \* to the end. *16th.*—\* 5 long, 15 chain, repeat from \* to the end. The *17th* is commenced at the narrow end of the collar, close on the two rows of dc. The cotton is fastened on, and the little scallops plainly seen in the engraving are made. They consist of three long stitches, each separated by 3 chain, and all worked into one of the edge stitches. After the *3d* long crochet 3 chain, miss 1 or 2 stitches, so that the border does not stretch, and make 1 dc. When the small square side of the collar is trimmed in this way, crochet 6 long into the chain forming each scallop at the edge; these stitches must be separated each by 3 chain, and the 4 middle ones must be double long stitches. When the other side of the collar is reached, it must be edged with the small scallops.

### PETTICOAT INSERTION.

IN DRAW LINES, ORNAMENTED WITH SCARLET.

*Materials.*—Some good linen, rather coarse, some scarlet crewel.

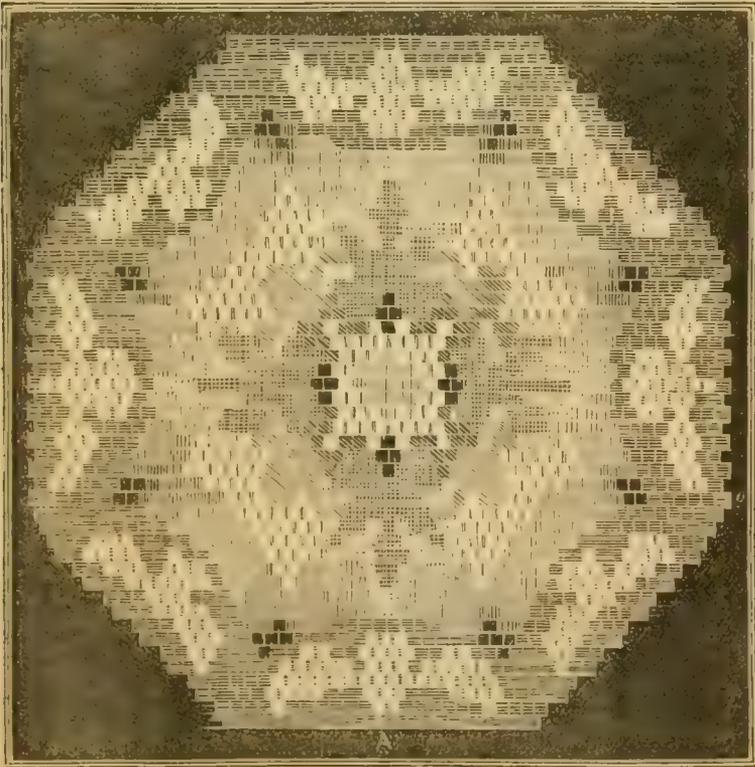


THESE insertions are intended for ornamenting petticoats or children's frocks, and are

made of drawn linen, the threads being interlaced with scarlet braid, and the cross stitches worked in a very old-fashioned material, called crewel. This washes beautifully. If liked entirely in white, the threads may be secured with bobbin, and the fancy stitches worked in coarse cotton. Arranged in this manner, a colored ribbon should be laid under the insertion to show the work off to advantage. The linen, which should not be of too fine a quality, should be nicely washed and ironed, which will soften the threads, and make them easier to draw. The linen should then be marked at equal distances, allowing one inch for the open part, and three-quarters of an inch for the insertion between. The threads must then be drawn across the linen for the open part, and caught in and out in the following manner:

Thread a needle with bobbin or scarlet braid, fasten it to one end of the linen, count 16 threads, and divide them into four. Put the first 4 threads over the third 4 threads, draw the needle through, then pass the second 4 threads over the last 4 threads, and draw the needle through; count another sixteen threads, and proceed in the same manner. When the fancy stripe is finished, *one thread* must be drawn right in the centre of the plain stripe. The cross-stitch is then worked in and out both on the wrong side and right side, the line where the thread is drawn forming the place where the stitches start from on each side. These stitches, being worked over on to the wrong side, keep the edges of the linen from unravelling. This portion of the work is done in scarlet crewel, or in coarse cotton.

### GLASS BEAD MAT.



*Materials.*—Twelve rows dark blue beads, one row black, twelve rows white, four rows light yellow, two rows dark yellow, two rows green (two shades), four rows dark red, four rows middle shade red.

This mat must be begun with one bead in the middle of the thread, taking two beads and one alternately until the centre row is com-

pleted; afterwards work backwards and forwards with one needle only, but work both sides simultaneously in all mats where the pattern is regular: it will save counting, and will insure accuracy in the work. The diminishing must be worked from the pattern.

## FLOWER VASE.

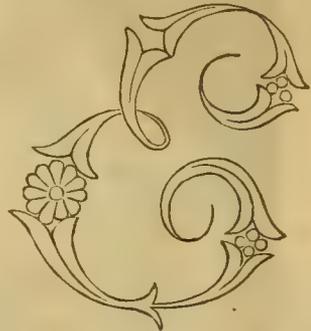
THE five parts which form the whole are to be cut separately in either cloth or velvet of some pleasing color, the size being determined according to the place which it is intended to



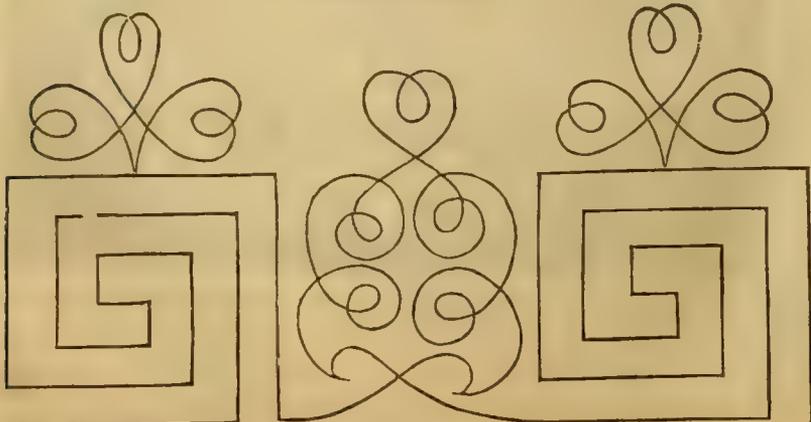
occupy, being larger for the centre of the table than for the mantleshelf. It is to be observed that the part which bends over the top and that which spreads out to form the stand at the bottom are each attached to the centre piece, there being only five in all. Work on the outer piece of cloth or velvet some pretty design in seed beads in a mixture of clear and opaque white, gold and steel, taking that which we have given for an example; or cover it with little stars in beads, or in some of those gilt stars or other gilt ornaments which have been so much used for trimming hair-nets. The outside pieces of the five parts are left plain at the top; but the tops of the inside pieces

are dotted over with chalk-white beads. Cut the shape in five pieces of cardboard, sew a fine wire round each, stretch the work on the outside with its lining in the inside, bind with a very narrow white ribbon, and sew all round with short strings of beads, so as entirely to conceal the ribbon. It will be necessary to procure a wire framework for the inside, which, having a ring round the upper part as well as at the stem, will support the five pieces which are to be attached to them, the tops being bent over, and the bottoms spread out, which can easily be done by means of the wire. It is an improvement to have the outside of one color and the lining of another—namely, crimson and purple, or violet and brown. Any simple glass vessel containing flowers may be slipped into the interior of these vases which have a rich and tasteful effect either on the mantleshelf or on the centre of the table.

INITIAL FOR SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



SEAM KNITTING FOR SOFA PILLOWS.

*Materials*—Magenta, or any other colored Andalusian wool; knitting pins with knobs, which shall measure round nearly half an inch.

For a trial pattern cast on 19 stitches, and knit a row.

1st row.—Knit 4, Slip 2, taking off the stitches as for knitting; repeat; K 1 at the end.

2d.—P (or pearl) 1, S 2, taking off the stitches as for knitting; repeat; K 4 at the end.

3d.—K 4, S 2; repeat; K 1 at the end.

4th.—Same as 2d row.

5th.—Same as 3d row.

6th.—Pearl row; purling every stitch and dividing the slip stitches, which are twisted; count nineteen stitches.

7th.—Plain row.

8th.—Pearl row.

8th.—K 1, \* Slip 2, K 4; repeat from \*; end with K 4.

10th.—P 4, S 2; repeat.

11th.—K 1, \* S 2, K 4; repeat from \*.

12th.—P 4, S 2.

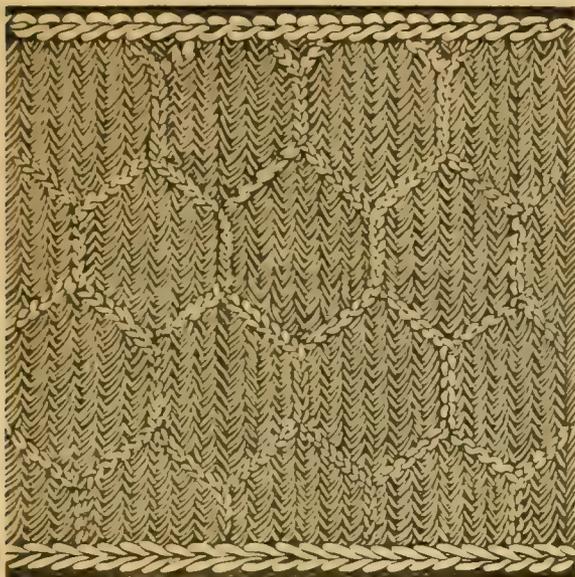
13th.—Same as 9.

14th.—Pearl.

15th.—Plain.

16th.—Pearl, and begin at 1st

row. When this much is knitted and measured, the number of stitches or patterns can be calculated for a pillow cover.

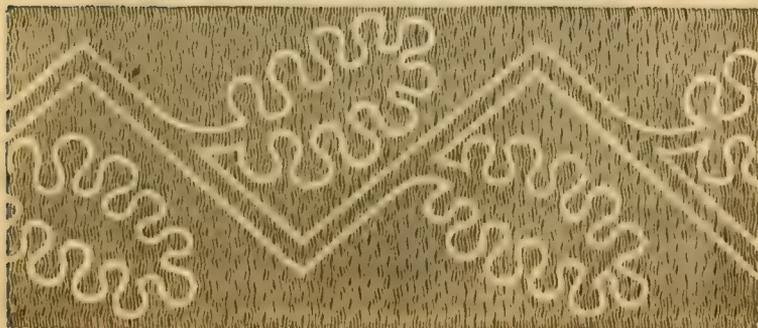


This is a pattern which requires stretching over such a solid surface as a pillow to prevent its curling.

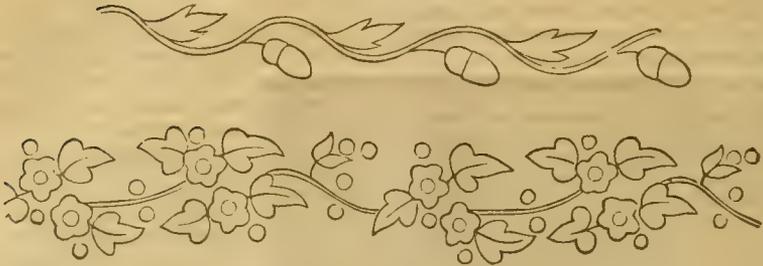
NAME FOR MARKING.

Betty

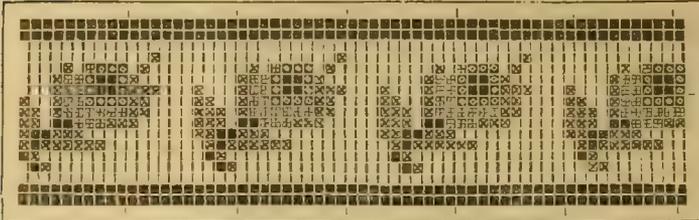
BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION FOR MUSLIN.

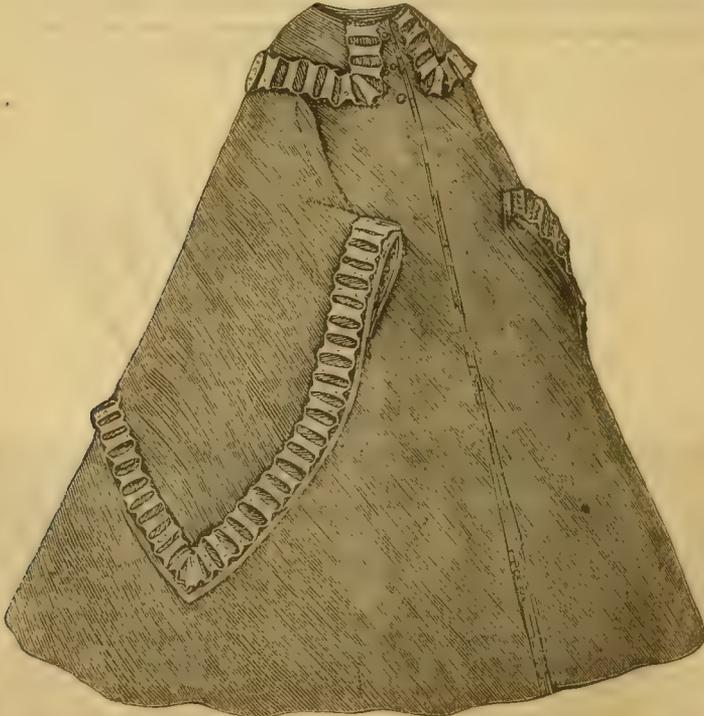


PATTERN FOR A CROCHET PURSE OR BAG.



THE flowers can be worked either in beads or bright-colored silks; for instance, scarlet and green, on a white or pearl-colored ground.

SPRING MANTLE.



MADE of black silk, and trimmed with black and white velvet ribbon, box-plaited. It is a sack of medium length, with flowing sleeves.

# Receipts, &c.

## MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

**BACON AND CABBAGE SOUP.**—Put your piece of bacon on to boil in a pot with two gallons (more or less, according to the number you have to provide for) of water, and when it has boiled up, and has been well skimmed, add the cabbages, kale, greens, or sprouts, whichever may be used, well washed and split down, and also some parsnips and carrots; season with pepper, but no salt, as the bacon will season the soup sufficiently; and when the whole has boiled together very gently for about two hours, take up the bacon surrounded with the cabbage, parsnips, and carrots, leaving a small portion of the vegetables in the soup, and pour this into a large bowl containing slices of bread; eat the soup first, and make it a rule that those who eat most soup are entitled to the largest share of bacon.

**STEWED LEG OF BEEF.**—Procure four pounds of leg or shin of beef; cut this into pieces the size of an egg, and fry them of a brown color with a little dripping fat, in a good sized saucepan, then shake in a large handful of flour, add carrots and onions cut up in pieces the same as the meat, season with pepper and salt, moisten with water enough to cover in the whole, stir the stew on the fire till it boils, and then set it on the hob to continue boiling very gently for about an hour and a half, and you will then be able to enjoy an excellent dinner.

**PORK CHOPS, GRILLED OR BOILED.**—Score the rind of each chop by cutting through the rind at distances of half an inch apart; season the chops with pepper and salt, and place them on a clean gridiron over a clear fire to broil; the chops must be turned over every two minutes until they are done; this will take about fifteen minutes. The chops are then to be eaten plain, or, if convenient, with brown gravy.

**POTATO PUDDING.**—Ingredients: three pounds of potatoes, two quarts of milk, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar, a bit of lemon-peel, a good pinch of salt, and three eggs. First, bake the potatoes, and if you have no means of baking them, let them be either steamed or boiled, and, when done, scoop out all their starchy pulp without waste into a large saucepan, and immediately beat it up vigorously with a large fork or a spoon; then add all the remainder of the above-named ingredients (excepting the eggs), stir the potato batter carefully on the fire till it comes to a boil, then add the beaten eggs; pour the batter into a greased pie-dish, and bake the pudding for an hour in your oven, if you have one; if not, send it to the baker's.

**MEAT PIE.**—Of whatever kind, let the pieces of meat be first fried brown over a quick fire, in a little fat or butter, and seasoned with pepper and salt; put these into a pie-dish with chopped onions, a few slices of half cooked potatoes, and enough water just to cover the meat. Cover the dish with a crust, made with two pounds of flour and six ounces of butter, or lard, or fat dripping, and just enough water to knead it into a stiff kind of dough or paste, and then bake it for about an hour and a half.

**GIBLET SOUP.**—Let the giblets be well cleaned; cut them into small pieces, and wash them well in water. Put them into a saucepan with one quart of good broth, and all sorts of herbs chopped fine. Let these simmer together until the giblets are tender; then thicken with

flour and butter, and season with salt and cayenne according to taste. Asparagus tops, if in season, may be added; these must be boiled first. If you wish the soup to be white, take the yolks of four eggs, beaten up with half a pint of cream, and add them to the soup five minutes before serving, stirring them in gently, but not allowing them to boil. If the soup is required to be brown, put in a little browning and a glassful of sherry wine.

**FRIED STEAKS AND ONIONS.**—Season the steak with pepper and salt, and when done brown on both sides, without being overdone, place them in a dish before the fire while you fry some sliced onions in the fat which remains in the pan; as soon as the onions are done, and laid upon the steaks, shake a spoonful of flour in the pan, add a gill of water and a few drops of vinegar; give this gravy a boil up on the fire, and pour it over the steaks, &c.

**POTATO BALLS.**—Mash some potatoes very well, with butter, pepper, and salt, taking care, as in all mashed potatoes, that no lumps remain; shape them into balls, cover them with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry them a light brown. This is a very nice supper dish, or a pretty garnish for hashes and ragouts.

**ROOT VEGETABLES.**—Turnips should be pared, have two gashes half through cut in each, to hasten the cooking, and put in plenty of water with a little salt. They must be boiled until quite soft (more than half an hour must be allowed), and mashed with butter, pepper, and salt. Carrots and parsnips must be scraped clean, boiled for much longer, and served cut in quarters.

**VEAL CUTLETS WITH TOMATOES.**—Wash two or three pounds of cutlets, and season them with salt and pepper. Have some lard and butter hot in a pan; put them in and fry brown on both sides. When done, take it up on a plate. Have ready a quarter-peck of tomatoes; drain and season them with pepper and salt. Pour the tomatoes into the pan with the gravy, and stir them well together. Pour them over the cutlets, and serve.

**COLLARED BEEF.**—Choose the thick end of a flank of beef, but do not let it be too fat; let it lie in salt or pickle for a week or ten days. The brisket of beef will also serve for this purpose, from which the bones should be taken, and the inside skin removed. When sufficiently salted, prepare the following seasoning: one handful of parsley, chopped fine, some thyme, marjoram, and basil; season the whole with pepper, and mix all well together, and cover the inside of the beef with it. Roll the meat up tight, then roll it in a clean cloth; bind it with strong string or tape, and tie it close at the ends. Boil it gently from three to four hours, and, when cooked, take it up; tie the ends again quite close to the meat, and place it between two dishes, with a heavy weight at the top. When it is cold, remove the cloth.

**CALVES' HEAD CAKE.**—Parboil a calf's head with some sage; then cut off the meat, and return the bones into the broth, and boil them until the latter is greatly reduced. Put the meat which is already cut into pieces into a jar with the tongue, some cloves, mace, nutmeg, and some slices of ham. Cover the jar with a plate, and bake the whole some hours until it is thoroughly well cooked, then add the brains, beaten up with an egg. Some hard-boiled eggs must be placed round a mould, and the meat poured in.

**SHEEP'S HEAD SOUP.**—Cut the liver and lights into pieces, and stew them in four quarts of water, with some onion, carrots, and turnips; half a pound of pearl

barley, pepper and salt, cloves, a little marjoram, parsley, and thyme. Stew all these until nearly sufficiently cooked, then put in the head, and boil it until quite tender. Take it out, and strain everything from the liquor, and let it stand until cold, when remove the fat from the top. Before serving it must be thickened with flour and butter, as though it were mock turtle. A wineglassful of sherry should be put into the tureen before the soup is poured in. The heart cut into small pieces with rump steak makes an excellent *pudding*.

#### CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

**COTTAGE PUDDING.**—Three cups flour, one cup sugar, one cup milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one egg; beat all together, then add one teaspoonful soda; flavor with lemon. Bake one-half hour; serve with sauce.

**Sauce.**—One cup butter, two cups powdered sugar beaten to a cream, two tablespoonfuls wine, half spoonful vanilla beaten with it, half pint boiling water.

**LIGHT TEA CAKES.**—One pound and a half of fine flour, two ounces fresh lard, one pint of new milk, one large egg, one teaspoonful of salt, ounce and a half fresh yeast. Beat the egg, warm the milk, and mix very well; let it rise as common dough; then put into tins, and let it rise quickly before the fire. It makes nice buns, with spices added after the dough is risen.

**CORN STARCH PUDDING.**—One pint of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls corn starch, four teaspoonfuls sugar in pudding, and same in whites.

**COCOA-NUT CHEESECAKES.**—Take the white part of a cocoa-nut, three ounces of lump sugar, and one-half a gill of water. The sugar must be first dissolved in the water, and the cocoa-nut (grated) to be added to it. Let all boil for a few minutes over a slow fire; let it get cold and then add the yolks of three eggs, and the white of one well beaten up. Put the mixture into small tins with thin paste at the bottom, and bake in a slow oven.

**FRENCH PANCAKES.**—Beat half a pint of cream to a froth, lay it on a sieve; beat the whites and yolks (separately) of three eggs, add one tablespoonful of flour, and the same quantity of white sugar; mix all lightly, and bake in three saucers for twenty minutes. Dish them up with raspberry or any other preserve, between.

**APPLE CREAM.**—Boil twelve apples in water until they are soft; take off the peel and press the pulp through a hair sieve upon a half pound of powdered sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat altogether until it becomes quite stiff, and looks white. Serve it heaped upon a dish, with some fresh cream around it.

**ALMOND CHEESE CAKES.**—The yolks of three well-beaten eggs, one-quarter pound of bitter almonds, three-quarters pound of sweet almonds, one-quarter pound of sifted sugar. Pound the almonds, but not too fine. The eggs must be beaten to a cream. Mix the sugar with them, then add the almonds.

**POUND CAKE.**—One pound of sugar, one of butter, one of flour, and the whites of twelve eggs, beaten to a froth; flavor with the essence of lemon. Bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two good-sized cakes, baked in six-quart pans.

**INDIAN PUDDING.**—Two quarts of boiling milk, with Indian meal enough to make a thin batter; stir in while boiling hot. Add sugar, allspice, to your taste; also a teaspoonful of cold milk. Bake five hours in a moderate oven.

**TO MAKE CREAM PANCAKES.**—Take the yolks of two eggs, mix them with half a pint of good cream and two ounces of sugar, heat the pan over a clear fire and rub it with lard, and fry the batter as thin as possible. Grate loaf sugar over them and serve them up hot.

**PUFF PUDDING.**—One pint of milk, three eggs, six spoonfuls of flour, a little salt. Beat the yolks, then add the milk and flour; pour in a buttered dish, then add the beaten whites, but don't stir in thoroughly—one and a half hours.

**A QUICK MADE PUDDING.**—One pound flour, one pound suet, four eggs, one fourth pint new milk, little mace and nutmeg, half pound raisins, quarter pound currants; mix well, and boil three-quarters of an hour.

**AN ITALIAN PUDDING.**—Take two eggs and their weight in butter and loaf sugar, melt the butter a little, and beat up all well together. Line the dish with a puff paste, and lay some apricot or other good preserve upon it. Pour the mixture of butter, eggs and sugar over it, and bake for twenty minutes.

**A SWEET OMELET.**—Mix a tablespoonful of fine flour in one pint of new milk, whisk together the yolks and whites of four eggs, and add them to the milk. Put enough fresh butter as will fry the omelet into the frying pan, make it hot over a clear fire, and pour in half the mixture. When this is a little set, put four teaspoonfuls of current jelly, or any other preserve, in the centre, and the remainder of the mixture over the top. As soon as the upper portion is fixed send it to table; or the omelet being fried, spread the preserve on it and roll it.

#### THE TOILET.

**HOW TO PREVENT THE HAIR FROM FALLING OFF.**—The following lotion and pomatums have sometimes proved successful in restoring the growth of the hair. The lotion is the receipt of Dr. Erasmus Wilson's.

**The Lotion.**—Two ounces of eau de Cologne, two drachms of tincture of cantharides, ten drops of oil of lavender, and ten drops of oil of rosemary. This lotion should be used once or twice a day for a considerable time.

**The Pomatum.**—Take the marrow out of two beef bones, put it into cold water, and let it remain until it is quite clean and white. Before this is effected the water must be changed several times. Dissolve and strain the marrow; then add four ounces of the best castor oil. Beat both well together until cold, then add, before the pomatum becomes firm, half an ounce of strong scent. This pomatum should be well rubbed into the skin of the head every night, and the hair should be well brushed both night and morning.

**POMADE FOR CHAPPED ARMS AND HANDS.**—Spermaceti, two drachms; white wax, one and a half drachm; sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce; Florence oil of olives, half an ounce; oil of poppies, half an ounce; melt all together gently, and beat into it four drops of the liquid balsam of Peru.

**HAIR POMATUM.**—To a flask of the finest Lucca oil add an ounce and a half of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, and scent of any kind. Cut up the wax and spermaceti, and put it in the oven to melt with a little of the oil. When well mixed, pour in the remainder of the oil, and stir until cold; add the scent when the mixture is cool. If the hair is inclining to gray, add, by drops, a teaspoonful of balsam of Peru, taking care to stir it well in.

FRESH milk mixed with oatmeal is very beneficial to a scabrous complexion. May use buttermilk with equal success. Sugar mixed with fresh milk is also excellent for washing the skin with. Glycerine, too, is efficacious.

#### PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS TO GARDENERS.

PERFORM every operation in the proper season. Perform every operation in the best manner. This is to be acquired in part by practice, and partly also by reflection. For example, in digging over a piece of ground, it is a common practice with slovens to throw the weeds and stones on the dug ground, or on the adjoining alley or walk, with the intention of gathering them off afterwards. A better way is to have a wheelbarrow, or a large basket, in which to put the weeds and extraneous matter, as they are picked out of the ground.

Complete every part of an operation as you proceed; this is an essential point in garden operations, and the judicious gardener will keep it in view as much as possible: hoeing, raking, and earthing up a small part at a time, so that, leave off where he will, what is done will be complete.

In leaving off working at any job, leave the work and tools in an orderly manner.

In leaving off work for the day, make a temporary finish, and carry the tools to the tool-house.

In passing to and from the work, or on any occasion through any part of the garden, keep a vigilant look-out for weeds, decayed leaves, or any other deformity, and remove them.

In gathering a crop, remove at the same time the roots, leaves, stem, or whatever else is of no further use.

Let no crop of fruit, or herbaceous vegetables, go to waste on the spot.

Cut down the flower-stalks of all plants.

Keep every part of what is under your care perfect in its kind.

Attend in the spring and autumn to walls and buildings, and get them repaired, pointed, glazed, and painted, where wanted. Attend at all times to machines, implements, and tools, keeping them clean, sharp, and in perfect repair. See particularly that they are placed in their proper situations in the tool-house. House every implement, utensil, or machine not in use. Let the edgings be cut to the utmost nicety. Keep all walks in perfect form, whether raised or flat, free from weeds, dry, and well retted. Let all the lawns be of a close texture, and of a dark-green velvet appearance. Keep the water clean and free from weeds, and let not ponds or lakes rise to the brim in winter, nor sink under it in summer. If too much impured by trees, the water is rendered impure, and its clearness is destroyed.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.—Every family should keep a small quantity of chloride of potash. We have never found anything equal to it for a simple ulcerated sore throat. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of it in a tumbler of water; and then occasionally take a teaspoonful of the solution, so as to gargle the throat. It is nearly tasteless, and not at all offensive to take, and hence it is well adapted to children.

Nothing is better than this for chapped or cracked hands. Wash them in the weak solution, and they will soon be well. It is also good for a rough, pimply or chapped face. It may be had at any druggist's.

TO FLOWER BULBS AT ANY SEASON IN THREE WEEKS.—Fill a flower pot half full of quick lime, fill up with good earth, plant the bulb, and keep the earth damp.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE GENUINE FLAVOR OF COFFEE.—"Knighten's Foreign Life in Ceylon," furnishes the following hints, derived from long experience, for preparing coffee. The aroma, which resides in the essential oil of the coffee berry, is gradually dissipated after roasting, and of course still more so after being ground. In order to enjoy the full flavor in perfection, the berry should pass at once from the roasting pan to the mill, and thence to the coffee-pot; and, again, after being made, should be mixed, when at almost boiling heat, with hot milk. It must be very bad coffee, indeed, which, these precautions being followed, will not afford an agreeable and exhilarating drink.

TO REMOVE INK-STAINS.—When fresh done and wet, hasten to provide some cold water, an empty cup and a spoon. Pour a little of the water on the stain, not having touched it previously with anything. The water of course dilutes the ink and lessens the mark; then ladle it up into an empty cup. Continue pouring the clean water on the stain and lading it up, until there is not the slightest mark left. No matter how great the quantity of ink spilt, patience and perseverance will remove every indication of it. To remove a dry ink-stain, dip the part stained into hot milk, and gently rub it; repeat until no sign is left. This is an unfailling remedy.

KNIVES AND FORKS.—The best knife-board is a piece of deal planed very smooth, about three feet long and eight inches wide, with thick wash leather stretched very tightly over it. Clean the knives with rottenstone and fine emery mixed. Bath brick is very commonly used; two pieces may be rubbed together, so as to cause a fine powder to descend on the cleaning board. Forks should be cleaned with leather and the above-named powder, and a thin piece of wood covered with leather to go between the prongs. Knives and forks should be wiped clean as soon as they are brought from the table.

TO PRESERVE ASPARAGUS FOR WINTER.—Prepare the heads by scraping and trimming, in the same way as you would to serve at table, tie them in bundles and put them into boiling salt and water for one moment.

PASTE BLACKING.—Twelve ounces troy of black, eight ounces of treacle, two ounces of oil, two ounces and a quarter of vinegar, one ounce of alum, three-quarters of an ounce of spirits of salt; a proper quantity of pale seal oil to be added last to make it of a proper consistency. Let it stand two or three days, and put it in boxes.

DRIED HERBS.—Herbs are dried by spreading them thinly on trays, and exposing them to the heat of the sun or a current of dry air, or by placing them in a stove-room; observing in either case to turn them repeatedly. When dried in the sun they should be covered with thin paper to prevent their color being injured by the light. The quicker they are dried the better, as "heating" or "fermentation" will be thereby prevented. When sufficiently dried, they should be shaken in a coarse sieve, to remove any sand, or the eggs of insects, that may be mixed with them. Aromatic herbs should be dried very quickly, and by a gentle heat, that their odor may be preserved. Tops and leaves are dried in the same way as whole plants. In every case discolored and rotten leaves and branches should be rejected, and earth and dirt should be screened off before proceeding to dry them.

# Editors' Table.

## WOMAN!

### HER MORAL DESTINY.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman."

Thus runs the first clause of the sentence which the Lord God pronounced against the serpent, or Satan, before the human pair were called to hear their doom: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—*Gen. iii. 15.*

In this sentence against the evil power, the prophecy of the moral destiny of woman is comprised; she was then and there appointed guardian of moral goodness on earth, and through her the glorious seed, the MESSIAH, the Saviour of man and the Destroyer of evil would be derived.

Let us briefly examine the Bible record of the Fall, which differs materially from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" yet this last seems the generally received standard.

Adam and his wife, when created, were placed in Eden, where grew the tree "of the knowledge of good and evil," the fruit of which they were forbidden to eat on pain of death. The woman, being deceived by the serpent, or Spirit of Evil, into the belief that the penalty would not be inflicted, and that the fruit would confer on the human pair a higher degree of spiritual knowledge than they then possessed—"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," was the promise of the subtle tempter—"she took of the fruit, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." Such is the precise account of the Fall.

Commentators have imputed weakness of mind to the woman, because the tempter first assailed her. Does it not rather show that she was the spiritual leader, the most difficult to be won where *duty* was in question, and the serpent knew if he could gain her, the result was sure? Remember that "her husband was with her"—the serpent addressed them both: "Ye shall be as gods." Is it not reasonable to conclude that the *nature* (the human pair was then a unity) best qualified to judge of those high subjects would respond? The decision was, apparently, left to her. The woman led, the man followed. Which showed the greater spiritual power—the controlling impulse of mind? Were not the arguments used by the tempter addressed to the higher faculties as her predominating feelings, namely, the desire for knowledge and wisdom?

We next come to the trial of the guilty pair, and their sentence from the mouth of their Maker. Every word confirms the truth of the position, that woman's moral sense was of a higher standard than man's. She was first sentenced. Meekly and truly she confessed her fault; the sign of a repentant soul betrayed into sin when seeking for good. Her temporal punishment implied deep affections and tender sensibilities, requiring moral and spiritual endowments.

Woman was to suffer "sorrow" for her children, and be subjected to the rule of her husband, to whom "her desire shall be;" that is, her hopes, of escaping from the ignorance and inferiority to which he, through the temptations of Satan, would consign her (see all heathen lands for illustration), must be centred on winning by

her love, gentleness, and submission, her husband's heart; and through the influence of her clearer moral sense, aided by the help of God, who had "put enmity" between her and the Spirit of Evil, she could infuse into the minds of her sons better and holier ideas which would soften and ennoble man's more earthly and selfish nature. Her doom was sad, but not degrading; for, though like an angel with wings broken and bound, she was to minister to her husband, yet the promise of wondrous blessings preceded her sentence.

Not so with Adam. He had shown at every step that his mind was of a different stamp. He had disobeyed God from a lower motive; and, when arraigned, he showed fear and selfishness. He sought to excuse his sin by throwing the blame on his wife, and on God who had "given her" to her husband. True, he was not deceived. His worldly wisdom had not been dazzled by the idea of gaining heavenly wisdom.

Man's sentence seems, therefore, in accordance with the character he then manifested; addressed to the material and sensuous rather than to the spiritual and intellectual in human nature. He was condemned to hard labor for life, on the ground "cursed" for his sake; and, reminded of his origin "from the dust," he was consigned to death and the grave. Not a ray of hope was given the man, save through the promise made to the woman. Does it not seem true that God committed to her care the kindly virtues that conserve the family and society when He "put enmity between the devil and the woman?" She was to be the moral power when man, his will turned aside from God and centred on himself, would be using his strength and skill, his understanding and reason, *selfishly*, for his own good and glory; then she, by her obedience, tenderness, and self-sacrificing affection, was to exemplify the truth of a better life, and keep alive the hope of the promised Deliverer.

This, then, seems the plan of progress and salvation for the human race which God ordained when their disobedience to Him had closed the gates of Eden on our First Parents.

*Man was the worker and provider, the protector, and the lawgiver.*

*Woman was the helper and preserver, the teacher or inspirer, and the exemplar.*

Thus, if working in unison, they would have foiled the arts of the Deceiver, till the Deliverer came who was to destroy sin and bring to ransomed humanity eternal life and immortal glory.

But sin was with them to poison their happiness, divide their hopes, and corrupt their inclinations. Still the Bible record shows that the sources of wickedness were in man's passions, and lusts, and power of working his own will. *Murder, polygamy*, and the sins of the Old World, when "the earth was filled with violence," are not descriptive of woman's acts; but the picture does show that her moral gifts had been crushed, her influence for good destroyed, and her better nature overcome by the evil. And when the "enmity" of Satan towards the woman had thus triumphed in corrupting her "imagination," the ruin of the race was

inevitable; the Flood came "on the world of the ungodly."

It is not till the calling of Abraham and the establishment of a sure line through which *her seed* should be manifested, that *woman's destiny* as the moral helper of man, when he is overborne by sin and the punishments of sin, and doomed, apparently, to utter destruction, is brought out and clearly established. We might cite many Bible proofs of her spiritual insight in discerning the true way, and her aid in helping men to keep the true faith; but three photographs of woman's work stand out broadly defined, and are all we have room here, even briefly, to describe.

Our first, from the land of the Nile, shows the Hebrew men so crushed beneath the lash of the cruel Egyptian bondage, that their souls had become as abject as their tools. Pharaoh had, in effect, doomed the Hebrew race to extinction by his decree that "every male child" should, at birth, be destroyed; then the Hebrew women must have amalgamated with other races. Not a Hebrew man was found who dared resist this cruel decree; utter ruin seemed sure. Not a ray of hope appeared, till on the dark surface of the picture the light of a mother's love, and hope, and faith comes softly in, as she lays her "godly child" in his cradle of "bulrushes," and with her whole heart, trusts him to the Lord.

Ah, Jacob's fear not. A woman's prayer of faith is mightier than Pharaoh's will. That "ark of bulrushes," woven by thy trembling hands, is a structure more glorious and important to mankind than all the works of Egypt. "The daughter of Pharaoh will have compassion on the babe," she will take him for her own; but his mother shall train his infancy and childhood. From her heart and soul he shall imbibe the true faith and feelings of an Hebrew, and this influence shall never be lost. In the mind of Moses may be stored "all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" he may, before their great world, be "mighty in word and deed;" but these things will all be foolishness to him when the God of his fathers, in whom his mother taught him to believe, shall call him to the work for which he was saved. Then, in obedience to the Lord God, this Deliverer of Israel, this inspired Lawgiver for all mankind, will appear as meek as the babe laid down by his weeping, praying mother in the "ark of bulrushes." *This picture is woman's heart.*

The second photograph shows the young Josiah King of Judah; but the nation holds only two tribes; and these so sunk in ignorance and idolatry, that even the knowledge that there is a Book of God's Law has passed away. The Book is accidentally found, and the picture shows the astonishment of the scribes and priests, and the terror and sorrow of the king, when there was not a prophet in Jerusalem who could interpret the Law and reveal the will of the Lord. Then, "the servants of the king were sent to Huldah, the prophetess (she dwelt in Jerusalem in the college)"; her memory should be dear to every woman who loves God's Book, for she had kept its precepts in her heart, and its knowledge in her soul when the light was lost to scribe and priest, to king and people. Thus her *enlightened soul* influenced and directed the soul of the king, and the destiny of the nation.

Our third photograph shows the great king, who "reigned from India even unto Ethiopia," in his royal house, seated upon the royal throne, where no person, "whether man or woman," might come, uncalled, without incurring instant death, unless the king held out his golden sceptre. This despot, in his drunken orgies, and under the control of a wicked favorite, had doomed to a swift and bloody destruction all the Jews who dwelt in his wide dominions—God's people, exiled from Jerusalem, were in one terrible day to be blotted out; and no human power seemed able to stay the cruel sentence.

A light comes over the sullen gloom of the king's countenance, as his beautiful queen appears a suppliant before him; to her the golden sceptre is held out, and she is promised her request, even "to the half of my kingdom."

Does it seem strange that she did not then fall on her knees and plead for her own people? She had a more difficult task before her: the man who had decreed the destruction of the Jews was *her husband* as well as her sovereign. She must save *him*. He must be drawn from his wicked favorite, his sensual debaucheries, and

won to love innocent pleasures, and find his noblest enjoyment in judging his kingdom righteously. Therefore the young wife, faint with fasting and pale with fear, had yet so restrained her own feelings that she seemed to her husband in her "royal apparel" like a sunbeam of joy, as she invited him to "her banquet," which she intended should give him more real happiness, in novelty of home enjoyment than the orgies of the palace had ever been able to confer.

And how wise was her discretion that did not separate the king from his favorite, whom she must have abhorred. Queen Esther, by inviting Haman to her banquet, and thus putting herself in direct competition for the favor of the king with this villainous ruler of her husband's mind, showed the resolution of a wise and pious woman who determined to shun no pain nor peril to herself in the effort to gain the confidence and save the honor of the man she was pledged to love and reverence.

She succeeded. Her reply, when the king asked, "what was her petition?" appealed to his judgment as a righteous man and a wise monarch. And how courageous was her truthful accusation of "this wicked Haman" spoken out to his face!

The result is known to every one who has read the "Book of Esther." Haman was hanged. The Jews were saved and exalted; King Ahasuerus was brought into close personal friendship with pious believers in the true God; many of the people of the land became Jews; and the memory of this great deliverance is even to the present day held sacred by all pious Israelites. This lovely picture of piety, patriotism, and conjugal duty we call the *moral power of woman's mind*.

RED-HAIRED LADIES.—We have received a very touching letter from a young lady who is afflicted with this bright-colored hair; it is so wonderfully abundant, so wavy and curling, that the owner is obliged to give up all idea of relief from hair-dye; and so she pleads for a few words of consoling philosophy or some examples of patient endurance of similar calamities. We give a scrap or two from a writer whose sensible remarks are worth reading:—

"The greatest painters of Italy have given bright auburn heads to their heroines; and at the present day, throughout the entire Latin peninsula, red-haired girls are esteemed the greatest beauties. Rubens, the immortal founder of the Flemish School of Art, has followed his southern contemporaries in this matter. The 'gorgeous hue' is prominent in his best efforts. The history of painting shows that the grand, inspiring color of 'rosy-fingered morn'—of the luxurious tropics—is the finest of all hues, while the biographies of the fair prove that the greatest and most beautiful of the sex had red hair.

"In the face of acquaintance with such facts of positive testimony, the prevalent objection to red hair is unaccountable. It must rest on illiterate, vulgar prejudice. What superiority has black, or brown, or mere dark hair over red? None whatever. In real truth, if there be any natural superiority in the matter, it belongs to the red hair. That takes a finer polish, grows more wavy and luxuriantly, and remains much longer without turning gray, than hair of any other hue."

The following lines, from a contributor who has long been a devoted friend of our Book, are not "soaring poetry," but they are true sentiment; those young ladies who keep such beauty in their minds will not be unhappy, even if they have red hair.

#### CHEERFUL THOUGHTS.

Open your mind to cheerful thoughts,

Till they fill each corner and nook,

And no room is left for those that bring

The sigh and the doleful look,

The mind is the brush that paints the hour,

And bright will the colors glow

If, in the chalice held by Time,

Content its hues doth throw,

But dark and drear the scene will appear,

If gloom steals in the cup;

Then fill the mind with buoyant Hope,

And smile each tear drop up.

MRS. FRANCIS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.—We have the Seventh Annual Report of this interesting and useful Institution before us. It shows that great good has been done, much suffering relieved, and many dear little sufferers saved from, probably, a life-long decrepitude or early death, by the kind ministrations of this Hospital. It only needs better opportunities, that is, a suitable building, well furnished. This is a pressing want. There is a fund of about \$7000 invested, and as soon as \$3000 more are obtained, the Child's Hospital will be commenced. Surely this sum will soon be advanced. Thirty dollars makes a life member. One hundred new life members would fill up the amount. The blessings of "little children" are treasures laid up in heaven.

THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.—This Second Annual Report is very encouraging. The Hospital is situated on North College Avenue, near Girard College. The situation is delightful; the salubrity of the air, and the pleasant surroundings are found beneficial to the invalids.

The same buildings contain the rooms of the "Woman's Medical College" of Pennsylvania; both institutions are benefited by this arrangement. The managers close their interesting report with cheering words, when they say—

"We cannot but regard it as a proof of the strong conviction in the minds of good men and women, of the great necessity for this Institution, and as an evidence of a guiding Providence in the movement, that at a time when public sorrow and pecuniary embarrassment have rested so heavily upon the community, means have been so generously furnished to purchase our building, and initiate successfully the benevolent enterprise for which we are organized."

Those who want more particular information should address Mrs. Cleveland, M. D., Woman's Hospital, North College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

POSTMISTRESS.—Mrs. Caroline F. Cowan has been appointed postmistress at Bideford, Me., in place of Louis O. Cowan (her husband), deceased.

WIDOWS' PENSIONS.—There have been filed, since the breaking out of the war, 15,000 applications for widows' pensions, and 9,000 for invalids'.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

This school has now entered on its seventh year. The success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is 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 Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

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.

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall make room for these articles: "The Unfortunate Music Scholar"—"Did you"—"Belle Dana's Temptation"—"A Visit to the Old Manor"—and "Seventeen."

These articles are not needed: "Dew Drops"—"Oh, then I have Thoughts of thee!" (we are not in want of anything at present)—"Minnie Browne" (nothing more)—"A Cloudy Day"—"An Appeal for a Correspondent" (good for a newspaper)—"The Lover's Leap"—"A Glance into the Life of the Poor"—"The Confession"—"The Women of the Revolution" (we had a series of excellent papers on this subject, written by Mrs. Ellet, some years ago)—"The Height of the Ridiculous"—"Lucy Dye" and the other poem (we have no room)—"To my Mother" (pretty for a Christmas Tree, and does credit to the writer's heart)—"A Letter to a Friend"—"A Dream" (we are sorry to refuse the request of "a friend to the Lady's Book," but we must)—"Lines" (the writer can do better)—"A Small Resentment"—"My Awful Wife" (which proves there must be some fault on the husband's side. The poet who wrote "My Little Wife" went home early, and loved to be at home; that was the reason why Love was waiting for him)—"Give, and it shall be given you"—"Intemperance"—"A Request"—"The Robin's Nest," and other poems—"The Last Wedding I went to"—"The First Spring Violet"—"The Lover's Song"—"The Little Shoe"—"To a Friend"—and "Squeaky Boots."

We have others on hand which will be examined next month.

"April Fool," by Lex, received too late. The April number was published when the story was received. The same day we received a story with a request that it should be published in March. An article intended for any particular number must be sent four months in advance of the date of the number that it is intended for.

## Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MUMPS.—This is a common affection of children and young persons. It is a contagious inflammation of one or both the glands beneath the ear, called the *parotid* glands.

Symptoms.—Slight feverishness, with stiffness of the jaws, and redness, soreness, and swelling of one or both of the above glands.

Treatment.—A mild laxative of Epsom salts if the bowels are costive; the warm bath, or warm wet-sheet pack; warm sweating teas of sage, balm, etc.; or cold water, if there is much fever. As local applications to the throat, it is the custom to use all kinds of stimulating liniment, poultices, and plasters, under the idea that the disease may be driven off to some other part. But the danger from this source is much exaggerated, and there is no good reason to believe that cold applications have any tendency to cause translation of the disease. We have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending cold wet cloths to the throat, where there is considerable fever and local inflammation. Should the inflammation be slight, a fannel bound around the throat will be all-sufficient. When the inflammation runs high, the wet cloths should be frequently changed, and exposed to the air, so that the cooling process of evaporation may go on freely. But when the inflammation is more moderate, a towel, three or four double, should be dipped in water,

applied over the affected part, and then a dry binder should be placed over the towel. This acts as a warm poultice, and promotes perspiration of the skin to which it is applied, while it is far superior in comfort, cleanliness, and convenience to any kind of poultice or plaster. The diet of a patient with mumps should be light and unstimulating, and exposure to cold should be avoided for some time after the subsidence of the disease.

The symptoms of *ascarides*, or thread-worms, are a troublesome itching of the parts in which they find a lodgment, with the occasional expulsion, or escape of the troublesome little parasites in the form of very slender, short, white, pointed threads; and hence the name *thread-worms*. These are to be removed by injections; as medicines given in the ordinary way will not reach them. First, wash out the bowel well, by injecting warm water; and then throw up either of the following: 1. Take muriated tincture of iron a teaspoonful; warm water eight tablespoonfuls. 2. Take powdered aloes, a level teaspoonful; boiling water, half a pint. 3. Take sulphuric ether, half a teaspoonful; cold water, four tablespoonfuls. 4. Take common salt, a level tablespoonful; warm water, half a pint.

Whichever one of these injections is selected, it should be used at least once a day, and should be followed by warm water injections, or warm water and salt. This will wash out the worms that have been destroyed, or detached by the means used for that purpose.

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL. By Francis de Haes Janvier, author of "The Skeleton Monk," "The Voyage of Life," and other poems. This poem has acquired considerable prestige by being read by Mr. James E. Murdoch in Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities, to large and appreciative audiences. It is written in ballad style, and narrates how a young soldier, having fallen asleep while on duty as sentinel at night, was condemned to die, but was pardoned by the President.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. In three parts; with a copious index to each part, showing the correct mode of pronouncing every name mentioned in it. By Joseph J. Reed. Part I. Ancient History. The importance of historical knowledge need not be urged. To authors, publishers, teachers, and to all who have any vocation or desire for public employment, this kind of information is of the first necessity and importance. The unlettered and those whose daily occupations prevent steady and diligent reading, may, by the aid of properly prepared works of history, gain information which will be of real use as well as pleasure. It needs considerable historical knowledge to understand the allusions and comparisons in the daily paper, or the last popular novel. And family reading, when the Bible is the centre of improvement, gains illustration, interest, and importance from the aid of History. It is

a kind of learning in which women may and should excel; by its aid they may do much to improve social intercourse and promote home enjoyments. All these things Mr. Reed seems to have taken into account when he prepared this—his first volume of "Ancient History." By his method, the shapeless mass of old world events have been reduced to such lucid order, that children will love the study. As a manual of general history, it will be invaluable in schools and families. As a book of reference, professional men as well as students and artists, will find it just what they have wanted. The author deserves a rich reward for devoting his talents to this long and arduous course of study which it must have required to produce such an original and remarkably well-written work. The plan has one new and important feature: Mr. Reed treats of the "Christian Church" as a distinct "Power" in the world; its rise commences in this first volume. In the next the height of its wonderful dominion as developed in the Roman Catholic Church will appear. In the third volume Protestantism will have its mighty influence unfolded.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE. Parts 54 and 60 of this valuable work have been received; price only 20 cents each. Why does not every one subscribe for it. Such a store of information has never before been given to the public.

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD for 1863. We noticed this valuable work in our last number; we again call attention to it because it contains more matter, better arranged, and more generally useful and entertaining, of a public character, than any almanac ever issued in this country. It will be found a most valuable book for reference, not only for the year, but for succeeding time, for its contents have more than the ephemeral value usually contained in an almanac.

From FISHER & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

FOX'S MUSICAL COMPANION. A good collection of banjo and comic songs, sentimental ballads, stump speeches, etc. The songs are set to music.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

HOLLY'S COUNTRY SEATS: *Containing Litlographic Designs for Cottages, Villas, Mansions, etc.* By Henry Hudson Holly, architect. We recommend this work especially to those who are contemplating the purchase or erection of a country residence. Its numerous designs for cottages and villas are all of them so excellent that a man of liberal means cannot fail to find one among them to suit his taste. The author gives, moreover, many useful hints concerning the selection of sites, landscape gardening, etc., which it is well not to overlook.

THE SPIRITUAL POINT-OF-VIEW: *or, The Glass Reversed. An answer to Bishop Colenso.* By M. Mahan, D. D., St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary. The author of this volume has felt it his duty to enter his earnest protest against the work which recently appeared from the pen of Bishop Colenso. He regards that book as "intensely infidel and materialistic," and altogether of such a character as should emanate from any other source, than that of a bishop in the church who

professes to uphold the faith. He proceeds with zeal to correct the various mistakes, and to refute the fallacies of the bishop's work, and in all faith to reconcile the Scriptures with reason, and with the discoveries of modern science. That this publication will be eagerly hailed by the Christian world there is not a doubt.

**THE SOLDIER'S BOOK: A Pocket Diary for Accounts and Memoranda for Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the U. S. Volunteer and Regular Army.** The title sufficiently explains the object of the work.

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

**CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD; A Novel.** By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Last of the Mortimers," etc. etc. This book is composed of four separate stories, "The Executor," "The Rector," "The Doctor's Family" and "Salem Chapel." The first three were published together in book form about a year since; and now they reappear, with the addition of the last named, which alone occupies more than one-half the book of three hundred, double columned, closely printed pages. "Salem Chapel" narrates the trials of a young non-conformist minister who takes charge of the little dissenting chapel at Carlingford. He has been educated in a superior fashion, and possesses refined and fastidious tastes, and he finds it very hard to assimilate with the vulgar though friendly natures of his little flock. He cannot meet them on their own level, and, as a result, jealousy is engendered, dissatisfactions are expressed; and finally, in a spirit which we can regard as little better than stubborn pride, he refuses all the peace-offerings of his congregation, and retires from his charge. Interwoven with this simple story is quite a romance of mystery and misfortune, though in the end poetical justice is meted to all.

**MODERN WAR: Its Theory and Practice.** Illustrated from celebrated Campaigns and Battles, with Maps and Diagrams. By Emeric Szabad, Captain U. S. A. Embodying, in a popular form, "an exposition of military operations from their most elementary principles up to their highest development," this volume will be an acceptable one at the present time to a large number of readers. Apart from its lucid explanations of military terms and expressions, many of which are now in general use, without a corresponding clear or precise knowledge of their meaning, the book contains much military information, of an historic character, not readily to be found in any other single work. Its author has seen service in Hungary and Italy, as well as in our own country, and seems to write with a full acquaintance with his subject.

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

**THE GREAT CONSUMMATION: The Millennial Rest; or the World as it will be.** By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E., author of "The Great Tribulation," and "The Great Preparation." The renown of Dr. Cumming both as a preacher and an author will secure for this book not only all who are of the same faith with him, but many others who do not accept his views of the Millennium.

**NOTES, CRITICISMS, AND CORRESPONDENCE UPON SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND ACTORS.** By James Henry Hackett. Few who have seen Mr. Hackett upon the stage will deny that he stands first as a delineator of a certain class of Shakespeare's characters. Of his

"Notes and Criticisms" we are not prepared to give our unqualified approval. There is much that is excellent; while, on the other hand, much with which the vast majority of readers will differ. A lengthy correspondence with John Q. Adams on dramatic matters, particularly the different characters in the play of "Othello," will be read with attention.

**GARRET VAN HORN: or, The Beggar on Horseback.** By John S. Sauzade. Regarding this work as a simple autobiography, there is much in it that will interest, and much that will profit the thoughtful reader. As a novel, the style is too crude, and both characters and plot insufficiently elaborated to create any sensation. In brief, it is a very good, though a dull book.

**TACTICS; or, Cupid in Shoulder-straps: A West Point Love Story.** By Hearston Drille, U. S. A. If this is presented as a *bona fide* picture of West Point society, we fear the world at large will not obtain a very favorable opinion of it. Whatever may be the case in this respect, we believe the author has wasted a great deal of time, and the publisher a great deal of that choice material just now—paper, in the production of a book which is not likely to meet the approval of those of accredited taste and judgment.

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**A TANGLED SKEIN.** By Albany Fonblanque, Jr. The publisher of this volume is entitled to the gratitude of the American reading public for introducing to its notice an author already so favorably known in England. This novel is a superior one, and for carefully arranged plot, and concealed denouement, has seldom been surpassed.

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

**ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE BOOKS.** This firm must become famous for the beautiful manner in which their works for the young are prepared. A set of these juveniles is a valuable library for the child. We noticed the "Alden Books" some months since; there is the "famous Winnie and Walter Series" and others, which we hope to notice. Now we would call attention to

**NEWTON'S PREPARED COLORS FOR ALBUM PAINTING.** The box contains nine varieties of colors, a large bottle of reducing liquid, and "directions." By the aid of these rules, any person who knows the use of water colors can paint a photograph. When well executed, these photographs are nearly as beautiful as the finest miniature painting. It is really a charming art—this tinting of the sombre portraits of our friends, till they take the hues of life, and seem to be almost able to thank us for the improvement. Photograph landscapes, flowers, and objects of all kinds can be thus tinted to imitate nature, by the dextrous and delicate use of these "prepared colors," an art that may at small expense, and with great pleasure, be practised in every family.

From WALKER, WISE, & Co., Boston:—

**THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN: A Cyclopaedia of Woman's Work.** By Virginia Penny. (pp. 500.) The authoress has done good service in the cause of her sex by this summary of industrial pursuits now open to their needs. In the arrangement of her materials, Miss Penny shows much thoughtfulness, research, and good sense. In the practical facts given, she evinces clear judgment and an earnest desire to point out ways of use-

fulness. We warmly commend her book to our readers. It has a mass of valuable information for those who do not need to earn their own livelihood, as well as for those who do. This knowledge should be widely diffused; it will be useful in many ways. We have not time now to enter into this subject of woman's work for an independent support as its importance deserves. Whenever we have room we shall introduce this "Cyclopædia" in our own "Table." Now we counsel all persons who wish for information connected with the *practical employments* of woman—from the little girl to the educated lady—to examine this useful volume.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR MAY, 1863.—A May party in an humble way. We have often given plates showing how the better, or rather richer class, not better, kept the first day of May; but here is a party determined to celebrate the day, despite of riches. The young ones seem to enjoy their repast, evidencing, though not saying, "Contentment is better than wealth."

Our Fashions for May—five figures, colored—and need we repeat that they are the Fashions? We would like all our subscribers to see the miserable fare, in this respect, that is meted out to the subscribers of other publications, either American, French, or English, on this, to the ladies, important subject, and then see the superiority of Godey. We would rest our case there. But we may appeal to those who are not subscribers; those who are, know our superiority.

We lately had the pleasure of exchanging photographs with our oldest subscriber—one who commenced with us in July, 1830. Have we any others who can date from the same period? We think there must be.

A MODEL EDITOR.—L. M. Young, editor of the *Despatch*, Erie, Pa., a most worthy gentleman, informs us that he does not lend the Lady's Book, or any of the books he receives for noticing. We commend this example to other editors throughout the United States.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—How can a lady expect us to answer a letter that is anonymous? Send a stamp, and address letter to Fashion editress, with your name attached to it, and it will be answered. The writer asks, as a great many others do, why we do not publish the prices. The prices of what? Of everything we can supply? Why the whole number of the Lady's Book for one month would not contain the catalogue.

AMERICAN BUTTERFLIES.—We published an advertisement in our March number about these cards. We have received Part I, and the cards in it are beautiful. Here we have the butterfly colored after nature, and artistically executed. They are both pleasing and instructive. See advertisement, page 315 March number.

"NO CARDS."—This practice is becoming prevalent. It saves a great deal of heart-burning and expense. Somebody is sure to be forgotten, and just the very person you ought not to have forgotten. The expense saved is very great. We expect very soon to see under the head of every matrimonial notice, "No Cards."

MR. HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—We have received the first number of this new and beautiful periodical, which has been announced in the regular "Column" of our Musical Editor for a month or two past. In outward beauty, in the excellence of its contents, and in cheapness, we find it to be all that the publisher claims for it. In this single number, which costs subscribers but 25 cents, are given three pieces of music which in the music stores cost respectively, 50, 30, and 25 cents. These are Brinley Richards' beautiful transcription of Glover's melody, Floating on the Wind; At the Gate, a new song by the author of Poor Ben the Piper, Beautiful Valley, and other well known ballads; and the celebrated Shadow Air, from Meyerbeer's new Opera Dinorah, which has created so great a furore in Paris, Philadelphia, etc. The three title-pages to these pieces are beautifully engraved and printed, and the whole style of the publication is much superior to the average of sheet music.

As the terms are but \$3 00 per annum, a rate that is unprecedentedly low for a work of such high character and cost, Mr. Holloway should have an enormous subscription list. Every lady or gentleman who purchases three dollars' worth of music in a year should subscribe for the work and get five times the value for the same outlay; in fact the Musical Monthly should be found in every house where there is a piano and a lady to sing or play. Mr. Holloway will send single numbers, containing one dollar's worth of music, as samples, at 50 cents. Or we will send the Lady's Book and the Musical Monthly one year for \$5 00, and the money may be sent to ourselves or to Mr. Holloway. Mr. Holloway's address is J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

INDIANA, Dec. 29, 1862.

I am a stranger to you, personally, yet I have been an admirer of your excellent magazine for years, and have been both profited and entertained. I think it far superior to any other in circulation, and I desire to share the benefit of it for another year, and therefore inclose you \$3.

G.

CARTES DE VISITE POR ALBUMS. A CHARMING SERIES. There has just been issued a series of twenty photograph *cartes de visite* of the leading female characters of Shakspeare. They are very beautiful, and will form a charming addition to albums. We give the list, and have made arrangements to furnish them by mail at \$2 for the series of twenty, postage paid. Eight will be sent for \$1; or a single copy for 15 cents.

Beatrice, from Much Ado About Nothing.  
Celia, from As You Like It.  
Desdemona, from Othello.  
Jessica, from Merchant of Venice.  
Miranda, from The Tempest.  
Ophelia, from Hamlet.  
Rosalind, from As You Like It.  
Portia, from Merchant of Venice.  
Katherine, from Taming the Shrew.  
Constance, from King John.  
Hero, from Much Ado About Nothing.  
Imogen, from Cymbeline.  
Patria, wife of Brutus.  
Perdita, from Winter's Tale.  
Katherine of Arragon.  
Margaret of Anjou.  
Viola, from Twelfth Night.  
Titania, from Midsummer Night's Dream.  
Julia, from Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
Silvia, from Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A LADY wishes a receipt to make the old fashion Connecticut wedding-cake, raised with yeast.

## DESCRIPTION OF DRESSES WORN AT A LATE PARTY IN LONDON:—

**COUNTESS OF NORBURY.**—Bodice and train of silver gray moire antique, lined with white silk, and richly trimmed with black lace and nœuds of ribbon; two skirts of gray crape over glacé silk slip, trimmed with bouffants of crape, intermixed with lace and ribbon. Headdress, feathers, black lace lappets, and tiara of diamonds; necklace and earrings en suite.

**COUNTESS HOME.**—Train of rich black velvet, lined with glacé, and trimmed with black lace; skirt of black glacé, trimmed with velvet, and handsome flounces of black lace. Headdress, feathers and veil; ornaments, diamonds.

**VISCONTRESS PALMERSTON.**—Train of blue moire antique, lined with glacé and trimmed with grebe; petticoat of blue crape over glacé, trimmed with ribbon. Headdress, feathers and point lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

**VISCONTRESS CASTLEROSSE.**—Court costume, composed of train and corsage of richest white poplin, lined with white glacé and richly trimmed with mauve velvet and blond; petticoat of rich white glacé, covered with tunic of thulle illusion, and richly trimmed with mauve velvet and silver wheat-ears. Headdress, mauve velvet, blonde lappets, feathers and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

**LADY WODEHOUSE.**—Costume de cour, composed of a train of rich white silk brocaded and bouquets of rose roi velvet, lined with silk, trimmed with velvet and blond; corsage to correspond, with blond and diamond; skirts of white silk, most elegantly trimmed with rose roi velvet and feather fringe. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, veil and tiara of velvet covered with diamonds.

**LADY NAPIER.**—Train of black watered silk, lined with glacé, and trimmed with black lace; skirt of rich black glacé, trimmed with puffings of thulle and black satin. Headdress, feathers and point lace; ornaments, diamonds.

**LADY SELINA VERNON.**—Train and corsage of rich white moire antique, handsomely ornamented with black velvet and fine Irish guipure; dress of white thulle illusion, with narrow flounces, and garniture of black velvet over a silk petticoat. Headdress, plume, lappets, flowers, etc.; ornaments, diamonds.

**LADY ISABELLE WHITEHEAD.**—Bodice and train of pink glacé silk, lined with white, and richly trimmed with blond and silver thulle, with bouquets of variegated carnations and straw; skirt of pink silk, with bouffants of crape and silver thulle, and bouquet of flowers. Headdress, feathers, blond lappets, and flowers.

**LADY EMMA STANLEY.**—Train of blue glacé, trimmed with thulle and rosettes of satin ribbon; skirt of thulle over glacé, trimmed with pearl flowers, tied in with blue ribbon. Headdress, feathers and blond lappets; ornaments, pearls.

**LADY ALICE HILL.**—Presentation dress of rich white poul de soie, elegantly trimmed with thulle and silk ruches and plissé silk découpée, corsage drapé, with wreaths of wild roses and bouquet at waist; three wreaths over petticoat, in thulle, caught up at one side by a large bouquet of same flowers, thulle jupe being over glacé in double thulle; small volants plisse; wreath of wild roses; thull veil and feathers.

**LADY BLANCHE CRAVEN.**—Presentation costume composed of train of white poul de soie, trimmed with thulle puffings, held by white roses, with crystals and grass; corsage to correspond; jupon of white glacé,

trimmed with thulle, studded with white roses, grass, etc. Headdress of white roses, blond lappets, and plumes; pearl ornaments.

THAT our subscribers may see that there is some reason for the rise in the price of periodicals and newspapers, we copy the following:—

**PAPER FAMINE.**—The Rochester *Union*, one of the most prosperous dailies in the State, has reduced its size by cutting off a column from each page. The Oswego *Daily Times*, a smart and prosperous paper, has cut down its dimensions to six columns a page, on account of the paper famine. The New York *Times*, the last to increase its price, now announces that it will be sold at three cents, or 88 a year. The price here will be either four or five cents a copy. A new phase in journalism. The Albany *Standard* announces that on and after Monday it will be printed on manilla paper, and sold at one cent a copy. The paper famine is evidently taking effect. The New York *World*, following the *Tribune* and *Herald*, has advanced its rates to eight dollars a year, or eighteen cents a week. New York papers will not be sold hereafter today at less than four cents a copy, or twenty cents a week—possibly a higher price may be demanded for them.—*Troy Times*.

**THE PARLOR GARDENER.**—A complete illustrated guide to the cultivation of house plants, care of green-houses, aquariums, and instructions to many new and beautiful methods of growing plants, of grafting, budding, etc. etc. Price 65 cents. By mail, 70 cents. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Publishers.

THE following is a reply to an article that will be found on page 206 of the February number—"A Bachelor's Thoughts about Matrimony":—

DEAR GODEY: I want to talk a few moments with that charming gent. who longs so ardently for a perfect woman. Twelve pages of Astronomy, thirteen of Moral Science, and five of Schiller's William Tell, are forming a strange chemical compound in my brain, I should think, by the way it aches; and for a respite, I would like a chat with the nice bachelor who has such clever "thoughts on matrimony." Of course I will not be so presumptuous as to aspire to be such an amiable bundle of perfections as he longs for, what though I fall far short of his exalted standard. I like the picture he draws, and would like to shake hands with him, with my whole heart in my eyes—if he is worthy such a woman! Because you see one does not very often see such a specimen of the genus homo—a man of soul, and sense, and candor, that would consent to be held by the silken chain of affection after the honeymoon had waned. But there is one stunner! "She must be good and sweet—bread and sugar, flavored with something sharp." I see you are fond of lemon-drops, and your bread must be light with the foam and snap of good hop yeast.

Oh, I am getting awful sleepy! and I don't believe you are so very interesting after all. But, old bachelor, if you are good and handsome, and a Christian, if so— "Would that Heaven had made me such a husband."

PEARL.

A QUACK DOCTOR, on his death bed willed his property to a lunatic asylum, giving as a reason for doing so, that he wished his fortune to go to the liberal class who patronized him.

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

*New Musical Monthly*—This beautiful and attractive publication promises to be a decided success. It is just what all music players, of every capacity, whether beginners or finished performers, have wanted, furnishing as it does the very best music at a cheaper rate than has ever before been attempted, and in a form that is new for a periodical. The pages are of *sheet music size, style and form*, and each number is done up in colored covers, giving it the outward appearance of a high-priced piece of music. The music is printed from beautifully engraved plates prepared expressly for this work, and every piece in every number has a distinct and handsome title page of its own, a feature never before attempted in a periodical. The value of the Monthly, for its cheapness alone, will be best understood when we say that its cost to subscribers is but about a cent a page, while all music in stores costs five cents. The terms are three dollars per annum in advance, or four copies for ten dollars. Single numbers, containing one dollar's worth of music, 50 cents. For a list of the contents of the first number, which is now ready, we refer our readers to our last month's "Column" in the book. All remittances must be made to the publisher direct, J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

*New Sheet Music*.—We can furnish any of the following pieces. Parlor Spanish Dance, introducing several beautiful airs, 30 cents. Moonlight Warblings, fantasia, introducing the celebrated S'ndow Air from Meyerbeer's new Opera, *Le Pardon de Plormel*, a beautiful composition, 30. *Les Cloches du Monastere* (Monastery bells), a new edition of this exquisite composition, 35. Floating on the Wind, transcription by Brinley Richards of this favorite melody, 35. Schreiber's Band Drum Polka, capital piece, as played by the military bands, 25. Airy Castles, 35.

Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish the Fairy Tale Waltzes, brilliant set by Faust, 10 pages, 50 cents. *L'Ange Gardien*, one of Blumenthal's most delightful compositions, 50. Overture to the Doctor of Alcantara, grand Opera Buffa, 50. Grand Valse Brillante, by Leybach, very showy and beautiful, 50. *Medora Valse*, by D'Albert, with fac-simile of the London title, very handsome, 60. March of the 41st Massachusetts Regiment, with fine portrait, 40. Coldstream Guard's March, by Glover, 30. General Howard's Grand March, 25. Chopin's Mazourkas, first set, 40. Chopin's classical music is always admired by the educated musician.

The same publishers issue the following songs and ballads. A Young and Artless Maiden, The Love You've Slighted, and There's Truth in Woman Still, three pretty songs from Howard Glover's Operetta, *Once Too Often*, each 25 cents. Forth into the Fields, beautiful cavatina, 30. Softly into Heaven she Faded, ballad; The Magic of Moonlight, song; When a Lover is Poor, from the Doctor of Alcantara; Jale Fanes, ballad; The Flag of Our Country, new patriotic song and chorus; If e'er thy heart should Falter, pretty duet; Only in Jest, song; Come back to me, Fair Inez; Friendship, pretty ballad by Haycraft; My Heart remains with Thee; and Benedict's beautiful Echo Song; each 25 cents.

Orders for any of the foregoing will be promptly attended to. Address the Musical Editor, at Philadelphia, J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The story of the "Origin of the P. H. B. Society" in our April number seems to have pleased our readers very much.

**TORTOISE-SHELL**.—Think of the following, ladies, when you are handling your tortoise-shell combs: What is called the tortoise-shell is not, as is generally supposed, the bony covering or shield of the turtle, but only the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number; eight of them flat and five a little curved. Of the flat ones four are large, being sometimes a foot long and seven inches broad, semi-transparent, elegantly variegated with white, red, yellow, and dark brown clouds, which are fully brought out when the shell is prepared and polished. The laminae, as we have said, constitute the external coating of the solid or bony part of the shell, and a large turtle affords about eight pounds of them, the plates varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they so, they would in a few years exterminate them. When a turtle is caught, they fasten him, and cover his back with dry leaves or grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints; a large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminae lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation; but instances are numerous in which they have been caught a second time, with the outer coating reproduced; but in these cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece.

LETTER from an editor:—

"Yours is the only lady's periodical with which we have exchanged for several years, and I hesitate not to say here, as we do in our paper, that it is the excellent one of all devoted to the interests and entertainment of the women of America. Yours, most truly, L. L. P."

It has always been considered a difficult matter to make a rhyme to Timbuctoo. We published one some months since, and here is another:—

"I went a hunting on the plains,  
The plains of Timbuctoo;  
I shot one buck for all my pains,  
And he was a slim buck too."

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, *ART RECREATIONS*. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$1 75. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

MAY is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked not long since, to unite herself in the silken tie, to a brisk chap who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and with a blush said:

"Wouldn't April do as well?"

CHOICE PHOTOGRAPHS of Tom Thumb and Lady, in group, or of any other distinguished personages, at 15 cents each. Send for a circular. Agents and the trade supplied. G. W. TOMLINSON, Boston, Mass.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LONDON POST OFFICE.—When Mr. Rowland Hill's cheap postage system went into operation, the size, style, and contents, of the various articles sent were very various. One letter that came to the dead-letter office, had, for contents, as officially described, "Three dozen birds' eyes!" A letter from Hull to London contained "one boiled lobster." From Norwich to Cheltenham, a live blackbird, which was actually transported, kept, and fed, and safely delivered to the address. An affectionate mother sent to her son a pottle of strawberries. This was reduced to a *jam* on the way, and out of pure sympathy, it jammed its next neighbor, whose original contents consisted of a quantity of valuable lace, and its prospective owner—the person addressed—was the late Queen Dowager. A black bottle, with no wrapper, only a label, addressed, "Tin M——," "a wee drop o' the crater," was mailed at Dublin, for Bradford, in Yorkshire. From Perth to Berwick, a salmon. Not unfrequently, bank notes are sent in the mail, without any envelope or covering, merely by fastening the two ends of the note together with wafers, and then addressing it. Notes as large as £50 have been sent in this way. From Aberdeen to Ayr, two hares and a grouse; from Wootton Bassett to Sawbridgeworth, six packages of wedding-cake, and one plum-pudding, in the same mail. Live leeches have been sent in bladders, and the bladders bursting, the leeches have been found investigating and exploring the interior of her Majesty's mails. A live mouse, a cork-screw, a paper of shoe-nails, a roast pheasant to Mrs. ———, Bughton; part of a human limb for dissection (detected by the smell), rolls of cigars, lucifer matches, detonating powder, prussic acid, a pistol, loaded to the muzzle, a poodle dog, a sailor's jacket, bottles of perfumery, a sheath knife, a full suit for an infant, to Lady J——, "with love;" a jar of pickles, a pocket-book, a porcelain tea-set, a box full of live spiders, a young alligator, or horned lizard—alive—"to Master J—— H——, to assist him in his natural history studies;" a case of dentist's instruments, daguerreotype portraits, and a live frog, are among the multifarious articles that are sometimes sent as letters. There is a regulation that requires all glass, edged tools, pyrotechnics, liquids, and whatever is liable to injure the mail, to be stopped, but many of these things travel, unobserved to their journey's end.

*The Blind Man's Department.*—The "blind" letters are taken to the "Blind Man," the title of a clerk whose vision is so sharp that hieroglyphics, which would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, or a professor of the Black Art, are generally straightened out, and the exact meaning written legibly over or under the original superscription. The correspondent, who directed a letter to "Sromfredevi," was not supposed to know the exact name, style, and title of "Sir Humphrey Davy." The man that wrote "dandy" for Dundee, "Emboro" for Edinburgh, "Dufferlin" for Dunfermline, was, probably, not exceedingly well versed in Scottish geography. It was supposed to be a fresh student of phonetics that addressed a letter to "jonsmeetne Wcasal pin Tin," instead of John Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The letter that was addressed, "Cally Phorni Togow the Niggeranger Rought," was evidently penned by some one who had a brother in the mines. All these "Blind Man" deceivers, or nearly all of them, for some directions are stone blind, and defy the powers of our hieroglyphic reader. Sometimes the "Blind Man" is seen eying a letter intensely, and humming an air, when

suddenly, as if by inspiration, down comes his pen, and the full superscription is at once made plain.

SUMMER PRUNING OR STOPPING OF THE GRAPE VINE.—Our attention has been called, by Mr. Phin's admirable work on Grape Culture, to the great importance of proper summer care of the fruiting vines—in order to secure a full and satisfactory yield of luscious grapes—by stopping, is meant pinching off the ends of the shoots. "If the lateral shoot is allowed to grow unchecked, it will consume its portion of food, in the production of many leaves and some grapes, and the more there is of the former the less will be the weight of the latter. But if the shoot is stopped after having formed two leaves, all that quantity of food which would have been consumed in the production of other leaves, is applied to the increase of size in the grapes and the two leaves that are left, which are to give flavor, sweetness and color to the grapes. By summer pruning, we do not mean the removal of large quantities of leaves, as is often done to the injury of the fruit, as it is well known that the finest bunches grow and ripen under the shade of the leaves. But what is required is simply to break off the ends of the shoots, this should be attended to at this season. For full instruction in this most important branch of grape culture, we would refer our readers to the Sixth Chapter of *Phin's Open Air Grape Culture.*" D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y., has the work for sale.

SMOKE FROM MY CHIMNEY-CORNER:—

Oh, I'm lonely! sad and lonely,

Now my precious wife's away!

E'en the sun don't shine so brightly,

Nor her flowers look so gay!

If I'm seated by the window,

In her boudoir all alone,

I am listening for her footstep,

Or her voice's loving tone.

I have fed her pet Canary,

But he sings not now to me;

I have dressed his cage with chickweed,

But he listens, love, for thee.

Stay not longer with thy mother,

For thy husband's all alone;

She has others, dear, to love her,

But thou art my only one!

Hark! the postman brings a letter!

From my "wife" it has come!

She is homesick there without me—

And I fly to bring her home.

TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—A new preparation called Newton's Prepared Colors for Albumen pictures is for sale by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price, with a bottle of Reducing Liquid complete, with full directions for painting, so that any person, though not an artist, may paint in a most beautiful manner, and very rapidly, the *cartes de visite* and photograph, etc., \$3 25.

There has been offered for sale a worthless imitation that will injure the photograph. See that the box obtained has the name and seal of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who are sole agents for the United States.

J. E. T. & Co. have also beautiful copies of flowers from nature (photographs) for coloring with these colors, or for copies for drawing and painting, which they will send by mail for 25 cents each. Also, *cartes de visite* of all distinguished persons.

## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We give this month another one of these amusing Charades in Tableaux we have had prepared for our young friends.

## MAY QUEEN.

## TABLEAU I.—MAY—

Let the furniture be removed from the stage, and the background draped with white, looped with garlands of flowers and leaves; the floor covered with white, and flowers scattered over it. One single figure represents May. A beautiful blonde should be selected. Let her wear pure white; the dress long, full, and floating. Her hair should fall free, either in curls or waving ripples, and a wreath of delicate flowers rest on her head; flowers should appear to fall all about her; in her hair and on her dress (small pins, or a few stitches of thread will fasten them); her hands are raised, her eyes up-lifted, as if she were just about to rise and soar away. The writer has seen a lovely child so dressed and standing, and the tableau was as beautiful as can be imagined.

## TABLEAU II.—QUEEN.

The celebrated historical scene of Raleigh spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to step upon, makes here a most effective tableau. Let the group of attendants, maids of honor, and courtiers be as large as the wardrobe of the company will allow. Queen Bess, in the centre of the stage, should be a little girl with red hair. She wears the high ruff, small crown, and long train of the famous sovereign; at her feet kneels Raleigh, spreading his velvet cloak before her. He wears the courtier's dress of the time. The queen, smiling, lifts her robe with one hand, and extends the other to wave her thanks to the courtier. A full description of the scene may be found in Scott's Kenilworth, and the costumes should be prepared from pictures of the times.

## TABLEAU III.—MAY QUEEN.

In the centre of stage is a throne, with an arch of flowers above it, and seated upon this is the May queen. She wears white, and holds a sceptre of a long-stemmed lily or branch of tuberose. At her right, one foot on the upper step of the platform of the throne, one on the step lower, is another young girl in pink, who holds the crown of roses over the May queen's head. Kneeling at the left, before the throne, is a third little girl in pale blue, who offers a basket of flowers. A group of children, boys and girls, in light dresses, trimmed with flowers, the boys wearing wreaths on their hats, the girls flowers in their hair and on their dresses, are standing round the throne, their hands joined and forming a circle, as if just dancing round the newly-crowned queen.

## MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

*The Balanced Egg.*

Upon a perfectly level table lay a looking-glass. Take a fresh egg, and shake it for some time, so as thoroughly to incorporate the yolk and the white. Then carefully and steadily proceed to balance it upon its end. It will remain upright upon the mirror; an impossibility were the egg in its natural state.

*The Balanced Stick.*

Obtain a piece of wood about eight inches in length, and half an inch thick. Adix to its upper end the blades

of two pen-knives, and on each side. Carefully place the lower end of the stick on the point of your forefinger, when it will retain its position without falling.

*To Melt a Bullet in Paper.*

Wrap up a smooth bullet in a piece of paper in such a manner that no wrinkles may be left, and that the paper touches the lead at every part. Next hold this over the flame of a candle, and, in time, the lead will be melted without the paper being burnt, but when the lead has become fused, it will pierce the paper and fall through.

## 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.

L. B.—Sent dress etc. February 20th.

L. C. L.—Sent hair work 20th.

L. C. W.—Sent hair work 20th.

The Spectator.—Sent patterns 25th.

Miss M. F. P.—Sent patterns and military jacket 25th.

Mrs. S. F.—Sent drygoods 27th.

Mrs. T. H. C.—Sent materials for paper flowers 28th.

Mrs. Win. B.—Sent patterns March 2d.

Miss N. B.—Sent hair work 3d.

H. H.—Sent hair work 3d.

Mrs. J. E. F.—Sent patterns 4th.

Mrs. H. B. L.—Sent patterns 4th.

Mrs. E. S. C.—Sent patterns 7th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent slipper pattern and seal 7th.

Mrs. G. H. D.—Sent marking cotton 10th.

Mrs. W. W.—Sent shoes and gloves 11th.

Dr. O. W.—Sent India-rubber 11th.

Mrs. B. L. M.—Sent goods 12th.

Mrs. E. P. G.—Sent patterns infant's wardrobe 14th.

Miss M. P.—Sent kid gloves 16th.

Miss M. L.—Sent hair bracelet 18th.

Miss L. L.—Sent hair bracelet 18th.

Mrs. V. C. B.—Sent hair pin and ear-rings 18th.

Miss L. S. L.—Sent hair bracelet 18th.

Mrs. M. E. M.—Sent patterns 18th.

J. M. W., P. M.—Sent patterns 18th.

Mrs. W. T. C.—Sent patterns 18th.

Mrs. A. L. R.—Sent hair fob chain 18th.

S. K.—We do not approve of the marriage of such near relations.

Miss V. E. S.—“Throw physic to the dogs.” Take exercise, and plenty of it.

Mrs. H. T. A.—The word guipure is pronounced gu-pure; broche is pronounced bre-osh.

H. T. E.—See June number of the present year.

Hands and Nails.—We really cannot give any advice upon this subject. We think a physician could. There is no doubt the nails can be remedied in some degree.

Emma.—Fine oatmeal is a good substitute for soap for washing the face. Fold a towel round the hand slightly moistened. Spread the oatmeal over it, and use it as you would soap. It is said to be good also for red hands.

Y. P. F.—We know that a strict regimen of meat, no vegetables, very little sleep, and but little of any kind of liquids will accomplish much; but we have never made up our minds to try it, although coming under the denomination of “fleshy.”

Mrs. A. F.—The same complaint that Lady Macbeth made: Her hands were so red! We know of nothing that will whiten your hands.

## Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXIII.—(continued.)

558 The blowpipe consists in a tube, usually of metal, large at one extremity, opening to a small orifice at the other, and bent towards that extremity at right angles on itself. By means of it, the flame of a candle or lamp may be deflected from its upward course, and bent laterally, thus—

559. The proper use of the blowpipe can only be learned by practice. Just as easy would it be to teach swimming by writing a book on swimming, as by a parallel method to teach the use of the blowpipe. This proper use consists in acquiring the power of breathing and blowing at one and the same time—a compound operation which seems so impossible that it has passed into the Spanish proverb—“*Ne se puede sorber y soplar a uno y mismo tiempo.*” Nevertheless, this can be done, and must be done before the blowpipe is worth anything in the hands of a chemist, although, strange to say, artisans who use the blowpipe in their avocations—gold-chain makers and gas-filters, for instance—never acquire this art. The consequence is that, after a short exertion, they suffer from the attempt to maintain long blasts without stopping to breathe, and they are obliged to use the blaze of a torch, when the flame of a common tallow dip candle should have sufficed. This operation of maintaining a continuous blast of air is effected by first inflating the cheeks, then gently contracting them, and thus forcing air, in a very gentle current, held between the lips, or pressed like the mouthpieces of a trumpet (we prefer the latter) externally. It is evident that the degree of facility with which a continuous blast of air may be continued, must greatly depend on the orifice of the small nozzle or jet of the blowpipe. All delicate blowpipes are supplied with two or three movable jets of different sizes; but the bore of the largest should be scarcely adequate to admit a small hog's bristle. We do not recommend the young chemists who study from this book to purchase a high-priced blowpipe. Let them procure an instrument of the commonest description. When procured, let each individual consider at what distance his power of vision is most acute, and cut the blowpipe accordingly. This being done, the mouth part should be made hot, and whilst in this condition smeared with sealing wax in order to protect the lips from the brass of the tube. High-priced blowpipes have silver mouth-pieces and platinum jets. Next, tightly wind some stout waxed thread around the angular bend of the blowpipe, some little distance on towards the jet. The use of this contrivance will become evident by and by.

560. Having described the blowpipe, I must now mention that the source of flame to be employed in conjunction with it, may be (1) that of a candle, wax by preference; and for purposes of analysis, this is best of all; (2 and 3) gas, and the spirit-lamp, both of which, on

account of the readiness with which they may be used, are of frequent extemporaneous application for the purpose of glass-blowing and glass-bending, although, in this respect, greatly inferior to (4) a lamp having a large wick supplied with oil, or, still better, tallow. This kind of lamp is used by artisans who work in barometers and thermometers, and the accompanying blowpipe is worked by double bellows. Such an apparatus is unnecessary to all young chemists, and the greater number of old ones.

## 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.*

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 MAY.

*Fig. 1.*—Green changeable silk dress, barred with a darker shade of green. The dress is somewhat of the Empress style, the corsage and skirt being in one. The skirt is trimmed with a broad Grecque formed of black velvet, with a white edge. The same design, reduced, is on the corsage. The sleeves are rather small, and slashed up to the elbow, being caught together at the edge with a fancy sleeve button. The white sleeve is very full, sufficiently loose to slip the hand through, and finished with a very full muslin ruching. The collar is of embroidered muslin. Buff *gante de Suede* with three buttons at the wrist. Shawl-shaped mantle of black silk, richly embroidered, and trimmed with a fall of deep lace. The hair is slightly *crepe*, and is arranged in loops at the back.

*Fig. 2.*—Mourning suit of violet *pique*, braided *en tunique*, with a fancy black braid. Graduated black and

white buttons are up the front of the dress. The wrap is of the shawl shape, bound with black braid, and braided to suit the skirt, the design forming a large corner piece in the point. Fancy summer capuchon, made like two half handkerchiefs fitted to the neck at the back. One half is brought over the head and arranged in the Marie Stuart style; the other part falls over the shoulders. It is made of black net, bordered with Vesuvio ribbon and edged with thread lace.

Fig. 3.—Walking suit of gray mohair lustre, braided with black; the sack being also trimmed with narrow black velvet and drop buttons. White straw garden hat trimmed with fancy feathers. Hair rolled, and arranged very low on the neck.

Fig. 4.—A golden tan Pongee dress, trimmed with one small flounce, headed by a ruching. Down each side of the skirt and on the front of the corsage are graduated gimp bows. The mantle is of the scarf shape, and of the same material as the dress. It is trimmed with one ruffle, worked in buttonhole stitch, and headed by a ruching. White straw bonnet, trimmed with green, and coronet trimming of pink roses with foliage.

Fig. 5.—A very stylish morning costume for a watering-place. It is made of white alpaca, with one box-placed flounce bound with black on the edge of the skirt. Above the flounce is a lace-like embroidery, and three rows of black velvet. A short sack cut to the figure, but not fitting closely, is worn over a white muslin waist. The hat is of Leghorn, with rather high crown and straight brim drooping slightly both back and front, trimmed with a black lace scarf and black and sea let feather. The hair is rolled from the face, and arranged in a chignon at the back.

#### THE SOUTACHE ROBE.

(See engraving, page 422.)

This robe is of mode-color alpaca, with a bordering of brown made on the dress, and printed to imitate a very rich braiding. It is one of the newest and prettiest of the Spring styles. The bow at the neck can be of silk or white muslin. Fancy muslin cap, with Islay green ribbon bow over the forehead.

#### HEADRESSES, ETC.

(See engravings, page 424.)

Fig. 1.—A coiffure for the back of the head. It is formed of very rich and wide black ribbon, with moss-roses, buds, and foliage.

Fig. 2.—A coiffure in the coronet style. It can be made of any color to suit the complexion of the wearer. We would suggest, as very stylish, the roll and front puffed loops to be of a rich garnet ribbon, with gold ornament and short white plumes.

Fig. 3.—A ball coiffure, composed of green ribbon and a large tuft of roses, with foliage.

Fig. 4.—One of the newest ball coiffures. Branches of wood twined together, with a large tuft of Narcissus blossoms, with long, graceful leaves, forming a coronet. A smaller tuft of flowers rests on the neck at the back.

Fig. 5.—Coiffure for full ball dress. A scarlet peony forming the coronet, and at the sides sprigs of ivy, oak-leaves, and gold acorns on branches of wood.

Fig. 6.—A wreath formed of white lilies, violet hyacinths, and Vesuvio ribbons, twined gracefully round the wood branches. This is also in the coronet style, and being of moderate height it is exceedingly pretty and becoming.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

ALTHOUGH some time has elapsed since the wedding of Tom Thumb and the little Warren amused the town, we think a description of a dress designed and made for her at Mme. Demorest's may be acceptable to many of our readers.

It was of a golden maize-colored silk, the skirt cut *en traine*, and ornamented with designs, intended to be emblematical of our own country, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, and Italy. The decorations were formed of very narrow pipings of white satin, softened by rich *point appliqué* lace. The design in front was an ear of corn, the grains in seed pearls, for America. On the right, a rose encircled with buds and leaves for England; on the left, laurel for France; Germany was represented by acorns, with leaves; Italy, by grapes; Ireland, by shamrocks; and Scotland, by the thistle. This rich drapery was caught up at the left to display the petticoat of white silk, with its blonde puttings and diamond-shaped crossings of strong Roman pearls. The corsage was low, with short sleeves, very tastefully trimmed with satin pipings and point lace. But even this elegant robe was not so fascinating to us as the dainty little corset of white satin, elaborately stitched and embroidered, moulded to fit the perfect little figure it was destined to inclose. Its proportions strongly reminded us of doll-dressing days in the nursery. We must not forget to mention the hoop, also a model in its way, and so closely woven that, though perfect in proportion to the tiny figure of the wearer, it contained fifty-two hoops, covered with white silk. The binding and facings were of white satin to match the corset. We venture to say that these contributions of Mme. Demorest to the *trousseau* of Mrs. Thumb have never been excelled. While on the subject of hoops, we must not neglect the new style called *Quaker skirt*. This is much smaller than the usual hoop, tapering most gracefully from the base to the top. It is especially suited to light summer, and airy ball dresses. Heavier dresses, being very long and ample, require a large hoop with a decided spring to give them a graceful appearance.

We select from the many beautiful articles in Mme. Demorest's salons, the following: A rich mauve *moiré* dress, ornamented on the corsage and sleeves with guipure applications, laid upon the material in elegant and varied patterns, which is quite a relief from the ordinary lace with one straight edge. Another was a jacket of white silk, bordered with a piping of cerise silk, covered with a tiny guipure edge. On each side of the corsage was a true lover's knot, formed of guipure, lined with cerise silk, closely stitched down. The sleeves were ornamented to correspond. Another attractive garment was an opera cloak of white cloth, bound with pink silk. It was a circle, bias at the back, with seam down the centre. The front was caught up very gracefully, and thrown over the left shoulder like a Spanish cloak, where it fell in soft graceful folds. We consider this one of the most stylish garments of the season, and one that will be very suitable for street wear, made of drab or cuir-colored cloths. We noticed that most of the white bodies at Mme. Demorest's were tucked in bunches, which is a slight, but very pretty change from last season. We may remark, *en passant*, that both thick and thin muslins can be purchased striped, to imitate tucks in all their different styles, which, of course, will be a great saving of trouble to the *Blanchisseuse*.

As mothers are becoming anxious about the little folks'

hats, we are now able to gratify them, having paid a recent visit to Mr. Genin's establishment on Broadway. We found a most excellent variety, both in shape and style, the colors being entirely new. For instance, a dark cuir-colored straw, and a mixture of the most brilliant purple with black and white, besides every possible combination of black and white. For boys, there is the Harrow cap, of a cuir-color, a turban with closely fitting brim, and a vizor, with a binding of a rich blue straw. Others are trimmed with bindings of fancy leather, and bound with velvet the exact shade of the leather. The Berwick is another pretty style, with straight and taper crown, brim very wide and heavily rolled at the sides, and slightly rolled in front. This style is suitable for boys from two to four. Then the Eton, for boys from four to seven, generally of a mixed straw, with sailor brim an inch and a half wide, and the crown a complete round. This style has a dark blue ribbon tied at the side, and fastened with a straw knot. The same style, slightly modified, will be worn by older boys, the difference being that the crown is straight, and rounding only on top. One of the most artistic hats is a Leghorn with double brim, the brim turning from the under part to the outside, reaching the crown, where the straw is fluted, and forms the sole trimming of the hat. Conspicuous among the straw and hair ornaments for children's hats are bees, flies, butterfly bows, bangles, cornets, and other devices.

For little girls, there is the Dartford hat. This is one of the prettiest styles. It has a high taper crown, drooping slightly both back and front, bound with velvet and a piping of velvet, the same width as the binding, laid on the brim. It is trimmed with two bands of velvet round the crown, and a tuft of field flowers directly in front. The trimmings will be flowers, and scarfs of silk with fringed ends.

The riding-hats are of the Spanish styles, very high pointed crowns, with brims rolled at the sides. They are made of every variety of straw, and are very stylish.

We have but few decided novelties to record. One, however, is a monstrosity in the shape of a pocket handkerchief. It is of grass cloth, the color of brown wrapping-paper, ornamented by a single row of hem-stitch, and a narrow border of either blue or red.

Black lace leaves are among the newest things. These are used for ornamenting white muslin jackets, dresses, and opera cloaks. The effect is striking and beautiful. We have seen some pretty grenadine veils, with borders formed of pin stripes. For instance, a light mode-color veil, with a border of black stripes, is very effective. For morning collars, we have the Byron style; that is, a standing collar at the back, and the ends turned down in front. These are worn by both sexes. Another style, called the Alexandra collar, has the Prince of Wales leather stitched on them with colored cotton.

*Piqués* will be very fashionable, and the colored ones more varied in design and color than in former years. The designs being the same as on the muslins, large Grecques, stars, pin dots, and other styles. We use the future tense respecting *piqués*, for though we are told it is Spring, it is difficult to believe it, and nothing thinner than summer poplins, India silks, mohair lustres, queen's cloth, alpaca, and such goods, can yet be worn.

Many of the dress sleeves are made quite small at the wrist, barely admitting a small undersleeve. Dresses of all kinds are being trimmed with flutings, which are to be had ready fluted in tarletane, ribbon and silk, and any material can be quilted at a trifling expense.

Perfect scaffoldings of hair are now built on the head—roll upon roll—puff upon puff. Some of the styles are extremely odd; not the least odd, is that, for which are used two rats, two mice, a cat, and a cataract. Lest, however, we should be the means of some pussy being cut off by a premature death from the circle of which she is the ornament, we hasten to explain. The rats are the long frizetts of curled hair for the side rolls; the mice are the smaller ones above them; the cat is for the roll laid over the top of the head; and the cataract is for the chignon at the back of the head—which is sometimes called waterfall, cataract, and *jet d'eau*.

Little girls are wearing their hair in short frizzed curls, and, in some instances, we have seen very long hair floating down the back only slightly *crept*. This, however, is not a pretty style, and we would not advise its adoption.

For coiffures, the humming-bird alone disputes with the butterfly the favor of fashion. These ornaments were introduced by the Empress of the French, and bring fabulous prices, many of them being made of precious stones, or of enamel worked with gold. They are worn by young ladies as well as matrons; the humming-birds, being the natural bird of the rarest plumage, frequently set with diamond eyes.

At a recent ball the dress of the Empress was hooked up with diamond butterflies. The coiffure was composed of tufts of violets, from which a brilliant diamond butterfly seemed ready to spring into the air. The natural butterfly is however a coveted headdress, and as it is extremely fragile, it is rather an expensive fashion. They, as well as humming-birds, are frequently mounted on barbes, with charming effect. One of the prettiest ball dresses we have seen, was a mass of little puffings over which were scattered butterflies of every hue and shade. The mania extends still further. We see them in the florist's windows hovering over plants, baskets of flowers, and choice hand bouquets. The last novelty however is this; every variety of humming-bird and butterfly is gotten up on *cartes* of the *carte de visite* size for albums.

Mrs. Ellis, of 880 Broadway, is making up with her usual good taste, a number of very *recherché* walking suits. A very attractive one is an ashes of roses. Spring poplin, with very deep braiding in black above the hem. A talma of the same has a narrower braiding above the binding, and on the shoulders it is braided to represent a guipure round cape, the same as worn on the velvet cloaks this winter. The effect is beautiful. Another is a buff mohair lustre, braided in large palms round the skirt, with a talma of the same braided with smaller palms of the same style.

Brodie is making up Rotundes, sacks, and circles of every shade of steel, mode, and cuir. Most of them are braided in very striking pattered, some with merely a braided epaulet, while others are elegantly trimmed with gimp and jet ornaments. The silk wraps are generally trimmed with rich lace, oftentimes laid over white silk or satin, which gives a very *distingué* appearance. There is a great variety of out door garments, and the choice is left to the individual taste of the wearer.

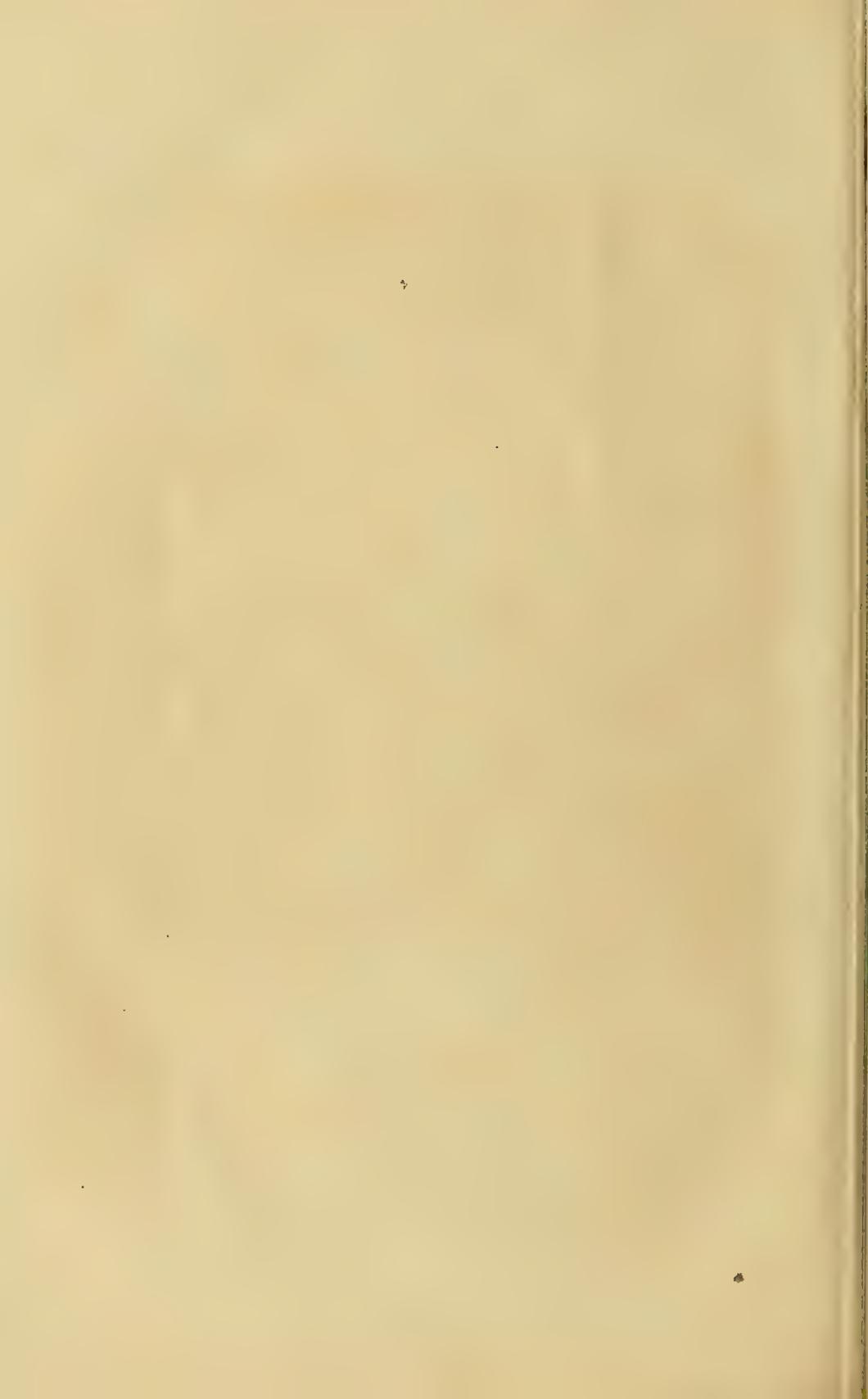
We see but little alteration in the shape of bonnets. They are quite high, very shallow at the sides, and a gradual slope from the crown to the front. Gray straws are very fashionable, also silk bonnets closely shirred, sometimes with puffs between. In our next we will give more definite information respecting bonnets.

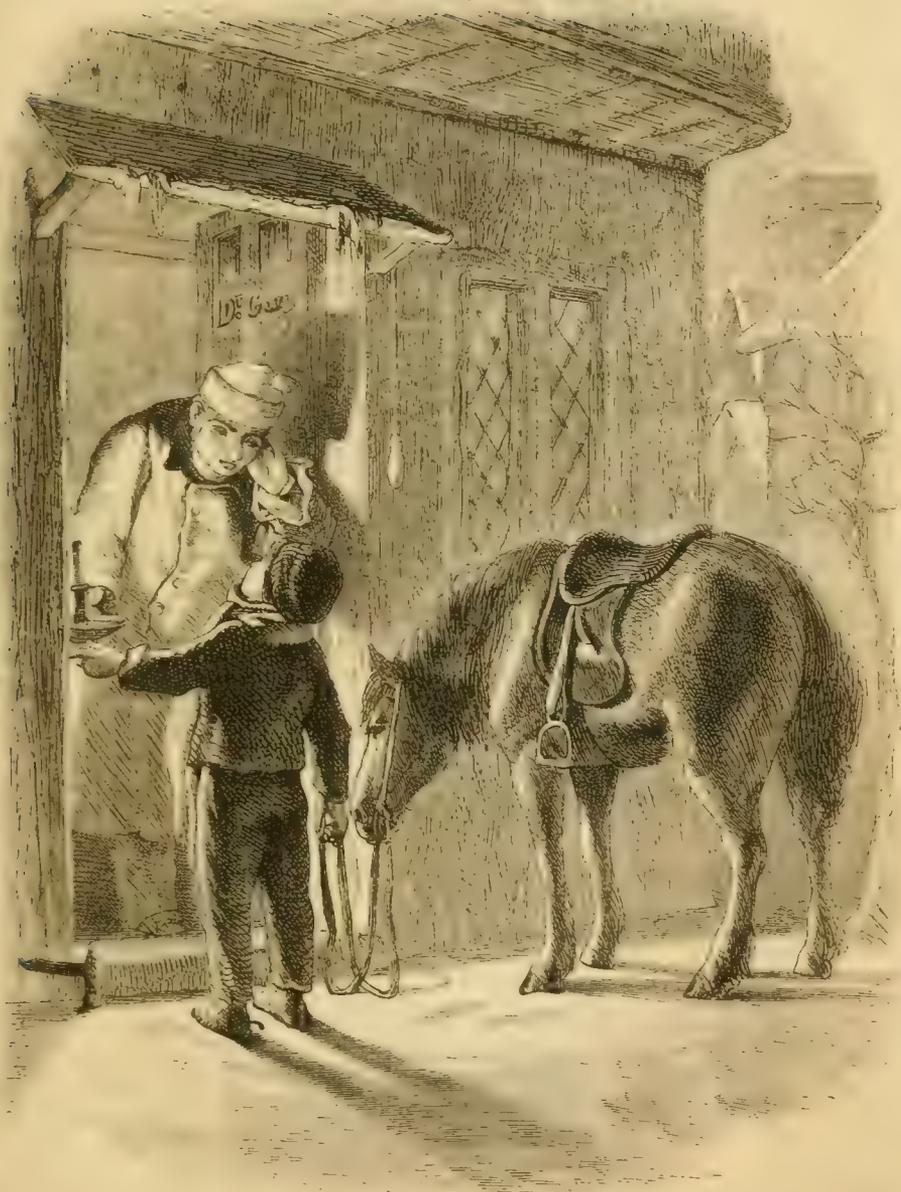






GODFREY'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE 1863.





FETCHING THE DOCTOR.

# Sailing on the Sea.

GONDOLETTA,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Op. 112.

Allegretto. *pp* *p*

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right-hand staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a series of chords and eighth notes. The left-hand staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics markings include *pp* and *p*.

The sea hath a mu - sic most  
The soft moon - light stream - eth through

The second system features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes.

ho - ly and deep, As o - ver its waves in our light bark we  
night's mel - low haze, And melt - eth the sea in a sil - ver - y

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and eighth notes.

SAILING ON THE SEA.

leap; Yet nought but the mu - sic of thy gen - tie  
 blaze; Yet nought but thou, love of my ear li - est

voice, So trem - ling and low, my heart can re -  
 years, And thine eyes' soft light, can melt my eyes to

joice, So trem - bling and low, my heart can re - joice.  
 tears, And thine eyes' soft light, can melt my eyes to tears.

LATEST STYLE.

1



*Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*

LATEST STYLE.

2



*Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*

LATEST STYLE.

3



*Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*

LATEST STYLE.



*Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.*

*(See description, Fashion department.)*

## THE LEONESE.

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



We feel a special pride in the style of this mantilla. In explanation of the few points which may be required we should state that the reversed plaits which form its entire extent are confined *close* from the neck to the waist (which is marked by a beautiful *macaron* set on the face of each plait there—with pendants); from these the plaits fall free to the bottom of the garment. The neck and the lower edge are adorned with rich falls of black guipure lace. It is unnecessary to state that it is black taffetas.

Fig. 1.



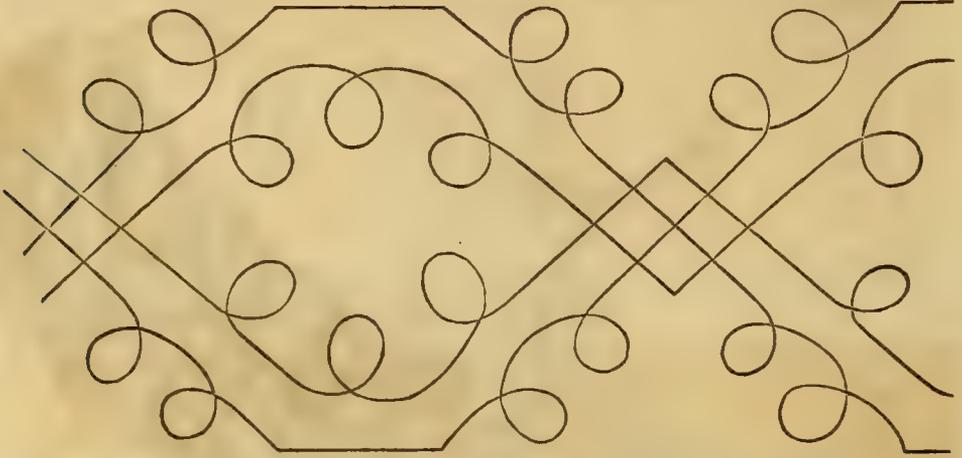
**NEW COIFFURES.**

(See description, Fashion department.)

Fig. 2.

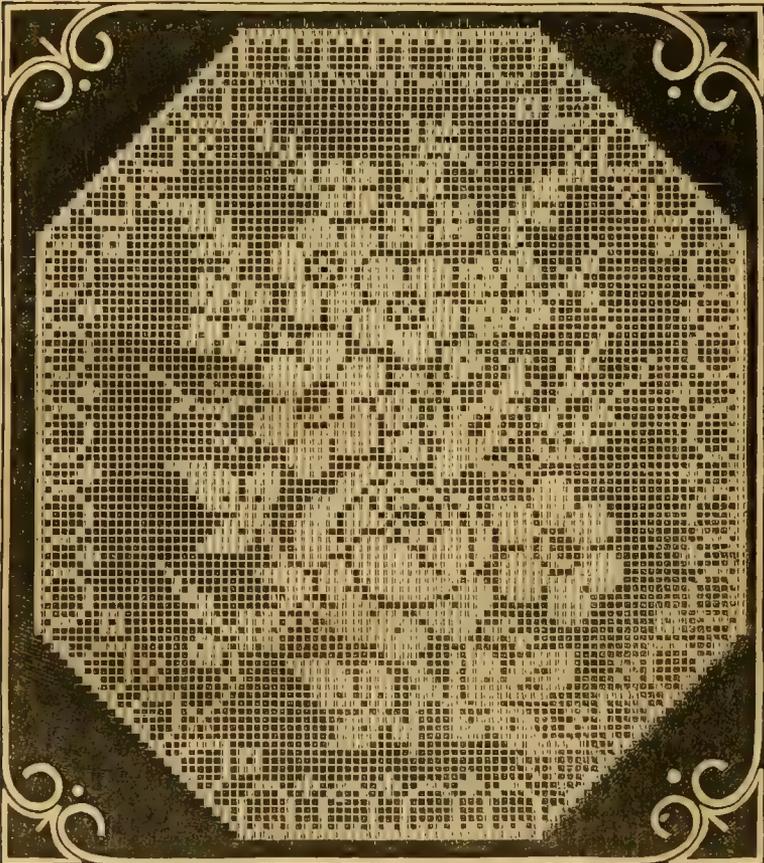


BRAIDING PATTERN.

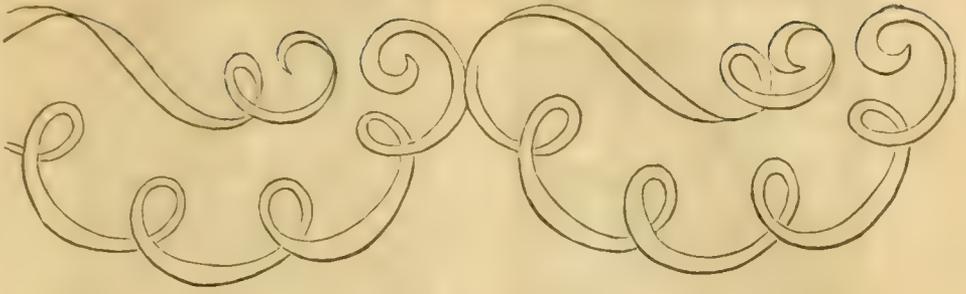


CROCHET TIDY FOR TRAY OR BREAD CLOTH.

TO BE WORKED IN MIDDLING FINE COTTON.

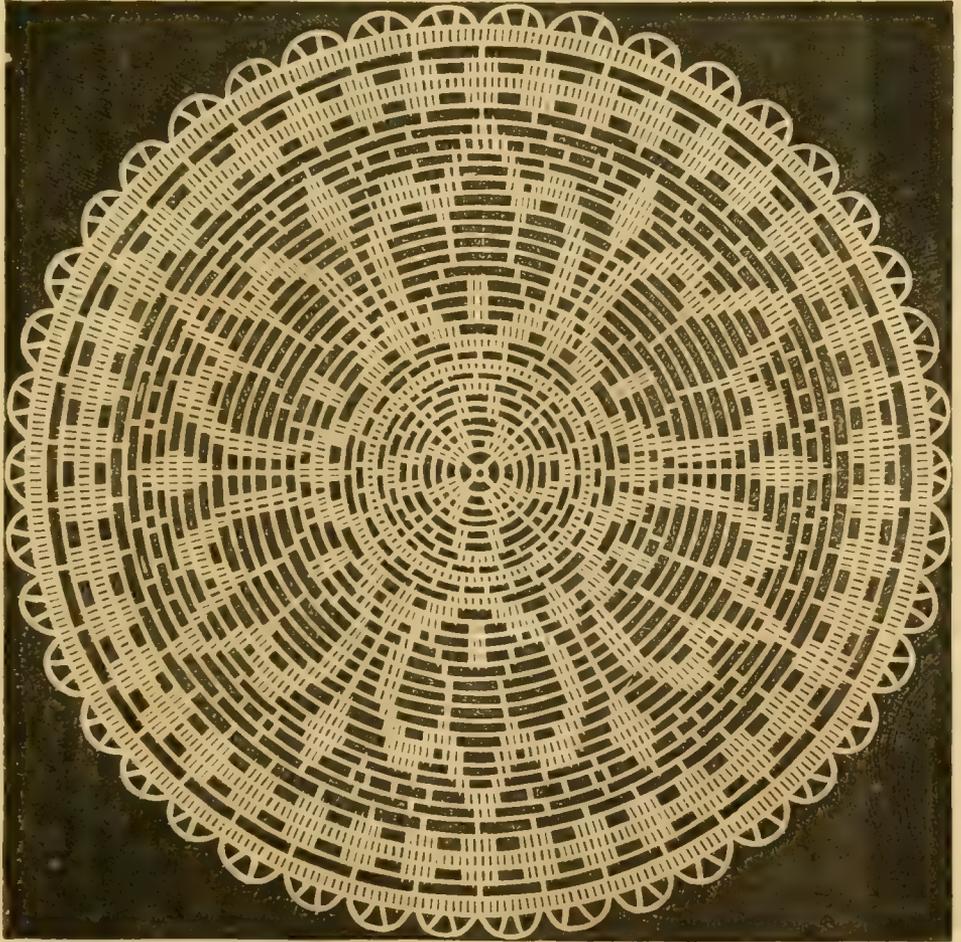


## BRAIDING PATTERN.



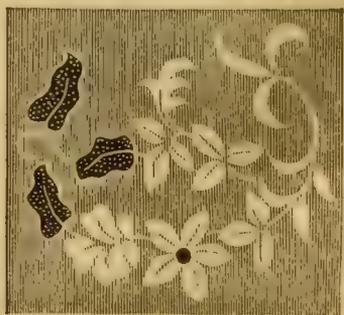
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## TOILET MAT IN CROCHET.



Small mats are required in every apartment, as much on the toilet-table as the drawing-room; but those executed in crochet are more especially suited for bed-room and dressing-room service. They are strong, ornamental and easily worked from the illustration. They are commenced in the centre, and continued round and round, the pattern being worked in every stitch, with the intermediate parts in chain. Care must be taken that the chained lines are left the right length, so that they should neither draw the work up nor leave it too loose. The edge may be completed either with the small pattern given in the engraving, or a wider edge, worked separately, may be sewn on. A fringe is sometimes preferred, as saving additional work.

FANCY ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



# GODEY'S

## Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1863.

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### THE DOCTOR.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

"It must give you great pain to refuse so many lovers, Belle."

"I never refused one in my life, Lizzie."

"You don't mean to say that you *accept* every young gentleman who proposes? There have been five to my certain knowledge since the picnic last July."

"O no! I only refer them to papa."

"Leaving it to his judgment whether to reject or encourage?"

"No, indeed! He has standing orders. I have given him standing orders to *reject*, unconditionally, every proposition for the next two years. That takes all the bother off my mind, you see! It isn't so hard on the poor fellows, either. They don't know whether it's papa or myself who isn't quite suited."

The two girls laughed in the sauciest manner. I could hear every word they said, my door being open into the hall on account of the heat, and theirs opposite being also partially unclosed. It was evident they thought I had gone to my office.

"But supposing you should see reason within the two years to rescind that 'standing order?'"

"Not a bit of danger, my dear. I don't believe in early marriages. I won't have a lover before I'm twenty, nor become a wife before I'm twenty-two. That's young enough, and too young. Besides, I expect to live and die an old maid unless papa takes me away from this stupid village. I am sure I shall never admire anybody in this vicinity."

"Then you don't admire the Doc?"—

Here I coughed loudly and suddenly; I was hearing more than was proper; and the next instant the opposite door banged to with start-

ling emphasis. I could not help smiling at the probable dismay of the vain little witches; yet I felt very wretched as I put on my hat, went down the stairs out into the hot, dusty street, and off to my office. That earnest assertion of Miss Belle's had shaken down a very pretty castle which I had been building up on the airy foundations of a summer afternoon reverie.

A boy stood on the steps awaiting me, as I came up and unlocked my office. I knew that I should have been there an hour earlier, but the day was an August one, and dinner had made me indolent.

"Mother's very bad with the neurology to-day. Dr. Doseall's medicines don't do her no good, and she wants you to send her something."

Like the rest of the doctors in Brownville, I kept an assortment of drugs and put up my own prescriptions. I prepared some pills as efficacious as anything, perhaps, in lulling that rather hopeless disease, and gave them to the boy.

"What's the charge?"

Looking down at his ragged clothes, I checked the customary reply. I didn't think a dollar dear for advice and medicine; but a dollar would plainly be a large sum to this shabby little fellow.

"Who is your mother?" I asked.

"The Widdy Graves, sir."

"What does she do?"

"She sews when she hasn't the neurology too bad; it's in her head."

"Well, run home with the pills. I don't charge anything for them. Tell your mother

not to try to sew when her head is bad ; and to take hop-tea when she goes to bed."

He stared at me a moment and ran away ; I went in and sank down in my leather-cushioned chair, feeling a gentle complacency at the act I had performed. It soothed some of the disturbance I suffered ; yet the relief was but momentary. I was soon absorbed in watching the shaking and tottering of my castle in the air ; silver pillars, golden turrets, diamond windows, fairy arches, lofty towers, shimmered and glimmered and melted together in the most confusing manner.

I had come to Brownville three months ago to commence the practice of my profession. I had, as it were, "bearded the lion in his den" ; for I had opened an office within a stone's throw of that of the celebrated Dr. Doseall. I had no wife, and I had no partner, nor was I connected with any of the leading families, except with that of Mrs. Ripley, who was a great aunt of mine, and whose daughter Lizzie was, consequently, my second cousin. With them I boarded. I had good looks, good character, and good testimonials. As for reputation, I had it—to make ! Brownville was a growing and promising town, named after the grandfather of Belle Browne, the young lady whom I had overheard in confidential discourse with my cousin. Her father was one of the great little men of the place, rich, respected, and a judge. I had brought letters to him when I came, which had been the means of my receiving a cordial welcome to the circle of his acquaintance ; though I should soon have found my way there through the help of Lizzie, who was Miss Belle's bosom friend.

It was a very nice thing for me that my aunt consented to board me. She had a fine old house and grounds ; plenty of roses about the windows, great cool parlors, a refined table, an excellent piano, with plenty of music of evenings. I loved and respected her, and was charmed with my gay, pretty cousin. Altogether I was settled in a manner to make the great number of young men envy me—all the comforts and delights of home, without any of the responsibility. I could afford to wait for a practice, as I had some little means of my own left over from the expenses of my education. I did not expect Judge Browne, nor any other of my influential well-wishers, to drop their old family physician and take up with a new-comer ; I was not so foolish ; I was content to build up a business slowly.

Only, when I saw Belle Browne, I became in haste to be rich, famous, et cetera. I could not

look at her brown eyes and browner hair—all as *brown* as her name—without visions of wonderful cures, acknowledged skill, rapid wealth, and rising honors seeming to hover and flit about her. Pleasant as was my aunt's house, its greatest charm to me was found in the fact that Miss Browne came there so often. I only ventured to call formally at her home, occasionally ; but I saw her every day with my cousin—sometimes at dinner or tea, very often in the evening. Those two gypsies made the old mansion musical. They never did anything rude ; but every deed of graceful mischief which their artful cunning could devise was enacted, and "the doctor" came in for his share of the teasings and tricks. I bore these with a patience which ought to have won their applause—it was the patience of content. They were both of them eighteen, only daughters, accomplished, and pretty. Belle was more than pretty ; she was lovely ; and full of spirit and girlish frolic as she was, there was something soft and womanly through all her actions—a nice reserve, too, which allowed no one to take advantage of her gayety to approach with familiarity.

Well, for three months I had been in a pleasant dream ; enjoying myself without hardly stopping to question the future ; and all the time, half consciously, half unconsciously, I had been building up the castle which Belle's gay speech had that afternoon demolished. I had hoped that I was not indifferent to her. I had coupled her with myself in my thoughts of the future, as my wife, when I should venture to take one ; always with becoming doubt, with deferential fear, but still I had hoped. I knew it then, if not before, by my disappointment when I heard her vow that she should live and die an old maid if her father did not take her away from this stupid village. Plainly, then, she had no particular interest in any one in this village ; she was too good for any of us—even the new-comer, the promising young doctor, the present lion of the young ladies, myself.

If she had made this spiteful remark expecting me to overhear it, I might have flattered myself that it was only a girlish art to excite my interest and apprehension ; but they were evidently unsuspecting of my proximity until my cough alarmed them. I sat in my chair thinking it over, feeling warm, and dull, and uncomfortable. Dr. Doseall's gig, as it rolled by, raised an unpleasant dust. I didn't keep a gig, and I hadn't had six calls in as many days. Brownville was a frightfully

healthy place, and the old doctor was very popular. I remembered what Mrs. Ripley had said to me that very day at dinner, with Belle sitting opposite, that "if I wanted to get into practice, I must get married. A wife was a valuable adjunct to a young physician."

I recalled the furtive glance I stole across the table, and the blush which I was so foolish as to have fancied I saw rising to a fair young face. Blush—fiddlestick! it was the hot day and the hot dinner. Roly-poly of raspberries in August, with boiled sauce, would make anybody blush. Iced-cream would have been more appropriate. I couldn't half entertain the young lawyer who came across the street to have a chat with me. He, too, seemed in low spirits. I recollected that he had been very attentive to Belle at the fatal picnic, where she had been so bewitching in her white dress and straw hat, and I wondered if he had been one of the five victims—perhaps the latest! I resolved that I would not make the sixth. Forewarned, forearmed. I felt relieved when he went away. Presently the town-clock struck six. Mrs. Ripley had tea at seven. I waited awhile and started for home. I knew Belle would not be there, for I had seen her pass, on the other side, on her way back.

As I loitered along I perceived the boy for whose mother I had prescribed; he was down in the dust with a quantity of marbles, and his face was smeared with molasses-candy.

"Is your mother any better?" I inquired, the weakness of human nature causing me to fish for the thanks she had probably uttered at receiving the medicine gratis.

"She says she thought a doctor all the way from New York would know somethin' greater'n *hop tea*. Anybody might know that. She didn't believe in such common stuff; she'd a notion not to take the pills."

I was about to characterize her, mentally, as an ungrateful woman when the sight of the candy and marbles filled me with a sudden conviction—the little rascal had not informed her of my generosity—he had spent the quarter or half which she had given him in this rare and exhilarating treat. When we have on our blue spectacles, the whole world is colored accordingly. This little incident deepened my misanthropic mood. Probably if I had been wearing my rose-colored ones, I should have contemplated the afternoon's happiness of this young rogue with satisfaction. He saw the suspicious look I cast upon the marbles, and put his thumb to his nose, giving me a sly

smile, but taking care to edge away from my proximity.

When I reached home, Lizzie was in the parlor reading the last novel with a very absorbed air. She stole a side look at me; finally venturing the remark:

"Oh, Doctor, have you read 'Rutledge?'—the heroine is so interesting!"

"A charming creature, no doubt; refuses five lovers in as many weeks, perhaps. The existence of such enchantresses is very fatal to our sex."

"Please, now, don't be sarcastic. We had no idea you were in your room. Belle's dreadfully mortified—"

"Ah?" witheringly.

"Besides, she can't help it if she is admired," a little angry. "It isn't her fault. She *despises* flirting; she wouldn't be guilty of it! If the fellows will persist in making themselves disagreeable, she gets rid of them as gently as possible."

"By referring them to papa!"

"Yes, just that way. She's so tender-hearted! She wouldn't hurt a fly if she could help it. However, we don't either of us think it hurts them much."

"Hurts what?"

"The suitors, sir. They get over it without any deep scars. She has sense enough to know that even her pretty face wouldn't be so attractive if it wasn't for her father's wealth and position."

Here I winced a little. Had not thoughts of the material benefits to be gained with such a wife cast a rosy glow over the heaven of my dreams? Yes, I had thought of these appendages with pleasure, because Belle chanced to possess them; but, if I knew my own heart, I should have loved just as deeply, have been just as anxious to win her love, if she had neither.

Lizzie went on with her reading a few moments, then continued:

"I wonder you didn't have some curiosity to hear her opinion of yourself. You coughed just at the wrong moment."

Curiosity! I would have given one of my ten fingers to know just what she thought of me; but I did not consider it honorable to satisfy my wish in that manner.

"You wouldn't have me play eavesdropper, my dear cousin?"

"Why, no, certainly not. I didn't think of that. Besides, I'm afraid you would not have heard anything very flattering," regretfully.

"Belle doesn't seem to think as much of you

as I expected she would. I told her, before you came, that she would like you ever so much. I don't see why it is. You are good and handsome, used to refined society, talented, and have an unusually fine manner, I think; and you're romantic, too; I told her so."

"Thank you for your inventory of my qualities, Lizzie. I suppose you think the last-mentioned the crowning grace of all?"

"Well, Belle and I have always imagined we should like a touch of the old romantic grandeur in our lovers," replied Miss Elizabeth, blushing very prettily through the dimples of her laughter.

"You'll have to go to some castle in Spain for them then, I fear. Come, put away your novel and yield to the fascinations of tea. The bell rang three minutes ago. And, by the way, don't try to expound my merits to your friend. I'm no fortune-hunter; and I have not the slightest idea of being 'referred to papa' just yet."

"Oh, dear! I've hurt your pride again, doctor. You've such an uncomfortable stock of it about you that people can never quite get out of its way. *That's* your fault; everybody has at least one, they say. I'm so sorry you don't like each other as much as I hoped. Mamma and I thought it would be such a help to you, too, in getting into practice."

"Thought what would be a help?"

"How stupid you are. To marry Belle, of course."

"It's a wonder you and your good mamma didn't present the matter in that light to *her* mind also. The *romance* of the view would have proved very attractive. I hope and believe that I shall be able to take care of myself—and a wife, too, when I get ready for one. I hope to afford the luxury of marrying for love. If I *haven't* got wit enough to make my own way in the world, I can starve in my office, or poison myself with my own drugs. I sha'n't get a wife to take care of me."

"How terribly grave you are about it! I wish Belle could see you in your present savage mood. It's what I call romance—to starve out of pride, you know!" And the little thing laughed in my face as she took my arm, dragging me towards the tea-room. "But I would not begin to famish just yet—not in a land of plenty—not until the season of peaches is over, and cook forgets how to make such delicious little wafers of soda biscuits."

It was impossible to be solemn with this pretty cousin; the tea *was* exhilarating; the sunset breeze waved the window-curtains. If Belle

had been present to complete the delight of the scene, I am afraid I should have forgotten the warning crash—have gone to work to build up my 'baseless fabric' again.

As it was, she stayed away for several days from my aunt's house. Lizzie had to do all the visiting, which took so much of her time that I was left to the desolation of my own reflections. With no music of evenings, no flashes of wit across the dinner-table, no light forms haunting the porticos, or flirting through the shades of the garden, it was easy for me to feel misanthropical. Bitter as quinine was the powder of pride with which I medicined my mind.

The house was so lonesome I was forced to betake myself almost entirely to my office, where my most cheerful recreation consisted in watching the numerous calls made at the office of my elderly friend, Dr. Doseall. My solitary rich patient was convalescent. I was wondering one day what I was going to do for another, when there appeared at my door a messenger requesting my attendance at the house of Miss Waffle. I knew the name and the person. I had met Miss Waffle several times at evening parties; I had danced with her once at the picnic. She dwelt in a handsome brick residence of her own, was well-to-do, tolerable looking, and an old maid.

Why she had never married it was not easy to say. Worse-appearing maidens, with not half her worldly attractions, were led to the altar every day. It may be that in the freshness of her early conquests, conscious of the solid character of her merits, she had been too particular; and now, having got nearly through the woods, she was loth to take up with a crooked stick.

"Is the case urgent?" I inquired of the saucy-aired servant-girl who delivered the message.

"Don't know what you mean; but if you want to know if she's bad, I guess she ain't dreadful. She's dressed to fits and settin' in the parlor, with a smelin'-bottle in her hand."

"I will be there in half an hour." And, at the end of that space of time, I was ushered into Miss Waffle's parlor, panoplied in all the dignity of my profession.

The lady sat in an easy-chair, one slippers foot resting on a footstool, a highly perfumed handkerchief and a bottle of salts in her lap. It must have taken a couple of hours to "get up" her elaborate invalid costume. She had rosettes on her slippers; she wore a new cashmere robe, open in front, with a tucked and

embroidered petticoat, faced and trimmed with blue silk; there was a pink flush on either cheek, which I at first mistook for hectic, but gradually concluded was carmine-saucer; her ringlets were just out of papers, and had a languid droop in them suggestive of indisposition. The room was shaded down to a mellow dimness, probably very soothing to her headache.

"Ah, doctor," she said, pointing to a chair close beside her, "I trust you'll not deem me foolish about myself. I don't think I am at all well. And, although I have always previously consulted Dr. Doseall, I have concluded that I am growing worse under his treatment. The doctor is getting to be an old man, you know—quite behind the times, I dare say. While you," with a smile, "being fresh from the latest authorities, ought to inspire confidence."

I bowed.

"What do you think is the matter with yourself, Miss Waffle?"

"Ah, doctor, that's just what I want you to tell me! I don't rest well nights; I'm nervous"—Here I took out my memorandum book, and began writing, requesting her to go on with the statement of her case. Had she seen the prescription I was making up, I am afraid she would have recalled Dr. Doseall; but, though a much more sensible one than that I afterwards compounded, my office did not furnish the necessary ingredients, and I did not order it. "Have palpitation of the heart frequently; had it just now, before you came in—the mere anticipation of your visit. Headache every morning for several hours. Oh, dear me, doctor, I can't describe half my bad feelings; but I'm certain there's something serious. I think I should receive daily medical advice, at least for a time. Sometimes I have feared it was my lungs; for I've quite a cough when I catch cold—and again, my heart. Won't you feel my pulse? I think it's quite too fast for health."

She pushed up a heavy gold bracelet from the wrist she gave me. I made such inquiries as the case warranted. Miss Waffle was rich, and I regarded every wealthy patient as a stepping-stone to—what?—the eminence from whence the soft eyes of Belle looked down at me so carelessly. I had as soon doctor the lady for fancied as real indisposition; I was sure that in either case she would take care not to get well too quickly.

"Be sure you come *every day*, doctor, until you see some improvement," was her parting appeal.

The prescription which was never made up for Miss Waffle read—

"Gold Wedding-ring,	$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.
Sugar of Love,	0 scruples.
Common Sense,	3 grains.
Matrimonial Wine,	1 pint.

Dissolve, take teaspoonful night and morning."

I continued to visit my new patient with great punctuality. Every day I had the pleasure of taking her delicate wrist in my fingers, while I inquired earnestly how she felt, and of charging a dollar for my gentle solicitude. "Misfortunes never come single." Good fortunes, also, are apt to come in flocks. I had been in attendance upon Miss Waffle only three days when I received a summons to attend, in haste, upon Mrs. Darling, a young widow who had just thrown off mourning since I came to the village. Mrs. Darling had burned her arm, and wished me to come and dress it. The artfulness of widows is well known to surpass that of old maids. My new patron looked just pale enough with pain to awaken pity, which is akin to love; her pink cambric wrapper was very coquettish; the color set off handsomely the round white arm which was presented to me to heal, and upon which there was indeed a burn, not deep enough to threaten permanent disfigurement, but sufficient for present purposes. I am not vain enough to assert that that burn was not accidentally received; I only know that there was a bitter rivalry between the pretty widow and the ripe maiden, which had existed previous to their having any knowledge of my existence. The novel writers tell us of *burning* jealousy, and this may have been a specimen of that passion; if it was, I will give the widow the credit of having played a smart trick. It seemed as if the injury would never heal; the length of time it was in getting well did not speak much for my skill. As long as there was the faintest crimson scarring that handsome arm, I must go every day to look at it. After that could no longer be made available, a series of little ailments beset the rosy and dimpled little Darling, which were enough to make her tremble at the thought of the doctor's bill. However she, too, was able to pay; and it was not for me to quarrel with my bread-and-butter.

All this time Belle Browne grew shyer and more shy of my aunt's house. I was certain that she had read the nature of my presumptuous hopes, and that she wished to show me, by her coldness, how entirely she discounted them. As Lizzie had said, she despised

coquetry; she would not give me a smile or glance other than she gave to all.

It seemed as if that witch Lizzie always took occasion when she was present to felicitate me upon my two patients, to inquire about Miss Waffle's palpitation of the heart, and if Mrs. Darling was threatened at present with diphtheria or cholera morbus? And once that grave, practical aunt of mine actually suggested that, if I could give up some of my high-flown poetry and settle down into the realities of life, it would not be a bad thing for me to make the most of the encouragement I received. Miss Waffle, especially, was a very excellent person, a little foolish about some things, but would make a devoted wife. Then the two girls looked at each other and laughed. I was angry at them for laughing, and responded that "age sometimes gave discretion at least," in so severe a tone that Belle turned away quite abashed.

"We don't think our daughter looks quite well lately," said Judge Browne to me, one evening in September, when I had gone with Mr. Ripley to pay a visit at his house. "She seems in low spirits, and not quite as blooming as usual. She's been asking me to take her away somewhere on a journey; and I've about made up my mind to do so. I've a few weeks of leisure now, before the October courts sit. What do you think, doctor?"

My eyes, albeit lover's eyes, were also those of a physician. It had not escaped me that the young lady had lost flesh and color—a shade less of bloom, a line less of roundness to the cheeks. "Change of air will be the best medicine, without doubt," I replied, fixing upon the patient the scrutinizing look which my profession warranted. "Change of scene and of association is also very beneficial in some cases. There may be some elements lacking in the air, water, food, and society of Brownville that a more favored locality will supply in abundance."

The Judge bowed assent to my profound observation, while a blush rose and deepened to scarlet over the face and neck of his daughter. The insinuation that she was going away to find the husband which this "stupid village" could not afford her was enough to make her blush. She ought to have resented my want of respect for the delicacy of young maidenhood, and perhaps she did, for she turned away, remaining for the rest of the evening so pale and quiet that my inmost heart was touched with yearning. I wanted to apologize to her for my seeming rudeness, which had sprung out of my

unhappiness, and to tell her how earnestly I wished the proposed visit might restore her to the fulness of her sweetest bloom; but instead, I did just the opposite, was as gay as possible, and apparently indifferent to her approaching absence.

"Belle is really quite in a decline," said Lizzie, on our way home. "I've seen it for some time. She's always either melancholy or unnaturally gay—her head feels feverish at times—she has no appetite. Oh dear, I hope it's nothing serious!" and she burst into tears.

To tell the truth, I felt a little like crying myself, though nobody suspected it. I considered Belle's going away as fatal to the last few faint hopes which my human nature would persist in keeping alive; and I felt distressed to think my ailment, however slight, should beset her; and then the thought crossed my mind that she might be nourishing some secret passion, like myself, and this might be sapping the foundations of health.

"Perhaps she is in love—unrequited affection!" I ventured.

"Belle in love and I not know it!" cried Lizzie, the fire of indignation drying her tears; "that would be impossible. Besides, there is nobody here she would condescend to pine away for. Everybody I know would be only too glad to obtain her interest. Humph! unrequited affection, indeed! There's nobody here who's fit for her but you—and you two seem bound to hate each other. People are so contrary. I only hope she will fall in love with somebody while she's gone, and come home and tell me all about it; that will be some return for my self-denial in letting her go. It would be so nice, wouldn't it?"

I subdued a groan and answered that I supposed it would.

"The child caught cold getting her feet wet in the brook the day of the picnic, and she's never been quite well since," said my aunt, and with this sensible explanation of the cause of the young lady's decline in health, we entered our house and went to bed.

The evening of the day before the intended journey Lizzie returned quite late from the Judge's house. I had not called there since the projection of the journey; but even declined to pay a visit of farewell with my cousin this very evening. I walked back and forth on the porch, however, too restless to remain in any room, until about eleven, when a servant of the family brought Lizzie home.

"Belle will not go to-morrow," she said, coming up and joining me in my promenade.

"Why not?"

"She is too ill. She has been feverish and excited for several days. Until to-night, after I came, she grew worse suddenly, and had to give up and go to bed. They called in Dr. Doseall about two hours ago. He says the fever is of a low insidious kind that has crept upon her so stealthily that she is now completely in its power. It was dreadful to see him shake his head. Poor Mrs. Browne feels awfully. I'm just going to run up stairs and tell mother, and then I'm going back to stay all night."

I do not intend to give the history of the next week. Sickness is never interesting except to the patient, the friends, and sometimes to the physician. During those long days of suspense, I doubt if ever the father and mother suffered much more deeply than I. They had at least the consolation of being with, of doing for, of watching over the object of their love, while I was doomed to lonely wanderings, to vacant sitting in my office, to hurried, tiresome walks to kill time, until I could hear chance tidings through my aunt and cousin. I think I should have blessed my stars if I could have been then and there transformed into portly, wrinkled, good old Dr. Doseall, with the privilege of entering, three times a day, the sick-chamber where disease was doing its evil work upon the lovely temple of a lovelier soul.

I heard that he considered her case critical—then almost hopeless—and still I had not been consulted with. Pride was strong within me; for I thought my standing and recommendations and my friendly intercourse with the family such as to render it proper, in a time of such trial, that they should include me, in case another physician was called in consultation. Pride was strong, but it was not as strong as love. When I heard that the friends were almost in despair, I resolved to solicit the Judge and the doctor for permission to see the sick girl. I hoped, from descriptions which I obtained of her state, that a new treatment, just coming into practice, and with which the old doctor was not familiar, might prove valuable. Hoping and thinking this, could I allow pride to keep me silent, while the woman I worshipped was dying?

I put on my hat, and went over to see Dr. Doseall's office, asking permission to accompany him on his next visit.

"We wished to consult you several days ago," he said; "but the patient herself would not consent. She seemed so troubled by the mention of it that we were obliged to forbear. However, she's delirious now, poor child! the

low, muttering kind; and she won't know it if you do call. Come, I'll go with you now. However, there's no hope, in my judgment."

I took with me the medicine I wished to administer. When I entered the darkened room and went up to the bed, I trembled from head to foot, accustomed, as I necessarily was, to self-control. The sight of the large, bright, restless eyes and thin, flushed face unmanned me. Having the draught prepared according to my directions, I myself administered it. She took it quietly from the glass.

"Is that you, doctor?" she asked, fixing her eyes piercingly on mine. "I never thought to see you again. It's your hating me so that is killing me; but you mustn't let him know it"—with a distressed air of appeal. "Do not tell him I said so, doctor!" She caught my hand, gazing at me with a fondness which, even in that solemn moment, thrilled through me like fire. "Lizzie doesn't guess it."

The next moment her fancies and looks were turned in another direction. I felt as if in a dream. "Doctor," she had said; very true—there were two doctors—and her words were the utterance of delirium. Yet, despite the uncertain conveyance, an idea had passed from her mind into mine. Then, oh then, I wished more earnestly than ever that she might live.

Another week dragged its slow length away. Miss Browne was improving; the crisis was passed in safety, and there was every reason to hope, no untoward event occurring, that health might be gradually brought back. I had the intense satisfaction of knowing that to my course of treatment even Dr. Doseall attributed the favorable change. The fever and delirium were gone; nothing but weakness now to combat, unless the seeds from which the malady first sprung still remained in the system to sprout again. Evidently something yet weighed upon the patient's mind, preventing rapid recovery. If I felt my suspicions were correct, they needed fuller confirmation.

It was at this time Lizzie sought a confidential interview with me one afternoon in our parlor.

"Cousin," said she, very gravely, "I'm going to trust in your honor as a man and a gentleman in a very delicate matter."

"If you think it safe, you can do so."

"I have found out the true cause of Belle's illness."

"You have?"

"Yes. And nothing but the wish to save the life and secure the happiness of my dearest, dearest friend would induce me to say what

I'm going to say. Belle would die of chagrin if she knew of it; and you must never, never tell her, no matter *what* happens. You see she betrayed it in her fever—that she was in love with you! The whole family know of it. She's putting herself to death, secretly, for fear you, too, have discovered her secret. She asked me last evening if I thought she had said anything in her delirium. She'd sooner die, she said, than that you should ever dream, and she begged me never to hint. Her parents feel so sorry for her. They would have been very well satisfied with the match; and I think they wonder why you did not fancy their daughter as much as she you; it would have been an excellent alliance for you. Of course they are proud, and will keep the dear girl's secret for her. They are going to take her away as soon as she is well enough. Now, cousin, thumbscrews couldn't have wrung this out of me about sweet, dear Belle, if I hadn't thought—if I hadn't hoped—if, perhaps—say, doctor, couldn't you like a little, *little* bit?"

"No, I couldn't!" I almost thundered, in a tone which made the pretty pleader start.

Without another word I started from the house, went straight to Judge Browne's, was admitted to the sick-chamber, where I found the patient looking much better and stronger. I felt her pulse, and sent the nurse down to the kitchen to dissolve some gum arabic in warm water as a drink for her—the only errand I could invent just then which would consume sufficient time.

"Miss Browne, how do you like my doctoring?"

"I suppose you have saved my life," she answered listlessly, not showing surprise at the unusual question.

"Well, I've got a new prescription for you to take. It's an ugly, unpalatable one, I can tell you. It was the fear that you would refuse it utterly which has prevented my daring to urge it hitherto."

"What can it be?"

"My heart and hand—the one haughty, the other empty. Dear Belle, I know their unworthiness; but this I can promise you, they will serve you devotedly." She looked up at me in doubt, a glow spreading over her pale face. I did not wish to agitate her. I took up the poor, pale little hand from the counterpane, stroked it gently, and kissed it. "I am in earnest," I said; "I wish you would promise to never have any doctor but me?"

Whether that day or some other is no matter; she promised.

"You said you couldn't like her a *little* even," said Lizzie, when she heard, a few days later, how matters had turned out.

"Neither could I, cousin. No *little* measure would hold the liking I have had for your friend since the first day I beheld her."

"And she says she liked you from the first. How foolish people in love are! Just see how much trouble you've made yourselves, because one was too modest and one too proud."

Belle paid for her folly by the loss of her beautiful hair. But I think a bridal veil never floated over a lovelier head than hers when the thick, soft, dark-brown ringlets began to ring it about with infantile beauty. When she took the long-talked-of journey for her health, I felt in duty bound to accompany her, to watch over her, she having taken me for her lifelong physician, for better, for worse. In gaining this patient I lost two others. Miss Waffle and Mrs. Darling went back to Dr. Dose-all, declaring that my bills were too high, and that I did not understand their cases.

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#### COMPLIMENTS.

It is very much to be wished, for the benefit of bashful men, that society would come to some general agreement upon the subject of compliments. At present, the whole social law upon the subject is in a state of confusion which is a mere pitfall for the unwary. There are some occasions when a compliment is very little less than an insult; and there are others when it is scarcely less insulting to omit the compliment; and the distinction in principle between the two sets of occasions is not very obvious. To compliment a lady on her dress is a rude familiarity. A panegyric upon her beauty is only tolerated if she belongs to the emaciated sisterhood of "fast girls," and is apt to be resented even then if there are many listeners to overhear it. But seat her at a piano-forte, and everything is changed. Compliments cease to be rude on one side, or repulsive on the other. The man who would stand at the piano-forte listening to a song, and omit at the end of it to ejaculate "Beautiful!" would be condemned by every right-thinking mind as unworthy the name of a man and an American. Compliments on such occasions are not simply permissible, but they are exacted with rigor as an item of the ordinary tribute of civility which man owes to woman. You might as well let a lady stand for want of a chair while you are sitting down, as to allow the music to languish for want of a plentiful supply of

eulogy. And the young lady, who would blush and bridle if she was told she was pretty, submits with smiling impassibility to the most fulsome flattery on the subject of her singing. In fact, if the song did not close amid a chorus of admiration, every one would feel that there was an awkward silence. People would force conversation fitfully and uneasily, as if somebody had uttered a startling impropriety; and the performer would be perfectly justified in flouncing away from the pianoforte, and passing the rest of the evening in the dumps. The idea appears to be that a public performance is incompatible with retiring modesty. It is a proclamation that the young lady is not satisfied to remain unnoticed in the throng, but wishes to attract a special share of general attention to herself; and it naturally follows that she desires some assurance that her efforts have not been in vain. The world is too good-natured to refuse compliments to any one who professedly caters for them; and, fortunately, there are people who derive a positive pleasure from the act of flattering others. Their souls are a living well of butter, and a little of it escapes upon every passer-by. Probably they began the practice from calculation, to secure as many friends as possible at a cheap cost; but the habit soon grows upon them, and clings to them long after the hope of getting on in the world has lost its power. They are very disagreeable people to meet in society, upon ordinary occasions, for they are always putting somebody out of countenance; but their real mission in the world is to attend at musical parties. They should be jammed in between the pianoforte and the wall and left there. So placed, they are in position to perform services which, in their absence, it would be impossible to supply; for complimenting does not come by nature, and the master of the house who should try it for the first time, in ignorance of the difficulties of the attempt, and without proper preparation, is very liable to come to an unseemly halt in the very middle of his pretty speech.

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### MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

BY J. L. M'CREERY.

O how rich with rarest beauty  
Is this sunny world of ours,  
When the virgin Spring comes blushing,  
Like a bride arrayed in flowers!  
When the warbling warblers waken  
Merry melody that seems  
Like the gentle, joyous music  
Wafted from the land of dreams!

Welcome, Spring! Again thou bringest  
Flowers fair and odors sweet,  
While the wood and birds are singing,  
Thy return with joy to greet!  
All the beauty that lay buried,  
Bound by Winter's icy chain—  
All the joys we feared had perished—  
Thou hast brought to us again.

No, not *all!* My restless spirit  
From thy presence sadly turns,  
And for one thou canst not bring me,  
With a weary longing yearns.  
Oh my heart—my heart is buried  
Where the weeping willows wave!  
Spring! thy forest flowers are growing  
Green upon my mother's grave!

At thy presence beauty smileth  
Bright from every flower and tree;  
But 'tis not the smile of kindness  
That my mother had for me.  
Thou hast taught the merry songsters  
At thy coming to rejoice;  
But ye bring me not the music  
Of my mother's gentle voice.

Winter had the earth enshrouded  
In a snowy winding-sheet,  
When the angels came to bear her  
To her home with noiseless feet:  
Then the sun went out in heaven,  
While my heart grew faint and chill,  
And though all around be brightens,  
Winter rests upon it still!

Midnight darkness gathered o'er me,  
As we looked that last "good-night;"  
I to roam this world of sorrow—  
She to tread the halls of light;  
And 'tis only when in slumber  
Freed, my spirit soars above,  
That she walks again beside me,  
With my mother's smile of love.

And in dreamy mood I often  
Roam amid the forest wild  
Heedless of the world around me—  
In her arms again a child;  
Or beside the placid river,  
Wander when the day is o'er,  
Listening as the mimic billows  
Wash against the pebbly shore.

And I wonder when the angel,  
Death, shall come to bear me on  
O'er the dark and foaming river  
To the land where she is gone;  
For the fragrance of its flowers  
Morning zephyrs oftentimes bring,  
And I almost catch the music  
From that land of endless Spring.

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MANY a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

## ROXY CROFT.

(Concluded from page 445.)

"Roxy," said Miss Croft, "I'm going to see if we can't have some work done while they're away. Go, put on your old dress, and come with me into the garden. I'm going to have every weed got out of it. If some people hadn't been so lazy, it would never have got so weedy. Here, begin on this onion-bed; now, mind, if you pull up a single onion, I'll make you remember it to your sorrow!"

"But they're so small, I can hardly see them," said Roxy.

"No, I suppose not. You'd rather be in Mrs. Thorne's parlor playing on the piano. You're never troubled to see *there*, are you? Now, go to work; if you're smart, you'll get through the onion-bed by noon."

Roxy worked faithfully until noon, when, tired and hungry, she ventured into the house.

"Well," said Miss Croft, looking over her spectacles, "who sent for you to come in?"

"No one, ma'am; but I've finished the onions, and I thought it must be dinner-time, and—"

"Oh! you've come into dinner, have you? Well, I want you to understand we're going to do something besides cook and eat all the time. I've enough of that when Mr. Thorne and his wife are here. If you're hungry, take one of those potatoes in the pantry, and then go directly back to your work."

"Yes, ma'am," said Roxy; "but where shall I weed now?"

"Wherever you please. You've got to get them all out of the garden, and it don't make any difference where you begin."

Roxy took the cold potato and hastened back to her task. She worked till dark without interruption, when, looking up, she spied her mistress carefully examining the heap of weeds from the onion-bed, and at last to hold up in triumph an unfortunate onion. Roxy remembered her threat, and, with dismay, beheld her seize a beanpole, and advance with rapid strides. But good luck in the form of neighbor Jones appeared, at the sight of whom Miss Croft prudently expended her wrath upon a hen, that instant peering out from an adjacent currant bush; and then, with an aggrieved look, she hastened forward to recapitulate to Mr. Jones the damages she sustained from his fowls. Roxy in the mean time retreated to the

house, and for once in her life Miss Croft failed to keep her word.

The days that succeeded were but a repetition of the first. At length Roxy petitioned her mistress one afternoon to allow her a short time for practice, as Mr. Savelli was coming that evening to give her another lesson.

"I'm not going to have any more time fooled away in that manner," said Miss Croft. "I've things of more consequence for you to attend to. If Savelli comes this evening, you can take your lesson, because I promised Mrs. Thorne you might; but I want you to understand *that* will be the end of your music. I've made up my mind Mr. Thorne and his wife will have to look for another boarding-place when they come back." Poor Roxy stood aghast at this unexpected announcement. The miserable future thus suddenly opened up to her seemed beyond human endurance. "I want you," continued Miss Croft, "to get up by daylight to-morrow, and go to work again in that garden, and don't you come in till I call you to breakfast. You've got to finish it to-morrow. I sha'n't have you out there another day."

"Yes, ma'am," said Roxy, mechanically; and with aching limbs, and still more aching heart, she resumed her laborious employment.

Miss Croft was up the next morning an hour earlier than usual. She looked out the window to see if the Joneses were up. Having satisfied herself on this point, she took her teapot and went in there to beg of Mrs. Jones a little boiling water, and permission to draw her tea by the fire, as she apologetically remarked to Mrs. Jones, "It seemed a needless waste of fuel to light a fire just for herself."

Having dispatched her frugal meal, she called for Roxy to come and take hers. She waited for her a reasonable time; then, becoming impatient at the delay, went herself into the garden. Judge of her astonishment when she found Roxy had not been at work there. Everything remained precisely as when she inspected it the night before. Overflowing with indignation, she armed herself for a conflict, and hastened to Roxy's dormitory, not doubting she had overslept herself. But when she entered all was silent there; even the bed was undisturbed. Miss Croft was ill-prepared for the sudden revelation that flashed upon her. Roxy

had always been so submissive and cowardly that she had never dreamed of being thus outwitted. Upon examining her clothes, she found the best suit missing. Then she turned and slowly walked down stairs, feeling for the first time humbled, and at a loss to know what to do. Putting on her spectacles, she went to the gate, and stood looking up and down the broad street. Not a being was in sight save Uncle Jack.

"Have you seen anything of my Roxy?" inquired she, eagerly.

"No, missus, hain't seen nothin' on her."

"Well, Uncle Jack, I suspect she's run away, for I can't find her anywhere."

"Whew! shouldn't wonder a mite ef she had, missus."

"Did you see the stage this morning?"

"I reckon I did; 'twas most full when it cum along; nobody went from here 'cept that ar music-master."

"Didn't you see any one before that?"

"I didn't see no living soul, missus, 'cept a small boy. I sot a trap down below the Cross Roads, and I got up airly this mornin' to see if thar wa'n't somethin' ketched; and a leetle this side of thar, I see a boy."

"How large a boy?"

"'Bout so hight, missus. 'Twa'n't nobody I ever seed afore."

"Well, Uncle Jack, you must come in awhile. I've got to look over my things and see if the baggage hasn't stolen something. She belongs to a dreadful thievish race, and I shouldn't wonder if she'd carried off every one of my silver spoons."

Uncle Jack followed Miss Croft into the house and seated himself, while she proceeded to investigate the premises. She soon returned and reported nothing missing; and, strange to relate, a shilling she had accidentally left on the table remained untouched.

"Uncle Jack," said she, "I want you now to go to Mrs. Parker's, and ask her if she'll let one of her girls come and help me a few days. Tell her Roxy's gone, and I'm expecting Mr. Thorne every day, and I must have one of them. If she can't accommodate me, go to Miss Wilson's, and ask her to come, or anywhere else you may think of; but be sure not to come back without getting some one."

"'Zactly so, missus. I reckon I can find somebody for ye."

In a couple of hours Uncle Jack returned. "I say, missus," said he, in a tone of desperation, "thar ain't nobody to be had, that's sartin. I've been to Miss Wilson's; she's

sick. Miss Parker's gals is all away 'cept one, and she can't let her come nobow. Then I went to Deacon Stun's, and over to Miss Riddle's, and down to Pat Flynn's, and into Miss Ritter's; and there's nobody to be had for sartin."

"Well," said Miss Croft, drawing a deep sigh, "there's only one thing I can do. Go and ask Squire Wentworth if he will step in here a few minutes."

"Bress your soul, missus, he hain't been to hum for pretty nigh a week."

"When is he expected back?"

"Can't say, missus; he never told me nothin' 'bout it; but Judy sez he's gone to Boston to get a wife."

"A wife! I don't believe it!" exclaimed Miss Croft.

"Well, I reckon somebody's coming back with the Squire, for they've got the house all turned topsy-turvy, and they're doin' an awful sight of cookin' thar."

"Yes, I dare say they're expecting company. Now, Uncle Jack, if I don't succeed in finding any help before Mr. Thorne returns, I shall want to employ you a few days."

"'Zactly so, missus. I'll be around then."

As soon as Uncle Jack left, Miss Croft put on her bonnet and started out to pour her troubles into the sympathizing ear of Marantha Tufts. Marantha so perfectly understood her trials, and so feelingly condoled with her, that it was late in the afternoon before she could summon sufficient resolution to return to her solitude. When she did so, it was with the impression fully confirmed that the Thornes were the sole cause of her present grievances. Although, during her protracted visit, she had taken such frequent surveys of her domicile as would seem to preclude all possibility of one's entering unobserved, yet the instant she reached it, the friendly voice of Mrs. Thorne greeted her ear.

"You are surprised to see me home so soon, are you not?" said she.

"No!" replied Miss Croft, coolly, and without noticing the proffered hand. "Nothing that happens in these days surprises me."

"It was my intention," continued Mrs. Thorne, "to remain another week; but when Mr. Thorne was ready to return, I thought it best to come with him. I knew Roxy would be impatient to see me. But where is she? I have some things for her which I am sure will delight her."

"She's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Mrs. Thorne.

"Yes, Mrs. Thorne; it's turned out exactly as I told you. This comes of people's not

attending to their own business. You put so many high notions into her head that she felt entirely above her business. She was mad, I suppose, because I set her to work in the garden. 'Twa'n't so agreeable as playing on the piano; so she concluded to run off. She's gone with that silk dress you made for her, and those new gaiters you bought, and her best bonnet; so I hope you will be satisfied with her appearance." With that Miss Croft flounced out of the room.

Poor Mrs. Thorne, overwhelmed with grief and surprise at Roxy's disappearance, and indignation at Miss Croft's uncalled-for rebuke, sat motionless in her chair until the tea-bell rang. Then, upon Mr. Thorne's coming to seek her, she briefly related the occurrence of the afternoon, and pleaded a violent headache as an excuse for not appearing at the tea-table.

A brief interval of solitude had caused Miss Croft to feel some compunctions respecting her treatment of Mrs. Thorne; and when Mr. Thorne entered alone, she was profuse in attentions to him, as well as in expressions of regret at his wife's indisposition. The intelligence also that the anticipated wedding at the Squire's was one in which the eldest daughter was more deeply concerned than the father so completely mollified Miss Croft's feelings that, taking a cup of tea in her hand, she hastened to Mrs. Thorne, anxious to propitiate one whom she knew to be a favorite of the Squire's.

"I hope I don't intrude," whispered she, as she was bidden to enter. "Mr. Thorne told me you had a severe headache, and I brought you a cup of nice tea. Poor father used to be very much troubled with his head, and he thought a cup of strong tea the best remedy in the world for it."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Thorne, languidly taking the tea from her.

Miss Croft glanced at the swollen eyes, and felt uneasy. "I hope," said she, "you won't think hard of anything I've said about Roxy. I'm pretty plain-spoken, and sometimes say more than I ought to. But you can't think how I *was tried* to have her run off just at this time."

"I do not doubt it; you will miss her very much, as well as myself," said Mrs. Thorne.

"She was only eight years old when I took her; and she's been nothing but an expense to me until now. It's very ungrateful in her to run away after all we've done for her. I don't care so much on *my own account*; but it makes me feel bad to see her treat you with such ingratitude."

"I am grieved beyond measure to lose her," replied Mrs. Thorne.

"I always knew she'd come to some bad end," continued Miss Croft; "for she was nothing but a gypsy; and you know it's no use to try to make anything of one of *them*."

"But she has improved beyond all my expectations."

"I admit that, but you see now what it's going to amount to. She's grown to be the handsomest girl in town. You've dressed her well; and in one way and another spent about half your time on her. For more than two years you and Mr. Thorne hav'n't slept a wink after daylight, just for the sake of having her practise music; and now I suppose she'll go back to the gypsies, if she can find them."

"You do her great injustice," said Mrs. Thorne, with evident warmth. "She is by nature a noble-minded girl; sensitive beyond measure, and endowed with no ordinary talents, all her aspirations are for the good and beautiful; and, depend upon it, she will never voluntarily seek unworthy associates. If she is so fortunate as to fall among those who can appreciate her, she will yet be all I have fondly hoped; and though I may never again be permitted to see her, I shall not regret my efforts in her behalf. Good instruction is never *lost* upon such a character; though circumstances may check its natural development."

"I don't doubt your sincerity, but when you've lived as many years as I have, you won't be quite so visionary. You've always acted as though you thought Roxy some wonderful being in disguise. Now, for the life of me, I never could see anything remarkable about her, except a pretty face, but that don't amount to much. Beauty is only skin deep."

"Yes, but had you sought an entrance to her affections, you would have beheld a beauty far surpassing that of the face!"

"Well, you and I never could agree about Roxy," said Mrs. Croft, impatiently; "and it's useless to say anymore about her. She's gone; and I'm left without help. Uncle Jack went all over town this morning for a girl; but there's none to be had, and I don't see as I shall be able to board you and Mr. Thorne any longer. But I'm waiting to see Squire Wentworth. I don't wish to make any change without consulting *him*. Won't you take another cup of tea, Mrs. Thorne? Dear me! how thoughtless I am to stay so long, when you're suffering with a headache; but I entirely forgot about it!"

"Not any more, Miss Croft; a good night's rest will benefit me more than anything else."

As soon as Miss Croft withdrew, Mrs. Thorne arose and commenced a diligent search for some token of Roxy; but, finding none, she retired for the night, more weary and dispirited than ever.

The next day Uncle Jack, in clean shirt sleeves and Sunday vest, was installed in Miss Croft's kitchen, where he endeavored to make himself generally useful; but he proved a poor substitute for the well-trained Roxy; and displayed so much extravagance in the use of fuel, that before night he and his employer had a serious difficulty, and, in consequence, he declined a re-appointment for the next day. Miss Croft's troubles were destined not to come alone. Before the month had ended, Mr. Jones died, and his family removed to a neighboring town. The first act of his successor, who was an old acquaintance of Miss Croft's, was to nail up the little back gate, which had afforded such ready access to Mr. Jones's kitchen and wood-pile. Miss Croft could never afterward speak of the loss of her neighbor without shedding a copious flood of tears. But as she invariably mentioned in connection the unfriendly demonstration of the successor, it was never precisely ascertained which of the two events affected her the more deeply.

In the mean time the bustle at the Squire's, consequent upon the marriage of his eldest daughter, had subsided. Mary and Alice were sent to a boarding-school, and Miss Croft, seeing now no obstacle in her pathway to elysium, determined to bring matters to a crisis. Accordingly, she dispatched a brief note to the Squire, begging an interview at his earliest convenience. The conversation that took place on this occasion was never made public; but, at its close, Miss Croft sat down and penned an affecting epistle to Mr. Timotheus Smith, a distant relative, who lived "out West," then calling Mrs. Thorne to her apartment, she communicated the intelligence that failing health not only rendered it necessary she should break up housekeeping, but demanded also an instant change of climate; and she had resolved to sell out immediately. Till the "Society" had purchased her house as a parsonage, Mr. Thorne relieved her of the furniture; and a young Mr. Timotheus Smith arrived to conduct her to a distant home, where, as she remarked, sterling worth would be appreciated.

During the period of eight years that Mr. Thorne had now been settled in the parsonage, no tidings had been received of Roxy. For

months after she left, Mrs. Thorne anxiously watched the mails, not doubting she would write; but when years passed without revealing a trace of her, she was forced to believe her no longer living; or as having met with a fate more fearful even than death. New cares and duties had so multiplied with her, that in these days she had no occasion to complain for the want of employment. Besides the manifold duties of housekeeping, five young "olive branches" had sprung up around her, and to provide for these numerous wants with means always limited seemed to tax every faculty of mind and body.

As for Mr. Thorne, no vestal ever tended the "sacred fire" with greater assiduity than did Miss Marantha the little spark of dissipation she observed soon after his arrival at Oakfield. By dint of vigorous fanning it had now, after a lapse of years, burst into a flame, which threatened to sweep all before it. Of the many who were formerly loud in their commendations of Mr. Thorne, some found the ministrations at the "meeting-house" better adapted to their spiritual edification; while others, drawing upon themselves the appellation of "bigots," remained at home on Sunday unless a brother clergyman officiated. It was not sufficient that Mr. Thorne ministered without reproach to their spiritual wants. Other requirements were demanded which would have taxed the brain of a modern psychologist, and would have comforted far better with his profession than with that of a Christian minister. In default of these requirements, a host of charges were brought against him, as diverse as the individuals who proffered them. They were acknowledged by all to be insignificant in themselves, but said, "straws show which way the wind blows." A few of the flock remained faithful to their minister, and in all his difficulties strove by expressions of sympathy and benevolence to make amends for the delinquencies of the majority. Though conscious of a faithful discharge of duty, and of strict integrity of purpose, Mr. Thorne felt his situation a galling one. Yet he pursued the even tenor of his way uncomplainingly; even to his wife he avoided the subject of his grievances, and she little suspected that his failing health was but the manifestation of a crushed and wounded spirit.

She was startled one morning upon entering his study in observing the unusual pallor of his countenance. An open letter lay on the table before him, in which he was so deeply engrossed as not to notice her approach.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Thorne, anxiously. "Have you received any ill news?"

"No!" replied he, sadly; "that is, nothing unexpected. This letter refers entirely to parish matters."

"Oh, is that all?" exclaimed she. "How relieved I am! I feared something worse. Now let me run to the kitchen and bring you a lunch. You look on the eve of fainting, and I remember now, you ate no breakfast this morning."

"No, Cora, I want nothing but have you sit down that I may talk with you awhile."

"Not another word," said she, laughingly, "until you have taken my prescription. Now lay aside that annoying letter; take this easy-chair by the window, and wait with patience my return. Bridget is out on an errand; so I will prepare it myself."

When Mrs. Thorne entered her kitchen, she stood riveted to the floor at the sight which met her eyes. By the fire stood Marantha Tufts, with a steaming cover in one hand, and a fork in the other, plunged deeply into a piece of pork she had fished out of the boiling pot.

"Miss Marantha! Is that you?" exclaimed Mrs. Thorne, scarcely crediting her senses.

Marantha dropped the pork into the pot and replaced the cover, looking for an instant quite abashed. Then, straightening herself up with the air of one conscious of performing a duty, she replied:

"Yes, Mrs. Thorne, it's I, and I ain't ashamed to own it. When I heard of Mr. Thorne's pleading up poverty, and trying to get his salary raised, 'cause it wouldn't support him, I made up my mind there was a fearful leak somewhere, and I'm pretty well satisfied where it is," said she, with a knowing look at the pot. "We pay Mr. Thorne just as much as we paid Dr. Smiley that was before him; and *he* never complained."

"But he had only a wife to support," faintly suggested Mrs. Thorne.

"No matter for that," said Marantha. "If they'd had half a dozen children, 'twould have been just the same. They were excellent managers, and set an example that many a clergyman's family would be wise in following. This ain't the first time I've been in your kitchen, Mrs. Thorne, and I ain't ashamed to own it. You've got twice as much pork boiling in that pot as you ought to have. 'Twould last us a week. Then, again, I don't like to hear of a minister's pleading poverty when he can afford to buy *fresh* every time the butcher comes

along; it's dreadful expensive! We don't buy it half a dozen times a year." Marantha paused to take breath; but Mrs. Thorne continuing silent, she proceeded again. "People around here that can afford to keep help generally expect to look after them a little; if they didn't, I reckon they'd soon find themselves coming out 'the little end of the horn.' I tell you plainly, Mrs. Thorne, if you don't look after your help, you'll never find a salary that will support you; and if Mr. Thorne can't get along with what we raise for him, it's my opinion he'd better be looking out for another parish."

Mrs. Thorne was too much agitated to reply. Marantha adjusted her bonnet, and without another word took her departure.

When Mrs. Thorne rejoined her husband with the delicate luncheon, a flushed countenance alone betrayed the agitation to which she had been subjected. Mr. Thorne observed it, but attributed it to a cause very different from the real one; and she, unwilling to add to his disquietude, wisely refrained from an explanation of it.

"Cora," said he, "if I did not firmly believe in an overruling Providence, who mercifully orders all things for our good, I should be tempted to give up in despair. For the past year my salary has been insufficient for our support. Six months ago, before I was aware of the extent of my unpopularity, I petitioned for its increase. My petition met with no response until after the parish meeting of last evening, when this letter was handed me. You will see it contains a flat refusal of my request."

"But why not send in a resignation at once, and take another parish?" asked Mrs. Thorne.

"A natural suggestion, I confess; but, in my case, not of easy accomplishment. I do not know of a vacant parish. I have neither the means nor time at my disposal to search for one. I am already six months in arrears to the tradespeople here, with no prospect of liquidating my debts, or of preventing an accumulation of them. When I leave here, I must do so honorably. Convinced, as I am, that my usefulness in this place is at an end, and longing as I do to escape from thralldom, I see every avenue hedged up before me. My life has become one of perpetual humiliation, and my only hope is that, when I am sufficiently disciplined, a kind Providence will open a door for my escape."

"Can you devise any way by which we might retrench our expenses?" asked Mrs. Thorne.

"No," replied he, "not without divorcing body from soul."

"How would it answer to keep the children from school next quarter, and let their tuition go towards paying Bridget's wages? I'm owing her now for the last month, and she depends on being regularly paid on account of her aged mother; and it was for *that* I came to seek you this morning."

"Yes, she ought to be punctually paid; she is indispensable to us. But I have nothing for her to-day, and cannot tell when I shall have anything."

"Oh, Mr. Thorne, had you forgotten Uncle Simon Quint is to be married to-night? People say he's as rich as a Jew. Who knows how generous a wedding fee he may bestow?"

"Yes, this is the very evening. But do not build any castles upon his anticipated generosity; for from the evidences I have already received it will prove a foundation too contracted for a fly."

"Well, to lay aside all extravagances of hope, he will not favor you with less than five dollars, which will relieve me of my indebtedness to Bridget, and elicit our grateful acknowledgments. But he professes to be your friend; and, conscious of our straitened circumstances, he will doubtless embrace this opportunity to manifest his sympathy."

Punctual to the appointment, Mr. Thorne reached Uncle Simon's gate precisely at the hour of six. Barefooted, and with pants rolled above his knees, he spied the bridegroom elect, standing at a rude bench outside the door, busily performing his ablutions. Dripping and panting like a huge Newfoundland he rushed forward, and seizing Mr. Thorne's hand with a grasp which threatened its annihilation, bade him welcome. "Come right in, parson," said he; "I've been at work all day like a hoss, and you see I've got a leetle belated; but you'll find the widdier in thar; she's been ready above an hour."

Mr. Thorne entered the house, but only caught a glimpse of the "widdier" as she retreated through the opposite door. He seated himself to await the coming of the happy pair. Soon a step in an adjoining room, which called forth a creaking and jarring from every portion of the old house, apprised Mr. Thorne that Uncle Simon had come in to put the finishing touch to his toilet. Long, however, before the completion of the task, sundry exclamations reached Mr. Thorne's ear, plainly indicating Uncle Simon's patience was being sorely taxed; a fact not to be doubted when he finally ap-

peared with the widow on his arm. A young woman noiselessly followed them, and seated herself in one corner, while the hired man, after a ceremonious introduction, slunk into another. Uncle Simon standing wonderfully erect, a position to which his closely-fitting coat inclined him, in a tone of desperation exclaimed: "Now, parson, I believe I'm ready. You may go at it as quick as you're a mind to." In an incredibly short time, the two were made one, and the spectators silently withdrew.

"Parson," said Uncle Simon, looking quite distressed, "ef you and Miss Quint will take hold and help me ease off this ere coat, I believe I shall feel better. I had a cussed time gittin' into it, and ef I should happen to sneeze I should split it from eend to eend, and spile it entirely. There's no knowin' but what I may want it ag'in," said he, chuckling at what he thought a witty suggestion. The joint efforts of the two soon brought relief to Uncle Simon. "That coat, parson," continued he, holding it up to view, "is thirty odd year old. I had it when I was married to Miss Quint that's now dead. Old Stephen Crane made it; and I tell you, parson, you never see such a fit—it sot like a ribbin. See, what a grand piece of cloth it is! Well, I thought I couldn't have anything more suitable to wear now; but, hang it! I felt as though I'd got into a strait-jacket. I used to be a mighty slim feller, parson, but I've got along up to two hundred and fifty weight now."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Thorne.

"Yes, it's a fact. Here, Miss Quint, take the key in my tother trousers pocket, and run down cellar and draw some of that ere Monongahela; bring in a pitcher of water and the molasses cup. I tell you what, parson, there's nothin' equal to it, when a man gits all beat out and low spirited."

Miss Quint soon returned, laden with refreshments, which she placed on the table, and again left the room.

"Miss Quint," continued Uncle Simon, gazing after her with the eye of a connoisseur, "looks dreadful slim; but she's spry as a kitten, and tough, sir, tough as a pitch knot. She's kept house for me upwards of a year, and I've had a pretty good chance to find out."

"She appears remarkably active," said Mr. Thorne.

"Yes, s-i-r, she ain't to be beat! Come, parson, set right up to the table now, and help yourself; don't be mealy-mouthed."

"Excuse me, Mr. Quint, if I only take a glass of water. I have a severe headache this

evening, which forbids me partaking your hospitalities."

"Well, I don't believe a glass of this ere pure spirits will make it a mite wus. It al'ays cures me of everything." Uncle Simon helped himself liberally, and soon became more loquacious than ever. "Does Miss Thorne enjoy pretty good health, parson?"

"Not remarkably good, sir."

"Well, I must say I hope she'll be spared to you. It's a great undertakin' for a man to git married ag'in; and at my time of life it's awful resky business. Miss Quint was a dreadful loss to me. I've lost all sorts of critters off the farm, but I never in my life had anything cut me up like that. I've had to pay a dollar a week for a housekeeper ever sence she died; and thar ain't one in ten that'll aim their board. I made up my mind L'd better git married, and I sot out to marry the widder Sally Pike more'n a year ago, but my son 'Bijah broke it up. He flared some when I told him I was goin' to marry Widder Perkins; but after I showed him how I'd got things fixed, he shot right up; he couldn't say a word ag'in it. I believe," continued Uncle Simon, growing more confidential, "I'll tell you what a cute bargain I've made. I've agreed to give Miss Quint fifty cents a week as long as she's able to do the work. Then, in case she outlives me, she's to have four cows, a dozen sheep, and a privilege in the house; but if she don't outlive me, she's got to pay her own doctor's bill and funeral expenses. She held out a good while when we come to talk about that; but she's finally agreed to it, and I got it all writ down in black and white; and now if she flounces and kicks ever so hard, she can't do a mite of harm. I've got to be an old man, parson, but I believe I'm just as keen at a bargain as ever, eh?"

"I do not doubt it," said Mr. Thorne.

"They had a pretty hot time down to the parish meetin' last night. I suppose you've heard all about it afore now. I told 'em we couldn't find a better man for the money than we'd got, and your preachin' was just as good as anybody's. But betwixt you and I, parson, I believe I would try and give a dollar more a year if you'd al'ays write your sermons."

"Then you don't like to hear me extemporize?"

"Well, not exactly that; but when we pay a pretty stiff salary, we rather expect the minister to give us a written sarmon."

"Yes, I understand you perfectly," said Mr. Thorne, rising from his chair.

"Hold on, parson! hold on a minit!" exclaimed Uncle Simon, rising also with great alacrity, and plunging his hand deep into his pantaloons pocket. "There, parson," said he, drawing forth a coin, which he deposited in Mr. Thorne's hand, "that's what I call money pretty easy ained. When I git a dollar, I have to dig for it. But you ministers get along mighty easy. I wanted to make a preacher of 'Bijah; but he seemed to have no notion that way; he's all for farmin'."

Mr. Thorne thanked Uncle Simon, and bade him "good-night." At the door he met the bride, who timidly handed him a small parcel, containing wedding-cake for Mrs. Thorne and the children. When he reached home, he tossed a bright silver dollar into his wife's lap.

"That isn't all?" said she, with an incredulous look.

"Yes, that is all!"

The next Sunday another vacant seat was observed in church. It was no other than Miss Marantha's. Before the week ended, it was whispered to Mr. Thorne that on that day she was an attentive listener to old Mr. Baker, whose sermon so expanded her benevolence that upon returning home she dispatched a note to him requesting his acceptance of an inclosed fifty dollars, in order to make himself life member of the "Society for promoting Christianity among the Heathen."

About this time, also, a letter was received from Miss Croft, who in the interval of an ague fit penned a bitter lament for her hasty removal "out west," where troubles unheard of at the east constantly assailed her. She entreated Mr. Thorne's influence to aid her in repurchasing the "Parsonage," where she hoped at last to end her days in peace.

When Squire Wentworth, after an absence of three months, returned home he at once hastened to the parsonage, the inmates of which had become inexpressibly dear to him. He was both surprised and grieved to mark the deep dejection of Mr. Thorne, whom he found confined to his room by a severe nervous attack. Mrs. Thorne, with tearful eyes, grasped his hand, but the trembling lips refused to utter the welcome her warm heart dictated.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Thorne," said the Squire, "I've been all day impatient as a child, because I couldn't reach you sooner. I fancied you wreathed in smiles at my approach, as you surely would be, if you could imagine the half of what I'm about to reveal."

"You were always a dispenser of sunshine, Squire Wentworth, but in your long absence,

the clouds have gathered so quickly about us, that I fear even your magic wand will fail to dispel them."

"I trust it has not lost *all* its potency. But we shall see," said the Squire. "Let us sit here by Mr. Thorne, that he may listen without effort. I should have returned last week, but hearing Alice and her husband had taken passage home, I was desirous of being in the city when they arrived. They landed yesterday; and I saw them just long enough to assure myself they were well and happy, delighted with their residence abroad; and yet more delighted to find themselves again at their old home. As soon as Alice recovers from her fatigue, she will visit us. You remember Savelli?"

"Indeed I do!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorne; "he is too closely associated with dear Roxy Croft to allow of his being forgotten."

"Well, while my children were at Florence, they were introduced to Count Savelli, one of the most distinguished noblemen of that region. In him Alice recognized no other than her old music-teacher. The recognition was mutual; and the last days of their sojourn there were spent at his palace, where is concentrated everything that can delight the senses. Alice says the attentions they received there were such as only the closest intimacy might anticipate. Of the Countess she cannot sufficiently express her admiration. With the dignity and energy of an Englishwoman are united all the beauty and grace of an Italian. Besides this, surrounded by pomp and luxury, she devotes herself with zeal to the relief of suffering."

"But where did Savelli find so rare a gem?" asked Mr. Thorne.

"That I do not remember. Alice says he inquired after you both with the deepest interest, and spoke of being under weighty obligations, etc.; but here is a package he has sent, which, I presume, will explain all."

Mr. Thorne took it, and hastily breaking the seals, disclosed a letter, besides several smaller parcels directed to himself, his wife, and each of the children. "I do not understand this," said he; "Cora, open yours, and let us see what it contains."

Mrs. Thorne opened her package, and held up to view a set of exquisite mosaics. The children's presents were also rare and costly; and when Mr. Thorne displayed for his gift a well-filled purse of gold, he could scarcely conceal his agitation. "Squire Wentworth," said he, "this puzzles me beyond measure. Were you not an old and well-tryed friend, I should

suspect you of an attempt to practise on my credulity. For Savelli I always entertained a respect, but all the civilities that ever passed between us scarcely entitle me to an expression of remembrance from him; but here is one more than sufficient to relieve me from all embarrassments, a golden key, that unlocks at once my prison doors."

"Is it not wonderful!" said Mrs. Thorne. "And the story of his reverses, to which I gave so little credit, was, it seems, no fiction. O! Mr. Thorne, how thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father for this unexpected relief!"

"Yes, Cora, I have always felt we should not be utterly forsaken; and if I have ever for an instant allowed distrust to creep into my heart, may I be forgiven, and ever bear in mind the lesson now taught me. Shall I read the letter now? I long to have the mystery of Savelli's generosity explained."

"By all means. I am as eager for the explanation as yourself. Wait, Squire Wentworth, till he has read the letter. As you have never refused to listen to our troubles, so now you must participate in our joys."

MY DEAR FRIENDS: When your little ones gather around you for a story, do you ever tell them of a poor orphan girl, once a recipient of your bounty and a sharer in your love, who, after being loaded with favors, without a word of explanation, or even an expression of thanks, suddenly withdrew from your protection, leaving you in ignorance of her fate? Do not brand as ungrateful one who has been guilty of all this; but let these lines convince you that the remembrance of your favors is treasured in a heart always loving and grateful. To reconcile a seeming contradiction, let me revert to the period when you left me on your visit to Boston. From that instant I found myself plunged again into the abyss of misery from which your kindness had partially extricated me, and my position the more aggravated by Miss Croft's assertion that, upon your return, she should oblige you to seek a home elsewhere, thus depriving me of your farther protection. Her brutality, for I can call it by no other name, reached its height the evening Savelli came to give me my last lesson. When I entered her room, decently attired for the occasion, she at once opened upon me a torrent of abuse. I had been at work all day in the scorching sun; I was weary and disheartened, and attempted a reply. This so exasperated her that she gave me a blow, which instantly felled me to the

floor. As soon as I could recover myself I hastened to the parlor, and lighting a lamp, beheld, to my astonishment, Savelli already seated there. The door had been left open, and he had entered unobserved, and been a silent witness of the whole affair. Wretched and humiliated beyond measure at the sight of him, my tears flowed afresh.

"Poor child!" said he, compassionately. "Have you no other home than this? Is there no one to shield you from that woman's violence?"

"No one," replied I. "There is no one to care for me but Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, and Miss Croft isn't going to let them stay here any longer. Oh, Mr. Savelli," I exclaimed in the bitterness of my heart, "I wish I were dead!"

"Roxy," said he, "be calm, and listen to me. I once had a very dear relative, to whom you bear a striking resemblance. I noticed it the first time I beheld you. But she and all her family are dead, and I am left an exile and wanderer, without one in the world to claim kindred with me. To-morrow I am going away from here, and I cannot bear the thought of leaving one so like my sainted cousin in such cruel hands. Will you go with me? Will you be my child? Do not answer until you hear my plan. It is one that has often occurred to me; but I never dreamed of putting it into execution. I propose to take you to England, where I will place you at school for three years. By that time, if my hopes are realized, I shall be able to offer you a home in my own country. But in case they are not, I shall wish you to be prepared for a teacher, which will give you an independence anywhere. Your voice alone, with proper cultivation, will insure you a fortune. Roxy, will you go?"

"I will!" said I, without hesitation.

"You do not fear then to trust your fate to my hands?"

"Why should I, when you ask me to become your child?"

"To effect your escape," continued he, "it will be necessary to resort to some artifice; for Miss Croft will never consent to give you up. I will leave a carpet-bag at your gate to-night, in which you will find a disguise, together with money sufficient to pay your fare in the stage. If anything happens to detain you in the morning, I will wait for you in Bridgeton another day."

I assented to his proposition, every faculty of my soul being absorbed in the one idea of escape. After Miss Croft had retired for the night, I crept cautiously down stairs, and se-

cured the bag Savelli promised to leave me. I cannot describe the hopes and fears which alternately agitated me during the long sleepless night that followed. But when morning dawned, I went out from Miss Croft's, no longer a timid, shrinking girl, but at heart a desperate woman, ready to brave all dangers. I did not venture to stop until I reached the Cross Roads. There I met Uncle Jack, who, in the well-dressed lad that passed him, failed to recognize in me an old acquaintance. On the very spot where Annita and I held our last conversation, I sat down and waited the coming of the stage. As it drew near, I hailed the driver. He stopped; and as I was preparing to seat myself beside him, Savelli threw open the door, and said: "There's room for the boy inside." I silently obeyed his motions, and not a word passed between us until we reached the end of our stage route. As soon as practicable I doffed my disguise, and then ventured to ask Savelli that he would drop the hated name of Roxy, and, in future, call me by my rightful one, "Teresa."

A week later found us on the broad ocean, bound for Liverpool. Our voyage was rough and tedious, and I suffered greatly from seasickness. No father ever watched his child with greater solicitude than my kind protector manifested for me. Every day increased my respect and gratitude; yet I could never divest myself of a constraint I had always felt in his presence; and in his conversations with me, my replies were limited to the briefest monosyllables. Immediately upon landing, we hastened to the beautiful town of Warwick. There, in the establishment of Mrs. Middleton, I was placed as a pupil, and introduced as the ward of Savelli. Here, also, two of his old friends found employment as professors of music and Italian; and I learned afterwards it was this circumstance that induced him to locate me here. To Mrs. Middleton he disclosed his plans regarding me, and made provision for my remaining with her the three coming years. Nothing could restrain me from expressing my grief at his departure; and when I bade him farewell, it was with the secret conviction that I should never again behold him. When, however, my feelings became more composed, and I began to reflect on the magnitude of my obligations, I entered upon my duties with a zeal which nothing could abate. In Mrs. Middleton I found a kind friend; and if ever I incurred her disapprobation, it was that I would allow myself no time for recreation. But this my previous habits had taught me to dispense with,

and neither the allurements of pleasure nor weariness of mind could for an instant divert me from the goal of my ambition. From *her* my guardian received a yearly report of my progress; but, as he had requested, our correspondence was frequent and uninterrupted, and afforded to both infinitely more satisfaction than my constrained conversation had permitted. As the specified time drew near its close, Mrs. Middleton was so well satisfied with my attainments that she proposed my remaining with her as an assistant, upon a salary far exceeding my expectations. I at once agreed to her proposal, provided it met with the sanction of my guardian, whom I was then daily expecting.

When, a few days after, it was announced that a gentleman in the parlor desired my presence, I felt it could be no other than he. All at once a fear that I should not meet his expectations threatened to envelop me in my old constraint; but quickly banishing such thoughts, I hastened to his presence, and with a fluency equal to his own welcomed him in his native tongue. He seemed both surprised and agitated at the sight of me.

"Teresa!" he exclaimed, "if the grave could yield up its dead, and restore them to us in renewed youth and beauty, I should believe I saw before me the companion of my childhood! But no! It cannot be! This is not an age of miracles!"

I sank beneath his earnest gaze, unable to account for his emotion, and without power to reply. He observed it, and quickly recovering himself, drew me to his side, and commenced a free and animated conversation in which I participated without reserve. I unfolded to him my plans for the future, which I trusted would meet his approbation. He listened with attention; but I fancied was not so impressed with their brilliancy as I had hoped. In return, he gave me a brief sketch of his own life, of which before I had known nothing. It seems that, during one of these political agitations which so frequently occur in this country, he and Count Parini, who had married Savelli's cousin, were suspected of disloyalty to the government. Their estates were confiscated, and themselves compelled to seek safety in a foreign country. Parini, with his wife and child, fled to England, where Savelli intended following them; but circumstances preventing, he sailed for America. As soon as he landed, he dispatched letters to England, informing them of his locality. But receiving no replies, and becoming uneasy, he at length deter-

mined to seek them. Accordingly, he took passage for England; but upon reaching L—, the place of their destination, he found nothing of them. After diligent inquiry, however, he learned that a young Italian woman and child, answering perfectly to the description of Teresa and her child, had resided there a short time; but that the woman died, and the child was removed to a neighboring town, where it was believed it did not long survive its mother. Failing to learn anything more definite, he proceeded to London. There he met an old acquaintance, who informed him that Parini died before reaching England, and also corroborated the information he obtained in L— of Parini's wife and child. Sick at heart, he returned to America, determining to remain there until the excitement in his country should subside, when through the influence of friends he hoped his innocence would be established, and his estates and honors restored. It was at this period he met Squire Wentworth, who induced him to go to Oakfield and undertake the duties of a music-teacher. He remained there until letters recalled him to Italy. But first he disposed of his new charge in the way I have already explained to you. Justice, though long delayed, was at length awarded him; and at the present time he told me he was in possession of all his rights.

Finally, I did not accept Mrs. Middleton's proposal. Savelli offered me one, which he insisted was far worthier my consideration; and unworthy as I felt myself for the position, I did not leave Warwick until in the Protestant chapel I had taken upon myself the vows of a wife! Two days later, in accordance with the wishes of my husband, the ceremony was repeated in the Cathedral at London. I must pass over the incidents of our journey to Italy, for I fear your patience is already exhausted.

No sooner had I crossed the threshold of my new home, than a host of vague recollections crowded upon me. "Francisco!" exclaimed I, "it seems as if from a long and painful dream I had at last awakened to reality. I feel now that I am truly at home."

"And so you are, my love," said he, with a gratified smile.

"But," continued I, "everything about me appears so strangely familiar, that, did I not know the contrary, I should believe I had been here before."

"It is easily accounted for," replied he; "my frequent descriptions have doubtless familiarized you with these scenes."

I acquiesced in the truth of the suggestion,

yet remained unsatisfied. Day after day I traversed the spacious apartments. I wandered through the long galleries, whose portraits seemed to look down upon me with a kindly greeting, haunted by dim remembrances, which grew oppressive as they mocked my efforts to solve them.

One day I strolled into the library where Francisco was busily arranging his private papers. "Teresa," said he, on my approach, "I was just on the point of seeking you to show you the miniature of my lost cousin, whom you so closely resemble."

I drew near him. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "that is my mother's picture!"

"What mean you, Teresa? Explain yourself!" said he, looking bewildered.

I could not. I was speechless. Seizing him by the hand, I flew to my dressing-room, and opening a trunk, from its lowest depths drew forth the counterpart of the miniature he held in his hand.

"Teresa," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion, "why did you never show me this before?"

"I cannot tell," said I; "I have never shown it to any one but Mr. Thorne and his wife. I felt it too sacred to be unfeelingly gazed upon; but why I never thought to show it to you is certainly unaccountable."

Before our marriage I had confided to him the secret of my supposed gypsy origin; but I shrank from entering into the details of my early life. Now I sat down and minutely related them. My resemblance to Teresa, Savelli's attraction towards me, my own vague recollections were all explained; and we were convinced beyond doubt that I was no other than the child of Teresa, whose fate was never definitely ascertained. Together we mingled our tears of joy! together we bowed in silent adoration of that Unseen Hand which, through a dark, mysterious path, had finally led the wanderer home! If anything was needed to complete my happiness, it was granted when, a few months after, I beheld my old friend Alice, and from her received intelligence of my benefactors in America. Alice has told me all—your joys and your troubles; and my greatest desire now is to behold once more your kind faces. Francisco smiles doubtfully when I express a wish to see Miss Croft; but to her also I owe a debt of gratitude, for, had she treated me with a particle of sympathy, I might to this day have remained her faithful servant.

Accept from Francisco and myself the accompanying package as a slight token of our grate-

ful acknowledgments. He promises me, if our lives are spared, to visit America in another year. Until then, adieu.

From your ever grateful TERESA.

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#### THE BONAPARTE FAMILY REGISTER.

THE register of the Imperial family, on which has been inscribed the *procès-verbal* of the birth of Prince Napoleon's son, is a large folio volume, bound in red velvet, and having at the corners ornaments of silver-gilt, with the family cipher "N" in the centre. It was commenced in 1806, and the first entry made was the adoption of Prince Eugene by the Emperor. The second, made the same year, relates to the adoption of the Princess Stephanie de Beauharnais, who recently died Grand Duchess of Baden, and who was cousin of the Empress Josephine. Next comes the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon I.; then several certificates of the birth of Princes of the family, and lastly of the King of Rome, which closes the series of the certificates inscribed under the reign of the First Emperor. This register was confided to the care of the Count Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Minister and Councillor of State, and Secretary of the Imperial family. It was to him, under the First Empire, as it is now to the Minister of State under the Second, that was reserved the duty of drawing up the *procès-verbeaux* of the great acts relative to Napoleon. At the fall of the First Empire, Count Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely carefully preserved the book, which after his death passed into the hands of the Countess, his widow. That lady handed it over to the President of the Republic when Louis Napoleon was called by universal suffrage to the Imperial throne. In this same register, continued by the Second Empire, may be seen the certificates of the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon III., and of that of the Princess Clotilde; of the birth of the Prince Imperial; of the death of Prince Jerome; and, lastly, of the birth of the Prince Napoleon Victor Jerome Frederic, just born. The name of Napoleon commemorates that of the head of the dynasty; that of Victor is in remembrance of the house of Savoy; Jerome is that of his paternal grandfather; and Frederic was given in compliment to the family of Wurtemberg.

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No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is dressed.

## AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. XIV.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

It was a fresh, bright June morning. All the windows in Aunt Sophie's home had been thrown open to the sweet summer air. She had laid aside her work, and knelt by her favorite window, absorbing, with every sense, the joys which nature offered, while her soul expanded in worship beneath the genial influence, and her lips murmured: "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good," as the radiant smile upon her face showed that the sacred words were echoing with new power in her consciousness. Emma and Carrie were pouring forth their exuberant gladness in an anthem whose spirit at least seemed to be echoed by the canaries and the wild birds that carolled in the maple tops. The gardener was whistling cheerily, the housemaid humming at her work, children were shouting, and dogs were barking at a distance; yet all sounds were harmonious in her ear, since all expressed joy or praise.

Soon Henry came, eagerly calling, as he caught sight of her: "Oh, mother, mother! father says come down in the back porch and see the horses play; Willie and Edward have them out."

Mr. Laselle came and stood at her side to watch his noble, spirited pets; but their talk was in exclamations till the horses were led away. Then Uncle Charles said suddenly, clapping his palms for emphasis: "Come, mother, let's go somewhere this glorious weather!"

"I'm ready; shall we all go to Norton Pond for a day?" responded Aunt Sophie.

"Oh pshaw! no; we will go far enough to try Colonel and Major's mettle, I don't care if it is a thousand miles. Where shall it be? Whom do you want to see?"

"I know somebody that wants to see her and me, too," said Carrie, as her mother hesitated.

"You refer to your cousin, Sophie Carr, do you not?" asked Mrs. Laselle.

"Yes, mother; she begged me for a visit in every letter since she was here, two summers ago."

"Pretty well thought of, I think," replied Uncle Charles. "I shall be right glad to visit sister Lora and her family; so let us make arrangements, for it is a long way, and we must start soon to be home in time to welcome Rose Wilmot here."

The next morning, the family carriage having received Mr. and Mrs. Laselle, Carrie, Edward and Henry, Colonel and Major trotted briskly away, followed soon by a light carriage, which had been hired for Willie and Emma, for it had been decided that all the family should go as far as Niagara, that the children might view that wondrous masterpiece of nature, and the parents renew the reverent emotions its sublimity had long ago inspired.

It would take us long to tell of the beautiful succession of luxuriant landscapes, ever-varying cloud-pictures, neat villages, and quaint farm-houses which gladdened their observing eyes, and were laid among the sweet pictures which memory might hold ever ready for reason or fancy's draughts, as they journeyed through the Empire State. The parents, with their quick sight and cultivated love of beauty, were ready sympathizers with the fresh, social natures of the children, which found such frequent vent in exclamations of delight or surprise, or in eager, interested inquiries which drew from their father or mother scraps of knowledge they would remember longer than any they had gathered from books.

All their voices were silenced by reverent awe as they viewed the mighty Niagara amid the roar of its majestic thunderings. Then heart and lips were hushed; but afterward, many a lofty soul-flight was winged by the impressions received at that time. Their stay was not long, lest incongruous elements might be mingled in the perfect mental pictures.

Willie, Emma, and Henry proceeded directly home, while the remainder of the party went on, to make their contemplated visit in Ohio. A letter had preceded them; so eager eyes were watching for them when they arrived three days later. Carrie and her cousin, Sophie, were most enthusiastic in their expressions of delight at meeting; yet a competent observer would have seen that the joy of their elders was to theirs as a deep, rippling river compared with a babbling brook.

The coming of these dear friends from among their native New England hills was like moving back their sun of life to the morning hours of promise, to Lionel and Lora Carr. Association brought before them many a scene of youthful joy, which had long been dimmed by the dust of everyday labor and the cobwebs of daily

care, and they saw them now, even brighter, from memory's gilding, than they had been in passing. It was rare happiness also to hear of the participants in those long gone delights, and Uncle Charles and Aunt Sophie had their thoughts quickened by interested questions, till they seemed to gain new wealth of experiences of life in that there was so much in their memories they had not realized. Old acquaintances, who had not been thought of for years, came in association's train to suggest bright thoughts of the holy home awaiting a glad reunion, or sad ones of earth's changes. This first evening was devoted to the past, for the morrow would be soon enough for the ladies to chat of their children, their housekeeping, and present surroundings; and for the gentlemen to interchange opinions concerning business and politics, since these later topics had engrossed the recent letters. Long after Carrie and her cousin had fallen asleep, sitting both upright, with each an arm about the other, their parents talked unweariedly. Uncle Charles and Aunt Sophie disclaimed all unusual fatigue, as well they might, since travellers who have pleasant companions, an easy carriage, and horses to be indulged in long and frequent rests, as family pets, should be exhilarated rather than overworn by journeying. Colonel and Major pranced as gayly, as they were led into Mr. Carr's barn, as they had done on the morning before leaving home, though their proud owner took no credit for extra care of them, since he fancied he came leisurely, merely to gratify the tastes and ensure the comfort of his wife.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of this visit of our friends. We pass over many interesting conversations and pleasant excursions to places of interest, or natural beauty in the vicinity, to note part of a morning's talk and some of its results.

"Where does Ella keep herself of late? I am afraid the child isn't well, she is so unusually quiet," said Mrs. Carr.

"I think you need not be particularly alarmed about her," replied Jennie, with a half sarcastic smile, "as long as she can sit and read from morning till night. She reads in our room since Aunt Sophie came."

"Ah! that is it, is it?" said the mother. Then, turning to Mrs. Laselle, she continued, with an intonation of satisfaction in her voice: "I expect Ella will be the scholar of the family. Though she is not yet thirteen, she has read more books than all the rest of us, I believe; and the more she reads, the more she wants to."

"What does she read?" asked Aunt Sophie, quietly.

"Oh, everything she can get; nothing comes amiss with her, I think; and everybody in the neighborhood is willing to lend to her, for she never injures a volume. She has a new stock now, I see, from a family who have lately moved into the place, and I suppose she will not have a thought for anything else till she has been through them all. It tries my patience sometimes; but I am glad to see the child improving herself."

"I hope you do not forget that not all books are sources of improvement, and that a mere taste for reading is not always a test of scholarship," responded Aunt Sophie.

Mrs. Carr hesitated before she replied. She had an indistinct remembrance of the warnings against bad books she had heard long ago. They seemed very unreal to her, since she had never been tempted in that way. She had never formed any decided taste for reading of any kind; but from the days when, as a child, she had been mortified by her accustomed place at the foot of her class, she had felt an earnest admiration for scholarship. Intellectual attainments had never been within the scope of her practical powers, but she was not the less ambitious that some one of her children should excel in them; hence her maternal pride had been gratified, in that the more abundant leisure which had been allowed to Ella, as the youngest daughter, had fostered a love for reading which she did not suppose could prove a source of anything save reasonable pleasure and improvement. Not having an intelligent appreciation of the advantages and resources of a well-disciplined and wisely stored mind, she had not craved such a possession for all her children; but had been well content to leave their mental culture to chance, which had so far favored her. The western township, in which her husband had located himself a few months before marriage, had been settled by New Englanders, who had brought their system of common schools with them, and also established an academy at an early date. Her children had profited by these educational advantages, and the older ones were intelligent and teachable, without being remarkable as scholars.

A six months' stay among friends at the East, two years before the time of which we write, had been of great advantage to the eldest daughter, and, through her, to the younger members of the family. She came into the room with Carrie just as Mrs. Carr

was saying, in response to Mrs. Laselle's last remark :

"I know that one has to guard against bad books where they are plenty, but I suspect one could not find enough of any kind in this town to harm her."

"It isn't the quantity, but the quality that harms," said Aunt Sophie, looking involuntarily at the speaking face of her namesake.

"I know it right well," responded the girl, "and we have just found Ella crying over a yellow-covered novel that you would no sooner let her read than you would feed her with arsenic, Carrie says."

"What do you say?" said Mrs. Carr. "Where did she get the book?"

"Of Angelina Potter, and she has borrowed a half dozen of the same style, with a promise of more when those are read."

"Call her, Jennie; tell her to bring the book she is reading, directly."

Very soon poor Ella came in, holding one hand before her tear-stained face, and looking like a convicted culprit, though she said in a pleading tone, as she handed the book to her mother :

"Please, mother, let me finish reading it; it is not so bad as Carrie and Sophia think it is, and I do so want to see how it comes out."

"Perhaps we can tell you that, dear," said Aunt Sophie, who pitied the child.

Mrs. Carr looked at the book an instant, then saying, in a tone which made Ella extend her hand to take it :

"It is founded on fact." She passed it to Mrs. Laselle, who remarked, as she glanced over its pages :

"Yes, it professes to be founded on fact, but I pity the author who could pass by all the pure and beautiful facts of life, to feed his fancy upon a morbid and distorted reality, as I would pity the artist who should ignore all beauty and healthy development upon his canvas to find his satisfaction in representing festering sores, deformed limbs, blasted flowers, and decaying fruit. A fact may be a very unwholesome thing for little girls, so I think our little Ella will be content to let her mother return the dear, delightful books that make her cry, to their owner, for we can tell her that at the end, she would find the bad all killed, the good all pleased, and herself wearied and irritable from over-excitement." Noticing that the child still eyed the book greedily, Aunt Sophie saw that its spell must be broken, or its haunting power would linger over the susceptible mind. For a moment she was at a loss, but after a

closer examination of the book, she asked Ella to tell her how far she had read. With nervous eagerness the little fingers turned the leaves, glancing more frequently as she advanced, till, at about the middle, she said :

"Here is my place, and I do so want to see how Emilia will escape from that wicked Claudio."

"Well, child, you shall know. If you will tell us the story so far, I will tell you the remainder. Just commence. I will prompt you from the book, and I doubt not the girls will be exceedingly interested."

"That we shall," said Carrie, encouragingly, "and mother will tell almost all the story, if you will only get her to begin."

"Perhaps I had better *begin*," responded Aunt Sophie, as Ella still hesitated, and glancing at the first page, she commenced, in a style even more verbose and extravagant than the author's, a description of the heroine. She mingled incongruous and ridiculous, put high sounding epithets occasionally, for the sport of the elders, but she went on so fluently, that Ella was lost in admiration, and soon exclaimed :

"Why, Aunt Sophie, you have read it yourself, hav'n't you?"

"No, dear; you will find I need a deal of prompting, if I am to tell the story, but I can put big words together beautifully, when I have a pattern."

"O, yes, she can tell us how gracefully the timorous, intrepid maiden perambulated the periphery of her father's luxuriant, closely-cropped lawn, while reclining upon the verdant, gray rock where the mignonette shed its delightful fragrance," said Carrie, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"You did not say that, did you, auntie?" said Ella, half indignantly.

"I think I said some things quite as absurd, even if the author does not, but certainly one should be held excusable for some nonsense, if he must write more than three hundred closely-printed, double-columned pages like these, with neither purpose nor sound ideas to ennoble his work," replied Aunt Sophie gently, and then continued: "However, we must not forget that we have undertaken to tell this story. When I relate, you must correct me, and when you take up the account, I will look out for your mistakes. We must be very watchful of each other, and not let these girls discover a flaw that we do not. Will you go on?"

"I wish you would," said Ella, timidly.

"Very well, I will until one of the others notices a blunder that you do not; you will need to watch closely, for Carrie has a quick ear,

when I am likely to be caught tampering with the Queen's English."

Aunt Sophie altered her style, as she commenced again, choosing words within Ella's comprehension, when she intended to blunder, and soon hearing the story became like a lively game, in which their quick wits were taxed to the utmost in finding phrases to be substituted for those to which they objected. After a few hearty laughs, the story was of far less importance in Ella's eyes, and as Aunt Sophie insisted upon her taking her turn, she found long chapters, which she could dismiss with a sentence. Then there were various, romantic moonshiny episodes, which proved exceedingly ridiculous, when subjected to the keen, mirth-provoking comments of Carrie and her cousins. The pathetic scenes, too, which had called forth Ella's tears, being held up in the light of cold criticism, lost their semblance of reality, and the child did not wonder at Jennie's asking if she were not ashamed to have cried so much over such nonsense. She was heartily ashamed of herself and the book, of which the heroine and her companions were now mere puppets to her, concerning whose fate she was indifferent. Aunt Sophie saw that it was time to stop the sport, which was becoming bitter to the little girl, so she checked the older girls, and briefly and soberly showed Ella the bare plot of the story, and its probable ending; then talked earnestly with all her companions of the folly of devoting precious time to such silly novels. Ella voluntarily brought the remainder of her borrowed store. Mrs. Laselle glanced over them and said:

"It was evidently your good fortune, my dear, to chance upon the least objectionable of these books. Emilia's story is only silly and shallow; these are foul and despicable. Impulse prompts me to throw them all in the fire, but it belongs to the owner to do that, as I should certainly advise her, Lora, upon returning them. However, let me warn my nieces against becoming in any way intimate with a young lady who would own or lend such trash. Neighborly kindness may prompt occasional calls, and you can lend her your books, but do not again borrow of her, or expose yourselves to her influence. I am glad to see that Ella loves to read; but she must be careful that this taste remain a healthful appetite for mental food rather than a morbid craving for mental stimulus. Your father has many of the old English classics; they have to me the flavor of delicious winter-apples, juicy and nourishing so long after the winter snows have covered the boughs

which bore them. You have the Bible, too, which is the very Bread of Life. With these, and your school-books for meat, your minds will not lack nourishment, though you may sometimes wish for the lighter productions of the day, which we may compare to the smaller fruits and berries with which a provident house-keeper so loves to vary her family's diet. Do you understand the comparison well enough to remember it, Ella?"

The little girl looking somewhat puzzled, Aunt Sophie glanced inquiringly at Jennie, who said: "I do, auntie. We have minds which must have food; so we have the Bible for bread, school-books for meat—some of them are tough and gristly, I am thinking—and then we have Goldsmith, Addison, Shakspeare, Plutarch, Pollok, Young, Pope, and dear Mrs. Hemans; besides some children's stories for goodies, and besides we have father's newspaper, what's that?—potatoes I guess. Well, I am not going hungry."

"If you are hungry, don't try adulterated brandy in the shape of Angelina Potter's novels," said Carrie, roguishly.

"My child!" spoke Aunt Sophie, in a tone of grave rebuke, which sobered her daughter instantly, who blushed as she said:

"Oh, I beg pardon, Ella. I know you were not to blame, since nobody had told you they were bad. I will never plague you about them again."

"Nor I, either," said Aunt Sophie. "We ought to be obliged to them for bringing the subject into our talk. Don't let us drop it yet."

"You don't object to all novels, Aunt Sophie? How are we to tell the good from the bad—by the binding? Shall we discard all in paper covers, and accept those in cloth or leather?"

"You may answer, Carrie," said Aunt Sophie, smiling, as she glanced at her daughter's animated face.

"I only wanted to say, mother, that that would not do at all, for then we should lose or have to wait for late editions of dear Miss Bremer's charming stories; delightful David Copperfield, your favorite John Halifax, and others almost as good. I should say throw all yellow covers to the flames, and read the brown."

"Ah, ha! confidently spoken, and very conclusive, if we could only be sure that you know the whole story," responded Aunt Sophie, laughing.

"Well, is it not the way you do, mother?" asked the girl, a little abashed.

"And what do I do with the blue, green, and purple?"

"I don't know," replied Carrie, frankly, after a moment's thought.

"No, darling; neither you nor I am sufficiently acquainted with the cheap literature of the day to speak concerning it with perfect confidence. You have taken, from me very likely, a strong prejudice against yellow-covered literature; but the brown is not all unexceptionable, because most excellent John Halifax has been put in that livery."

"Would it not," asked Mrs. Carr, "be safest and best to discard novels altogether? I know many good people used to suppose that, as a class, they were pernicious."

"Novels are not one class, but many," replied Aunt Sophie. "Fiction is doing a noble work in the world as well as an evil one. Our sources of pure pleasure are multiplied many fold by its bright creations. Our minds and our hearts are enlarged by sympathy with its noble ideals. Every great teacher knows that the feelings move quicker than the reason; that when these have been won to sympathy with the right and the true, a point has been gained, and the genial novel-writer wins this sympathy. You have told little bits of improvised novelettes to your children, I presume, with excellent effect."

"How so?"

"Did you never tell a little one, hugging an apple or an orange to himself in undisguised selfishness, of the happy little generous boy till his sympathy and admiration made him beg you to divide his treasure among his brothers and sisters to the satisfaction of all? Or did you never tell a naughty child of one whose fault had been like his own, until he saw himself in the ideal, and sobbed in penitence?"

"O yes! when they were so young they could not criticize the stories," replied Mrs. Carr, smiling.

"Then you can understand how the earnest novel-writer, looking abroad upon all mankind as the children of his Father, sees their weakness and their evil pityingly, as you see them in your children, and strives to so picture the pure joys of life that their sympathies shall be won, or touches with tender probe their sin-sore hearts that they may be healed. The fiction writer should love truth, purity, and virtue, as the painter should love nature and its beauty; if he does not, his works are not fit to be placed in the hands of the young."

"But how can one tell? How do you tell what books to let your children read? and how

shall I, who have so little time for reading, and fall asleep over my book when I have time?" said Mrs. Carr, earnestly.

"We must both depend somewhat upon others," replied Aunt Sophie; "you would find the book notices, in the magazine I spoke of last night, an assistance, since no book will be recommended there which is not safe for all. And your Sophie is old enough now, so that you can depend very much upon her judgment. She has not learned to crave the frivolous and the false, and now there is little danger of her forming the taste."

"Thank you for the compliment, auntie," replied Sophie, continuing earnestly; "but you have not told us how you do. I want to know for myself, and I really need to know, if I am to direct Ella's reading."

"You must take care lest you rate my opinions too highly," replied Aunt Sophie. "My children have scarcely felt a restriction in their reading, since I never object to their perusing any book which they may find in our home library. Little folks may get beyond their depth in Ruskin, Channing, or Beecher; but the waters are clear, and they will lose no vigor in them. Then there are many writers whom I have learned to know and love through their works. The children hear me speak of these, and I place their writings in the hands of my daughters as confidently as I would trust a little child for an hour with the friend of years. For instance, I have never seen Miss Muloch, Miss Sewell, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Haven, or a multitude of others I might name, yet I have just as truly recognized them as earnest, Christian women."

"You mention only ladies; do you object to men's novels?" asked Jennie.

"O no indeed! Those of Scott, whom we admire and reverence for his mighty intellect, and love for his noble heart and bright sense of honor, are a valuable library of themselves; then there is our pure-minded Irving, our genial Holmes, and very many others, whose mental creations may well be admitted to that ampler world of the imagination which we love to recognize."

"And how about Dickens?" inquired Sophie.

"I am afraid he has 'touched pitch and been defiled,'" replied her aunt.

"Dickens' portrayals are exquisite; not mere outside pictures of living men and women, but true portraits down to their very hearts, as his gifted, sympathetic eyes have seen them. I acknowledge his wonderful genius: I gratefully remember the pleasant hours whose delights

were due to his charming fancies; and I realize that he has been as an eloquent and beneficent lay preacher, blessing and benefiting multitudes, who could never have been reached through lectures, essays, or sermons; but I have not sufficient confidence in the man to give a book of his to a child without first reading it, or hearing it recommended by some one whom I can trust."

"But do you read them yourself?" asked Sophie.

"Yes, when I have time and opportunity, which has been rarely of late, since I can make a dozen chances for reading something I know will do me good where I can find the vacant hours waiting for me to read a doubtful story. When I want to enter the domain of fiction for mere amusement, I like a guide whom I can wholly trust. However, we can make no rule for you from my experience, since I have much the larger range of reading from which to choose. You will, at present, find time for all you can obtain which is not objectionable. Remember that a few good books, read carefully, nourish the mind more than any amount of superficial reading. Ella's fancy is so lively that she can read poems with pleasure; these and histories will be of advantage to her. I think that she will not forget that there are books which are worse than none, and your anxiety to guide yourself and sisters rightly will prevent your going far wrong."

Mrs. Laselle and her sister had another brief conversation on this subject upon the latter's returning from carrying home Miss Potter's books, the next afternoon. She found that young lady reclining upon the lounge, with hair uncombed and untidy dress, reading a book similar in its appearance to those she had lent. Mrs. Potter was evidently mortified, and the call was somewhat stiff and constrained; Mrs. Carr explaining that she had brought back the books, since they were such as she could not allow her daughters to read. Her neighbor exclaimed:

"There, Angelina, do you hear that? You know how much I tell you that it cannot do you any good to keep stuffing your head with such nonsense."

Angelina deigned no reply except a scornful glance, and Mrs. Carr, with ready suavity, assured the mother that it was only natural that young girls, with a passion for reading, should be glad of any books they might be able to obtain, and thus sometimes get objectionable ones; then offered to lend the young lady

such as she had, hoping she might find them pleasant as well as profitable.

Mrs. Carr came home with a far deeper realization of the danger of indiscriminate reading than Aunt Sophie's words alone would have been likely to awake. She listened now to Mrs. Laselle's suggestions with interest similar to that her daughter had manifested the day previous. She began to see that her family had thriven, not because of any judicious care she had exercised over them, but because they had been alike fortunate in having furnished for them wholesome food for their bodies and minds. Now she resolved to try to provide them, or have them provided with suitable books, and to use her influence among her friends and those of her children in preventing evil effects from the introduction of evil books and unwholesome newspapers into their neighborhood, and, in the months that followed, her resolution was frequently remembered with profit to others.

For a time, Jennie and Ella rung the changes upon Aunt Sophie's comparison of physical and mental food most amusingly. Every volume found its counterpart in edibles, while magazines and newspapers were fresh fruit or berries, and even a *bon mot* or repartee was a currant, grape, or raisin. Gradually they won their mother to an appreciation of their rare epicurean fare, and listening to their reading became one of her best pleasures.

At the close of a letter to Carrie, some two years later, Jennie wrote—

"Angelina Potter still continues to feed on her Apples of Sodom. She calls herself romantic—she certainly is not sensible. Only last week she answered a matrimonial advertisement. I don't know what she will do next. Her mother is a slave to her, waiting upon her as humbly as a menial might do, and making, washing, and mending the clothes she is only too glad to see her daughter dress herself properly in, since the cruel creature cannot always be persuaded to do even so little as this, without a stronger motive than the gratification of her parents. I am sure I heartily pity her, as you will do; but I cannot tell you more of the foolish things she has said and done, for Ella is calling me to join mother and her in a feast of canned peaches—otherwise you will understand, a volume of Tennyson. By the way, the child is beginning to think of 'putting away childish things,' and then don't you pity us?—we shall have no little girl. She is intending to don long dresses soon,

when she says we must partly drop this habit, in which we have indulged most too freely, of depreciating our darling, precious books, by likening them to mere gratifications for the palate. She is right in our case, but I wish everybody could enjoy a wholesome mental feast, even as well as a favorite article of food, don't you? It is strange that people don't know what is good, and that all are so completely satisfied with their particular tastes. It would be laughable, if it were not so sad; but you will say I am no better than the rest, if I will be content with mental joys, and ignore purer, perennial, spiritual ones. But, dear Carrie, we will ignore none of the capacities of our noble natures; let us gratefully recognize the joys of sense, and make them ministers unto mental delight, while sense and intellect both shall, through healthful growth and action, so serve our immortal souls that, when we shall wake in that clime where each shall see himself clearly, we shall not find that our earth life has been empty and void of all sweet fruit.

But sis is impatient; so please write soon to your loving cousin

JENNIE.

Carrie was scarcely astonished when, a few weeks afterward, she received, in another letter from her cousin, a graphic account of the distress of poor Mrs. Potter at the elopement of Angelina with a stranger of whom various dishonorable reports had been circulated during his short stay in town. Well might the mother bemoan the fate of the weak misguided child, who had been so wholly unfitted for any sphere of life by unwholesome reading and injudicious indulgence. Of the poor girl's subsequent fate little was known. A few years after she left home, her father received a pitiful request that he would come to her in New York city. He went, and for a few days the mother had her daughter again; then there was a funeral, and the sod was laid over all that remained of the poor human wreck, while the pitifully developed and sin-scarred repentant soul entered an untried life. A little bright-faced boy was left to take her place in her father's home; for him Mrs. Potter works and worries, and she will see to it that he is not reared to self-indulgence and folly. May she, and all the grandmothers who have like task and like sad memories, be blessed in their work!

As the passing years disinclined Mr. Carr to his usual activity, and increasing wealth warranted the expense, it proved a very easy thing for his wife and daughters to turn his attention to the collection of valuable books, for he was

fond of reading, as well as ready to gratify their tastes; so it happened that at later visits in Ohio, Aunt Sophie found good books and periodicals abundant in the home of her friends.

### THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PARON.

*Pearl the Sixth.—June.*

The leafy month of June has come,  
Sing welcome!

The bird with song, the bee with hum,  
Sing welcome!

It is our lot to greet to-day  
The sunny sister of the May;  
To welcome unto earthly bowers  
The gentle goddess of the flowers;  
Sing welcome!

Her forehead with syringa crowned,  
Sing welcome!

The rose is on her bosom found,  
Sing welcome!

The sparkling waters laugh and leap,  
And murmur. As a bride asleep  
Murmurs endearing tokens, so  
The ripples as they come and go,  
Sing welcome!

The maidens bending o'er the brooks  
Sing welcome!

The students looking from their books  
Sing welcome!

The sick child tossing on his bed  
By fancy's hand is onward led  
Till on a leafy couch he lies,  
Where, pillowing his head, he cries,  
Sing welcome!

The honeysuckles line the road,  
Sing welcome!

That leads us to her sweet abode,  
Sing welcome!

Then touch the harp and strike the lyre,  
And unto purer strains aspire,  
And waken all the echoes till  
We hear from plain, from vale, from hill,  
Sing welcome!

The leafy month of June! Oh, lips,  
Sing welcome!

What if the May is in eclipse,  
Sing welcome!

Let young and old, let rich and poor—  
They who rejoice, they who endure—  
The grave, the gay, the good, the fair  
Upon the warm and odorous air,  
Sing welcome.

READING.—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions: it is the repeller of the scoff and the knave's poison.

## "HUSKS."

"And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, 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 462.)

### CHAPTER XII.

A YEAR and five months had passed away since the evening when Lewis Hammond held his conscience-stricken wife upon his knee, and told her—in fervid words that singularly belied his calm and even demeanor at other times—of his faith in and love for her, and his abhorrence of the sin she felt in her trembling soul that she had committed. Yet she had not the superhuman courage required to contradict a trust like this. There was no alternative but to keep up the weary, wicked mockery unto the end.

"But in all these months she must have learned to care for him!" cries Mrs. Common Sense. "There is nothing disagreeable about the man. He is not brilliant; yet he has intelligence and feeling, and is certainly attached to his wife. I have no doubt but that he indulges her in every reasonable request, and comports himself in all respects like an exemplary husband."

Granted, to each and every head of your description, my dear madam! But for all that his obdurate wife had not come to love him. I blush to say it; but while we are stripping hearts let us not be squeamish! There had been seasons, lasting sometimes for weeks, when her existence was a continual warfare between repugnance to him and her sense of duty; when she dreaded to hear his step in the hall, and shrank inwardly from his caress; watched and fought, until strength and mind were well-nigh gone. Mark me! I do not deny that this was as irrational as it was reprehensible; but I have never held up my poor Sarah as a model of reason or propriety. From the beginning, I have made her case a warning. The Fates forbid that I should commend it to any as an example for imitation! A passionate, proud, reticent girl; a trusting, loving, deceived woman; a hopeless, desperate bride—whose heart lay like a pulseless stone in her breast at the most ardent love-words of her husband, and throbbed with wild, uncontrollable emotion at the fraternal tone and kiss of

her last and only love—I have no plea for her, save the words of Infinite compassion and Divine knowledge of human nature and human woe: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at her!"

The highly respectable firm, of which Mr. Hammond was the junior member, was adding, if not field to field, thousand to thousand, of the wherewithal for the purchase of fields, or, what was better still, city lots. Mrs. Lewis Hammond had set up her carriage about a year after her marriage; said equipage being a gift from her generous husband on the occasion of the first airing of the little "Baby Belle," as she was always called in the family. Not until subsequent events had endowed it with deeper and saddest interest did Sarah read Aldrich's beautiful poem bearing the above title. Lewis's mother's name was Isabella. Her grandchild received the same, which became "Belle" on the mother's tongue, and then because it was natural to say "Baby" too, the pretty alliteration was adopted.

To a man of Lewis's domestic tastes the advent of this child was a source of the liveliest pleasure, and the tiny inmate of his household was another and a powerful tie, binding him to a home already dear. But to the mother's lonely life, so bare of real comfort or joy—haunted by memory and darkened by remorse—the precious gift came, like a ray of Heaven's purest light, a strain of angel music, saying to care "Sleep!" to hope "Awake, the morning cometh!" Beneath the sunshine of so much love, the infant thrived finely, and without being a greater prodigy than the nine hundred and ninety-nine miracles of beauty and sprightliness who, with it, composed the thousand "blessed babies" of the day, was still a pretty, engaging creature, whose gurgling laugh and communicative "coo" beguiled the mother's solitude, and made cheerful the lately silent house.

It was late in the June afternoon, and arrayed in clean white frock, broad sash, and shoulder-knots of pink ribbon, the small lady

sat on her mother's lap at the front window, awaiting the appearance of the husband and father. Sarah had altered much since her marriage; "improved wonderfully," said her acquaintances. There was still in her mien a touch of haughtiness; in her countenance the look that spoke profound thought and introspection. Still, when in repose, her brow had a cast of seriousness that bordered on melancholy; but over her features had passed a change like that wrought by the sculptor's last stroke to the statue. The mould was the same—the chiselling more clear and fine. Especially after the birth of her child was this refining process most apparent in its effects. There was a softness in her smile, a gentle sweetness in her voice, as she now talked to the babe, directing its attention to the window, lest the father's approach should be unnoticed, and he disappointed in his shout of welcome.

"How affected! gotten up for show!" sneered the childless Mrs. Bond, as she rolled by in her carriage, on her way to her handsome, cheerless home and its cross master.

"She has chosen her position well, at all events," rejoined her companion, a neighbor and gossip, who had taken Lucy's place in Victoria's confidence.

"Ridiculous!" She spat out the ejaculation from the overflowing of her spleen. "I could laugh at her airs, if they did not make me mad! One would think to see her, as she sits there, that she had decked herself and the child to please a man that she doated upon—like the good wives we read of in novels, Irving's 'Wife,' for example!"

"And why shouldn't she be fond of him? He is a good-hearted fellow, and lets her do pretty much as she pleases, I imagine, besides waiting on her like any lover. I often meet them riding out together. That is more than your husband or mine ever does, my dear."

"They go quite as often as we desire their company, I fancy. Mine does, I know. Perhaps, if we had the reason for parading our conjugal devotion that Mrs. Hammond has, we might wheedle our lawful lords into taking a seat alongside of us, once in a while. There's nothing like keeping up appearances, particularly if the reality is lacking. If Lewis Hammond knew some of the pretty stories I could tell him, about his Sarah's love-scrapes, he would not look so sublimely contented with his three-story paradise. The elegant clothes he piles upon that squaw of his are preposterous, and she carries them off as if she had dressed well all her days. I tell you she never

looked decent until she put on her wedding-dress. You have heard of the fainting scene that took place that morning, I suppose? Old Mother Hunt said it was 'sensibility,' and 'nervous agitation;' the company laid it to the heat of the room; and I laughed in my sleeve, and said nothing. If that woman aggravates me much more, I will remind her of some passages in her experience she does not dream that I know."

"Do tell me what you mean? I am dying of curiosity! Did she flirt very hard before she was married?"

"She never had the chance. Lewis Hammond was her only offer."

"What was the matter, then?"

"I can't tell you now. It is too long a story. The next time she frets me, as she does whenever she crosses my path, maybe you will hear the romance. Shall I set you down at your door, or will you enliven me by spending the evening with me? I do not expect other company, and George falls asleep over his newspaper as soon as he has dispatched his dinner. Come in, and I will show you the loveliest sofa-pillow you ever beheld; a new pattern I have just finished."

"Thank you! I would accept it with pleasure, but I have not been home since breakfast, and James makes such a fuss if he does not find me in the nursery, tending that whimpering baby, when he comes up at night, that it is as much as my life is worth to stay out after six o'clock. Anything for peace, you know; and since we wives *are* slaves, it is best to keep on the blind side of our masters."

The day had been warm down town, and as Lewis Hammond stepped from the stage at the corner nearest his house, he felt jaded and dispirited—a physical depression, augmented by a slight headache. A business question which he had talked over with Mr. Marlow, before leaving the store, contributed its weight of thoughtfulness, and he was not conscious how near he was to his dwelling until aroused by a sharp tap upon the window-pane; he glanced up at the animated tableau framed by the sash—the smiling mother, and the babe leaping and laughing, and stretching its hands towards him.

"This is the sweetest refreshment a man can ask after his day of toil," he said, when, having kissed wife and child, he took the latter in his arms. He was not addicted to complimentary speeches, and while his esteem and attachment for his chosen partner were even stronger than they had been in the heart of the month

old bridegroom, he was less apt to express them to her now than then. In one respect, and only one, his wedded life had brought him disappointment. Unreserved confidence and demonstrative affection on his side had failed to draw forth similar exhibitions of feeling from Sarah. Kind, thoughtful, dutiful, scrupulously faithful to him and his interests in word, look, and deed, she ever was. Yet he saw that she was a changed being from the fond, impulsive daughter, whose ministry in her father's sick-room had won for her a husband's love. Her reception of his affectionate advances was passive—a reception merely, without apparent return. Never, and he had ceased now to ask it, had she once said to him the phrase he craved to hear—"I love you!" Yet he would as soon have questioned the reality of his existence as that she *did* love him. He held inviolate his trust in the motive that had induced her to become his wife, and in this calm confidence he was fain to rest, in the absence of protestations that would have gladdened his soul, while they could hardly have strengthened his faith in her affection.

Few wives, however loving, have been more truly cherished than was Sarah, and of this she was partially aware. If she had remained ignorant of Lewis's sentiments and wishes with regard to herself until the grieved and unrequited love had subsided into the dull aching that does not, like a green wound, create, by its very smart, a species of excitement that helps one bear the pain; had he glided gradually into the joyless routine of her life's duties, and bided his time of speaking until he had made himself necessary to her comfort and peace, he might have won a willing bride. But what omniscient spirit was there to instruct and caution him? He met and loved her, supposing her to be as free as himself; like an honest, upright man, he told that love, and without a misgiving, placed his honor and his happiness in her hands.

Sarah could not have told why she revolved all this in her unquiet mind as he sat near her, playing with their child; yet she did think of their strange sad history, and from the review arose a feeling of pity, sincere, almost tender, for him, so worthy and so deceived. She remembered with abaseness of spirit how often she had been ready to hate him as the instrument of her bondage; how wrathful words had arisen to her lips at the moment of his greatest kindness; how patiently he had borne her coldness; how unflagging was his care of and for her. Over the dark, turbulent gulf of

the unforgotten past that sundered their hearts, she longed, as she had never done before, to call to him, and confessing her sin against Heaven and against him, to implore pardon for the sake of the spotless babe that smiled into the father's face with its mother's eyes. Would he be merciful? Slowly and emphatically memory repeated in her ear his denunciation of the unloving wife, and courage died before the menaced curse.

"Fudge! Fiddlesticks! what frippery nonsense!" cry out, in a vehement storm of indignation, a bevy of the common sense connection. "Are we not staid and respectable matrons all? Do we not rear our daughters virtuously, and teach our sons to honor father as well as mother? Yet who of us troubles herself with raking in the cold ashes of her 'long ago' for the bones of some dead and gone love—a girlish folly of which she would be ashamed now? What cares Mr. Common Sense, among his day-books and ledgers in his study or in his office, how many times his now correct helpmeet pledged eternal fidelity to other lovers before she put her last crop of wild oats into the ground, and settled for life with him? What if some of us, maybe all, if driven hard, should admit that when we stood up before the minister we underwent certain qualms—call them pangs, if you like—at the thought of Tom This, or Harry That, or Dick The Other, who, if circumstances had permitted, we would have preferred should occupy the place of 'the man whom we actually held by the hand!' While men can choose their mates, and women can only take such as propose to them, these things will happen. After all, who is hurt?" You aver that none of you are, mesdames, and we would not call your word in question. Ladies so conscientious must, of necessity, be veracious, even in love affairs.

"I am a thoughtless animal!" said Lewis, at the dinner-table. "There is a letter from Lucy! Open it—don't mind me! I will crack your nuts for you while you read it."

There was a troubled look in Sarah's eye, when she laid it down. "Lucy says they are certainly coming North this year—that we may look for them in a week from the date of this. This is rather sooner than mother expected them. Her house-cleaning is late this season, in consequence of her rheumatic spell in May."

"Let them come straight here! What should prevent them? There is an abundance of room for them—baby, nurse, and all. It will be a grand arrangement!" said Lewis, heartily.

Sarah was backward in replying. "Father

and mother may object. I would not wound them by interference with their guests."

"I will answer that mother will thank us to take care of them until her scrubbing and scalding are done. And Lucy would not be willing to risk her baby's health in a damp house."

"I will go and see mother to-morrow about it," concluded Sarah. She still appeared dubious as to the expediency of the proposed step, a thoughtfulness that did not wear away during the whole evening.

The Bensons had not visited New York the preceding year. They were detained at the South by a combination of causes, the principal of which was the long and fatal illness of Philip's mother. Lucy had written repeatedly of her intense desire to see her home once more, declaiming against the providences that had thwarted their projects, like an impatient, unreasonable child.

"Philip says it is not convenient for him to go just yet," said her letter to her sister, "and that our part of the country is as healthy as *Saratoga itself*; but I have vowed that I will not wait *one day* beyond the time I have set. It sets me *wild* to think of being in Broadway again—of visiting and shopping, and seeing you all. We have been so dull here since Mrs. Benson's death, and Philip is as *solemn* as a judge. One of his married sisters will stay with the old gentleman while we are away. Oh, Sarah! I am *sick* of housekeeping and baby-nursing! It will do well enough for me when I need spectacles and a wig; but now, while I am young enough to enjoy life, it is *insufferable!*"

"Not very domestic, is she?" observed Lewis, folding up the letter, which Sarah had handed him. "Ah! it is not every man who has such a gem of a wife as I have! It appears to me that the married women of these days are not satisfied unless they have a string of beaux as long as that of a popular single belle. How is it, little one? Do you ever catch yourself wishing that your husband were not such an old-fashioned piece of constancy, and would give some other fellow a chance to say a pretty thing, when you are in company?"

"I do not complain," said Sarah, demurely.

"Not in words, perhaps; your patience is wonderful in everything. But how do you feel when you see your old neighbor, Mrs. Bond, waltzing every set with the gayest gallant in the ball-room, while your jailor does not like to have you 'polk' at all, and favors your dancing only with men whom he knows to be respectable?"

"I feel that Mr. Hammond is a sensible man, and careful of his wife's reputation, even in trifles, while Mr. Bond—"

"Go on! finish your sentence!"

"And his lady are a well-matched pair!"

Much as she disliked Victoria, and knowing that she was hated still by her, Sarah deemed it a necessary and common act of courtesy to her sister's friend to call and apprise her of Lucy's probable visit.

"It is not convenient for mother to receive them for a week yet, on account of certain household arrangements," she stated, in making known the object of her visit to her ancient enemy. "So you will find Lucy at our house, where her friends will be received as if they were my own."

"You are very polite, I am sure!" replied Mrs. Bond, smothering her displeasure at Sarah's studied civility, and noting, with her quick, reptile perceptions, that she was to be tolerated as she fancied Sarah would imply, merely as Lucy's early associate. "And the Bensons are to be with you! I shall call immediately upon their arrival. Poor, dear Lucy! I long to see her. She has had a vast deal of trouble since her marriage—has she not?"

"Except the death of her mother-in-law, she has had nothing to trouble her that I have heard of," answered Sarah, rising to go.

"My dear creature! what do you call the wear and tear of managing a husband, and a pack of unruly servants, and looking after a baby? And she was such a belle! I wonder if she is much broken!"

"Come and see!"

Mrs. Hammond was at the parlor door.

"I will—most assuredly! How do you like their being quartered upon you? What does that pattern husband of yours say to this?"

"Madam!" said Sarah, surprised and offended by the rude query.

"Oh! I don't mean that it would not be very delightful for you to have your sister with you; but there was a foolish rumor, about the time of your marriage, that you and Mr. Benson had had some kind of a love-passage, down in the country; and I thought that Mr. Hammond, with his particularly nice notions, might retain an unpleasant recollection of the story, which would prevent him from being on brotherly terms with his old rival. Men are terribly un-asonable mortals, and perfect Turks in jealousy! We cannot be too careful not to provoke their suspicions."

Not for the universe would Sarah have betrayed any feeling at this insolence, save a

righteous and dignified resentment at its base insinuations; but the ungovernable blood streamed in crimson violence to her temples, and her voice shook when she would have held it firm.

"Mr. Hammond is not one to be influenced by malicious gossip, Mrs. Bond, if, indeed, the report you have taken the liberty of repeating was ever circulated except by its author. I cannot thank you for your warning, as I recognize no occasion for jealousy in my conduct or character. I am accountable for my actions to my conscience and my husband, and I release you from what you have assumed to be your duty of watching and criticizing my personal affairs. Good morning."

"I struck the sore spot! no doubt of that!" soliloquized Mrs. Bond, recalling Sarah's start of pain and blush at the indelicate allusion to Philip Benson. "That woman stirs up all the bile in my system if I talk two minutes with her. If there were half the material to work upon in that vain, weak Lucy, that there is in this sister, I would have my revenge. As for Lewis Hammond, he is a love-sick fool!"

Sarah's cheeks had not lost their flush, nor had her heart ceased its angry throbblings, when she reached home. In the solitude of her chamber, she summoned strength and resolution to ask herself the question, so long avoided, shunned, as she had imagined, in prudence, as she now began to fear, in dread of a truthful reply.

When she married Lewis Hammond, she loved another. Fearful as was this sin, it would be yet more terrible were she now to discover a lurking fondness, an unconquered weakness for that other, in the heart of the trusted wife, the mother who, from that guilty bosom, nourished the little being that was, as yet, the embodiment of unsullied purity. It was a trying and a perilous task to unfold deliberately; to pry searchingly into the record of that one short month that had held all the bloom and fragrance of her life's spring season; to linger over souvenirs and compare sensations—a painful and revolting process; but, alas! the revulsion was not at memories of that olden time; and as this appalling conviction dawned upon her, her heart died within her.

The nurse was arranging Baby Belle for the possible reception of her unknown aunt and uncle, that afternoon, when Mrs. Hammond came into the nursery, her face as pale and set as marble, and silently lifted the child from the girl's lap to her own. For one instant her cheek was laid against the velvet of the babe's;

the ringlets of fair hair mingled with her dark locks, before she set about completing its unfinished toilette. With a nicety and care that would have seemed overstrained, had other than the mother's hands been busied in the work, the stockings and slippers were fitted on the plump feet; the sunny curls rolled around the fingers of the tiring woman, and brushed back from the brow; the worked cambric robe lowered cautiously over the head, lest the effect of the coiffure should be marred; the sleeves looped up with bands of coral and gold; a necklace, belonging to the same set, clasped around the baby's white throat, and she was ready for survey.

"Now, Baby Belle and mamma will go down to meet papa!"

And with the little one still clinging to her neck, she met, in the lower hall, her husband ushering in Lucy and Philip Benson.

### CHAPTER XIII.

BREAKFAST was kept back an hour next morning to await Lucy's tardy appearance. "She was sadly wearied with her journey," apologized Philip, and Sarah begged that she would keep her room and have her meals sent up to her—an hospitable offer, which Mr. Benson negatived.

Lucy did look tired and unrefreshed, and, to speak more plainly, very cross. Her hair, in its driest state of pale yellow, was combed straight back above her temples; her skin was sallow; her wrapper carelessly put on, and its dead white unrelieved by even a bow of ribbon at the throat. Involuntarily Lewis glanced from the uninviting picture to his household deity, in her neat breakfast-dress of gray silk faced with pink, her glossy hair and tranquil features, and said to himself, in secret triumph, "Which is now the beauty? None of your trumpery ornamental articles for me!"

Philip's eyes were as keen as his host's, and the probability is that he instituted a similar comparison, however well his pride succeeded in concealing the act and its result. Cutting short his wife's querulous complaints of the discomforts of travel, and the horrors of nervous sleeplessness, he opened a conversation with Mr. Hammond in the subdued, perfectly-managed tones Sarah remembered so well, selecting such topics as would interest a business man and a citizen of a commercial metropolis. Lucy panted, and applied herself for consolation to her breakfast.

With a strange mingling of emotions, Sarah listened to the dialogue between the gentlemen. She was anxious that Lewis should acquit himself creditably. Brilliant, like Philip, he could never be; but in sterling sense, not many men were his superiors. She had never had cause to be ashamed of him; for one so unpretending and judicious was not liable to make himself ridiculous. Whence, then, the solicitude with which she hung upon his every word? her disappointment when he did not equal the ideal reply she had fashioned, as she heard the words that called it forth? Several times she joined in the conversation, invariably to corroborate Lewis's assertions, or to supply something he had omitted to state. Philip Benson was a student of human nature. Was his mind sufficiently abstracted from his domestic annoyances to divine the motive that Sarah herself only perceived afterwards in solitary self-examination? Not love of or admiration for the intrinsic excellence of the man whose name she bore; not fear lest his modesty should lessen his merits in the eyes of others; but a selfish dread that his acute interlocutor, discerning in him nothing likely to attract or win the affection of a woman such as he knew her to be, might guess her true reason for marrying Mr. Hammond. The timorous progeny of one guilty secret can only be numbered by the minutes during which it is borne in the bosom. Like the fabled Lacedæmonian boy, Sarah carried the gnawing horror with a fortitude that looked like cheerfulness. Habit cannot lighten the weight of a clinging curse; but strength and hardness come in time, if the burdened one is not early crushed by his load.

The sisters spent most of the day in Lucy's room; the latter stretched upon the lounge, as she declared, "completely used up." Mrs. Hunt came around early in the forenoon, and into her sympathizing ears the spoiled child poured the story of her woes and wrongs; Sarah sitting by with a swelling, rebellious heart. With indecorous contempt for one of the most binding laws of the married state—inviolable secrecy as to the faults of the other party to the momentous compact—mother and daughter compared notes upon their husbands, and criticized the class generally as the most wrong-headed, perverse, and dictatorial of all the necessary evils of society.

Mrs. Benson, the elder, and her pleasure-loving daughter-in-law had differed seriously several months before the death of the former. Philip, while espousing his wife's cause to the rest of his family, had, in private, taken her

to task for what he considered objectionable in her conduct; her heads of offence being mainly extravagant love of gay company, and the gallant attentions of gentleman-visitors; neglect of dress, and all efforts to please, when there was no company by; and a decided indisposition to share in the household duties, which his mother's increasing feebleness made onerous to her.

"Ah, mother!" sighed the interesting complainant, raising herself to shake up her pillow, then sinking again upon it. "If girls only realized what is before them when they marry, few would be brave enough to change their condition. When I picture to myself what I was at home—a petted darling—never allowed to inconvenience myself when it could possibly be avoided; courted in society; free as air and light-hearted as a child; and then think of all that I have endured from the unkindness of strangers, and the—well—the want of sympathy in him for whom I had given up my dear old home and friends—I ask myself why I did not remain single!"

The prudent matchmaker shook her head. "Marriage is a lottery, they say, my dear; but I am very sure that single life is a blank. You had no fortune, and in the event of your father's death would have been almost destitute. I am sorry that your father did not insist upon Mr. Benson's giving you your own establishment at once. I hope, now the old lady is out of the way, you will have things more according to your notions."

"Don't you believe that! As if there were not two sisters-in-law, living but four miles off, and driving over every other day to 'see how pa is.' That means, to see whether Lucy is letting things go to wreck and ruin. I understand their spiteful ways! Philip shuts his ears when I talk about them; but I am determined that I will not bear much more meddling!"

Decidedly, Lucy Benson married was a woeful declension from the seraphic spinster depicted in our earlier chapters; but, as in time past, so in time present and to come, the sparkling sugar, whose integrity and sweetness appeared indestructible, while it was kept dry and cool, if dampened, undergoes an acetous fermentation, and the delicate sweetmeat, exposed to the air at a high temperature, becomes speedily a frothing mass, evolving pungent gases. The pretty doll who anticipates, in the connubial state, one long *fête*-day of adoration received, and benign condescension dispensed, is as certain to awake from this dream as from any

other, and upon the temper in which she sustains the disenchantment, depends a vast proportion of her future welfare and peace.

Lucy's behavior to her babe was a mixture of childish fondling and neglect. Fortunately, the little "Hunt's" special attendant was an elderly woman, long established as "Maumer" in the Benson family, and her devotion to her charge prevented any present evil effects from his mother's incompetence or carelessness. Philip's pride in, and love for his boy were extreme. When he came in that evening, Sarah chanced to be in the nursery adjoining her chamber, watching and inciting the two babies to a game of romps. She held one on each knee, the nurses standing by in amused gratification.

"That 's surely my little man's voice!" said Philip, as he and Lewis came up the stairs.

"Let me see!"—and Mr. Hammond peeped into the play-room. "Walk in!" he continued, throwing the door wide open. "Isn't there a pair of them?"

"And a nurse worthy of the twain!" replied Philip. He stooped to the invitation of the lifted arms, fluttering, as if the owner would fly to his embrace. "What do you say of him, aunty? Is he not a passable boy?"

"More than passable! he is a noble-looking fellow. He resembles you, I think," said Sarah, quietly.

"Do you hear that, Hammond? Your wife pronounces me 'more than passable—a noble-looking fellow!' So much for an adroit hint. Is she given to flattery?"

"Not she!" returned Lewis, laughing. "She never said as much as that for my looks in all her life. I have one consolation, however; the less she says, the more she means!" He went into the dressing-room, and Philip, still holding the child, seated himself by Sarah.

"How odd, yet how familiar it seems, to be with you once more, my good sister! What a succession of mischances has made us virtual strangers for many months past! I had almost despaired of ever holding friendly converse with you again. I wonder if your recollections of our visit to Aunt Sarah are as vivid as mine. Do you remember that last sad, yet dear day on the Deal Beach?"

Baby Belle was standing in her mother's lap, her soft, warm arms about her neck; and around the frail, sinking human heart invisible arms, as warm and close, were upholding and strengthening it in the moment of mortal weakness.

"Very distinctly. Many changes have come to us both since then."

"To me very many! I have grown older in heart than in years." Then, evidently fearing that she might otherwise interpret his meaning, he subjoined: "We have had a heavy bereavement in our household, you know. Your changes have all been happy ones. The enthusiastic, restless girl has ripened into the more sedate, yet more blessed wife and mother."

Press your sweet mouth to the convulsed lips, Baby Belle! veil with your silky curls the tell-tale features, whose agitation would bewilder if not betray! Philip was stroking the head of his boy, and did not see the uneasiness of his companion.

"Have you heard of Uncle Nathan's death?" she asked, clearing her throat.

He looked surprised at the inquiry. "Yes! Aunt Sarah wrote immediately to my father."

"Ah! I had forgotten that they were brothers. My memory is treacherous. Excuse me! I am wanted in the dining-room!"

Lewis met her just outside the door, and stopped her to bestow the evening kiss he had not cared to offer in Philip's presence.

"Why, you are as rosy as a peony!" he said, jestingly. "Has Benson been paying you compliments, in return for yours to him? I must look after you two, if you carry on at this rate."

With a look he had reason subsequently to recall, but which only pleased him at the time, she raised his hand to her lips—a look of humility, gratitude, and appeal, such as one might cast upon a slighted benefactor—and vanished.

A merry family party gathered around the Hammond's generous table, that afternoon. All the Hunts were there—from the father down to Jeannie, who was fast shooting up into a tall girl, somewhat pert in manner, but lovable despite this, at times, unpleasant foible.

"Sister Lucy," she said, after an interval of silence, "Ellen West said, at school, to-day, that you were a great belle when you were a young lady; were you?"

"You must not ask me, Jeannie!" The old smile of conscious beauty stole into Lucy's cheeks.

"Was she, sister?" Jeannie referred the case to Sarah.

"Yes, my dear, she was very beautiful," replied the latter, simply.

"She isn't now—not so very handsome, I mean—no handsomer than you are, sister!"

"Jeannie! you forget yourself!" interposed Mrs. Hunt.

"Why, mamma, I did not intend to be rude!

Only I thought that belles were always the prettiest ladies that could be found anywhere."

"By no means!" corrected Lewis, willing to help his wife's pet out of a scrape. "There are many descriptions of belles, Jeannie: handsome, rich, fast, and intellectual.

"And as papa was not rich, I suppose you were either fast or intellectual, sister Lucy!" persisted the child.

"I thought her pretty fast when I tried to catch her," said Philip. "Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Benson, have you ladies decided in the course of to-day's congress what watering-place is to be made the fashion by our clique next month?"

Mrs. Hunt replied that they inclined to Newport; principally on account of Lucy and the children, who would all be benefited by the bathing.

Lucy was sure that she should tire of Saratoga or the Catskills in a week, whereas she adored the ocean.

"What says Madame Discretion?" said Lewis, merrily, to his wife.

"Except that it would break up the family party, I had rather stay at home as long as it is prudent to keep the baby in town; then, if you could go with us, spend a month at some mountain farm-house or sea-side cottage," she answered.

"Hear! hear!" commanded Philip. "Behold a modern wedded dame who prefers seclusion with her liege lord to gayety without him! The age of miracles is returning!"

"Is the case, then, so anomalous?" retorted Sarah, the red spot in her cheek alone testifying to her embarrassment. "Are your Southern matrons all public characters?"

"I can answer that!" said Lucy. "They are slaves! housekeeping machines—nothing better!"

"How many more weak places are there in this crust of family chit-chat, I should like to be informed!" thought the annoyed and uninitiated Hammond. "Here goes for the spot where there is no danger of anybody's breaking in!" He spoke aloud. "A tempting proposal was made to me this morning. It is considered advisable for one of our firm to go abroad for a couple of months, perhaps longer, to divide his time among the principal manufacturing districts of England, Scotland, and France. Expenses paid by the firm, and the term of absence indefinitely prolonged, if the traveller wishes it. Mr. Marlow is tired of crossing the ocean, and presses me to accept the mission."

"What did you tell him?"

It was Sarah who spoke in a startled voice that drew general notice to her alarmed face. Her concern was a delicious tribute to her husband's self-love, if he possessed such a quality. At least he loved *her* well enough to be pleased at her manifest reluctance to have him leave her.

"I told him that I must ask my wife," said he, in a meek tone, belied by the humorous twinkle in his eye, and a loving half smile about his mouth. "See what it is to be one under authority, Benson! A man dare not conclude an ordinary business transaction without the approval of the powers that be."

When Sarah accompanied her sister to her chamber that night, the *passée* belle put a direct question.

"Tell me, Sarah, are you as much in love with Mr. Hammond as you seem to be, or is it all put on for the benefit of outsiders?"

"I am not apt to do anything for the sake of mere show; nor do I care for the opinion of 'outsiders,' as you call them," rejoined Sarah, amazed at the cool audacity of the inquiry, and disposed to resent Lucy's confident expectation that she would avow the cheat, if such there were, in her deportment.

"You used to be shockingly independent, I know. What a ridiculously honest little puss you were! How you despised all our pretty arts and necessary affectations! How you hated our economical mother's second-best furniture and dinners! I don't believe Victoria West has ever forgiven you for the way in which you used to take to pieces what you styled our 'surface talk and surface life!' I thought, however, that you had discovered by this time, that one cannot live in the world without deceiving herself or other people; I prefer making fools to being one. Heigh-ho! this life is a very unsatisfactory business at the best. What a heavenly collar that is of yours! One thing I do wish, and that is—that my husband were half as fond of me, or as good to me, as Lewis is to you!"

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY.—After all, the truest beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us each call up to memory the faces that have been most pleasant to us—those that we have loved best to look upon, that now rise most vividly before us in solitude, and oftenest haunt our slumbers—and we shall usually find them not the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression.

## WIDOWS: PART IV.

## POOR WIDOWS.

"God bless all our gains," say we;  
But "may God bless all our losses"  
Better suits with our degree.

MRS. BROWNING.

WE knew a young lady once, who was wont devoutly to exclaim, "I am thankful for two things: that I am not black, and that I am not a man!" Though all of the fair sisterhood may not fully sympathize with this grateful damsel, there was some root of reason in her whimsical thanksgiving. In this world of trial, a woman may be glad that she is of the gentler sex for one reason, at least, without offence to the lords of creation. A man can't wear a bonnet and veil—a real bonnet, we mean, one that shelters the face, not frames it with a border of lace and roses, or rises above it in true Gothic style. And, as for a veil, be he bridegroom or widower, lover or mourner, at church or in the street, in the graveyard or on change, no matter where a man is, no matter what he is feeling, no friendly drapery may shield him from critical observers. Everybody knows whether he cried or did not cry in the midst of that touching sermon, the Sunday after his wife died. The very children who met him on his return from the funeral, can tell whether his eyes were red, or how cheerful an expression lurked round the corners of his mouth.

Of all the inventions of a refined civilization, perhaps there is not one more appropriate and welcome than the widow's veil. Many a stricken woman could not be persuaded to go beyond the threshold of her desolated home but for this welcome screen, which gives her the sacred seclusion she craves, while she moves once more among the busy, indifferent crowd. How she clings to it! How she hesitates to lay it aside, even when her kindly friends remind that her allotted years of such weeds of mourning are over.

It has been said that in this country there is no style of dress which is peculiar to any state or condition of life. Bridget and the American Miss Vere de Vere, on a gala day, are attired much after the same fashion, though connoisseurs in matters of the toilet can distinguish the ermine and diamonds of the one from the rabbit-skin and glass of the other. The general effect, however, is much the same to the uninitiated.

In the midst of the universal aping and caricaturing of the ways and wearing apparel of the "upper ten," it is a little singular that the widow's veil is so seldom worn in the humbler

spheres of life. Where you see such a veil, you expect to find somewhat of refinement, something that marks an elevation above the masses who toil with hard hands for daily bread. Woolly, soft, and of a "rusty black" may be the limp folds of that drooping, well-worn veil, and yet it has about it a savor of gentility, a smack of "better days." Too often it marks that most irresistible of petitioners who prevailed over even the "unjust judge," the Poor Widow, pinched and straitened, and forced to push onward, when she would far rather sit down by the wayside and die.

It is of these sad, veiled mourners, nursed in prosperity and guarded by love, then turned out on the cold world to stand and struggle alone, that we to-day are thinking. There may come a time when the bare, broad, but tear-washed faces of the lowly sharers of the same sorrow will claim our attention. For the present, we leave them and their John Rogers' share of olive branches quite out of mind.

This is a pitifully matter-of-fact world. The lover must have other food than his own sweet thoughts, or he will die; the poet has his poor physical wants to call him back from dream-land, and even the sentimental young lady, herself, cannot live wholly upon moonlight. Meals are cooked and eaten in the house of mourning. The heart-broken widow must stand up to have her black clothing fitted, and dry her tears to look over puzzling business papers, cheek by jowl with a phlegmatic lawyer.

Hardly has the tomb closed over the master of the house when its sorrowing mistress must decide upon her future course, and know what provision has been made for her wants. At the very time when she shrinks from the common companionships of life, she often must face strangers, and pass through interviews at once wounding to her delicacy and painful to her pride. She has so lately been a petted "Picciola," she cannot yet believe herself a mere weed 'twixt the paving-stones of the great thoroughfare of life. She is still precious in her own eyes, as having been "dear to some one else," and her every slight and mortification seems to her a disrespect to him who is gone. The path of privation and loneliness she sees opening before her, wins an added gloom, because *he* would have so grieved to have her tread this weary way. Yet tread it she must; common-place people talked of it as a certain thing, the very day of the funeral, and wondered "what she would do for a living."

She may shut her eyes for a while, and, like Micawber, hope "something will turn up" that

will sow golden dust, rather than iron to work with, and iron to be pined with along her future way. She may shut her eyes, but she will open them in a time of dreary discomfort, a time of wanting to economize without knowing the way, of trying to make her little supernaturally last, until she finds out too surely that the days of miracles are over, and her "barrel of meal" is empty, and her "widow's cruse of oil" drained to the last drop. What shall she do now? She might better have asked herself the question at first, for it was sure to come, and with double pungency for the delay.

If a man's house be his castle, a woman's seems to her a refuge even more sure. Under her own roof she is still protected. Surrounded by the furniture her mother gave her, treading the very carpets where her feet have stepped so joyously, she is not yet fairly turned out upon the cold highway of life. Thus sheltered, thus surrounded by familiar objects, she can yet thrust her frail arm as a bolt, and keep out the gaunt, threatening face of poverty at the door. She will not go forth to struggle with the world; she will let a little of it in to her, and make the intruders pay in hard coin for robbing her of her privacy.

In plain English, the Poor Widow resolves to take boarders. At the table where she has enjoyed those cheerful meals with her husband and children, strangers shall gather—the newly-married couple living on love and a salary, the smart clerk, the odd, snuffy old bachelor, and that "queer woman," who always goes to the new boarding-house, and never stays long at any.

She begins with her old notions of hospitality. She must make her "inmates," as she calls them, comfortable. Their tastes and wishes are consulted. With a sensitive anxiety she watches for their approval. Perhaps some low-minded dolt sniffs and complains of his fare to her very face, or significant whispers from the other end of the table reach her ears and make them tingle. She redoubles her efforts, she buys every expensive delicacy, her house is a model of neatness.

On some unlucky morning she discovers that she is not "making ends meet." This boarding-house, this disagreeable resource that was to be a kind of condensed California, turns out a losing investment. The horrors of debt are clustering around her. What studying of the account-books now begins! What adding up on scraps of paper! What forlorn attempts at retrenchment! What struggles between a na-

turally liberal spirit and a sense of what is due to herself and her children!

Go keep a boarding-house, ye who are hard upon the widows who are reckoned "managing, close-fisted women!" It is no easy thing, after living in comfort, without pecuniary care, to reckon every day how much must be allowed for the "butcher and the baker," and that endless train, even down to the "candlestick-maker."

My widowed friend, if you open a boarding-house, don't expect to make money. You may earn the privilege of living with your children under your own roof; but if you lay up anything, it will be more likely to be bad debts from your boarders, and too good debts to your creditors, rather than bank-stock or rouleaux of gold.

The Poor Widow, what can she do? Do something she must. We have seen her try the boarding-house; is there no other field of labor open to her?

The Poor Widow may teach if she has the education, she may write if anybody will publish for her, she may keep a store if she can borrow the capital, she may paint or engrave if she has the requisite talent and skill, she may act as a clerk if she can command a neat pen, as a saleswoman if she has a strong back and can make change, she may sew, she may even wash; and tenderly nurtured women have done all, even the last of these, rather than cringe in miserable dependence.

*Mem.* We do not call it dependence when strong family affection knits in its close bonds the giver and the recipient. Under such circumstances, it is meet that they who are of one blood should share one common purse, no matter in whose pocket it may chance to be found.

The Poor Widow need neither beg nor starve, if she have health, energy, and industry. Somewhere and somehow she can earn daily bread for herself and her little ones. Yet even to the most cheerful and industrious spirit, however prospered in a struggle for a livelihood, there will come dark days, days when she does not want to work, she wants to be guarded, and sheltered, and cared for. She craves the woman's true place, with the strong arm to lean upon, and the strong head or hand to labor for her. She must have her real discouragements and her disappointments, her times of sickness and weariness of body and mind, of loathing for the jostling and scrambling of this work-a-day world. It is not the happiest lot for a woman to be earning her own

living, no matter how the stony path may seem to be strewn with roses.

Thanks be unto God, there is a blessed drop which can sweeten the bitter cup—the Poor Widow must daily drink! There is a sunshine which can gild all her toil! Her means of support may be made means of usefulness; her field of labor a missionary field. She may be working for and with her Heavenly Master. She may be spreading abroad the sweet spirit of love and cheerfulness, and by the “word fitly spoken,” or the surer voice of example, lead the strangers with whom she is thrown Home to her Father’s House! Whether she teaches or keep boarders, writes or stands behind the counter, washes or sews, she is in an honorable vocation, she is one of the Lord’s workers, and for her there is laid up a good reward, an everlasting crown.

We have hitherto spoken only of those widows to whom poverty and affliction have come like twin sisters, hand-in-hand. There is, however, a large class who pass by slow stages from comparative comfort down to the uneasy couch of her who has debts to pay and bread to buy, without the wherewithal to change an eagle. How is it that so many widows, who have at first a modest competency, must in the end see their homes sold, their children scattered, and their little all vanished to the winds?

Bad management! Extravagance! Thriftlessness! Shiftlessness! So say the wise ones, and they say too truly. But where shall we lay the blame? Is it the fault of the sorrow-stricken woman who, utterly ignorant of business, finds herself suddenly without the adviser, who has been to her as the head, while she willingly has acted as the humble hand? Shall we reproach her because her expenses have exceeded her income, until that income has slowly dwindled in spite of her desperate efforts at retrenchment and economy? Shall we not rather carry home the reproof where it is due, and ring it in the ears of the unwise parents who trained her?

Let us go back to her childhood to find that half-learned multiplication table, that slipshod dawdling over the good old four rules of arithmetic! Was she taught to keep accounts in her girlhood? Did she early learn the value and right use of money? O no! She might buy *ad libitum* at “the store,” having everything charged; but never for a single year did she keep any memorandum, or make any estimate of her own expenses. Money was a thing with which she had little to do. Papa and mamma provided her with everything, without

allowing her even enough gold and silver to chink in her purse, and teach her the joy of self-denial for the pleasure of giving. She neither learned economy nor liberality! She was sent forth as a wife, with about as little an idea of the practical affairs of business life as of the intricacies of the Sanscrit! What wonder that she has frittered away the rightful inheritance of her children, and must look forward to an old age of perhaps bitter want, and surely of bitter self-reproach!

Let us deal gently with her, but win from her a valuable lesson for the training of our own daughters. While we cry “God grant that the woes of widowhood may never fall on them!” let us see to it that they are so educated that they may be prepared for any emergency, and equal to any trust.

The truly feminine character develops most perfectly by the hearthstone, ’neath the fostering shelter of the home. It is like the wild wood-flower, which is sweetest in its native shades, and is known only to strangers when they seek it in its own mossy retreat, where it peeps up at the blue sky ’twixt the twining branches of its leafy screen.

Every true woman dreads the influence of the unnatural exposure to collision with the rough world, which is the lot of the Poor Widow. Sadly she sometimes looks forward and draws a gloomy picture of what years in the turmoil of life may make her. “I shall become accustomed after awhile,” she says, “to what is now so painful to me. My sensibilities will become blunted, as I go steadily on struggling for my children, and every year will take from me some delicate characteristic of womanhood. I shall grow cold, and hard, and worldly, and unlovely. Men will laugh at me, and call me masculine; and my own sex will grow shy of me, and stand off from me as some peculiar thing. I shall pass through the harsh, hardening process, and a thick, unpleasant crust will form over all that was ever tender in my nature.”

“Yet, even then,” something whispers, “there will be one fount within you unchilled. Your mother’s heart will be warm and true. There will be one circle where you will be rightly prized. The sons whom you have struggled to educate will know how to honor you. The daughters you have screened from the cares that have harassed you will be ready to smooth lovingly your gray hairs, and sweeten your few remaining years by their devoted affection.”

Yes! hear these words of comfort, toiling

widow! Fear not to put on the harness! "For God and my children!" is your watchword! You must come off conqueror! That gaunt, unlovely phantom of your imagination need never scowl on you from your looking-glass. You need not grow hard, and stern, and worn with anxious care. You need not contend and jostle, and give and take unkindly blows in the battle of life. Cheerful industry alone is required of you. Leave all else to your heavenly champion. Your cause is His! "A Father to the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow is God in his holy habitation!" The Lord of Hosts is King in all the earth!

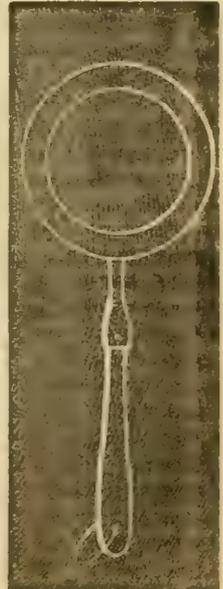
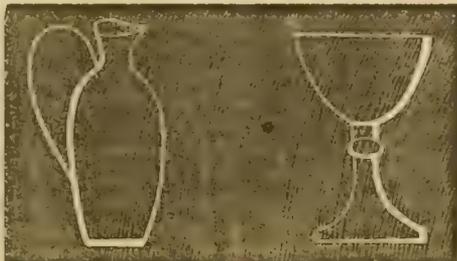
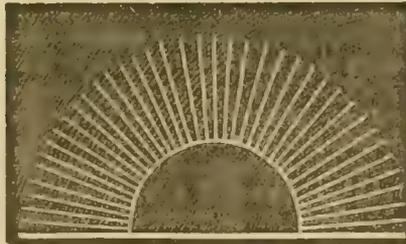
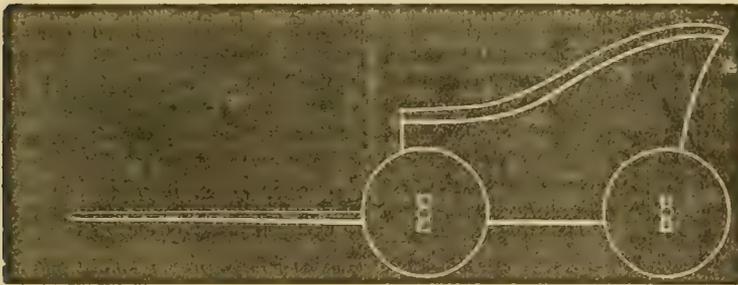
The Christian widow has a sure portion!

The wrath and unfaithfulness of man cannot hurt her. An Almighty deliverer is pledged for her rescue. The birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, have for her their message of comfort. The hoar frost and the timely dews are her pledges. He who so careth for plant and soulless creature "will much more care for her!"

Fire may destroy, banks may fail, floods may desolate, ships may sink, and universal ruin overwhelm the world of trade, yet the Christian widow need not fear. Her bread is sure! Her labor shall prosper, and her children shall call her blessed! The Eternal God is her refuge, and underneath are his everlasting arms!

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## LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

### LETTER VI.

DEAR MR. GODEY: The way I happened to go back to Pendle Holler visitin' was this. Archie was agoin' away to Spindleville beyond the Holler, with an empty wagin, and Susan reckoned I wouldn't git a better chance right away, and so I'd best go with Archy, and run my risk of gettin' home agin. Well, I fixed up my best frocks and had my bunnit trimmed over with pink ribbin, and artificials, and a bran new shawl that Archy give me to wear Sundays and a parasaul, the very first I ever had in my hull life; and I can tell you I felt as if I was wonderful fine. It was about the last of June, when the strawberries was beginnin' to git ripe, and looked so nice a growin' in the grass along the road. You know, then, they always look bigger and better than they really are, when you jest git a glimpse so, and then the young winter greens grew with them too. It was real tantalizin' to see 'em. The laurels, and wild roses, and ever so many more posies was as thick as they could be, too. When we come out of the woods, the men was hoin' in the cornfields, and the bright sheets of tin whirlin' round and round for scarecrows, and the old straw and rag men stuck up to watch the corn, made quite a pieter. Every bit as handsome as some of Miss Goldbalse's "conty diners," as she calls 'em, in her big furrin pieter. Brewster says "Fudge" to it, jest as he always does, but then he orter know. He says, "what's the difference between sheep's gray rags, and ragged sheep skins," and that's all I can git him to say.

When we got to the Holler, I declare I felt glad, it looked so nateral and home-like. The very geese and goslings along the side of the road seemed like old friends, and there was Square Kinyon comin' in from the barn, and, would you believe it, his close was all feathers agin, jest as they was the first time I see him. Elder Jones nodded to me as I went by, and Miss Pendle come clear out to the gate to meet me, and tried to coax Archy to stop, too, but couldn't.

When Miss Pendle got me sot down in a chair at the table takin' a "bite of somethin'," as she called it, and it was a considerable of different things, baked beans, cold veal, bread, pie, and cake enough for four or five, she begun to tell me how glad she was I'd come. Says she, "Betsy, it's drefle lucky you've come jist

now. Everybody is all took up with the great celebration we're goin' to have here Fourth of July. Now I say you shall be one of the gals to wear a white frock and carry a flag and call yourself one of the States. Lemme see, there's nobody stan's for Michygan yit. Guess you'll have to be Michygan. I'll help ye git reddey. There's goin' to be a great time, I'spect; firing guns in the mornin' (Old Seth Wormley's lent 'em an anvil), and marchin' in procession with flags aflyin', all the gals in white, with green sprigs on their frocks, singin', and readin', and a great oration by Major Todd, and then a reg'lar dinner in the bushes back of the buryin' ground. I hope to massey it won't rain. Now, ain't you glad you come jest as you did?" I said I was, for I never 'd been to a big celebration in my life. "Wall, now," says she, "you'll be jest suited. I'm goin' to keep ye here till it comes off. The deacon is jest as tickled as a boy with the notion, and he's been and helped 'em make the tables and seats, and he's goin' to kill a couple of pigs, and ever so many chickens, and Darkis Blinn is comin' to help me cook two hull days beforehand. Now you and I will run over to the elders and find out about it this evenin' and settle what you're to wear, and I reckon Nat Stowers'll want to fetch you the princess pine to trim your frock with. I'll let him know you're here." So she run on every minit she got about the celebration. Then the deacon come home with his saw, and augers, and chisels on his arms, and hove 'em down by the door. He fairly hopped when Miss Pendle told him I'd come. He run right in and shook hands, and said he reckoned I'd be over when I come to hear about their celebration. "The more the merrier," says he; "there's room for ever so many more jestlike you. Besides, I want somebody to try to write us some verses to sing. If only we had Tilda Button here now, she'd slap us off a dozen on a sheet of wrappin' paper or birch bark, or anything handy, jest as soon as you asked her about it. Now why can't you git up somethin' of that sort, hey?" "Oh," says I, "couldn't do it, any way. I don't know how." "Shaw," says he, "you don't want to know how. I've hearn say you couldn't learn a body to make rhymes, but it comes nateral. So you don't want to know how. Come now, I put you down for a dozen or two of verses.

Somethin' like 'Hail Columby,' only ruther different meter. Say 'Hail Columby, land of glory, where the oppressed shall go free.' Why, hello, I've 'most made a varse myself. Now, if I could only jest git the mate to it. Don't rattle your dishes round so, Miss Pendle—'land o' glory—glory—glory.' Then it comes in agin. 'Hail ye heroes'—then! I've got it—'Hail ye heroes famed in story.' What's next, 'free, shall go free—tea—sea—bottee—libertee. Who fought and bled for libertee.' There, I told you so. You don't want to learn verse makin'. Jest listen:—

'Hail Columby, land of glory,  
Where the oppressed shall go free;  
Hail ye heroes famed in story,  
Who fought and bled for libertee.'

And Deacon Pendle tipped back in his chair, and laughed right out. "La," says Miss Pendle, "you needn't laugh, deacon. I can remember when you use to talk a good deal of poetry, whether you made it, or read it, I don't know." "Did I?" says the deacon, laughin' louder than ever; "that was shortly before you was married, I reckon, Miss Pendle." "Sho, you go along," says Miss Pendle, a slappin' the deacon's straw hat onto his head, and clean down over his eyes, and flutterin' out doors with her tablecloth, leavin' the deacon to make his verses in the shadder of his hat-band.

Well, we went over to Elder Jones's, and Miss Jones bein' one of the committee, agreed to send Liddy Stowers down to Deacon Pendle's next day to help a little about my frock. We 'd got to have our sleeves short and all alike, and there wa'n't but five days more, besides Sunday, before the Fourth come round, and there was the bower house to make over the platform where the Major would stan', and all the rest of the cookin' and fixin' that was to be done. Miss Jones wanted to know if I 'd seen Miss Kinyon yet; "because," says she, "if you don't ask her what you 'd better do, she 'll up and tell you before everybody that your frock ain't right, or your hair, or you wa'n't asked to be one of the States. It's wonderful," says she, "how we contrived to get along before Miss Kinyon come here to live. She's a real bustlin', schemy, drivin' woman jest like her mother, and I shouldn't wonder if she thought we couldn't git up anything without her; but we 'll manage this affair without her, any way."

Well, for a couple of days we was busy enough; then come Sunday, and then Monday we all got together to fix up the bower house and the platform. There was all the young

folks in Pendle Holler, and the boys brought a hull wagon-load of cedar, and hemlock, and spruce trees, with ever so much rope and scantlin's. I never see a merrier lot, and we made as fine a Temple of Liberty as ever was built. The pillars was scantlin's, all wound 'round with cedars, and the ruff was cedars, too, laid on flat. We had a pattern that Mr. Jones made with a pencil on a piece of paper; and there was an eagle made of green sprigs, tacked on a board covered with white paper up in the front, over the heads of the folks that was to sit inside. The ropes was braided with green bushes, and hung from one tree to another, all 'round the edges of the place where the seats was laid, and when we got done, you never see anything look hansomer than it did, with the sunshine comin' through chinks in the leaves overhead, and ripplin' over the moss and bushes growin' on the ground. Nat Stowers went home with me and Liddy, and we showed him about what things we wanted him to bring from the piney woods on the hills for us to trim our frocks with. He promised to bring us a bushel-basketful next day early. "Oh," says he, "Cousin Liddy, I wish to massy the gals was big enuff to wear green things on their frocks along with the rest of you. It would be such a grand thing to think about arterwards. Why, I bet there 'll be a hundred folks a lookin' at you all at once. What 'll you dew, gals, ef you should want to laugh? 'Twon't dew to laugh. You must jest put on your face along with your frock, 'n' wear it as ef 'twas a part of your dress-up. Lemme see, Michygan orter look sum like an Injin. 'Sposin' you jest brown your face a little, schoolma'am, 'n' stick a few hawks' fethers in yer hair, 'n' wear moggasins. Then Liddy's goin' to be Varmout. She orter wear a pine bush in her hair; that 's the way Ethan Allen's boys use to dew." "We 're all a-goin' to wear green 'reaths on our heads, Nat," says Liddy. "Oh, be you?" says he; "that 's good. I guess you 'll look as grand as kings 'n' queens. Wish to massy Forth of July come faster 'n' lasted longer 'n it does. Wall, I 'll run hum. Father's got to go down with the committee to meet Major Todd, 'n' 'scort him up to Square Kinyon's, where I 'speat they 'll keep him on cookies 'n' plum sass, 'n' make him sleep on a stack of feather beds as big as a haystack. Wish to massy I was Major Todd."

So Nat went off; but next day, sure enuff, he come with the princess pines, ground pines, and patridge vines in a big corn basket. Darkis

Blinn come, too, to help Miss Pendle do her cookin', and they was runnin' out and in every few minits with somethin' for us to look at or taste, and a-jokin' and laughin' as ef they was only little girls. How well I remember that day! and how nice Liddy and I fixed up our frocks, with two rows of fresh ground pine basted on to the skirt like flounces, and the little bright green partridge vines on the waist and sleeves, and a wreath of 'em for our heads. When they was all done and laid out on the bed, Deacon Pendle come in to look at 'em. "Liddy," says he, after he 'd looked 'em all over, "I shouldn't wonder ef Miss Broomcorn was to catch a beau with this here mess of bushes on her frock, makin' her look so much like an angel, should you now, Liddy?" "Deacon Pendle," says I, "have you got your verses done, so 's we can jest sing 'em over before Liddy goes hum? Come, now, what comes after 'Hail Columby, land of glory?'" "Sho!" says he; and, catchin' up his hat, he trotted out doors, leavin' us to laugh at him as much as we liked.

Wall, after a deal of tronble, and worry, and frettin', we got about ready the night, before the Fourth. Major Todd had come in Square Kinyon's shay, with a half a dozen others trailin' through the dust behind them; but they all went off hum and left the Major to eat the cookies and plum sass Nat had promised us he 'd get, and everybody in the Holler was at home, and as still as bees in a hive jest afore swarmin' time.

We was waked up next mornin' before daylight by an awful bang. I heard the Deacon holler from down stairs, "Hooror! there goes the guns!" Sure enough, there they did go. I should think there was fifty muskits, rifles, pistols, and popguns, all a-tryin' to get off at once, but scamperin' along like a flock of sheep, big and little. The hills 'round follered 'em up with a roarin' like distant thunder. Somebody begun to ring the meetin'-house bell, and five or six drums and as many more fifes come a-thumpin' and squeelin' down the road from the Kimble Settlement, and another lot, with Gran'ther Humble's old bugle along, from the other road, and every now and then they touched off Seth Wormley's old anvil, and that fairly made the hills beller. Every time they loaded up their guns they 'd let 'em off agin in the greatest hurry, till it seemed as if we might be havin' Bunker Hill over agin. There wasn't any let up to the noise; so I got up, and dressed me, and opened the winder. The sky in the east was all pink and yellow like the inside of

a great shell. Only a few stars showed themselves like bright specks in the sky, and the moon, faint and white, was jest a dippin' down behind the edge of Maple Hill. The shadders of the woods looked a dark blue, and over the grove, where the men was firin' their guns, a thin waverin' cloud of white smoke kept rollin' up like fog from a pond. There was somethin' wild and stirrin' to the blood in the noise of the guns rattlin' off so fast, and the rollin' of the drums, and the screamin' of the fifes, and the bugle that sounded so mournful it seemed to be lamentin'. Why shouldn't it? It was blowed at Yorktown, Valley Forge, and 'most everywhere General Lee had a fight; and maybe there was some echo of the old life that it used to see a-stirrin' in its noise yet. Then the meetin'-house bell was ringin' as fiercely as if there was danger at hand, and it was callin' the people together for their defence. It was ruther pleasant to hear all this now; but I couldn't help a-thinkin' of the time mother used to tell us about, when she see her brothers with guns upon their shoulders go out of their father's door in the glory of a summer mornin', and start for the army, with the boom of the enemy's cannon a-soundin' in their ears. The boy of sixteen would leap forrard like an eager hound, and his brothers break into a run at every one of those holler sounds that roared and thundered among the hills, and shook the glass in the winder where she stood, and looked after 'em till they was quite out of sight. They was goin' to fling their separate lives into the balance that was a-waitin', tremblin' up and down either side, to be turned at last and forever by the noble souls that threw their strong arms and brave hearts into it, just as them boys did on that summer mornin'. Well, that time was gone, and we had a right to be glad, to ring bells, and blow horns, and "act like simpletons if we wanted to," as Deacon Pendle said when I went down stairs. Says he: "I allers feel jest so, Betsy, and I wish I had a passle of boys to help me do it." "Never mind, Deacon," says I, "you 'll have boys and girls enough to help you to-day, certain." "'Spect I shall! 'spect I shall. Come, Miss Pendle, less fly round and get things out of 'he way before nine o'clock. Them airy chaps has gone hum for breakfast, and so we 'll have ours."

The folks was all goin' to the meetin'-house first, and from there to the grove. Liddy and Keziar Stowers come over to Deacon Pendle's early in a one horse shay, with Nat to drive, and brought their fixin's in a big bandbox, and

we helped one another dress. Pretty soon the wagons begun to come rumblin' along toward the meetin'-house, loaded with folks all in their best close, and as merry as a passle of boys. When we got ready, we went down stairs, and Nat looked ~~at us~~ for ever so long without sayin' a word. At last he took off his hat, and laid it down on the floor. Says he: "Gals, you're most as pooty as a general muster." Liddy said she thought we ought to look better than a-trainin; but Nat didn't, though he reckoned we looked as grand as any queen would without her crown on. Without that he 'spected they wasn't anything uncommon.

After Miss Pendle and Darkis got their vittles sent off up to the grove, we went all together over to the meetin'-house. That was the first time I'd seen Miss Kinyon since I come to the Holler, and she was flyin' 'round among the girls, with a little flag in her hand with "Massachusetts" on it in big letters. She was tryin' to scold 'em into doin' something she *would* have done any way, and the way she switched and switched her flag was jest as if she'd like to have it a good stout stick and be able to use it. She come right up to us, and says she: "I want you to change flags with me, Keziar." "What for?" says Keziah. "Well, jest for fun: you know it don't make no difference." "Well, I don't care," says Keziah. So she give Miss Kinyon her flag that had "Connecticut" on it, and took the "Massachusetts" flag. Puddy soon we found out that there 'd been a quarrel about their places in the percession. Miss Kinyon would have it accordin' to the alfybet; so she'd got *C*, and that would take the lead of *M*. It was a good while before we was ready to start; but after Major Todd, and Elder Jones, and Square Kinyon, and the committee was ready, the signal was given for startin', and off we sailed. Major Todd and Elder Jones, Square Kinyon and Square Damerill, the committee, representatives, girls in white, representatives, boys pretty much in black, follered by the rest, permiscuous. Of course we couldn't see ourselves; but we felt as if we made a show worth lookin' at. The bell was rung, and guns fired, and the twelve little drums, and the four great ones, and the twenty fifes, and the bugle, that I forgot to say walked ahead of us all, made such a noise, that if every woman there had screamed as loud as ever they could, I don't believe anybody would have heard them at all. Well, we went up the road and across Square Kinyon's medder, where they 'd mowed a wide path through the clover for us to march in, and around the buryin'-

ground into the grove. Then Major Todd and the rest of them went up into the Temple of Liberty, and sot down; the representatives on the front seats, and so on. There was a terrible crowd of folks, and all the seats was full, and ever so many sot on the ground, and the boys climbed trees. There was as much noise as ever till Square Kinyon got up and come forward with a strip of white paper in his hand. He was dressed up with a bran new blue coat, with bright buttons, a yeller vest, and drab trowsers, and every hair on his head pasted down into its place, except the ends that was rolled up like drake's tails. He looked round a minit, spread out the paper, made a bobbin' bow, haumed, and said he would read the "Programmy of the Order of Proceedin's of the patrotic cityzens of Pendletown in celebratin' the glorious Fourth of July." First:—

Readin' the Programmy, by Timothy Kinyon, Esquire.

Singin' by the chore.

Prayer by the Reverend Guy Jones.

Singin' by the chore.

Readin' the Declaration of Indypendence, by Timothy Kinyon, Esquire.

Singin' by the chore.

Oration by Major Pelletiar Todd.

Singin' by the chore.

Firin' a salute, and marchin' in percession to the table, where dinner will be sarved up free gratis to all such as partake of the hospitality of Pendle Holler.

With another bobbin' bow, the Square went and sot down; and Elihu Blinn, and the two Wormleys, the Stowers girls, Dr. Stirrup, and four or five young folks from the Kemble Settlement that made up Square Kinyon's "chore," sung "Hail Columby." Elder Jones made a prayer suitable, I 'spose; for I remember it was full of batels, and victories, and triumphs, and glories, and all such words. Then we had a little more singin' by the chore, durin' which there was a good many folks come, and the boys took advantage of the noise to get a little higher up, and farther out on the trees. Then Square Kinyon spread his wings like the American eagle, a-readin' the Declaration of Independence. He wasn't the best hand at readin' ever was, and we was all glad when he come to "*our lives, our fortins, and our sackerd honors.*"

All this time Major Todd had set in a chair with his hands over his head, and his long legs stretched out before him, in the awkwardest shape he could git into, a settin' on the small of his back, his head poked forward, and his sholders hunched up, till you couldn't tell whether he was awake enough to know what

was goin' on only for his eyes that looked mighty observin'.

Right in the middle of the singin', pop come a little bundle of beech leaves right into my face. I brushed 'em out of my lap, but in a minit more down come another. I couldn't help lookin' up toward the boys in the trees. There was Nat Stower's lyin' out his hull length on a big lim jest to throw things at me, but the minit I caught his eye he straitened up and begun to motion to me to look over toward the other side of the grove, but I couldn't see anything for the crowd of heads there. Nat grew red in the face, and almost tumbled out of the tree a tryin' to motion somethin' to me. At last he took his jack knife out of his pocket and cut a button off his coat, and pitched it into my lap. I was further than ever from findin' out what he meant, but as the noise of the singin' was over and the oration jest agoin' to begin' I dassent look that way agin. Major Todd unlocked his hands, took 'em down, and drew up his feet, stood up on 'em, and smoothed out the kink in his back made by settin' on it, flung his hair up in a pile on top of his head and come forrad and bowed to the folks, kind of a long swingin' bow. He was tall, most too tall, for our Temple of Liberty, but his head didn't quite touch the ruff, which was a great escape.

I've hearn Brewstir tell about the reporter that Gabriel let into Heaven unknown to Peter, and accordin' to what Brewstir says a reporter would have writ down that oration jest as fast as Major Todd talked it off, but I can't even remember any of it, only a comfortable kind of feelin' after it was over, a kind of a "thank goodness I was born a Yankee," and a shudderin' sense of what an awful thing it would be to be a furriner, and a confused notion of mountains, and cataracts, and mighty rivers, broad prayrees, brave men, beautiful women, and sorin' ideas, mixed up along with heroes, statesmen, Bunker Hill, admirin' worlds, children's children and generations to come. I took a sly peep at Nat right in the middle of it. He set in the notch of a big gnarly beech, with his eyes and mouth wide open, adrinkin' in every word as if it was gospel. I don't 'spose he thought of anybody, or anything else while it lasted.

When Major Todd wound up his speech with a great flourish about the generations to come, somebody mistook the time and teched off the anvil. Oh if you could have seen the folks jump, and heard the squalls right on the top of all that sublime talk, and a little of the

swearin' that was whispered round among the men, but they got over it in a minit, and we had the last of the singin' done by the chore. I could hear them hammerin' away at the anvil, a loadin' up agin, so I was lookin' out for another bang, when Nat begun to throw leaves at me agin. I thought he must be goin' crazy, for he grinned and clapped his hands and swung his hat, and motioned to somebody over on the other side, and then back to me agin. Jest before they fired he slid down offer the tree, and dodged out of sight. Well, they fired agin, a regular thunder clap, but, as the folks was expectin' it, they didn't make so much fuss about it as they did before, but begun to bustle round for the procession to the table. Miss Kinyon scolded and figated, and wondered "what on earth Mr. Kinyon could be about that *he* didn't get things agoin'." She reckoned she could if she was only a man, and I don't believe she 'd objected to takin' the lead if they 'd only been likely to let her. Before she got over her fret they got started for the table, jest as we come up from the meetin' house to the grove, only we worked along through a lane of folks that was crowded up on every side. All at once, I heard loud laughin', and talkin', and see somebody shakin' hands with Bethuel Button, who was laughin' and almost cryin' as he talked. Everybody looked, and stared, and begun to whisper, but kept movin' along. Pretty soon I see Nat a little ahead of us lookin' out for Liddy and me, and oh, such a face as he had! It was all over smiles and blushes, and looked so glad something had happened. The next minit I knew it all. There was Tilda Button lookin' jest as nateral as ever standin' by the side of her husband, I suppose, a dark man with handsome dark brown hair, and a little strip of haid on his upper lip. She smiled and nodded to me with a comical look as if she enjoyed surprisin' us so much. I had a great mind to run right out of the line to git to her, but she seemed to know it, and motioned me back with her hand and a shake of her head. Her mother was there with her, lookin' as if she 'd been acryin' a little, but laughin' a good deal more. After that it was hard work to keep along with the rest. I 'd lost my interest in everything but Tilda's affairs, and every one was whisperin' about it, around me, till it seemed as if we might have come then to Tilda Button's weddin' dinner. But then in spite of all that, they contrived to git round the tables, and to eat as if their part of the proceedin's was mostly eatin'. I could see

Tilda at an other table with her father and mother and husband, and I could hear Miss Kinyon talkin' about her too, and Miss Moody right behind me doin' the same. "It's a burn-in' shame," says Miss Moody, "for that impudent critter to come back with her beau to mortify her father and mother afore folks." "Jest like her," says Polly Mariar. "She never could behave respectable. I'll warrant now she sets herself up for a lady jest because she's been away from hum, but them that knows her won't git took in by her." Jest then Nat come up behind me, says he in a whisper, "guess what Tilda's name is." I shook my head, and he whispered again softly. "It's long and crooked; you can't guess it alone; so I'll tell you. It's Vandervere. There now, won't Polly Mariar feel edgeways?"—and Nat laughed and went among the folks, and was out of sight in a munit.

Major Todd made a little speech, and Elder Jones another, and Square Damerill tried it, but didn't make out much, because jest then the drums and fifes that had been still so long was in a fever to make a little noise, and havin' had a comfortable dinner of roast pig, briled chicken, pork and beans, puddin' and pies, didn't feel like bein' put down any longer; so they strained up the drums, wet the fifes, and went at it. It was plain to see that a great deal of noise had been accumulatin', and further delay in lettin' it off might be dangerous; so they was let alone, and we had Yankee Doodle on a brand new plan, with scatterin' shots to fetch out the parts nicely. Then the Kimble Settlement folks geared up to go hum, and the company begun to thin out till the Major and committee went off together, and then it was everybody for himself. I jest took Liddy by the hand, and we worked round to where we could see Bethuel Button's white coat, and found Tilda there a-shakin' hands with everybody that she used to know. She seemed mighty glad to see us, and introduced us to her husband, and promised to see us next day; but there was so many folks there that we was ashamed to stay any longer, and cum right off hum to Deacon Pendle. Nat come a-runnin' after us, and sot down on a bench in the bird-cage to tell us about Tilda's comin'. Says he: "I seen Bethuel and his wife a-comin' along the road, with their old gray hoss 'n' shay behind that I didn't know. Bethuel sot up crank 'n' held his whip straight over his shoulder. Says I, suthin' 's turned up. Bethuel use to be all lopped down 'n' shiffis-lookin, 'n' now he 's as chirk as Square

Kinyon when Marm Moody's 'round. I thought of everything but jest Tilda; but you see I'd gin her up long ago. Well, sir, I wish I mayn't ever see anything I was gladder to see than Tild's face when she come along 'n' bent down 'n' peeked out at me. Says she: 'Why, Nat!' 'n' held out her hand, 'n' when I come up, says she, 'My husband, Mr. Vandervere,' 'n' turnin' round to him, said that I was the boy that seen the ghost, 'n' he laughed, 'n' wanted to shake hands with me, too. Oh, I tell ye I'm drest glad she 's come back, for everybody was sartin she was as good as dead. I'm glad on it, 'cause now Bethuel kin feel easy in his mind, 'n' his wife won't have to be twitted on it every time she sees Miss Moody. Don't you think now, gals, you'd a leetle ruther have sich a chap for a husband than one like Square Kinyon. Don't you now, hey?" Nat told us that Tilda come the night before to her father's, and not a single soul knew it till they went to the celebration. After awhile Nat went off and we begun to feel so tired, we was glad to take off our fixin's and go to bed. Seems to me nothin' is so like cold ashes as the fine close; and rubbish soiled, touselled, and wuthless that 's left after such a time as this. I couldn't bear to think of them afterwards.

The next day Tilda come over to Deacon Pendle's with her husband, and they told us all about their goin' off together. They had been livin' with Mr. Vandervere's gran'mother, but she was dead now, and they'd come back to the Holler as soon as they could. Tilda told me she had been readin' with her husband all winter and summer, and she hoped she should not ever be so proud of a little knowledge as she used to be. Her husband was a poor boy, brought up by his gran'mother, that was so queer that nobody could suit her. She give them jest money enough to keep 'em from starvin', and said it would do 'em good to work, and that was one of their arrants to the Holler, makin' picters of the trees, and hills, and brooks, and woods around it, to paint up into picters to see. It looked to me as if it was a poor business; but then they orter know better than I, of course.

I staid at the Holler a'most a week after that, and I see Miss Vandervere most every day. She use to tell me that when she went away she hadn't a thought of stayin' so long, and didn't once dream how much trouble it would be to her mother and father, and she didn't dare to write to 'em for ever so long, on account of offendin' the grandmother.

Miss Kinyon never asked 'em to her house,

or me either. Folks said she managed the deacon first rate, and he wouldn't venter to do anything contrary to orders. She was a smart economikle housekeeper, and that was enough to excuse all the rest.

I wish I had time to tell you all Ma'am Jinks troubles with Gran'ther Jinks, and Reuben, and Dolly. Some of 'em was forever sick, and so her hairb dish was always a bilin', and they had such oncommon ailin's too; never heard of anything like it in the world before. I went to see the Stowerses, and begun to think Nat wouldn't want to burn the old house after all, it looked so bright and pleasant.

At last, when I'd been there three hull weeks, Susan begun to be lonesome, and Archy come over after me, and that ended my second visit to Pendle Holler. They 'lected Major Todd to Congress the very next fall; and Tilda and her husband have been in Rome, where Walter Smith went, for ever so many years. I s'pose you know where Rome is, so I needn't try to tell you. Painters go there to learn to grind out colors, or somethin' I don't exactly know what, but 'tain't particular any way, so

Good-by. Yours obedient,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

◆◆◆◆◆

**EXPAND THE CHEST.**—Those in easy circumstances, or those who pursue sedentary, indoor employment, use their lungs but little, breathe but little air into the chest, and thus, independent of position, contract a wretchedly small chest, and lay the foundation of the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect that the lungs are like a bladder in their construction, and can be stretched open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent we require, is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as tying it round with stays, or having the shoulders lying upon it. On arising from your bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect position, the shoulder thrown off the chest; now inhale all the air you can, so that no more can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind, holding your breath, as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as much as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is much denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner will enlarge the capability and size of the lungs.

## OUR BABE.

BY M. A. DENISON.

Upon her little bed she sleeps;  
Pink-blossomed cheeks, and brow whose snow  
Lies under clouded gold—her lips  
Two buds with coral flush aglow.

Upon her little bed she sleeps;  
Lithe limbs, so late to the music set  
Of rippling laughter, lie with the white  
Still grace of a marble statuette.

I never thought with steady will  
Upon the mystery of a life,  
The revelation of a soul,  
Until she came to us, sweet wife.

I dared to sneer with skeptic breath;  
The checkered aisles of doubt I trod,  
In slumb'rous dreams my spirit lay  
Like one unconscious of a God,

Until I held her dimpled hands,  
Looked in her eyes as in a river,  
And saw a revelation there  
That told the Deity of the giver.

And now I lift my hands to pray  
In benison for this new life;  
Come, kneel with me, we'll thank our God  
Together for this gift, sweet wife.

## OUR COTTAGE HOME.

BY DAISY.

O the joyous, happy hours  
Floating down the stream of time!  
Life passes like a tranquil dream  
In this quiet home of mine.  
We have not wealth, or splendid halls  
With frescoed dome or pictured walls.  
But God is good, he gives us love!  
The heaven-sent angel from above;  
And happy hearts shall ever fill  
Our cottage home upon the hill.

Bright summer smiles around us here;  
At morn we list the wild bird's song,  
The rose trees wave upon the breeze,  
The day seems never sad or long;  
Evening comes on. The silent night  
Slowly unfolds her gems of light;  
Then with the birds we go to rest,  
As light of heart as they, and blest,  
While moonlight silvers soft and still  
Our cottage home upon the hill.

O golden hours! O pleasant time!  
Linger awhile ye fleeting years,  
For age they tell me brings to all  
A mingled web of smiles and tears.  
Yet coward heart look up to God,  
And should he smite thee, "kiss the rod."  
May every tender household grace  
Within our dwelling find a place,  
So grateful hearts shall ever fill  
Our cottage home upon the hill.

## NOVELTIES FOR JUNE.

CHRISTENING DRESS, CAPS, COIFFURES, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—A very rich christening dress, with tablier front formed of tucks and embroidery.

Fig. 2.—Breakfast-cap made of white muslin, with a full worked muslin border, and trimmed with violet ribbons. The strings are of muslin, with bars of violet ribbon sewed on them.

Fig. 3.—Fancy breakfast-cap, made of muslin, and trimmed with a full lace border. The

fanchon is also trimmed with lace. The bows are of black velvet.

Fig. 4.—Coiffure of the latest style.

Fig. 5.—Fancy coiffure, formed of a scarf of black lace and bouquets of flowers. The large tuft of flowers is placed over the forehead, and the scarf is laid rather on the side of the head, and finished very low on the neck with a small

Fig. 2.



tuft of flowers. This is one of the newest and most stylish headdresses. Velvet and cashmere scarfs are often substituted for the black lace.

Fig. 6.—Fancy muslin undersleeve.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.

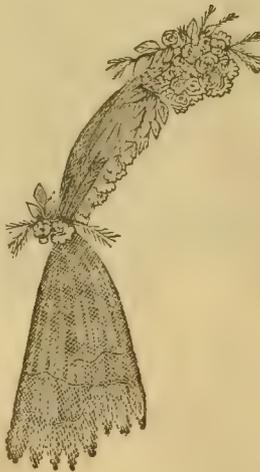


Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.—A white *piqué* dress, braided with black.

Fig. 8.—White muslin dress, trimmed with tucks and inserting.

Fig. 7.



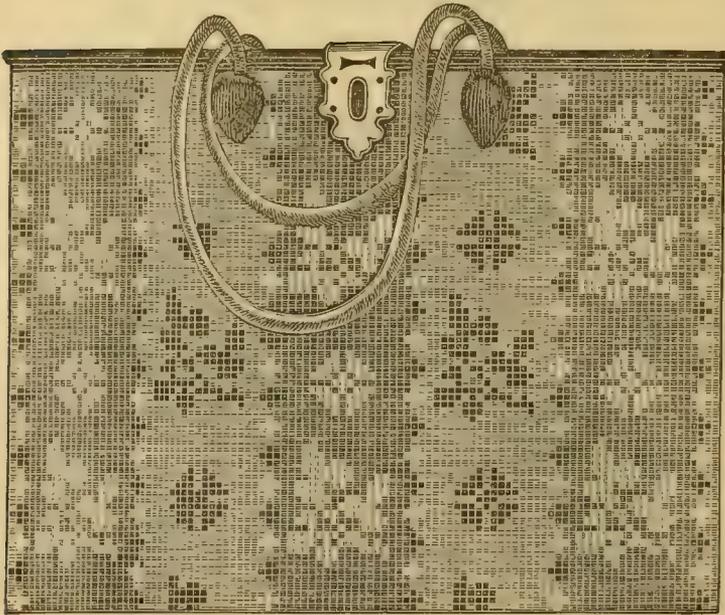
Fig. 8.



## FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF SHIRT FOR A BOY.



## CARRIAGE-BAG, IN CANVAS WORK.



*Materials.*—Chalk-white and black beads, No. 2; scarlet and emerald-green wool, Penelope canvas; and, if to be made up at home, a frame, with leather top and handles; also one and a half yards emerald cord.

THE entire pattern of this bag is done in beads, the ground being filled in with wool, in

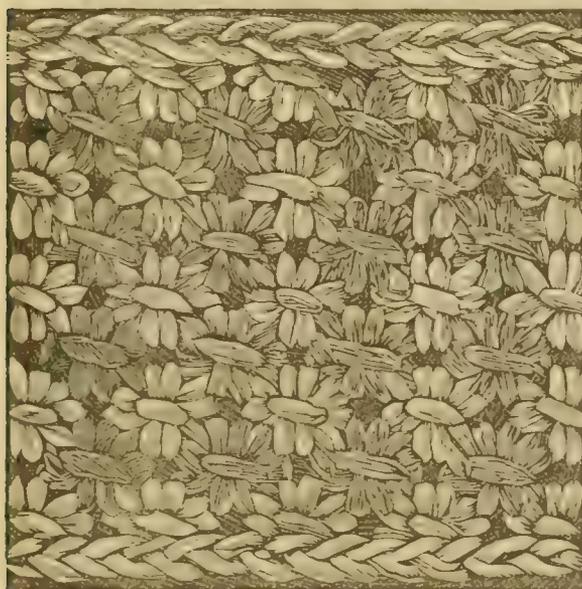
stripes. From the manner in which it is engraved, the design may be copied from it on the canvas; the squares representing beads on stitches, as the case may be. The stripes are alternately of scarlet with a pattern in black beads, and of green with white. They should

be sewed on with very strong thread, of the same color as the beads. The ground is filled in in cross-stitch.

When made up, a silk cord should conceal the joining of the edge of the canvas and the leather at the sides.

MOSAIC KNITTING FOR A PIANO OR SOFA MAT.

*Materials.*—The larger the pins and the coarser the fleece, the handsomer the mat will look. When finished, a band of cloth, the color of the darkest wool, must be sewed round. Two distinct colors in wool are necessary, and these should match the hangings of the rooms.



First, as a trial with, say green wool; cast on 12 stitches, and pearl a row; these will make four patterns: each pattern consists of 3 stitches.

1st row.—Green wool; wool forward; K 2 † (or together) \* wool forward, K 3 plain; pull the first of those three plain over the two last; repeat from \* to the end; there will be one stitch left; bring the wool forward and knit (there are 13 loops now on the pin).

2d.—With Magenta wool, fasten on and pearl a row.

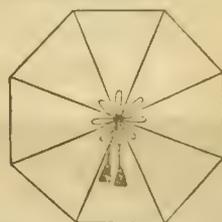
3d.—Bring wool forward; K 2 †; and without bringing the wool forward, K 3 plain, and pull the 3d stitch (reckoning backwards) over the two last; \* wool forward; K 3 plain; pull the 1st over the two last; repeat from \* till the end of the row (12 loops now on the pin).

4th.—Green wool; pearl a row (12 loops on the pin). This also can be calculated by measurement for the article required.

TO MAKE A HASSOCK.

THIS pretty and useful foot cushion is so easily made of scraps of delaine, merino, fancy flannel, or bits of carpeting, that no family should be without one or more.

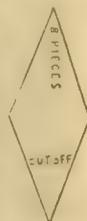
Cut of paper a circle about 22 inches in diameter; fold this pattern in half, fourths, and eighths, and then cut straight from corner to corner on the outer edge, thus making, when unfolded, an octagonal instead of a circular



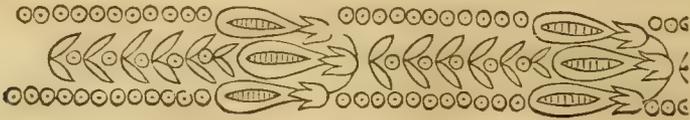
pattern. By this cut two pieces of stout cloth for the bag to hold the stuffing; sew these together all around except one side; turn it through this opening, and stuff it with split corn shucks, or moss, such as is used for mattresses; fill it quite full, and close the open side. From the pattern cut out separately two of the wedge-shaped divisions made by the folds; fasten these two together by their outer edges, thus giving a very long

diamond-shaped piece. Cut off about one-fourth of the length of the diamond. By this shape cut four pieces of one color, and four of another, which contrasts well; sew these together, alternately, being careful to make the points meet accurately in the centre; press open the seams; lay it over the stuffed cushion, and on the wrong side fasten each outer corner of cover to the cushion. Turn the cover over the cushion, and hem on the under side of cushion with stout thread.

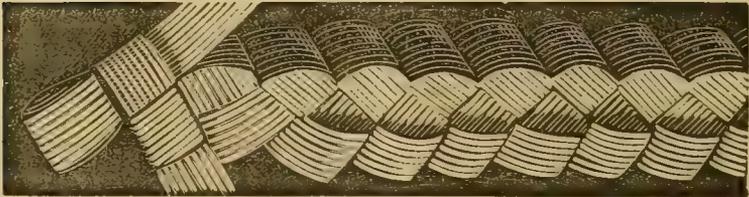
Take some fancy cord and sew loops around the centre, leaving tasselled ends. Pass a strong twine up through the centre, and over the crossings of cord—pass back, and, drawing tight, tie securely.



INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.



RIBBON PLAIT.



FANCY SLIPPER, OF BLACK CLOTH.



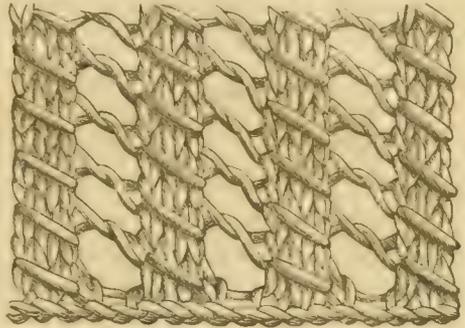
BACK AND SIDES OF SLIPPER.



The figure is cut out of scarlet cloth, stitched on and braided with gold-colored braid. The veins of the leaf are worked with gold-colored silk.

KNITTING PATTERN FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

This Pattern is suitable for making many useful little articles. It is pretty for babies'

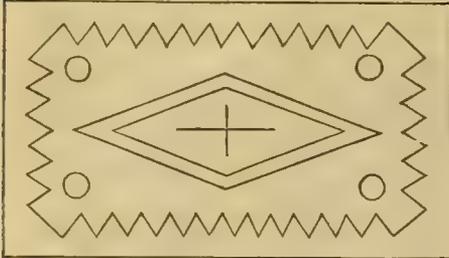


berceauette blankets or cot covers, lined with silk, or knitted in very coarse wool for travelling rugs. Different kinds of wool must, of course, be selected, according to the purpose for which the knitting is intended. We will give our readers the directions for knitting the stitch, and they can then make use of it for either of the articles just mentioned. We would advise them to select, for a baby's blanket, white fleecy wool; for a cot cover, double Berlin; and for a travelling rug, 8-thread fleecy. The following directions will be found correct for knitting the stitch: Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by 4, and allow besides 1 for each end. *1st row:* Slip 1, \* make 1, slip 1, knit 3, draw the slipped stitch over the 3 knitted ones, repeat from \*, knit 1. *2d:* Knit 1, purl all out the last stitch, which knit plain. *3d:* Same as 1st. *4th:* Same as 2d. It will be seen that the pattern is very easy to knit, and is very quickly executed.

TO MAKE A RUG.

A VERY economical rug may be made of odds and ends of dresses, etc. that are good for nothing else. For a foundation, take gunny cloth, such as coffee-sacks, and with thread trace the size desired; fasten this upon a rough frame made of strips of lath. Trace a design in the centre—for instance, a diamond—and a waved or pointed border, with circles in the corners. Geometrical designs are more suitable, far better than those miserable, stiff masses called flowers. Having the material's for use, cut in strips half an inch wide, and wound in lengths upon balls. Take a large hook, somewhat like a crochet hook, but a

longer point, and not so deep a hook (one can readily be made of a piece of large wire). Put the strip to be worked underneath, and insert the hook from the upper side; catch the strip below, and draw it up through the foundation



about one half an inch, making a loop; put the hook through the next *diagonal* space, and draw up another loop; proceed in this way, following the outline of centre design; three times around is sufficient with the outlining color; fill up the figure in the same manner, but with a contrasting color; then work the outline of the border, and fill up the margin with a dark color. Next, work the corners, and fill up the ground with a dark color. Remove from frame, and hem the edges underneath the work. Bright or light colors are preferable for the pattern; dark ones for the ground. Old or new material can be used, and will wear a long time.

POINT LACE.

10.



11.



12.



10. Point d'Alençon is the common herringbone stitch; the needle must be twisted twice, or oftener, according to the space and strength of the work.

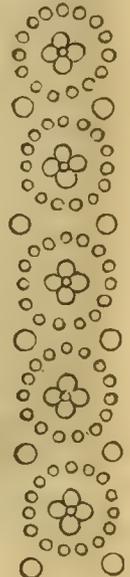
11. English Bars. These bars are very useful bars for filling up any space between two pieces of braid that is edged with either Brussels or Venetian edging; it is worked by passing the thread from side to side through two opposite loops or stitches, taking care that the needle passes from the under side of one stitch and the upper side of the other.

12. English Rosette. This is worked on four, five, or more threads according to the space and effect required. Begin by making Sorrento bars across the space from side to side; then commence from the centre by passing the needle under and over the alternate threads until the proper size is obtained; afterwards fasten off by passing your needle round the last bar, and into the braid, with two or three button-hole stitches.

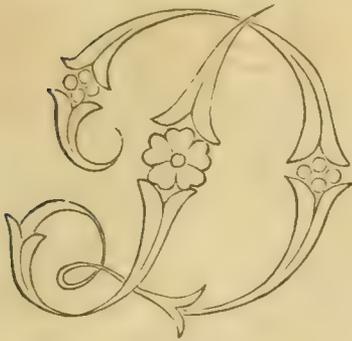
INSERTION FOR MUSLIN.



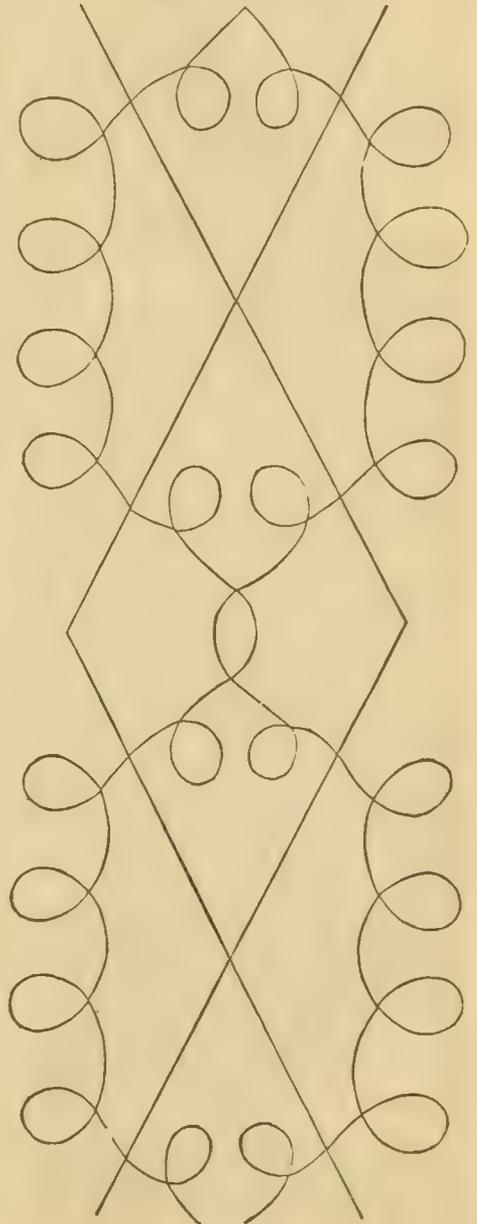
NAME FOR MARKING.



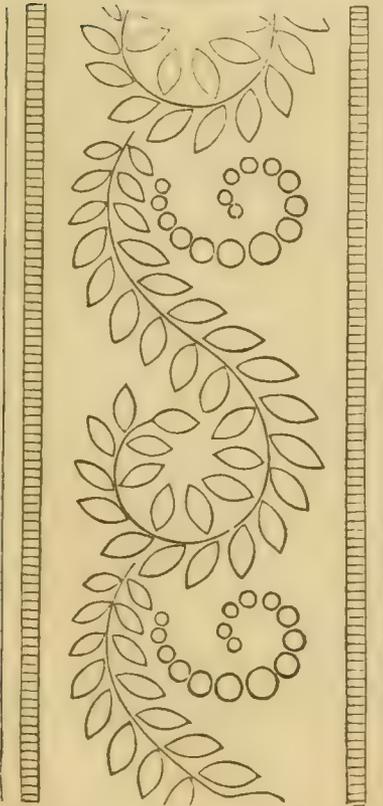
INITIAL FOR SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY.



## 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 caudied.

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 flagstones, taking care that insects are not suffered to approach it; a garden glass to cover the preserves will keep them off. If dried in an oven, it must be of gentle warmth, and they must be done slowly.

**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 WHOLE.**—Choose the finest scarlet strawberries, with their stalks on, before they are too ripe; weigh them first, then lay them separately upon a dish. Pound and sift finely twice their weight of the best loaf sugar, which strew over them. Then take some ripe strawberries, crush them and put them into a jar with an equal weight of sugar, crushed small, cover them close, and let them stand in a kettle of boiling water until they are soft and the syrup has come out of them; then strain through a piece of muslin into a preserving pan. Boil and skim it well. When cold, put in the whole strawberries, and set them over the fire until they are milk-warm; then take them off, and let them stand until they are quite cold, then set them

on again and make them a little hotter. Do this several times until they look clear, but take care not to let them boil, for then the stalks will come off. When the strawberries are quite cold, put them into jelly-glasses with their stalks downwards, and fill up the glasses with the syrup. Tie them down with braided papers over them. These look extremely pretty in clear jellies.

**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 it to 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 first.

**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 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.

**CHERRY JELLY.**—Have three-quarters of a pound of ripe red cherries, take the stones out, put them with the cherries into a basin, pour over them, boiling hot, a syrup made with a pint of water and five ounces of lump sugar; let them stand two or three hours, stirring gently once or twice, strain carefully through a muslin bag, taking care not to make the juice thick. Pour half of it over three quarters of an ounce of isinglass, let it dissolve and just boil, then mix it with the remaining juice; add a little citric acid, which gives it a beautiful color.

**CURRANTS PRESERVED.**—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teaspoon 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 currants, 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.

**CURRANT 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.

**CURRANT 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.

**COMPUTE 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.

**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 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.

**GOOSEBERRY JELLY.**—Take three quarts of ripe rough gooseberries; after picking them boil them in a quart of water, till the entire juice is out of the gooseberry; then put the whole in a flannel jelly bag, and let it gently drip *without pressure* till a quart of liquid is obtained; then boil this with a pound and a quarter of loaf sugar for a quarter of an hour, well skimming off the scum which arises.

**GREEN GOOSEBERRY JAM.**—Take green gooseberries, and, after the tops and tails are removed, put them in pie dishes in an oven until soft; then add to every pound of gooseberries three-quarters of a pound of crushed loaf-sugar; let it stand after being mixed until the next day, then boil for half an hour.

**GOOSEBERRY FOOL.**—Scald a quart of berries, and pass them through a sieve, make the pulp sweet, and let it stand to cool; beat up the yolks of three eggs, strain to a quart of milk, set it over a clear fire, and keep stirring it till it boils; remove, stir till cold, and then add the fruit to it gradually.

**PRESERVED RHUBARB.**—Peel one pound of the finest rhubarb, and cut into pieces of one inch in length. Add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, and the rind and juice of half a lemon, the rind to be cut into narrow strips. Put all into a preserving-kettle, and simmer gently, until the rhubarb is quite soft. Take it out

carefully with a silver spoon, and put it into jars; then boil the syrup a sufficient time to keep it well, say one hour; and pour it over the fruit. When cold, put it into a jar with paper soaked in brandy over it, and tie the jars down with a bladder to exclude the air.

**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 FOOL.**—Boil a quart or more of rhubarb nicely peeled, and cut into pieces an inch long. Pass through a sieve, sweeten, and let it stand to cool. Put a pint of cream, or new milk, into a stew pan, with a stick of cinnamon, a small piece of lemon-peel, a few cloves, coriander-seeds, and sugar to taste; boil ten minutes. Beat up the yolks of four eggs, and a little flour; stir into the cream, set it over the fire till it boils, stirring all the time; remove, and let it stand till cold. Mix the fruit and cream together, and add a little grated nutmeg.

**RHUBARB JAM.**—To every pound of rhubarb add one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar, let the rhubarb boil gently quite an hour before the sugar is put in, and then well boil altogether for half an hour or more, until it nicely thickens.

**APPLE JELLY.**—Boil your apples in water till they are quite to a mash; then put them through a flannel bag to drip. To every pint of the juice, put one pound of sugar; boil till it jellies; season with lemon-juice and peel to your taste a little before it is finished. I may as well add that I can say, from experience, that this jelly is excellent, and of a beautiful color.

**CARROT JAM (EQUAL TO APRICOT).**—Choose deep-colored carrots, and boil them until quite tender, rub them through a cullender, and afterwards through a sieve. To one pound of pulp add one pound of white sugar. Boil the sugar and carrots together until they have the consistency of jam, and when nearly cold, add the juice of two lemons, and the rinds grated very fine.

**ORANGE JELLY.**—Grate the rind of four oranges and two lemons, the rind to be put into the juice; one pound of fine sugar and a pint of water to be boiled to a syrup, which put into a bowl, and when cold add the juice to it. Boil two and a half ounces of isinglass in one pint of water; when it is all melted, stir it until almost cold, then add the syrup and juice. Strain the whole through a jelly-bag.

#### TO PRESERVE FRUITS WITHOUT SELF-SEALING CANS.

CONTRIBUTED BY A LADY.

PREPARE a cement of one ounce resin, one ounce mutton-shellac, and a cubic inch of beeswax; put them in a tin cup, and melt slowly—too high or quick a heat may cause it to scorch.

Place the jars where they will become warm while the fruit is cooking. If they are gradually heated, there is no danger of breaking.

As soon as the fruit is thoroughly heated, and while boiling hot, fill the jars full, letting the juice cover the fruit entirely. Have ready some circular pieces of stout, thick cotton or linen cloth, and spread over with cement a space sufficient to cover the mouth and rim of the jar.

Wipe the rim *perfectly* dry, and apply the cloth while warm, putting the cement side down, bring the cover over the rim, and secure it firmly with a string; then spread a coating of cement over the upper surface. As the contents of the jar cool, the pressure of the air will depress the cover, and give positive proof that all is safe.

The cheapest, as well as most suitable jars for this use cost (quart size) \$1 50 per dozen. Queens or yellow ware has imperfect glazing, and the moisture is forced through the sides of the jar. Self-sealing cans that have failed can be pressed into service; stone jars, common bottles, tin cans, and various vessels that every housekeeper has on hand can be made to answer; only be sure that the fruit is boiling hot, and the cover properly adjusted. Many think that sugar is essential to enable the fruit to keep. This is not so. "Berries and peaches" are *better* put up without it. Sugar strewn over them, an hour before eating, gives them more the flavor of fresh fruit. Cook only sufficient to fill two jars at once, to avoid crushing tender berries. Pears and quinces are best cooked in water till tender, putting in as many as will cover the top of the water at one time; when clear and tender, remove them, and to the water add sugar to taste; as soon as boiling hot, put in the fruit, and when it is penetrated with syrup, put it in jars, and fill up with syrup boiling hot. Seal as directed. Apples the same way, or cooked in water only, and secured. Let them be in quarters, for, if mashed, the pulp will hold so many air-bubbles, it will not keep.

*Grapes*.—Pulp and cook till the pulps are melted; strain out the seeds; put in the skins, and, when well cooked, add sugar to taste. When the syrup is sufficiently thick, seal.

*Cherries and plums* are put up without pits or with, as one chooses.

*Tomatoes* are cooked till all lumps are dissolved, and the mass quite thick.

Sweetmeats of any kind, secured in this way, will keep for years. If required for transportation, perhaps it would be well to use close-fitting corks, cut off even with the top of the jar, and then covered with the cemented cloth, otherwise corks are not necessary.

*Vegetables*.—Squash is steamed in pieces.

*Cauliflower* cooked as for the table; fill jars while the articles are hot, and fill up with boiling water; let the jars remain in a kettle of boiling water for a while to expel any air that may have lodged while filling. When no air escapes, seal up with the jars in the kettle; when cool, remove them.

*Green peas and green corn* seem to possess a fermenting principle, which is not destroyed by a degree of heat sufficient to secure them *apparently* as well as other fruit. To keep these, I have tried various methods; all fail except drying or putting in salt.

By this method of self-sealing, provision can be made in years of plenty for those times when fruit fails, and with less labor, and a certainty of success that no other method as simple as this possesses.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**DIRECTIONS FOR FIXING PENCIL DRAWINGS.**—Dissolve a small quantity of isinglass, and dilute it with warm water, till so thin that, when spread upon paper and dry, it shall be free from those sparkling particles which never fail to appear, if too thick. Take a broad camel-

hair brush set in tin, fill it plentifully with the solution, and draw it lightly over the work to be fixed, once or twice, or according as the size of the picture may require; it must be very carefully done, to prevent disturbing the sharpness of the pencil work. When dry it will be found to resist the effects of India-rubber. It is advantageous to sponge the back of the paper, or Bristol board, before applying the solution, in order that the paper may dry level, as it is apt to contract when only one side is wet. If there be a margin round the drawing, it is not requisite to sponge the back.

**EFFECTS OF SUGAR ON THE TEETH.**—The children of sugar-growing countries have good teeth, although they almost live upon sugar in one form or other. The stigma can be disproved by abundant evidence. Frugal housekeepers must spare their allowance of sugar on some other ground than this. Children crave for it, and ought to have a liberal supply, as it is a highly nutritious substance. It has also balsamic properties, and assists the respiratory functions. An inordinate quantity, of course, might derange the stomach.

**TO PREVENT RUST.**—Melt together three parts of lard, and one part of resin. A very thin coating will preserve ironwork, such as stoves and grates, from rusting during summer, even in damp situations.

**SUN BONNETS FOR THE GARDEN.**—Pretty and comfortable sun bonnets may be made cheap after the following fashion: Cut in pasteboard the pattern of the front of any bonnet that pleases, cover it with silk, print a pique, and form a crown either with a bit of the same silk lined with stiff muslin, or with a little handkerchief hanging over the back of the head. Finish up with strings and a deep full curtain. Simple head gear of this kind may be varied at pleasure, and will be found convenient and handy.

**CURE FOR EAR-ACHE.**—Take a small piece of cotton batting or cotton wool, make a depression in the centre with the finger, and fill it up with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five cent piece; gather it into a ball and tie it up; dip the ball into sweet oil, and insert it in the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but experience relief as well as adults.

**REMEDY FOR STUTTERING.**—A lady in Belgravia is stated to have discovered a remedy for stuttering. It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a louder tone.

**TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL.**—Cover the steel with oil well rubbed on. In forty-eight hours rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust disappears.

**TO REMOVE STAINS FROM BOOKS.**—To remove ink spots, apply a solution of oxalic, citric, or tartaric acid. To remove spots of grease, wax, oil, or fat, wash the injured part with ether, and place it between white blotting-paper. Then, with a hot iron, press above the part stained.

**TO MAKE YEAST.**—A housekeeper says: "Take a tumbler full of hop beer or ale, and stir in wheat flour until it is about as thick as batter for griddle cakes, and let it stand for two hours, and you will then have as good yeast as you can get in good weather."

To remove any unpleasant smell from jars, scald them with strong hot ley, filling them up to the top, and letting the ley remain in them until cold.

# Editors' Table.

## WOMAN!

### HER HOME LIFE.

A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.  
*Prov. XXXI. 30.*

ONE of the surest proofs of the truth of Divine Revelation is its consistency. The plan announced in Genesis after the Fall, has never been varied; the principles established by that plan have never been changed; the way of safety and happiness for mankind has never been altered.

The sorrows of woman, and the sacrifices for sin made by "her seed" was the way. The principles established were that the Holiness of God's Law, violated by human disobedience, could not be re-established or atoned for by the sufferings of woman or the works of man; Divine Love only could cancel the debt of the sinner and make forgiveness possible. And this plan of salvation by the Son of God, "made of a woman," is the burden of all Scripture, from the closing of the gates of Eden to the coming down of the New Jerusalem "out of Heaven."

The inspired writers are never at variance in their testimony to the holiness of God and to his requirement of holiness in men. They all bear witness of human wickedness and all teach of a Mediator. And just as certainly do all these writers bear witness to the earthliness of men when, left by the Holy Spirit, they follow the workings of their own depraved will and selfish passions; when these have brought, as, sooner or later sin will bring its punishment, its sore troubles and hopeless miseries, then the inspired recorders of God's providence, as faithfully show, on the blackness of darkness which man's wickedness has spread over the horizon, the diamond points of woman's moral influence and religious faith, shining out like stars of hope on a despairing world.

It was woman who kept the promise of the Saviour in her heart throughout all the old Testament history; and her faith kindled anew the light of Divine Faith when it seemed lost or waning in the hands of man. In this faith Eve welcomed the birth of Seth; Sarah secured the inheritance for Isaac; Rebecca gained the blessing for Jacob; and Moses—over his cradle three feminine souls are bound together like a cluster of light, faith, love which saved, nurtured, educated this the greatest and best of all men.

Another remarkable characteristic of the distinguished women of the Bible is, that this self-sacrifice is always for their sons, or husbands, their faith or their people. Not a "strong-minded woman," in the usual significance of the term, is found among all the daughters of Israel. No one is seeking her own ease, interest, or exaltation; nor does any one claim the greatness, which worldly honors, wealth, or position confer on men, as her right. Even Deborah "the prophetess," whom God exalted as "Judge over Israel," when the men were so hopelessly demoralized that even Barak, whom she selected as the best and bravest in the land, would not go up to battle against Sisera and his host, unless *she would go with him*;—Deborah only styles herself by the tender, womanly title of "a mother in Israel."

And thus Hannah, Naomi, and Ruth, the mother of

Samson, and the widow of Sarepta, Huldah and Esther, all are single-hearted, self-sacrificing women, walking by faith, seeking to serve God, and promote the welfare of those they loved on earth better than themselves; each, in her turn, carrying onward the torch of faith in the promises of God, and teaching by her humble example the true way, when the darkness of idolatry and sin had all but extinguished among men the light of divine truth.

Yet these beautiful Bible examples of love and faith are all sad, because woman's photograph is only taken in dark shadows, when she is a sufferer for those she would save from suffering, or in times of national distress and degradation, when her lot is always wretchedness. So, also, when looking through the mists of past ages, from the Deluge to the Crucifixion, we see among all the nations of earth, except God's chosen people, that the "enmity" of Satan to the woman had triumphed; it had, by idolatry and lust, by unjust laws and wicked customs, crushed out her moral loveliness, ruined her innocent home happiness, and destroyed every hope of her enlightened companionship with man, who held her earthly destiny in his keeping. Heathenism has no hope for woman.

Thanks be to God, one perfect picture of happy Home Life has been left us, limned by divine inspiration, and set in the only *true* Book! It is proof of what the "help meet for man" was by her Creator intended to be to him and to humanity. Let us examine its characteristics.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She shall do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

"She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor—yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed in scarlet.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

This full-length likeness is the representative Woman\* whose Home Life should be the type and model for her sex.

Who does not see the sweet perfection of character, of manners, and of personal attractions blended in the description? We feel that if she were not gifted with remarkable beauty, still she did possess the natural attractiveness which goodness makes so lovely. All the appointments of her household show the lady of

\* Read the 31st Chapter of Proverbs, from the 10th verse to the close.

rank, wealth, and influence; and yet how careful is the inspired limner to represent the duties of daily life as under her personal superintendence. And this attention to "small things" does not hinder her mind from acquiring a large and spiritual development. She can "judge righteously;" her conversation is "wisdom;" are not these powers of a high order, proving that her intellectual gifts are suited to sustain the pure moral graces of her feminine nature? That she is

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and to command;  
And yet a spirit, still and bright,  
With something of an angel light?"

It is, however, as Mother, Wife, and Worshipper of the true God that this exalted woman of the Old Testament has her most beautiful traits of character delineated. At first we may be inclined to say she does too much; she performs business that should be done by her husband; she "buys a field," and sees that it is cultivated. Yet how carefully are the softened shades of the feminine nature preserved. The labor on the field is not done in her department; it is not the *work* of her hands, but the *fruit of her hands* which "planteth the vineyard." Her forethought, economy, "fine needlework," and other domestic appliances of woman's ingenuity and industry—these have helped to the desired prosperity. She is "the Angel in the house."

Her husband knows that his "heart may safely trust in her." He can go abroad where his duties as a man require his presence, nor feel any fear that his interests or honor, his happiness or the welfare of his family will suffer detriment at home. "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." And even "while he sits in the gates, among the elders of the land," he is proud—ay, better, he is thankful that as "her husband he is known," that he has the glory of being the protector of his wife, whose "value is far above rubies."

Do not these two seem as one? And yet, although in mutual confidence, esteem and love their hearts and interests are perfectly in unison, they could not exchange duties. He could not be the Preserver, Inspirer, Teacher and Exemplar in his household; nor could she be the Worker, Provider, Protector and Law-giver, which his will and strength, power and mechanical skill, fitted "to subdue the earth," enable him to be, in the outer world, while watching over the welfare and happiness of his own family. And yet it is the wife in her tender love and hopeful piety, happy in the inner world of home if her heart is satisfied in its affections and her soul steadfast in its trust on God, who not only watches over, but makes the best happiness of her husband and children on earth and leads them, by the aid of Divine Grace, up to the bliss of heaven. No wonder "her children call her blessed," and "her husband praiseth her."

Moral goodness is the same in all ages of the world and in all conditions of life. Moral happiness is eternal in its essence; it is the elixir of humanity. The happy Home Life, wherever found, arises from the same qualities of mind and virtues of heart which are illustrated in this picture drawn nearly three thousand years ago. The true marriage and the true obedience to duty which made this Hebrew family so blessed and glorious must now be found in our American homes, if these are happy and radiant with the honor which active goodness and true faithfulness in all the relations of life require. In such a home one influence always predominates; one presence is always felt; one light must be visible—"a woman that feareth the Lord" makes the home.

## LONG STORIES.

AUTHORS of established fame, whose genius seizes and controls public taste, often choose to play fantastic tricks with their patrons and their publishers. One of these is the now prevailing practice of giving out long stories in small parcels; unwinding the thread of narrative through tiny passages, month after month, and, in some cases, year after year. Thus an amount of tediousness is swallowed by the reader, taken in these small doses, which would never be tolerated if presented at once in a thick volume.

We are told by high authority that "sometimes Homer nods." Great writers are liable to the same infirmity, and knowing that short fits of drowsiness will be pardoned when a constant lethargy would not be endured, they do not scruple to indulge the dreamy mood at their periodical visits to the reading world. As unity of design is not to be expected in works, both written and read in a disjointed way, it would be hardly possible that the author should trouble himself with strict congruity and nice finish. Notwithstanding all these objections, the kings and queens of literature compel us to take their serial novels, and read them too, lest we should lose the wit, fancy, philosophy, interest, and real wealth of thought and truth of sentiment they give us. We grumble often at the tax of time we pay for this enjoyment, but we do pay it nevertheless, for the sake of the benefit we derive from the works of real genius.

With the multitude of inferior or unpractised writers it is quite another matter. They must take pains to please; they must not be tedious and heavy, or they will be allowed to sink without rescue. Those who are not sure of superior powers, or are new in literary efforts, should beware of trying the reader's patience. Almost any other fault will be more easily pardoned. A piquant incident, worked up into a pleasant little story to be read at one sitting, will often give delight in its perusal and cause the writer to be remembered with favor; but if all the piquancy be deluged by a washy sea of unmeaning sentences, flowery descriptions, a needless multiplicity of characters, and the story "to be continued," no reader of taste and discretion will continue the perusal. The reader will finish, if the writer does not.

It is recorded that Pericles, before speaking in public, always made a prayer to the gods that he might finish when he had done. The significance of this example should be impressed on every young and inexperienced writer—at least.

A NEW POEM,\* AND A NEW PLEASURE FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.—This beautiful poem is already so widely known that, perhaps, few of our readers are ignorant of its title; if they have not read it, we counsel them to do so and enjoy a new pleasure.

Mr. Janvier has been a favorite for a long time with the nice judging few who love the poetry that, having been elaborated with care, shows the marks of high culture as well as the genius of the true poet.

This "Sleeping Sentinel" is patriotic and pathetic, and has taken the heart of our great public by storm. Founded on a real and deeply interesting incident of the war, it appeals to popular sympathies, and when read in public, as it has often been to crowded audiences, few

\* "The Sleeping Sentinel." By Francis De Haes Janvier, author of "The Skeleton Monk," "The Voyage of Life," "The Palace of the Cæsars," and other poems. Philadelphia: T. E. Peterson & Brothers.

listen to the end with dry eyes. The description of home life is, in the moral beauty of domestic affections, an exquisite picture, and the admission to the Saviour's love and mercy is sublime poetry and heavenly truth.

## FLOWERS.

HEAVEN'S pale, June stars from the ether blue,

Look down with their twinkling eyes,  
And earth's star-flowers, of every hue,  
With their beautiful eyelids bathed in dew,  
Look up to the evening-skies;

Look up to the floating lilies fair,  
In the calm blue lake above,  
And their censurs, swung by the evening air,  
Sweet incense blend with day's vesper prayer,

As it floats to the throne of Love  
We fancy that earth's green vales were first  
By wandering angels trod,  
And whence they stepped from the greenward burst  
Bright buds of beauty, by dew-drops nursed,  
And warmed by the smile of God.

And mortal dwellers on earth below  
May walk like the angels there,  
And beneath their footsteps, whenever they go,  
Bright flowers of mercy and love may blow,  
And sweeten life's desert air.

While 'round our footsteps where'er we rove,  
Earth's beautiful blossoms be,  
May we tend and scatter sweet buds of love,  
And hope, and truth, for the fields above,  
Where flowers ne'er fade or die.

UNA.

## IN MEMORIAM.

PHILA ANN, the beloved Wife of William E. Pabor, oblit January 1, 1863, aged 22 years, 5 months, 1 day.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they SHALL SEE GOD."

OUR readers are familiar with the name of the poet who has contributed the lays, in our Book of this volume, entitled "The Casket of the Year." To say that the "In Memoriam" is the most perfect and beautiful poem William Pabor has written, would be feeble praise. It is worthy of being ranked among the best of its kind. The tenderness of the lover-husband, and the sorrow of the bereaved-husband are most touchingly and delicately expressed. The rhythm, measure, and fit expression in words seem almost to make mournful music, as though the reader heard the sweetly plaintive strain of an Eolian harp. No true woman can read this "In Memoriam" without deep sympathy and gratitude to the waver who has honored all women by this warm devotion of Genius to the memory of *one*—his wife. When Mr. Pabor has finished his "Casket of the Year" we hope he will make up a book, including this "In Memoriam" with his other poems. It will form a volume of pure and beautiful poetry, worthy of love and praise.

A STOLEN POEM.—We have received several interesting letters, and three copies of "The Long Ago" and thank the friends of the real author, who is a true poet, for their information. Next month the subject will receive special notice.

TASTE IN DRESS.—"Young women who neglect their toilet, indicate in this very particular a disregard of order: a deficiency of taste, and the qualities which inspire love. The girl of eighteen years who does not desire to please in so obvious a matter as dress, will be a slut, and probably a shrew, at twenty-five."

So wrote the good *Leviter*, an eminent clergyman and Christian philosopher, as well as physiognomist; his opinion is worthy of special attention.

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Mrs. JANE G. SWISSHOLM, of Malu, has lately been appointed to a position in the War Department, with a salary of \$1000 per annum.

MISS S. J. HALL'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1526 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

This school has now entered on its seventh year. The success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is 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 Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

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.

Circulars will be sent whenever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The River"—"The Old Barn at Home"—"A Sonnet"—"Love"—"To Mrs. —, an Acrostic" (we do not admire this form of poetical compliment, but special excellence is an exception, so we give it place)—"The Revenge of a Noble Mind."

These articles are declined: "Lord Farrell's Wooing"—"Alice Black"—"Edward Huntington: a Story of College Life" (too long)—"Lelia" (to be returned when stamps are sent)—"The Long Storm"—"The Broken Engagement" (send stamps, it will be returned)—"The Latest Fashion"—"Spring" (well written, but we have many poems on the subject)—"A Woman's History"—"Ida May" (pretty, but not perfectly finished)—"Miscellaneous of an Absent-minded Man"—"Zanize Gray"—"Memories" (would be accepted if we had room)—"Last Year"—"A Farewell to Hope"—"The Future Excellence of Language"—"Is it right to Revenge?"—"My last new Bonnet"—"Above Suspicion"—and "Kitty Ray's Wedding-dress."

The *Grammar* alluded to by R. B. will be welcome.

## Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

POSITION OF CHILDREN IN SLEEP.—The position of a child in sleep is a matter of no little importance. The practice of placing children on the back when asleep has several very serious objections: 1st. The fluids secreted by the mouth and throat are apt to find their way into the air-passages, thus impeding respiration, and arousing the little sleeper by a violent fit of coughing. And 2d. A still more serious objection presents itself. The bones of an infant's head are very yielding and compressible, and this is especially the case with the bone forming the back part of the head; this bone being so placed that it is liable to be pushed in upon the brain by the weight of the head, when the child lies on

the back. Now, recent researches go to show that this pressure upon the brain is a cause of that most serious and generally fatal affection—the lock-jaw of infants. Children, then, should not be allowed to rest habitually on the back; and for the first three or four months, until the bones of the head become consolidated, the position on the side should be preferred during sleep. But the child should not be confined to one side. It should be changed from side to side, and may be allowed to rest for a short time on the back. By pursuing this course the dangers to which we have referred will be avoided, and also any deformity or arrest of growth that might arise from interference with the circulation by pressure long continued on one side, or part of the body.

*Position, etc., as an Indication of Disease.*—In health young children sleep the longer portion of the time, and the sleep is tranquil and deep, the countenance wears a calm placid expression, the breathing is slow, soft and full, the limbs are relaxed, and the body is gently curved forward, if resting on the side, or is extended full length, or the feet are drawn up a little, if resting on the back. In short, there is an appearance of perfect ease, and an absence of all rigidity or constraint in every position, and in every movement. But in disease they are quite different—the rest is disturbed, the brow is contracted, the respiration is noisy, or slow, or short and quick, the countenance is distorted, etc. The pain of inflammatory affections often causes the infant to avoid all movement, or, in inflammation of any part of a limb, all motion of the affected member. In severe abdominal inflammation, the child lies quiet, with the knees bent and drawn upwards, twisting about, however, and uttering loud cries, on the accession of the spasmodic griping pains that accompany disorders of the stomach and bowels. In convulsions the head is drawn backwards, or one arm becomes rigid, or a leg is drawn upwards, and the little sufferer utters a piercing cry. In great prostration from any cause, the child lies entirely motionless, or it may fail to move a leg, an arm, or one side of the body, indicating partial paralysis. And so every disease has its peculiar and specific symptoms which will be noticed in connection with each disease.

## Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

FROM PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—  
**THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER.** *A Story of the Rocky Mountains.* By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," "The Indian Scout," etc. etc. Aimard seems to rival Damas in his capacity for writing an endless story. "The Trapper's Daughter" takes up his characters as left in "The Pirates of the Prairies," and after carrying them through an interesting series of adventures, leaves them to be disposed of in "The Tiger Slayer," and subsequent works.

FROM D. APPLETON & CO., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

**MADGE; or, Night and Morning.** By H. B. G. This book, evidently the work of a young author, is unfortu-

nate in treating of a hackneyed theme. The public have seen so many pauper children, in novels, raised, from the depths of degradation through their own efforts and the extraordinary kindness of disinterested friends, to become ornaments of society, that they are somewhat weary of the whole subject. The book is carefully, and if we are understood rightly, we may say, almost too finely written. Its moral is excellent, and its influence on the young reader cannot be otherwise than good.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES: *or, The Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature.* By Thomas H. Huxley, F. R. S., F. L. S., Professor of Natural History in the Jermyn Street School of Mines. This book is divided into six lectures delivered by the author for the benefit of working men. They are filled with highly important and practical information.

**THE NEW AND COMPLETE TAX-PAYER'S MANUAL.** This book contains the direct and excise taxes, with the recent amendments by Congress, and the decisions of the Commissioner; also complete marginal references, and an analytical index showing all the items of taxation, the mode of proceeding, and the duties of the officers.

**MAN'S CRY, AND GOD'S GRACIOUS ANSWER.** *A Contribution toward the Defence of the Faith.* By the Rev. B. Franklin. This little book has been called forth by the assaults recently made upon the faith in the English Church. It is divided into two essays respectively on "Theism" and "Christianity."

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBEZI; including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, etc., from 1852 to 1860.** By William Charles Baldwin, Esq., F. R. G. S. With illustrations by James Wolf and J. B. Zwecker. Mr. Baldwin is a born hunter and adventurer, and we doubt if all the training in the world could have made anything else of him. His book is one of the most interesting accounts of African travel and exploration, and abounds with narrations of perilous undertakings through desert and wilderness, and hair-breadth escapes from wild animals and wounded and infuriated game, enough to satisfy the greatest lover of the marvellous.

**SYLVIA'S LOVERS: A Novel.** By Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton," "A Dark Night's Work," etc. etc. Mrs. Gaskell is not a sensation writer, but there is sterling merit in her productions. The scene of this story is laid in Yorkshire, and the date, the close of the last century, when the press-gang system, with all its enormities, was in full operation in England. The main incidents in the story are derived from the workings of this system.

FROM DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**THE SCARLET FLOWER: A Novel.** By Pierce Egan, Esq., author of "Imogene; or, The Marble Heart," "Flower of the Flock," etc. This is a story of the sixteenth century, and is full of mystery, both natural and supernatural, wicked deeds, and wonderful escapes. Admirers of sensational reading will undoubtedly find the book to their taste.

FROM TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

**MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.** Trans-

lated from the German by Frederica Rowan. In noticing this work we cannot do better than to quote from the preface to the English edition: "The Meditations contained in this volume form part of the well-known devotional work *Stunden der Anacht*, published in the beginning of the present century, and generally ascribed to Zschucke. They have been selected for translation by one [Queen Victoria] to whom, in deep and overwhelming sorrow, they have proved a source of comfort and edification." The American publishers add that they have issued this volume in this country, where so many afflicted hearts need consolation, in the belief that the "Meditations" will carry comfort wherever they are read.

**TWO FRIENDS.** By the author of "The Patience of Hope," and "A Present Heaven." This book contains many pleasing analogies, drawn from Nature and Art, for the illustration of Christian principles. Its ideas are noble and elevated, but its division into dialogue, while adding neither beauty nor interest to the style, deteriorates much from its strength. The introductory chapter especially is highly imaginative, sometimes even to graudeur.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

**GODEY FOR JUNE.**—This is the last number of the sixty-sixth volume of the *Lady's Book*—the thirty-third year of our editorial life. Is there any falling off, good reader, in our efforts to please those who have so long continued with us? Look at the plates and the reading matter in this number. First we have

"The Little Tease," another of our very superior steel engravings which have never been equalled in this country.

Next our very beautiful Fashion-plate, containing six figures, and that which will please the married ladies is that three of them are children's dresses. It is a beautiful plate, and suited to the season. Follow on to the next—that poor Doctor wakened from his sleep on a snowy night to go some miles, perhaps to see Johnny, who may, perhaps, be well by the time he gets there. Probably it had been said Johnny's birthday, and he had been treated to doughnuts and a drink of cider before going to bed. Alas! for the life of a Country Doctor.

In this number will be found fashions furnished for the *Lady's Book* by Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. of New York. They are from the latest arrivals, and bring the fashions up to the time of going to press. No other magazines shares in this advantage. The arrangement is only with the *Lady's Book*. The materials for all these dresses and those in the Colored Fashion-plate can be found at Messrs. Stewart & Co's. We presume all our subscribers read the description of this palatial establishment in our May number, written by Mrs. Alice B. Haven.

"Husks."—This admirable story is continued in this number, and meets with the greatest praise both from the press and our subscribers. The other stories in this number will be favorites with our readers.

**BOOKS BY MAIL.**—On account of the increase in the price, we do not send any books by mail other than our own publications.

## OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

**New Musical Monthly.**—The second number of this beautiful and already favorite periodical is now ready. It contains an exquisite nocturne by Riche, very highly commended by that famous critical authority, the London *Attention*; a spirited and brilliant *Mars on Mountaine* by Glover; and a beautiful ballad, in my Wild Mountain Valley, from Jules Benedict's new opera, now all the rage in London, *The Lily of Killarney*. Yearly subscribers to the *Monthly*, it will be remembered, get all this new and beautiful music for 25 cents; and it is printed and issued in a style of elegance far in advance of any other sheet music published. The *Musical Monthly* is already an established success. Letters reach us by every mail, from all parts of the country, bearing testimony to the beauty of the publication, the value and excellence of the music furnished, and its unparalleled cheapness. Every lady and gentleman whose purchases of music amount to three dollars during a year should become a subscriber, and get four or five times the amount for the price. The terms are three dollars per annum in advance. Single numbers are fifty cents; but those who would like to examine the two numbers published, can have them sent free by mail on receipt of seventy-five cents. All remittances must be made to the publisher direct, J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

Those who desire to have full sets, for binding, should send in their subscriptions without delay.

**New Sheet Music.**—William Hall & Son, New York, publish several songs, etc. from W. Vincent Wallace's opera, *Love's Triumph*; *Wayward Fortune* is a delightful aria, 50 cents; *My Poor Young Friend*, is a duet of some length, 75; *Patience, Prudence, Circumspection*, is a lively aria, full of brilliant points, 60; all from the same opera. *La Primavera*, the springtime is a sweet aria, with Italian and English words, 50. *The Sleep of Joy*, and *The Sleep of Sorrow* are two songs by W. V. Wallace, each 30. *Little Willie's Grave*, new song by J. R. Thomas, 30.

The same publishers issue two new and brilliant mazurkas by Wallace, *Victoire*, and *Une Fleur de Pologne*, each 50. Also, at the same price, *Marietta Polka Mazurka*, by Fradel. *Romanesca* is a showy ballet piece by Wallace, 30. *The Battle*, by Francis H. Brown, is a brilliant descriptive fantasia, requiring skilful execution, and admirably suited to the advanced performer, 75.

H. Tolman & Co., Boston, publish *Ode to Liberty*, an effective quartette for four male voices, 25; *Hymn to Liberty*, with portrait of Burnsides, 35. *No Flag but the Red, White, and Blue*, new patriotic song, 25.

Also, *Belle of the Evening Polka*, 25. *Elegant Mazourka*, by Stefanone, 25. *Progressive Sonatas*, by Clementi, admirable studies, 25. *Fortuna Waltz*, Baninbach, 30. *Plinie de Diamants Schottische*, very pretty, 30; *Adaleta Waltz*, 35. Also a beautiful arrangement of Balfe's new opera, *The Puritan's Daughter*, containing much exquisite music, by Brinley Richards, 75.

Horace Waters, New York, publishes three beautiful new songs by M. Keller, *One Single Kiss*, *Moorish serenade: Evening Blessing*, *Vesper song*; *Mother's Love is True*; each 25. *The Love I bear to Thee*, new song Foster, 25. *They Worked me all the Day*, contraband's song, 25.

The Musical Editor will purchase and mail any of the foregoing, on receipt of price. Address, at Philadelphia, J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

DESCRIPTION of some of the principal dresses worn at the wedding of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra:—

The dress of the Princess Alexandra was a petticoat of white satin, trimmed with chateclains of orange blossoms, myrtle, and bouffants of tulle, with Honiton lace. The train of silver moire antique, trimmed with bouffants of tulle, Honiton lace, and bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle. The body of the dress trimmed to correspond. Her Royal Highness wore a veil of Honiton lace and a wreath of orange blossom and myrtle. The necklace, earrings and brooch of pearls and diamonds were the gift of the Prince of Wales; rivers of diamonds, given by the corporation of London: opal and diamond bracelet given by the Queen; diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Leeds; an opal and diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Manchester. The bouquet was composed of orange blossoms, white rose buds, lilies of the valley, and rare and beautiful orchideous flowers, interspersed with sprigs of myrtle sent especially from Osborne, by command of the Queen, the myrtle having been reared from that used in the bridal bouquet of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. The bouquet was supplied by Mr. Veitch. The bridal bouquet holder of her Royal Highness was the marriage present of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and was a truly princely gift. The upper part receiving the flowers was carved out of rock crystal, and has taken the lapidary some months to execute. It is trumpet shaped, the crystal being inlaid with large emeralds and diamonds, relieved with pink coral and oriental pearls. The shaft contains four plumes of feathers composed of brilliants, and under each the letter "A" in rubies, also four times repeated; a crystal ball, set with rubies, terminated the shaft or handle, and by an ingenious piece of mechanism was made to fly up and releasing the four side forms four supports or stands. Around the centre was a ring, arranged as the princess's coronet, and to which was attached a chain of large pearls and gold, having a hoop of pearls to wear on the finger—the only delicate allusion to the donor being a small star of India in diamonds, introduced in the ornamentation.

The wreaths of the bridesmaids were formed of blush roses, shamrocks and white heather, with long veils of tulle falling from the back of the wreath. The dresses of white tulle over white glacé were trimmed to correspond.

Princess Christian of Denmark wore a train of royal blue velvet trimmed with gold lace. The petticoat of white satin trimmed with puffings of tulle and gold blond. Headdress, white feathers, gold lappets and diamond ornaments.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a train of lilac silver moire, trimmed with white Honiton lace. Petticoat of white satin, with Honiton lace tunic and bands of lilac velvet. Diadem of diamonds. Stomacher, neck-lace and earrings of diamonds. Headdress, white feathers and tulle veil.

The Duchess of Cambridge wore a violet velvet train, trimmed with ermine. Petticoat of violet satin, trimmed with black lace, covered with a tunic of Honiton lace, a tiara of pearls and diamonds; necklace and stomacher to match.

The Princess Helena wore a train of white silk, with bouquets of the rose, shamrock and thistle, tied with silver cord, manufactured by Lewis and Allenby, trimmed with tulle, and bouquets of lilacs, white and lilac. Petticoat of white tulle over white glacé, striped with

ribbons of rose, shamrock and thistle; bouquet of lilac. Headdress wreath of lilacs, white feathers, and blond lappets; diamond ornaments.

Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, dress of white tulle over white glacé, striped with ribbons of rose, shamrock and thistle, tied with silver cord, trimmed with bouquets of lilacs. Headdress, wreaths of lilacs (white and lilac); pearl ornaments.

The Duchess of Brabant wore a train of blue moire antique, embroidered with gold.

CARLETON of New York is a successful publisher.

The success of several of his later publications is worthy of notice. "Among the Pines" has reached the enormous sale of 35,000 copies. The great public has patronized "Artemas Ward" to the extent of nearly 15,000 copies of his comicalities; and has taken 120,000 volumes of "Les Misérables." "The Great Consumption," the sequel to "The Great Tribulation," by Dr. Cummings, has also had an extensive circulation in this country and Canada; while "Rutledge" and "The Sutherlands" have reached their thirtieth thousand. In the way of Poetry, Mr. Carleton has made two hits—in "The King's Bell," by Stoddard, and in "Aldriche's Poems," in blue and gold; two large editions of which have already been disposed of.

L. A. GODEY, SIR: I am at this time in need of a receipt to color black with extract of logwood, which will give the material a bright glossy appearance, for which I would be greatly favored if some of your numerous contributors would give a receipt through your book.

Respectfully etc., N. S. D.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—Duet Vesper; music by T. Lawrence. Song of the 25th Regiment; words and music by one of the regiment. Oh, Could I but recall the Hours; words by J. T. Morris, music for the piano by Mr. Swaim.

We have received the above music from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York. And from Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: Oh Give us a Navy of Iron! the words very pretty and suitable, by O. Brainard Williams, music by James W. Porter. Mr. Williams is an admirable writer of songs for music, and all his efforts are very popular. They are sung everywhere.

TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—A new preparation called Newton's Prepared Colors for Albumen pictures is for sale by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price, with a bottle of Reducing Liquid complete, with full directions for painting, so that any person, though not an artist, may paint in a most beautiful manner, and very rapidly, the *cartes de visite* and photographs, etc., \$3 25.

There has been offered for sale a worthless imitation that will injure the photograph. See that the box obtained has the name and seal of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who are sole agents for the United States.

J. E. T. & Co. have also beautiful copies of flowers from nature (photographs) for coloring with these colors, or for copies for drawing and painting, which they will send by mail for 25 cents each. Also, *cartes de visite* of all distinguished persons.

THE RULING PASSION.—A broker in State Street, deeply absorbed in speculation, being asked, the other morning, "How do you do?" replied abruptly, "About two per cent. a month!"

**EDUCATION: MISS HALE'S SCHOOL.**—We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the *advertisement* of this school in the Editors' Table. We are certainly interested in a seminary conducted by a daughter of our old friend and associate, Mrs. Hale, and where our own daughter is receiving her education. But though interested we are not swayed by such considerations in what we say now on this subject.

Miss Hale's school is situated in the very best location that could be found in Philadelphia for the purpose. Close by the regions of fashion, and remote from the dust and confusion of business, it is yet in almost country seclusion, fronting a beautiful park, whose verdure in the season of green, which lasts here a long time, refreshes the eye, while its extent affords a healthful circulation of air. We do not hesitate to say that few boarding-schools, if any, have such judicious system and regulation, and receive the same faithful care from the Principal.

The best part of education comes from the influence of contact, and the morals as well as the manners are insensibly affected by the circle in which we dwell. How important it is, then, for children and young girls who leave their parents' control to be habitually under the supervision of the lady who undertakes the office of parental training! The ladies who assist Miss Hale in the French and English departments are experienced in teaching, and perfectly understand what young ladies require for the development of the understanding and the heart.

Philadelphia, it is unnecessary to say, is not surpassed by any city for its professors and teachers in the arts, sciences, and foreign languages; therefore every advantage for the attainment of accomplishments will be within the reach of Miss Hale's scholars.

L. A. GODEY.

**Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co.,** Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, *ART RECREATIONS*. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$1 75. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

**THE Lady's Book** is a wonderful success in procuring receipts. In a late number we mentioned that a lady wished to procure General Twigg's receipt for the hair. We have received over twenty letters upon the subject, and we thank the writers of them all. We once advertised for a particular number of the *Lady's Book*, an old one, saying that we would send one of the current ones for it. We came near exhausting a whole edition, and had to stop the exchange as soon as possible. Here is the receipt:—

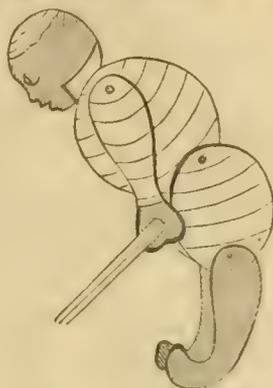
One drachm lac sulphur, half a drachm sugar lead, four ounces rosewater. Mix them, and shake the vial on using the mixture, and bathe the hair twice each day for a week, or longer if necessary. It does not dye the hair, but seems to operate upon the roots, and restore the natural color.

**THINKING AND SPEAKING.**—"Indeed, you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his mistress. "Phoo, phoo!" said she; "so you'd say if you did not think so." "And so you'd think," he answered, "if I did not say so."

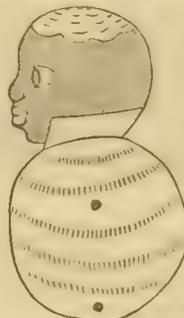
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE DANCING ETHIOPIAN.

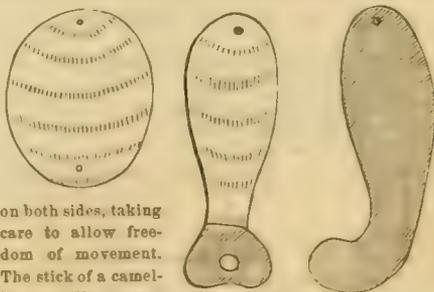
The accompanying figures should be cut out in cardboard, but larger than represented. Of course, two



will be required, except the head portion, the shaded parts being painted black, and the clothing may be striped with some bright color. Pinholes being made



where the black dots are placed, the limbs should be attached by passing thin twine through and knotting it



on both sides, taking care to allow freedom of movement.

The stick of a camel-hair pencil, or something similar, being thrust tightly through the holes in the hands, which should be pushed a little apart, the figure can easily be made to dance to any tune, turn head over heels, and execute sundry movements—lively, if not graceful.

It may be remarked that though the contour of the figure is certainly not copied from any of the masterpieces of sculpture, it is nevertheless better adapted for summersaults and other sprightly performances.

RURAL RESIDENCE.

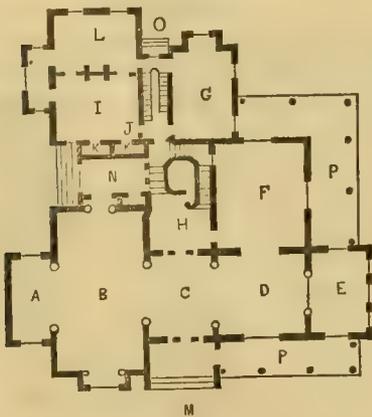
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

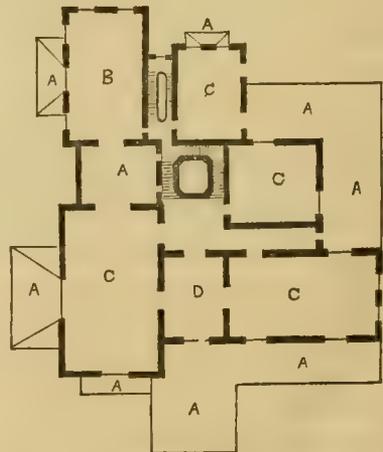
THE plan of the above design cannot be equalled for grandeur of interior effect, and the exterior is capable of the highest tone of architectural beauty.

dining-room, H stair hall, I breakfast-room, J dumb waiter, K china closet, L servant's room, M carriage porch, N general entrance, O rear entrance, P porticoes.



FIRST STORY.

*First Story.*—A piano room, B parlor, C vestibule, D parlor, E conservatory. (It will be observed that these are all separated by drapery, which being pushed aside one magnificent parlor is formed.) F sitting-room, G



SECOND STORY.

*Second Story.*—A roof, B nursery, C chambers, D dressing-room.

**GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING-MACHINES.**—We have frequently and strongly recommended these useful articles to our subscribers; we have done so because we know and have tested them both in our homes and elsewhere. There are two necessary things for house-keepers—one of Grover and Baker's sewing-machines and Godsey's Lady's Book. It is not housekeeping without them. Send to them for one of their catalogues, 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and see to what various uses in sewing they can be applied. The very finest and the coarsest sewing may be done on them. We have to chronicle a matter connected with this firm which shows their generosity. They have lately presented to the "Foster Home," in this city, an entirely new sewing-machine, and mended their old one which has been used in that establishment for many years without having had the slightest repair until now. When we consider that, in an establishment where there are so many children, their clothes and the repairs had to be done on this instrument, we think we can pay no higher compliment than to say, that it has lasted through such an immense amount of work without getting out of order.

**A WORD TO WRITERS.**—The great length of many of the articles on hand prevents our giving them an early insertion. If writers would send us short articles, they would be published much sooner. Racy and to the point, not abounding in description about the beauty of the parties, which most persons skip, but go into the story at once, and, if possible, avoid making the heroine a school-teacher or a governess.

**THE PARLOR GARDENER.**—A complete illustrated guide to the cultivation of house plants, care of green-houses, aquariums, and instructions to many new and beautiful methods of growing plants, of grafting, budding, etc. etc. Price 65 cents. By mail, 70 cents. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Publishers.

**RIDING-DRESS OF THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.**—A dark blue riding habit, made with full sleeves and ample *basques*, and on her head a low-crowned hat and plume of white feathers.

**WHAT OUR FASHION EDITOR CAN SUPPLY.** Address Fashion Editor, care L. A. Godsey, 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, head-work, materials for wax and paper flowers, embroidery, collars, capes, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' ward-ropes 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. S. M.—Sent hair ring March 19th.

Miss S. W.—Sent patterns 20th.

W. G. S.—Sent hair bracelet, breastpin, and books 20th.

Mrs. H. L. S.—Sent silk 24th.

I. S. W.—Sent hair work and comb 24th.

Mrs. H. M. C.—Sent pattern, etc. 25th.

Miss N. S. G.—Sent combs 25th.

Miss M. F.—Sent pattern 25th.

E. R.—Sent dress goods 25th.

Mrs. J. F.—Sent dress goods and cloak 25th.

Mrs. W. K. J.—Sent patterns 27th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent materials for smoking cap 27th.

L. S. L.—Sent hair breastpin 28th.

Miss M. V. L.—Sent hair bracelet 28th.

W. M.—Sent hair ring 28th.

Mrs. W. P.—Sent pattern April 2d.

K. A. M.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. H. A. O.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. Dr. W.—Sent braiding pattern 6th.

Miss J. B.—Sent braiding pattern 6th.

Miss P. M.—Sent round hat with humming-bird 6th.

Mrs. R. D.—Sent hair jewelry 7th.

Mrs. R. S. V.—Sent full braiding patterns for sack 7th.

Mrs. M. C. W.—Sent slippers and knife 7th.

Mrs. E. F. C.—Sent hair ring 9th.

C. C.—Sent hair ring 9th.

Miss J. B.—Sent patterns 9th.

Mrs. W. B. J.—Sent humming-bird 9th.

L. C. K.—Sent patterns 9th.

Mrs. L. E. W.—Sent braiding patterns 10th.

Mrs. I. S. H.—Sent patterns 10th.

Mrs. J. M.—Sent full braiding patterns for child's talma 10th.

Mrs. W. B. F.—We can braid it if you desire it.

Mrs. P. S.—Humming-birds are decidedly the most fashionable trimming for a bonnet. The year of various prices; the brown with golden breasts the most expensive.

Miss M. C. G.—Religieuse is the name of the new style of sleeve, they can be sent by mail.

Mrs. C. H.—Black braid washes well, and is the prettiest for either white or buff *piqué*.

Subscriber, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Address Fashion Editress in all such cases, inclosing a stamp with your name, and she will reply. We cannot notice anonymous inquiries. By the time you get the reply in this department the information would be of no use to you.

Miss E. A. M.—We must decline republishing any story. Woodstock, N. B.—It is enough for us to lose the extra number, without having to pay ten cents postage. In this instance the number was sent.

E. R. P.—Glycerine is the best remedy for chapped hands.

A. R.—MSS. intended for publication must be written only on one side of the paper.

Miss G. H.—Yours is a singular question: "Is it unladylike to catch eels?" We think it is a matter of taste entirely. How is a lady to know whether she will catch an eel if she goes fishing?

Miss E. L. G.—It is not improper to accept a gentleman's arm in the evening.

S. T. O.—The lady rises from the table at the proper time, and the other ladies follow her lead from the room.

Mrs. H. R.—We do not send duplicate numbers unless applied for immediately. Your numbers may have been lost by lending. It is preposterous to suppose you would not have applied for them before.

J. S. P.—Different designs have different terms of abbreviation; we have endeavored at times to publish all, and have done so—cannot refer you to the numbers; but if there is any particular "term" that you wish explained, we will try to do so. We thank you for your very kind and complimentary letter.

## Chemistry for the Young.

### LESSON XXIII.—(Continued.)

561. Take a wax or composition candle. Having trimmed it to an even and moderately short wick, try to produce a flame made up of two cones, the apex of the internal one being represented by (a), of the external one by (b). Possibly, the whole of the original flame may not be driven laterally into the horizontal cones. This matters little, provided the cones themselves be of the right quality, the outside one being little more in color than a faint halo, the inside one terminating at (a) in a sharp blue point. This point (a) is the hottest part of a blowpipe flame, which, when projected a little downward into a depression excavated on the side of a piece of charcoal, produces a most powerful mimic furnace, in which little pieces of silver can be melted with great facility—may even copper and iron, by a dextrous experimenter.



562. The flame, when employed for analytical purposes, should not be ragged, noisy, and uneven, but clear, tranquil, and well-defined. Occasionally a noisy, roaring, and uneven flame is employed in glass-blowing operations, but never for the purposes of analysis. It is made by removing the jet of the blowpipe some distance from the flame, and blowing rather strongly. Its appearance is like the representation subjoined.



563. Hold a small needle by the eye by means of a pair of forceps, and fuse it from the point backward—as far as you can—by continuously directing upon it the conical tip (a). If this operation causes the slightest fatigue, it is a sign of your not yet having acquired the art. When mastered, breathing may be maintained with the greatest facility.

564. Hold a small piece of English flint-glass (a variety which contains oxide of lead) in the blowpipe flame at (a). Remark how black the tube becomes, and how this blackness is within the substance of the glass, not externally; it depends on the removal of oxygen from oxide of lead, metallic lead being left behind. Now heat this blackened glass in the flame at (b), or between (a) and (b); after a time the blackness becomes removed, metallic lead being reconverted into oxide. Hence, remember generally, that the external cone adds oxygen to substances; the internal one takes it away from them. This is very important.

565. Scoop out a depression about the size of a pea in the side of a piece of charcoal; into it put a bit of metallic lead the size of a grain of wheat. Direct sharply down upon it the outside cone of the blowpipe flame; observe how the lead is rapidly converted into a yellow oxide, which diffuses itself over the charcoal in concentric rings. This appearance is indicative of lead; nothing but lead being capable of imparting it. Remark, too, that the oxide of lead melts before the subliming into a vapor—consequently if we were to place in contact with it a spongy body, not affected by the lead, the fused oxide would be all absorbed.

566. Take a piece of silver about the size of a pin's head; treat it precisely as the lead was treated in the last instance, except that it must be fused at the point (a). When once fused it may be retained in fusion at

the point (b). Observe that the silver remains quite bright, not generating any oxide, as the lead did.

## 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.*

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

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 Wriggens & 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 JUNE.

*Fig. 1.*—Dress of white grenadine, with scarf mantle to match. The dress and scarf are trimmed with a fluting of green silk, and the sash is of graduated green silk, with heavily fringed ends. The hat is of white chip, trimmed with a long white ostrich feather and a short green one.

*Fig. 2.*—White silk dress, with double skirt. The upper skirt is slashed at intervals to the depth of half a yard. The ends are folded over and caught by a black lace bow. The sleeves are trimmed in the same style. The corsage is plain, and pointed both back and front. A black lace scarf is pointed at the back to form a berth, crosses in front and is tied at the back, where it falls in long streamers. Straw hat, edged with black lace, and trimmed with black velvet and a black feather.

*Fig. 3.*—A purple grenadine robe dress, with scarf, made over purple silk. The corsage is made with a jockey at the back, and revers in front. The mantle is trimmed with two rows of rich lace. White chip bonnet, trimmed with green ribbon and a white feather.

*Fig. 4.*—Little boy's dress of white *piqué*, richly braided above the hem and up the front in the tunic style.

Fig. 5.—Dress of cur-colored alpaca, with Zouave of the same, trimmed with braid and drop buttons. The skirt is a *repl* to form a corset in front. Leghorn hat, trimmed with flowers and grass.

Fig. 6.—Dress of thin blue Mozambique, barred with black, and trimmed with a fluting of blue ribbon sewed in waves just above the hem. The corsage is low and square, and worn with a muslin guspare.

#### NEW SPRING DRESSES.

From A. T. Stewart's Establishment, corner of Broadway and Tenth St. New York.

(See engravings, pages 510, 511, 512, 513.)

Fig. 1.—A pearl-colored percale dress, stamped in tunic form to imitate rich embroidery in back. The design, reduced, is on the Zouave and sleeves. The hat is of fine white straw, trimmed with pearl-color and black feathers, and black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—A dress of cur-colored wool taffetas, barred with black, and a rich design woven as a bordering on the skirt. The design is also woven on the Zouave and sleeves. White Leghorn hat, trimmed with black velvet, loops of white ribbon, and a single white feather.

Fig. 3.—Another pretty robe dress, with sack to match, very suitable for travelling. This style of dress is to be had in percales of neutral tints, and in wool goods, such as taffetas and alpacas.

Fig. 4.—Organza robe, a white ground, with tiny red figures. The odd design on the flounces is of scarlet and black, the effect of which is charming in the original.

#### NEW COIFFURES.

(See engravings, page 515.)

Fig. 1.—This coiffure is composed of puffed ribbon and bows mounted on a wire, with flowers at the side and a lace barbe looped behind and fastened with ornamental pins. The color of the ribbon should correspond with the dress with which it is worn, or should form a decided contrast.

Fig. 2.—The hair is dressed with three rolls on each side of the face. The wreath is made very full in front, and has a gold cord and tassel trimmed in with it. It gradually diminishes in size towards the back, small buds forming pendants behind.

#### CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

There is a charming little French tale, which fascinated our childish imagination, in which a band of young girls were to choose and wear a wreath of their favorite flower, and a prize was to be given to the one who had made the loveliest selection. The prize was won by the lily of the valley, twined as a garland, with a few dark green forest leaves. We recalled this story of our childhood while standing a few days since among the delicate creations of Madame Tilman's opening spring *partee*. Our eyes rested on a bridal wreath, consisting of a coronet of pure white Narcissus with their golden centres, surrounded by orange-buds and lilies of the valley. A cordon of orange buds surrounded the veil, caught together at the side by a rich blossom of Narcissus, and terminating in two floating sprays of lilies of the valley, trailing over the shoulder. The wreath was mounted with Mme. Tilman's own peculiar grace; no arbitrary arrangement, but studied to suit the style of the bride for whom it was destined. The wreath was part of a bridal garniture, which com-

posed a garland for the skirt, and a bouquet to be worn quite to the left, rather than the centre of the corsage.

A pretty novelty appeared in the wreaths intended for the six bridesmaids. They were each of the simplest flowers, lightly mounted with grass to form, on each wreath a different flower. Buttercups, wild roses, the downy white tops of the dandelions, with blades of grass spangled with dew, violets, and garden roses, made up this novel and charming set of decorations for one of the most fashionable weddings that the daily prints have chronicled this "season of flowers."

Of Mme. Tilman's bonnets, we may say that in shape as well as style, they are entirely different from those of any other house. The general effect as to shape is as though the front of the brim drooped beneath the rich trimming of lace, *crêpe*, and flowers which is placed upon it. The charm of simplicity as well as of unity and richness, belonged to all that came under our review. We mention a few of them. One was of white *crin*, with a garniture on the brim, of rich French moss, on which a butterfly was most gracefully posed. The inside trimming was of the moss and clusters of rose-buds; the cap was of pink *crêpe*, lined with tulle. Another of white *crêpe* had a cordon of violets of three shades, bordering the front, and drooping over the forehead, forming a complete Marie Stuart.

Nor must we pass the most stylish of all, made solely of the straw edging of its black velvet bands, the delicacy of its trailing lace ornaments, ending in a cluster of black ox-heart cherries and shining ivy leaves.

For a general guidance, we might say that lace, rich plain ribbon of delicate shades, or black combined with high colors, *crêpe*, a profusion of lovely flowers and butterflies, are the materials chiefly used in the decoration of summer straws.

We are also indebted to the same lady, whose address is 148 east Ninth Street, New York, for some new styles of round hats. The Francis L. looped up at the right by bits of black velvet, edged with straw, and decorated with field flowers and grass, drooping like a plume at the back of the hat, is decidedly the most *piquant*. The Andalusians, high sloping crowns trimmed with feathers, flowers, lace scrolls, and humming-birds, will also be very popular. A novelty to us, though long known in Paris, has just been introduced for the opera. It is a round hat of *Maison*, the crown laid in folds, and the brim a mass of pathos. A silk scarf is tied at the back of the hat, and a cluster of moss rose-buds, among which nestles a charming crested humming-bird, is placed directly in front.

In this connection, we would commend the tasteful selection of Mr. Myers, 303 Canal Street, Reynolds's Bazaar, for children. He has introduced the humming-birds, of which we have before spoken, among the pretty flowers with which the hats are ornamented. He has also an excellent array of natural ostrich plumes, more serviceable than pure white ones for little people. The styles are varied and becoming, and the combinations tasteful.

We have been busily engaged in gleanings all the information we could respecting new dresses. Fashion is always creating a thousand novelties or new and charming arrangements of old materials.

Fluted ruffles are much in favor for every kind of material. It is true, ruffles are old, but what trimming is more becoming? and the present season they are arranged with other trimmings, which greatly improves their style.

Alpaca of all shades is universally adopted, made with wraps of the same, most of them being talmas, though one of our distinguished *modestes* is making only short tight-fitting sacks for the robes *en suite*.

Strolling through the salons of Mme. Penchon, of Bleecker Street, we saw the richest and most extravagant assortment of dresses we have yet beheld. At no previous season do we recollect having seen such a collection of elegant dresses, not of expensive materials, but so elaborately trimmed that, for *bariges* and *grenadines*, prices ranged from \$50 to \$100.

For elegant full dress, suitable for matrons, were rich black silks, trimmed in every variety of style with white silk, in bands or flounces, covered by black French lace, price \$200. The skirts and sleeves alone of the dresses were made, the waist being arranged to suit the purchaser. The sleeves were all shaped from the elbow, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

A cuir-colored *barige*, figured with black, was trimmed with one fluted ruffle four inches deep; and heading this was a band of rich French lace of a new style, bordered on each edge like a *barbe*. Another dress of the same color was somewhat similar, only heavy bands of the lace three inches wide, bordered on each side with a fluting of the material down each side.

Many of the dresses were trimmed with silk, cut out in various devices, and stitched on; for instance, rings of silk or velvet linked, scrolls, triangles, and other styles. A buff alpaca was cut in deep scallops, and trimmed with six rows of black and white braid; from under this came a fluted ruffle, which formed the edge of the skirt. The dresses were all faced half a yard deep with a white corded material.

A black ground Foulard, figured with colors, was trimmed with linked rings of various-colored silks, forming a charming bordering. This robe was made postillion waist, with the swallow-tailed jockey at the back. *Zouaves* are rather shorter than last season, just reaching the waist. The gray and cuir alpacas were either trimmed with silk, or braid of the same shade, or else with black velvet. We noticed a gray, with a plain upright Grecian of black velvet, through which ran a straight band of velvet, and at the distance of every half yard, the pattern formed a pyramid.

Bands of narrow ribbon, graduated from the sides of each breadth to the centre, formed a very pretty trimming. We must not omit a charming dress, suitable for a young lady. This was of white *barige*, spotted with tiny blue dots. On the edge of the skirt was a fluted ruffle, simply hemmed, then bands of blue ribbon, sewed on bias, and just reaching a second ruffle. Then another bordering of ribbons, sewed on the reverse way, and above this was another fluted ruffle, extending up the front *en tunique*. The space between the tunic ruffles in front being filled in with ribbons, pointed in the centre.

The wraps were very full talmas, bias at the back, with a seam down the centre. Many of the black ones being trimmed with velvet and steel buttons, chenille fringe, lace, and futings. Those of the same material as the dress were trimmed to correspond. *Bariges* and *grenadines* are also made with scraps of the same.

The styles this season are so various that we can but touch on them, feeling that the pen is feeble, and the artist's pencil can best describe some of them. We, therefore, refer our readers to our wood-cuts for some of Stewart's new robes, hoping in our next number to give still others.

Braiding is still in vogue, and for that purpose, we have the tiniest of all velvets in all colors, which braid charmingly.

Most of the new robes are stamped to imitate braiding; some *en tablier*, others as a bordering round the skirt. Delicate percales of neutral tints of this style form charming morning robes, and, *en passant*, we may remark, that all the morning robes have the skirts closed.

Wool taffetas, alpacas, and other goods are to be had in this robe style, also *bariges*; but in the latter, the pattern is varied, having rich leaves and palms thrown carelessly though the graceful braiding pattern. Other *bariges* are chain-stitched in various designs, and have shawls embroidered to match.

The Foulards this year are particularly rich, resembling heavy silks, both in style and price. They are bordered the same as the other goods, but the designs are richer and more artistic. Then there are the beautiful twisted silk *grenadines*, white grounds, with the daintiest little colored sprigs, or black grounds, figured with the most gorgeous colors.

Among the pretty little accessories to the toilet are the colored cravats, or scarfs for ladies, made of a netted silk, double and finished with tassels. These are carelessly knotted round the throat, or passed under the collar.

The Religious sleeve is now the rage. It is an under-sleeve with a deep wristband, about five inches deep, turned down, and sufficiently large to pass the hand through easily. In some cases the ends are rounded, and in others the cuff is sewed to the edge. Collars are larger, made with deep points in front. This style is called the Shakespeare, the cuffs to correspond are very deep, and fastened with four gold buttons. We have noticed linen cuffs made with a very deep point on top, others straight on top, with long, pointed ends.

The display of parasols this season is very good. The most elegant being of *moiré*, trimmed with marabout feathers, or lace, or else lively shades of mauve, pink, or green taffetas, with Brussels or *point appliqué* coverings. More simple styles are dotted with pearl, jet, or steel beads, or have a fanciful bordering formed of beads. Others are of a light, or white silk, lined with colors, and chain-stitched in a pattern of the same color as the lining. In these the handles are either ivory or gilt, but in the more expensive styles, the handles are perfect gems of art, being richly carved out of coral or pearl.

Here perhaps we ought to stop; but when once we begin to gossip with our readers, we find it difficult to leave off. And we cannot help a passing allusion (although it belongs more appropriately to another part of our Chat) to what is probably the most superb dress, which will be seen during this year, at least in the great world of fashion on either side of the water. We speak of the Brussels lace dress which was one of the bridal gifts to "Denmark's fair daughter." It was, indeed, a royal gift, worthy of the royal donor, the King of the Belgians. The designs of the lace, we are informed, are splendid groups of roses, fuchsias, forget-me-nots, etc. The ground work is filled in with small English crowns, with the initial letter of the Princess Alexandra embroidered beneath them. In portions of the composition the style of the Fifteenth Century is revived, and houses in an oval frame and a bird defending its nest of eggs from the attack of a serpent, are represented in a style which is half Chinese.

FASHION.

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