

Mag. M. O. Co.
AUGUST.

To say that this is, beyond all question, the best, most complete, and perfect magazine for ladies in the world, is no more than the truth, and hardly all of that.—*Democrat, Leon, Iowa.*



**GODEY'S
LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
L. A. GODEY.
VOL. LXVII.
1863.



**LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.**

LAUDERSBACH PHILA

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THE
Boardman, Gray, & Co. Piano Fortes.

The subscriber, late a member of this well-known firm, has established himself at the agency,

726 Broadway, New York City,

where he will be pleased to receive the orders of his friends and the public, and especially to hear from those who have so liberally bestowed their patronage on the firm heretofore. He will supply these superior instruments at

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(cast in one solid plate). They excel all others in durability, superiority of tone, and elegance of external appearance.

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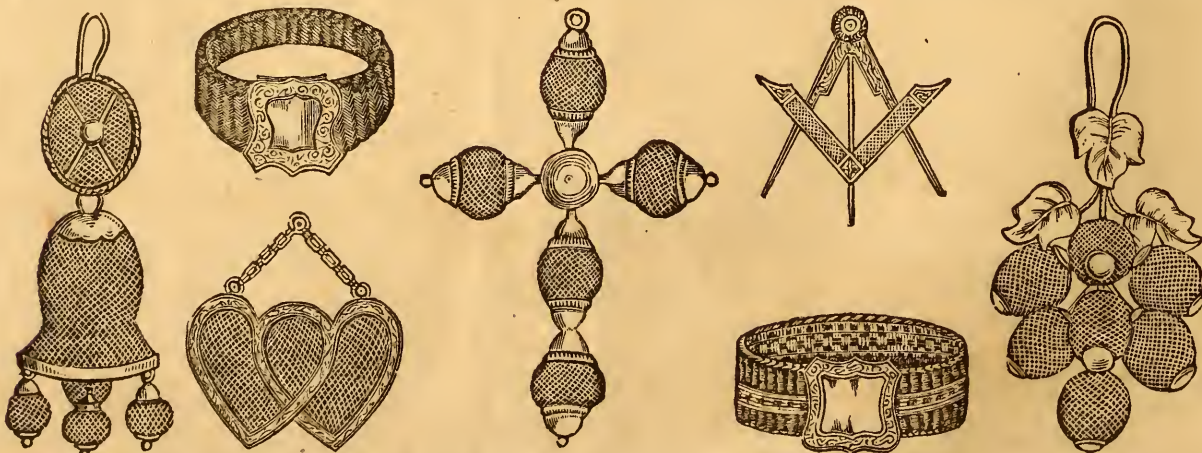
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HAIR ORNAMENTS.

Ladies wishing hair made into Bracelets, Pins (which are very beautiful), Necklaces, or Ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



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

Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
 Ear-rings, from \$1 50 to \$10.
 Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
 Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.

Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15.
 Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
 Hair Studs, from \$5 50 to \$11 the set.
 Sleeve Buttons, from \$6 50 to \$11 the set.

The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4 50.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."



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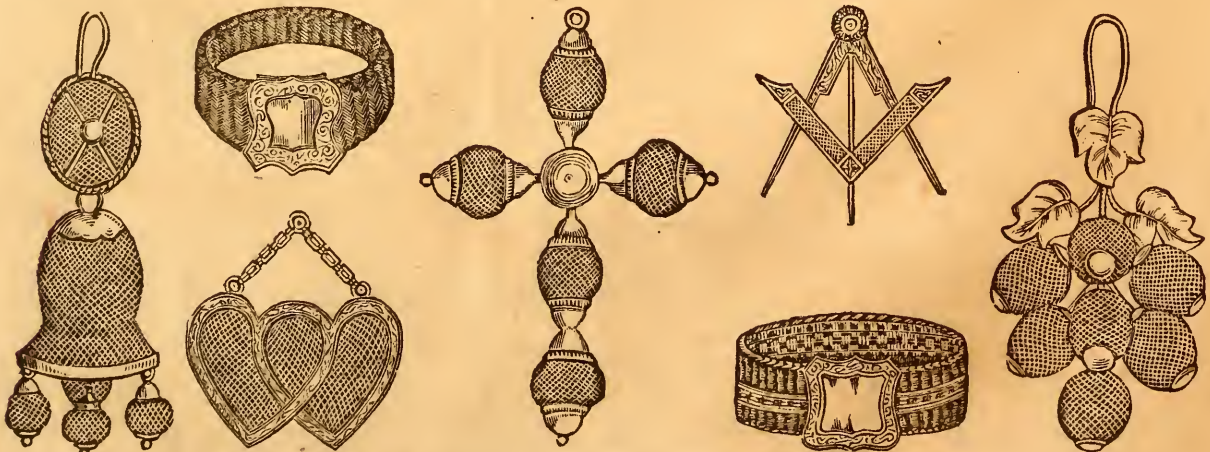
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CODEY'S FASHIONS.



amel. Sc.

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

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 3/4 time and begins with the lyrics 'Back-ward, turn back-ward, O Time, in your flight; Make me a'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a flowing sixteenth-note pattern and a left hand with a steady bass line. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed at the beginning of the piano part.

child a-gain just for and to-night, — Mother, come back from the
wea - ry of toils and of tears; Toil without re-compense,

cres. *f*

The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics 'child a-gain just for and to-night, — Mother, come back from the'. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo (*cres.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic marking. The music is more expressive, with a prominent trill in the right hand piano part.

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.*

The third system concludes the piece with lyrics 'e - cho - less shore, Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore;'. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a tempo change to 'Tempo.' The music returns to a more rhythmic, steady pattern.

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 de - 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.



SUMMER WRAP.



Made of white worsted lace, lined with violet silk. Chip bonnet, with violet velvet cape, and trimmed with white feathers.

LEITRAN BOWASE

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.]



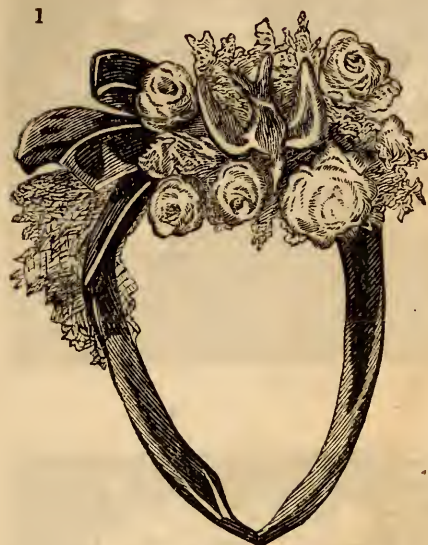
This style, equally adapted to silks, in which it is charming, represents here a light summer fabric, suited to the heats of August. It is a mantilla shape, with fluted trimming.

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 HEADDRESSES, ETC.

(See description, Fashion department.)

1



2



3



4



5



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 unwearying 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 skilful 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 a 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, doubtfully; 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!"

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 oursels 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 woos 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,
Determined 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 fulness 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 unctioⁿ 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, fitting 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 whispers 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 *cité 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 *medieval* 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 chérie —
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 porteress 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 *blazé*, 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 gayety 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 présent 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 postilion), 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 take moralizing! The deuce take all London, and especially the vulgar thief who stole my pocket-book as I was contemplating Northumberland House opposite.

But philosophy 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 graved 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.

GET KNOWLEDGE.

BY F. S. C.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

SHAKSPEARE.

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 multi-form 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.”

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 acquirements 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."

MIRIAM'S DUTY.

BY J. B. 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 evil course."

"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 flitted 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 overtaxed 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 schoolmates 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, incap

"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.]

(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 this 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 pitying accent expressed his sense of this.

“Give her to me, dear Sarah! It is not right for you to keep her longer.”

“She is *mine!*”

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 ajar, 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 arm-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 drunk 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 fitted 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 hack-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 engaged 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 life-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 *distingué* 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.

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."

16*

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. Carroll 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 fantaisié, by the author of The Maiden's Prayer, 40 cents. Marche Militaire, very fine, by Glover, 30. An Alpine Farewell, nocturne by Riche, 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 crape 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 tarletan, 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 Libri collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, "Neue Zeitung, aus Hispahan 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 Panumyra (Panama) in the Indies, wrote to his majesty (Charles V.) that a vessel had arrived from Peru, with a letter from the Regent, Francisco Piscara (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 seignor 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 20,000 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 Care 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.

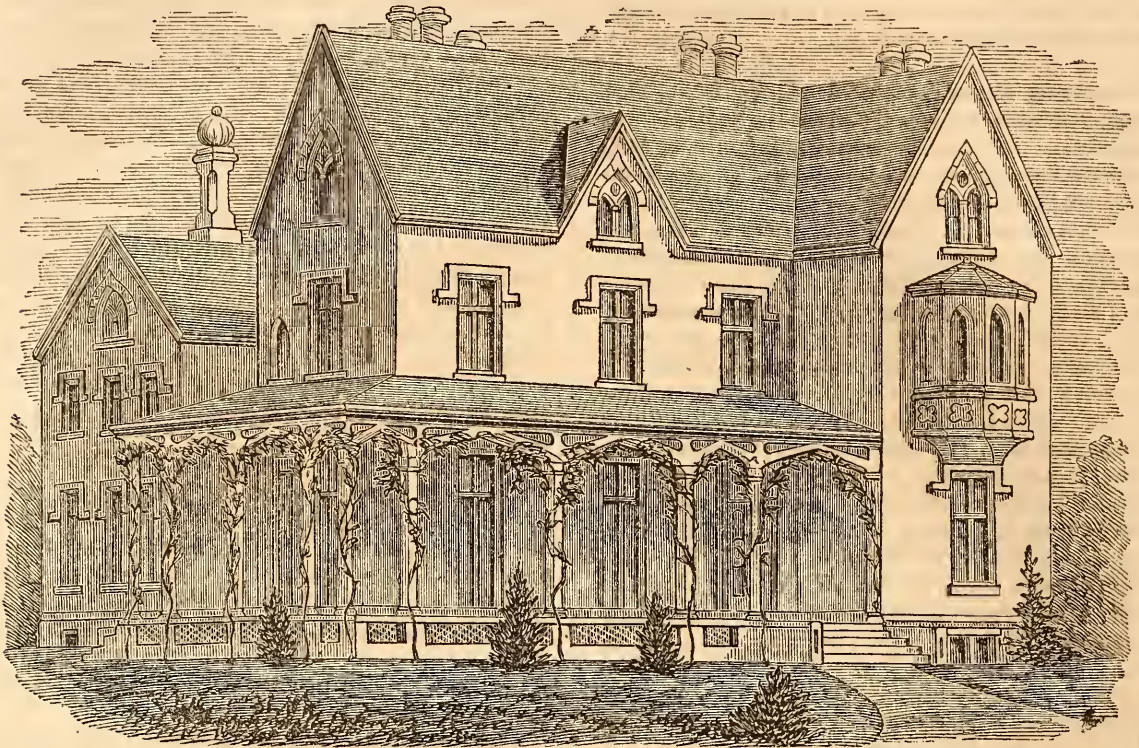
Young ladies, when you would trust yourselves on the slippery pavements without rubbers, remember Caro.

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.

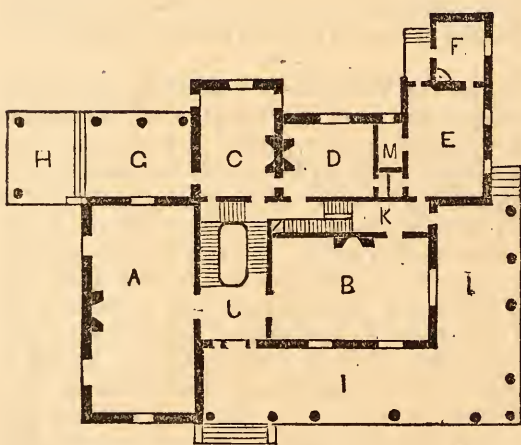
A LADY impatiently awaiting the arrival of her lover, moved the hands of the clock forward an hour to make the time for his appearance come sooner.

RURAL RESIDENCE.

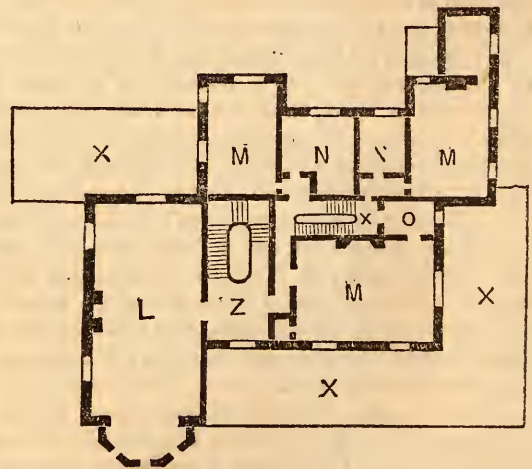
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND 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,

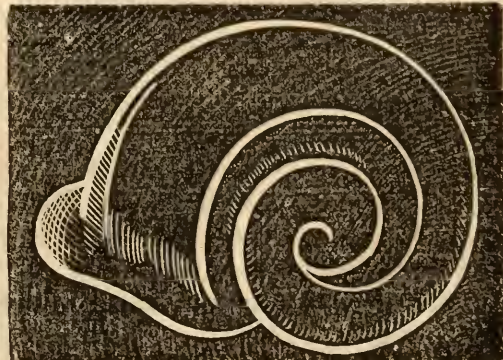
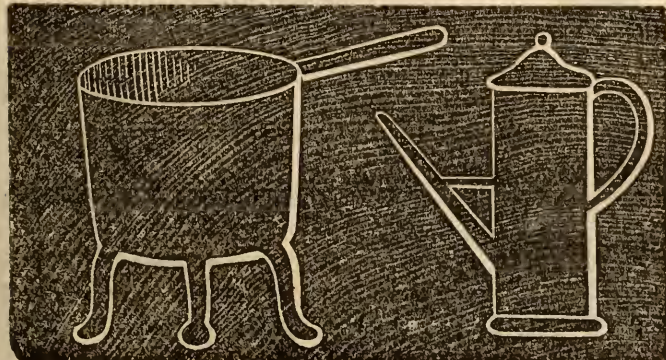
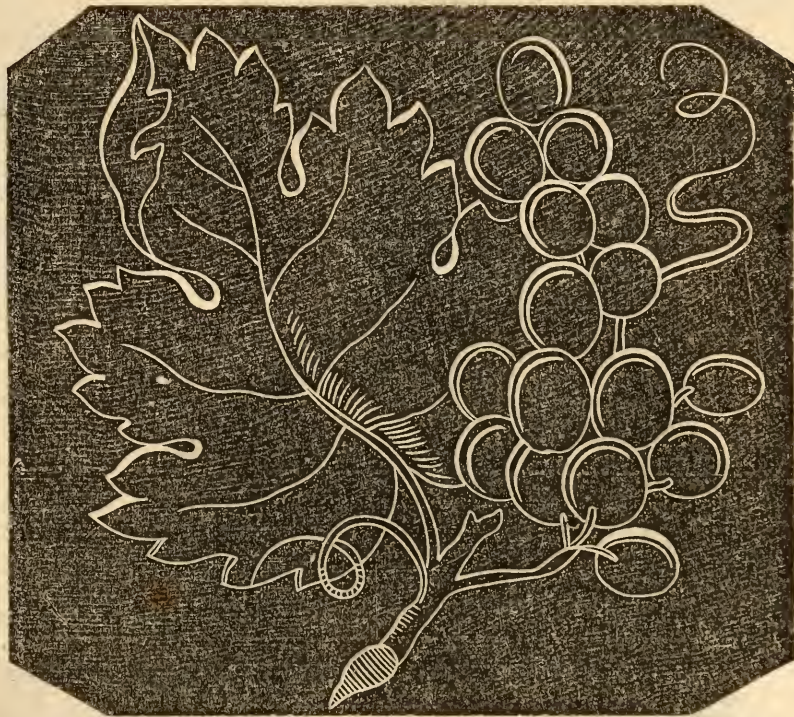
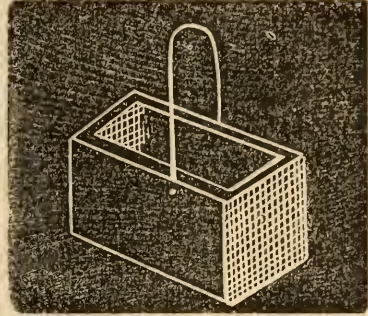
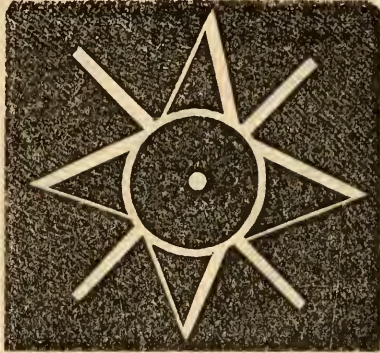
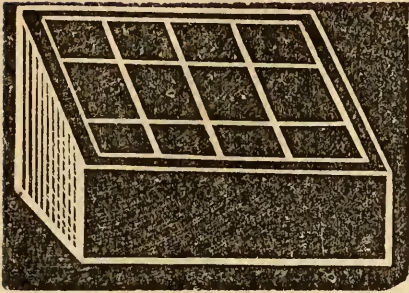
and with this she always washed their hair, rubbing the paste into the roots with her fingers, and afterwards cleansing the head with clean tepid soft water—rain water is best; this will make the skin of the head free from scurf, and the hair soft and glossy. M. W.

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.

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.

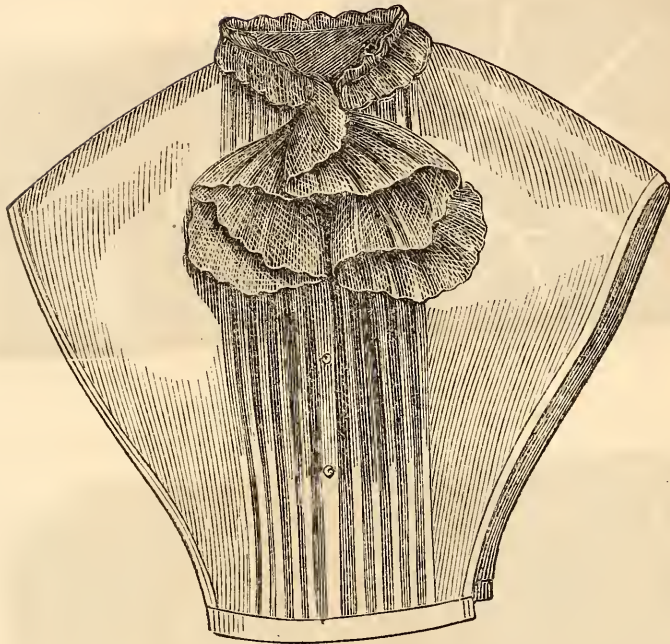


Fig. 3.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.

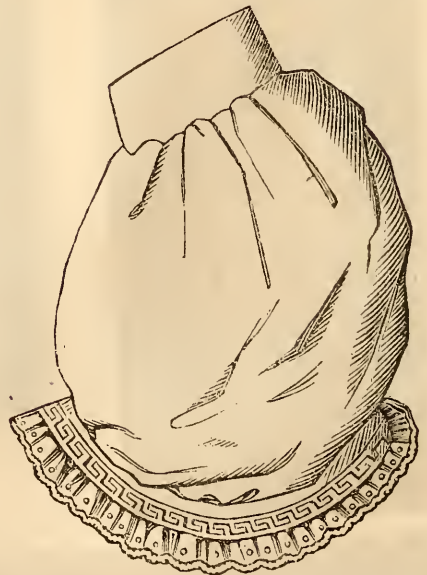


Fig. 1.—New style of chemisette, trimmed with deep lace.

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. 5.



Fig. 6.

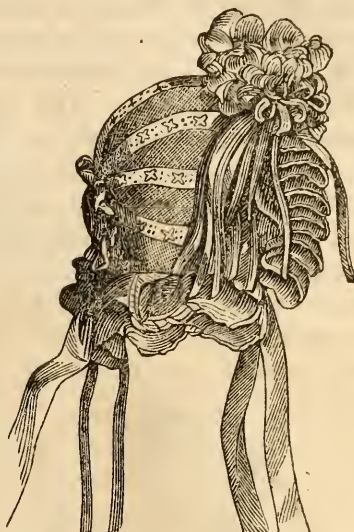


Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—Coiffure composed of lavender velvet and black lace, and highly ornamented with roses and fancy grasses.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

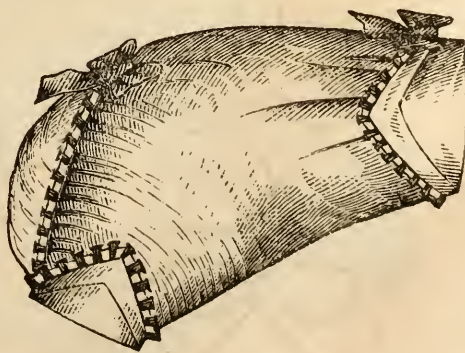
Burnside Habit.—A new riding-habit, the jacket closely resembling a gentleman's cut-away coat; the skirt of the jacket is quite short; the sleeve, the plain tight-fitting coat style, with a turned-back cuff. This habit is

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,

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

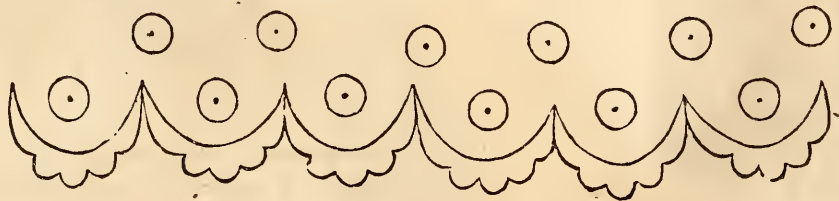
left in; requiring two and a half yards for a child of thirteen years.

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

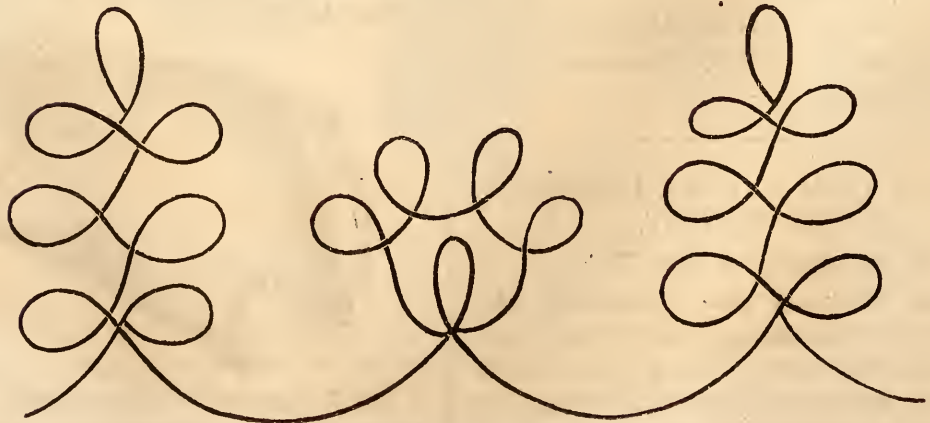


brooch is placed. It is composed of very fine muslin or bishop lawn edged, and trimmed with rows of Valenciennes lace; between each row of lace the muslin is delicately embroidered. The "Clerical" is also very pretty edged with lace, and having a handsome medallion in each end. Another kind, much worn, 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 STOCK-
 ING—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.

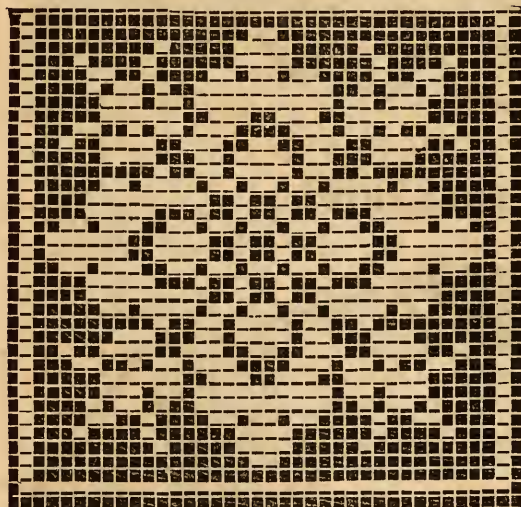
93d.—Knit 2 together, knit 37, slip 1, knit 1, turn over, purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 38, slip 1, knit 1, turn over, purl 1.

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.

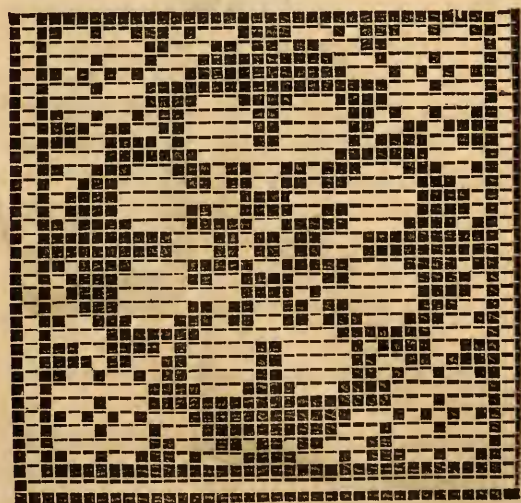
PATTERNS FOR NETTING OR CROCHET.

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.

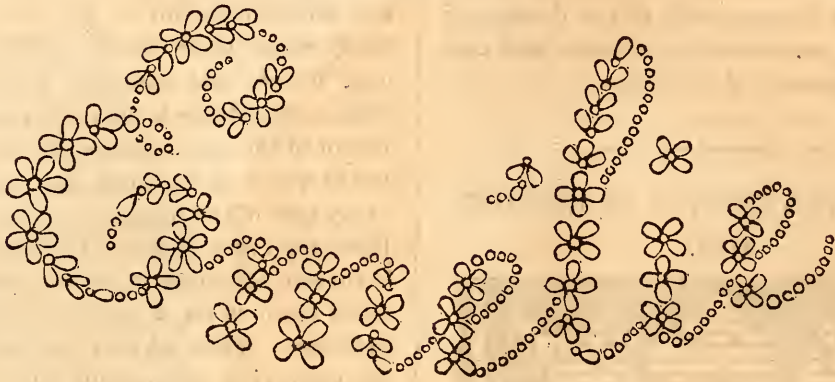
The advantage in this style of painting is the saving of time and labor in sketching, also in the number of coats required. Landscapes are formed very nice in this way, and defy the

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 fore 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.

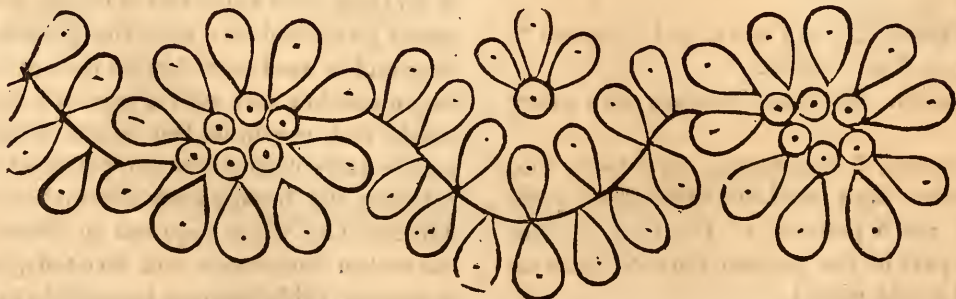
An even number of stitches, but edge stitches may be added.

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.



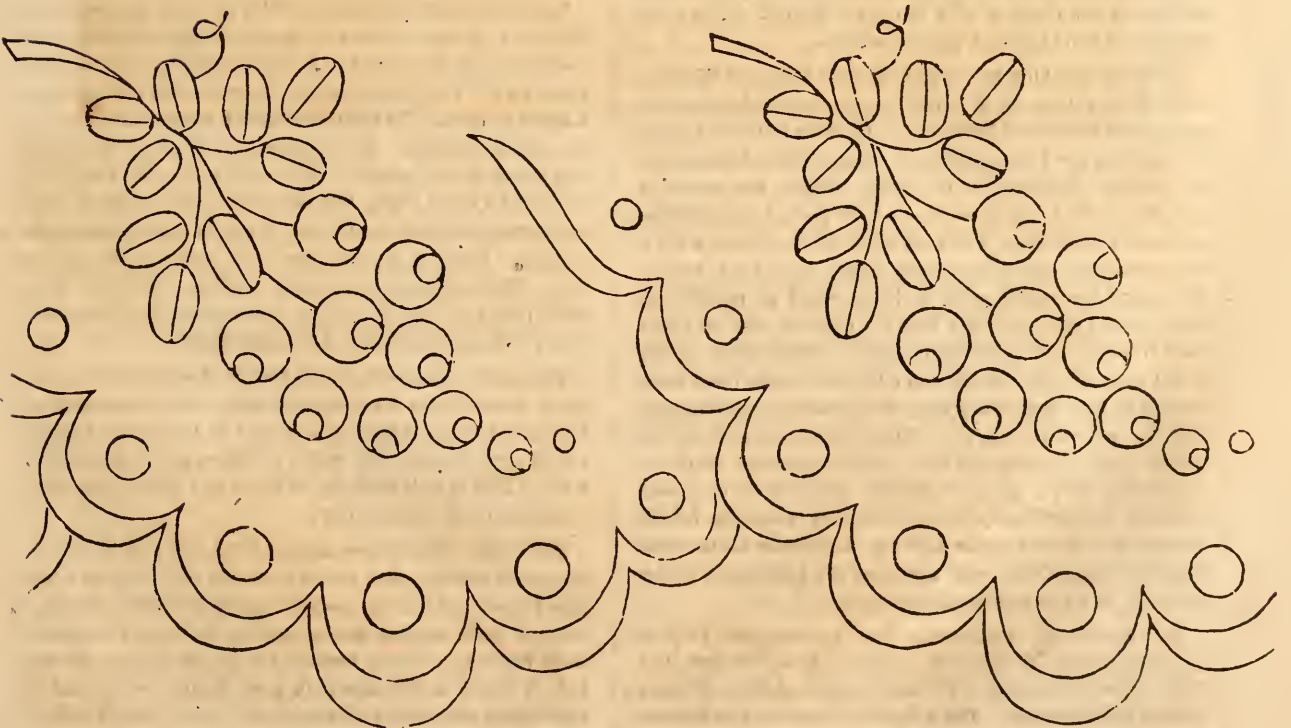
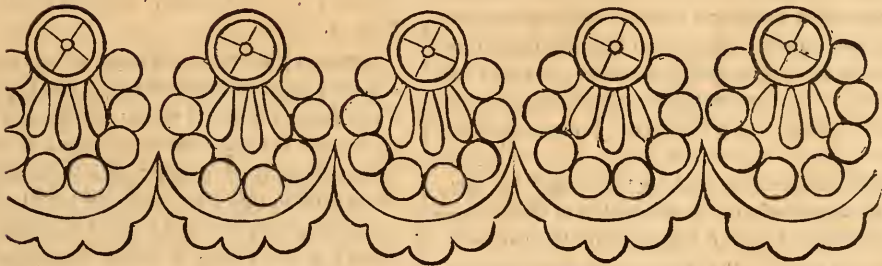
EMBROIDERY.



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 tablespoonfuls 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 diarrhoea or ordinary disease of the bowels:—

Receipt.—To half a bushel of blackberries, well mashed, add a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves; pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar; boil again for some time, take it off, and while cooling, add half a gallon of the best Cognac brandy.

Dose.—For an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water; let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till 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.

GRAPE JELLY.—Strip from their stalks some fine ripe black-cluster grapes, and stir them with a wooden spoon over a gentle fire until all have burst, and the juice flows freely from them; strain it off without pressure, and pass it through a jelly-bag, or through a twice-folded muslin; weigh and then boil it rapidly for twenty minutes; draw it from the fire, stir in it till dissolved fourteen ounces of good sugar, roughly powdered, to each pound of juice, and boil the jelly quickly for fifteen minutes longer, keeping it constantly stirred, and perfectly well skimmed. It will be very clear, and of a beautiful pale rose-color.

QUINCE AND APPLE JELLY.—Cut small and core an equal weight of tart apples and quinces: put the quinces in a preserving kettle, with water to cover them, and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp; put the whole into a jelly-bag, and strain without pressing.

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 tablespoons 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 off 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."* 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

* See "Articles of Religion" of the Protestant Episcopal Church, etc.

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

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 feast?

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 thus 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 published 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 scorn with which an erring daughter of Eve is continually reminded 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 woman, 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 Plain 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 Matqon, 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 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 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 Guardsmen," 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. Recensuit 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 inopportunistically. 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 Sntherlands." 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 *naïveté*, 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, 628 and 630 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, talmas, 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. Carroll 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 fantaisié, by the author of *The Maiden's Prayer*, 40 cents. *Marche Militaire*, very fine, by Glover, 30. *An Alpine Farewell*, nocturne by Riche, 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 crape 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 *distracted* 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 tarletan, 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 Libri collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, "Neue Zeitung, aus Hispahan 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 Panamya (Panama) in the Indies, wrote to his majesty (Charles V.) that a vessel had arrived from Peru, with a letter from the Regent, Francisco Piscara (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 seignor 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 20,000 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 Care 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.

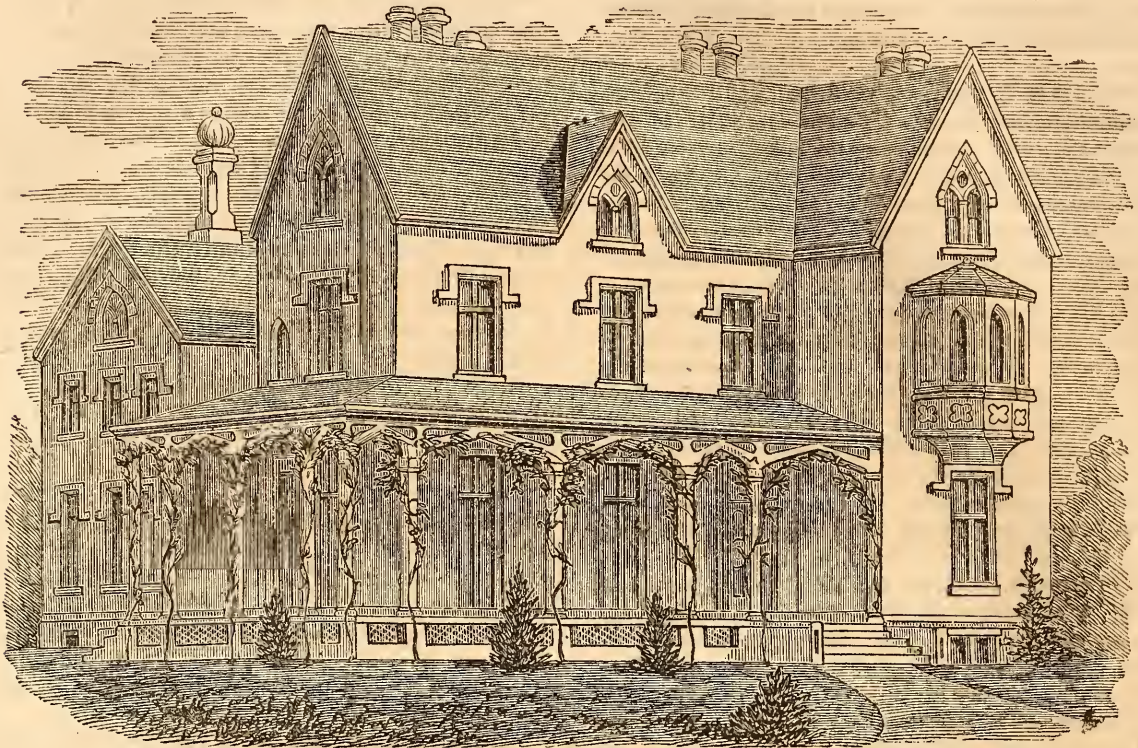
Young ladies, when you would trust yourselves on the slippery pavements without rubbers, remember Caro.

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 swaggerers, 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.

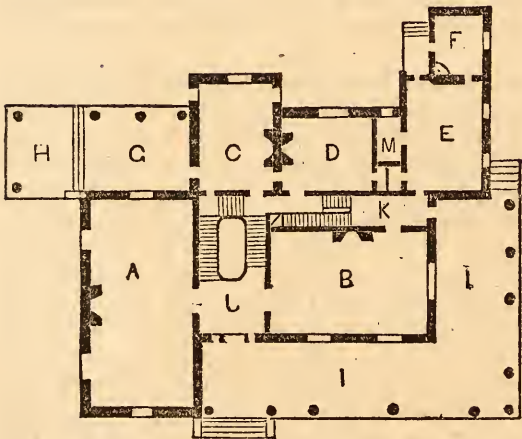
A LADY impatiently awaiting the arrival of her lover, moved the hands of the clock forward an hour to make the time for his appearance come sooner.

RURAL RESIDENCE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

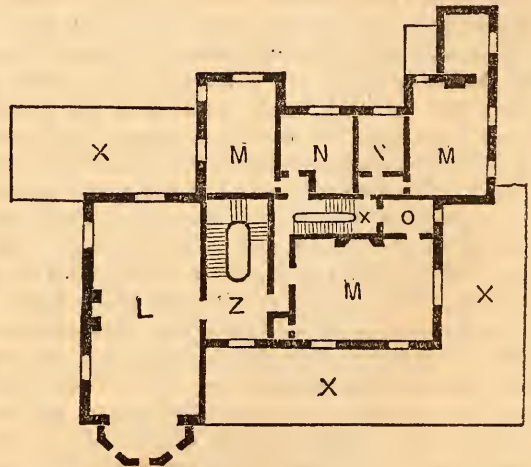


FIRST STORY.

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 TABLEAUX.

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 is 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, looped 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 15th.

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 *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 AUGUST.

Fig. 1.—White French muslin dress, trimmed with six rows of muslin quilling. 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 quilling of muslin. The sleeves are puffed, and just wide enough to pass the hand through. The hair is *crêpé*, 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 quillings.

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 *crêpé*, 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 flounce, headed by a rose quilling. It is trimmed *en coquilles*, 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 pansies 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 braid 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 *cuir*, 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 *cuir* ground, are black swallows darting hither and thither.

For morning, nothing is prettier than the printed percales and *piqués*, 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 flutings, 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. Tilman'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 postilion 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. Tilman'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 pulled 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 *toût ensemble* was exquisite, and it was decidedly one of the most stylish dresses of the season.

FASHION.

AUGUST, 1863.

Embellishments, Etc.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME." Engraved by Illman Brothers.
GODEY'S DOUBLE EXTENSION COLORED FASHION-PLATE. Containing six figures. Surpassing any published either in Europe or America.
A SUDDEN SHOWER. An engraving on wood.
LATEST STYLE. Foulard Robe. From A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York.
LATEST STYLE. Grenadine dress. From A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York.
SUMMER WRAP.
SUMMER TALMA.
SPANISH MANTILLA. Front and back view. Two engravings.
THE TOLEDO. From Brodie.
LATEST PARISIAN STYLES OF HEADDRESSES, ETC. Six engravings.
FANCY ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

SLATE-PENCIL DRAWINGS. Seven engravings.
NOVELTIES FOR AUGUST. Chemisette, Undersleeves, Cap, and Coiffure. Seven engravings.
PATTERNS FROM MME. DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT. Four engravings.
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Four engravings.
BRAIDING PATTERN.
LATEST STYLES OF APRONS. Two engravings.
GENTLEMAN'S KNICKERBOCKER STOCKING.
PATTERNS FOR NETTING OR CROCHET. Two engravings.
NAME FOR MARKING.
GENTLEMAN'S FLANNEL SHIRT.
A NETTED TIDY.
TUFT NETTING IN WOOL AND COTTON.
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