

April 1863



Engraved by Himen Brothers

S P R I N G .

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.



Laverell & P.

GODDEY'S FASHIONS



Engraved by Ilmen Brothers.

S P R I N G .

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL 1863.



number 5r.

FOR APRIL 1863.



RAIN IMPS,
GRINDING UP THE RAIN IN APRIL.

Heber Dream of Constant Bliss.

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

BY C. EVEREST.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D., 1863, by C. Everest, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Andante.

p Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

8va. . .
f
ad lib.

8:

1. Nev - er dream of con - stant bliss, In a chang - ing world like this; Now with
 2. I be - held the bark with sail, Ri - ding no - bly in the gale: Soon I
 3. Ma - ny bards have sung of youth, Fresh with nov - el - ty and truth; Deck'd in

sun - shine of de - light, Then with wretch - ed - ness and night. Morn I've
 saw the moun - tain wave, Roll - ing o'er her co - ral grave. I be -
 garb of fai - ry dress, Shi - ning forth in love - li - ness. Mark the

NEVER DREAM OF CONSTANT BLISS.

seen with stainless sky, Shine as bright as beau-ty's eye; But at
held the hap-py bride, Standing by here lov-er's side; But ere
change, for time doth show, Mingling shades of joy or woe; Though its

noon in an-gry form, Is-sued forth the whirlwind storm. But at
long his love grew cold, Sor-rows then in tears were told. But ere
smiles are bright to-day, Soon you see them fade a-way. Though it's

noon in an-gry form, Is-sued forth the whirl wind storm.
long his love grew cold, Sor-rows then in tears were told.
smiles are bright to-day. Soon you see them fade a-way.

Rit.

cres. *f* *dim.* *col voce.* *p*

Ritard.

SPRING DRESS.



Lavender silk dress, trimmed with narrow black silk ruffles.

SPRING DRESS, BRAIDED.



Dress of steel-colored alpaca, braided with heavy mohair braid. We can furnish the full size patterns for this dress.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



SPRING DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.



The dress is of nankeen-colored alpaca, trimmed with quillings of purple ribbon and bands of black velvet, with frog buttons down the front. The style is quite new, the skirt being gored to form a point or corsage. The jacket is cut away very much in front, and forms a jockey at the back. Shirt and sleeves of French muslin, trimmed with crimped ruffles.

THE DARRO.

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



A glance at our illustration explains the style of its construction. The material is a black silk, of the thickest and richest Lyons manufacture. A heavy cord marks each division of the gored seams up the back. The cuffs are bordered with a guipure edging, and the *brandebourgs* up the front, etc., are of the most superb pattern. Altogether its effect is admirable, and most ladylike.

NEW COIFFURES.

Fig. 1.
(*Front and back view.*)



Fig. 1.—This figure has the hair crimped and rolled off the face over a cushion. The bow at the back can be arranged with the natural hair, or it can be made of a false braid. In the latter case, it is pinned on underneath the back hair, which should be tied and combed over the bow, twisted round and fastened with a fancy comb.

NEW COIFFURES.

Fig. 2.
(Front and back view.)



Fig. 2.—The front coiffure consists of a full roll and a plait of three strands. The fall at the back can be of false hair, pinned on, and the front plaits twisted round it, which gives it a perfectly natural appearance. When false hair is used for these styles of coiffure, they are arranged with but little trouble.

COIFFURE MAINTENON.

Figs. 1 and 2.

(Front and back view.)

(See description, Fashion department.)



TOUPET MAINTENON.

Fig. 3.



FANCY BOW,



Made of hair, to be pinned on, or fastened with an ornamented comb, as shown in Fig. 1, June number, 1862, page 593.

COIFFURE.



A very graceful style of coiffure for a young lady, suitable for the new side combs.

BREAKFAST CAPS.

(See description, *Fashion department*.)

Fig. 1



Fig. 2.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1863.

A LADY'S GLANCE AT THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

LACES, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

HAVING in our last notice reviewed in detail the brilliant display of jewellery in the International Exhibition, some account of the best specimens of foreign art might have been expected to follow in natural succession. Our attention is invited by a class of fabrics which, as regards minute critical examination, is almost virgin soil; and to enthusiasts in lace we especially address ourselves on the present occasion.

Of Brussels lace there are two distinct kinds—the valuable *pointe-à-l'aiguille*, to which class belong the majority of articles now exhibited, and another, technically called Brussels plait, resembling our Honiton *appliqué*, in which the flowers are made separately on the pillow and afterwards attached to a foundation. There are also two descriptions of the net used for groundwork. The veritable *réseau*, the crowning distinction of first-class articles, is made with bobbins on the pillow, and is superior to the best machine imitation only in its unapproachable fineness and the slight inequalities which reveal its value as the production of human, opposed to mechanical, industry. Although some cotton is employed at Brussels, the material chiefly used is the finest thread, made from flax grown at Hal and Rebecque. Some years ago the greater proportion was handspun; and when we consider the extreme delicacy of the operation, it does seem impossible that the dexterity of human fingers should be successfully emulated by artificial means. The finest quality of the thread is said to be made in damp underground rooms, for the tenuity is so great that contact with the dry air above would be injurious. The life of a Belgian thread-spinner being unhealthy, and her work requiring great vigi-

lance, the price of her labor is proportionably high. She examines closely every inch of thread drawn from the distaff, and where the slightest inequality occurs stops her wheel to repair the mischief. Every artificial assistance to the eyesight is adopted. A background of dark paper is placed to throw out the slender thread, and the scene of labor is sometimes arranged to admit only one single beam of light falling directly on the work. So much for material; we now turn to construction. The different processes involved in this vary so much that each is intrusted solely to women peculiarly versed in its details. For instance, one class known by the name of *platteuses* are continually occupied in making flowers for the pattern on the pillow; others, again, are educated to work them in point with the needle; these when attached to net constitute a lace properly described as Brussels *appliqué*. Another division of the labor consists in making the real net-groundwork already alluded to, and two examples in the Belgian cases gives a clear idea of the modes in which the *drocheleuses* execute their task. The *striqueuses* are perpetually employed in attaching the flowers to the net; whilst the designation of *attacheuses* is given to persons whose sole occupation consists in uniting the different portions of a pattern, so that it should appear to be made entire. Last, but not least in importance, come the *faiseuses de pointe-à-l'aiguille*, of whose skill we will now seek for evidence in the Belgian department.

It may be remembered that a certain M^{me}. Hubert, of Paris, distinguished herself in 1851 by the exhibition of some lace flowers in every respect but color good imitations of nature.

This idea may have suggested the execution of floral patterns in relief as ornaments of a flat surface ; but, at any rate, the introduction of this novelty, no less beautiful than marvellous, entitles M. Hoorickx, in our opinion, to the post of honor among his fellow-exhibitors ; it remains to be seen how far professional authority will support this verdict. The invention is displayed to the greatest advantage, perhaps, in a handkerchief which presents every variety of point stitch, as well as several styles of design. At the extreme edge of the lace border is a wreath of convolvulus leaves and flowers, very fine, but simply executed ; within that is a kind of arabesque pattern enriched with *plumetis* or satin-stitch, which is quite a new feature of the Belgian laces ; and then comes the triumph of art in a border of exquisite little bouquets. The miniature flowers are all in relief, the rose showing its circling petals, and other blossoms their natural forms. The small centre of cambric is inclosed within a mechanical design of heavier substances, and the effect, no less than the details, is worthy of admiration. The price, if we mistake not, is about £200—certainly no undue return for the outlay of unusually skilled labor which must have been expended upon it, nor more than this is constantly absorbed in the purchase of luxuries which we should call utterly useless, but for the thought of the humble producers to whom they have for many a day supplied the necessaries of life. A section of flounce, half a yard wide, with flowers in the same style of relief, is also displayed. The value of the set of two would be £800 ; that of a tunic with berthe and handkerchief, made to order, about the same. These statistics are offered, as it is well known that the question of price is interesting to ladies, even in cases where they have no intention or desire to become purchaser ; and this lace being new, even an experienced judge might be puzzled to determine its worth. Although this is scarcely more costly than the other styles of fine Brussels point, the difficulty of cleaning will most likely render it always an exceptional style of work. There is a curious silk shawl in the same compartment—white ground with colored flowers, every part of it constructed by hand, like lace ; but the result is so unattractive that one feels that great ingenuity has been wasted upon it.

The collection of articles exhibited by Julia Everaert and Sisters next claims our attention on the ground of excellence, for nowhere has the ordinary Brussels point been brought to greater perfection than in the deep white

flounce to be found in their case. The ground, real of course and necessarily made in sections, is finished off with a regularity equal to that of machine net, over which its fine texture gives it a great advantage ; the pattern is a *mélange* of lilac, pansies, and convolvulus sprays, intersected by a ribbon, and giving the natural effects of light and shade. This noticeable improvement in design is of recent date ; it may be remarked in each of the three chief collections of lace, but most prominently in the French patterns. The appearance of shadow is given by transparency of texture ; a solid substance representing full lights. Another example of tasteful design is contributed by the same house, in the shape of a dress and shawl of black pillow lace of exquisite quality, bearing the semblance of large tropical leaves. Nor should genuine lovers of lace omit to examine one of trimming width embroidered in plumetis, and so fine that a needle would scarcely pass through its meshes. Some good specimens of white *pointe-à-l'aiguille* will also be found exhibited by Mme. Clippéle. A white fan, with delicate wreaths of black introduced into the pattern, is intended for mourning, and fulfills its intention very tastefully. As much may be said for the flounces and canezou which surround it. Some recent additions by Van Rossum, consisting of point sets, handkerchief, lappet, collar and sleeves, are of excellent quality, as may be inferred from the fact that each set is worth £240, and occupied four years in its construction. In short, a multitude of beautiful specimens might be enumerated, and a goodly fortune quickly assume a very portable form, in this tempting department. Before taking leave of it, we must do justice to the magnificent black lace contributed by the Maison Lepage-Kina, which carries off the palm from all rivals in this branch of manufacture. A tunic flounce and shawl of uniform scroll pattern, with drooping bell-shaped flowers, is of curiously fine and varied workmanship. This style is that recognized here as French lace ; but it is certainly quite equal to anything of the kind we shall meet with in turning our attention to the contributions of France.

The character of the lace worn in Paris has undergone a great change within the last few years ; and manufacturers accordingly devote much of their attention to the production and improvement of the kind called by them "guipure," by ourselves "Maltese." They have brought it to great perfection, and we must admit that it is peculiarly adapted for any service in which substance is desirable, and to

which large, bold designs are appropriate. For instance, an African *bourous* sent by the Compagnie des Indes is very handsome; and, in such a case, we are content to accept effect in lieu of quality. The ground is thin, resembling netting, the central ornaments are horizontal bars of mechanical pattern, and the border a combination of medallions and shells, with a Greek scroll. In the same style is a half shawl, the property of M. Faure, very striking in design. A broad ribbon is represented curling round and round a wreath of large leaves and flowers, and the contrasts of light and shade presented by the varied texture add much to its beauty. Near at hand we find specimens of this same black guipure with colors intermixed in the Spanish style: there are two parasols, one ornamented with flowers of various gay hues, and another for half mourning, with the pattern white; but in neither case is the result very attractive, as in this pillow-lace the black threads of the ground mingle with the bright tints and completely deaden them. The other specimens of this manufacture are a founce in black, white, and red; some gigantic butterflies, exhibited as curiosities of course; and a variety of so-called guipure ribbons, in other words, black lace of different widths, with colored patterns, and finished off ornamentally at each edge. These may possibly be taken into favor for a time as applicable to trimming purposes; in this country they are undoubted novelties.

Having glanced at the best examples of the recent fashion in French lace, we must mention those which represent its staple production—the beautifully soft and fine thread lace called now Chantilly, but chiefly made at Caen and Bayeux. Among the various shawls and founces of this description we think the most elegant are those of M. Seguin. No one could pass unnoticed the half shawl, valued at £140, completely covered with drooping willow-boughs, amidst which we perceive baskets suspended, fountains with birds drinking thereat—in fact, a perfect Chinese garden; and this pattern is carried out in other articles of the parure. The lace of M. Loisean is also very fine, though less distinguished in ornamentation.

It is well known that, although its chief trade is in black lace, France can, by its *point d'Alençon*, compete with the most valuable description of Brussels; and of course, on so important an occasion, has put forth all its resources. Geffries, Delisle & Co., otherwise the Compagnie des Indes, show in their case a wonderful fan,

representing cupids swinging in a bowery garden, and likewise trimming laces of exquisite quality. There is also a founce priced at £1000; but, we venture to think, by no means worth the money as compared in effect with other laces. *Point d'Alençon* is, however, so seldom to be met with in articles of large size, that its value on these rare occasions becomes arbitrary; nor must we forget that its construction is most laborious.

The design, first engraved on copper, is afterwards printed off in divisions on small pieces of parchment. These are numbered according to their order, and holes are pricked along the outlines of the flowers; a piece of coarse linen is then laid on, and a tracing thread is sewn with fine stitches, which unite thread, parchment, and linen together. Two flat threads, held beneath the thumb of the left hand, are then guided along the edges of the pattern and fixed by minute stitches passing through the holes in the parchment. The skeleton of the lace thus completed, the centres of the flowers must be filled up. The worker supplies herself with a long needle and very fine thread, and with these she works a knotted stitch from left to right, successive rows of which at length fill up the interstices. The plain ground connecting different portions of the pattern is commenced by one thread being thrown across as a sort of pioneer, and others, intersecting it and each other, form the delicate meshes. Then there are spaces reserved for fancy stitches, termed modes; and finally, the design is enriched with an embroidery in relief, known as the *brodé*. When the work is so far happily accomplished, the various sections are united so skilfully that the joins escape detection, and the result is the *point d'Alençon*, now sometimes described as the *point de Venise*, the most costly of modern laces. In addition to this *spécialité*, France exhibits much white lace resembling Brussels plait. A large semicircular bridal veil, with small projection to fall over the face, is really perfect in design. It is a mixture of Brussels and point, and, from its style, we should conclude of Belgian origin, as far as execution goes; but the wreaths of flowers which radiate from the outer edge towards the centre are so perfectly natural in their imitation of the very accidents of nature, that we are sure half its attractions are due to France, which still unmistakably occupies the vantage-ground in ornamentation.

The reputation of Great Britain as a lace-making country formerly depended entirely on the industry of Buckinghamshire, the two

adjacent counties, and the region about Honiton. But within the last fifteen years it has been further supported by the development of the manufacture in Ireland. The introduction of crochet-work by various ladies as an occupation for women during the repeated periods of scarcity and distress, was the origin of this very successful branch of our trade. Those who are acquainted only with the imitation of heavy point will be surprised on visiting the case of Messrs. Forrest to see the delicate effect which can be produced with crochet and embroidery needles. Two flounces, described respectively as "lacet point" and guipure, afford that variety and elegance in which Irish lace may have been considered for some purposes deficient. The lacet point consists of a fine groundwork of crochet, into which are introduced flowers, leaves, etc., filled in with various lace stitches. The guipure has a still more filmy foundation, in which some indication of the pattern is shadowed forth, but further defined by embroideries in buttonhole and satin stitch. This novel mode of finishing light laces, which we remarked in the Belgian department, certainly gives great richness to the material. We could scarcely point out any trimming lace superior in effect to that which is festooned around the case of Messrs. Forrest; it shows the best results of this mixed style. Mrs. Allen and Messrs. Copestake are also exhibitors of crochet lace; but the grand feature in the collection of the last-named firm is a tunic of Honiton guipure, made, as our readers probably know, on the pillow in sections, and afterwards united. This dress of ambitious, but good design is nearly covered with rich wreaths and scrolls, connected at intervals by large prince's feathers. A flounce displayed by Messrs. Urling affords great variety in the style of work, and is on all grounds worthy of admiration. Nor can we say less for the tunics of Messrs. Biddle, and Howell, and James.

The finest description of pillow-lace has always issued from the neighborhood of Buckingham; Bedfordshire producing a rather inferior article. Accordingly, we find Mr. Godfrey the chief exhibitor in the case shared by manufacturers of the midland district. In addition to the splendid black flounces of Maltese and ordinary pillow-lace which appear under his own name, he can claim credit as the producer of the admirable half shawl and dress exhibited by Northcote & Co., and the tunic which is a feature of Messrs. Biddle's assortment. We notice also a wonderful improvement in white Maltese lace, the style chiefly adopted in small articles.

It is no longer heavy and monotonous in pattern, but rather resembles a cloudy kind of Honiton. Lester & Sons (of Bedford), Mr. R. Vicars (of Padbury), and Mr. Sergeant (of Sandy), exhibit exquisitely fine specimens, very well designed, in the shape of collars, sleeves, lappets, and a bolder style in flounces. It must be regarded as a very acceptable substitute for the more expensive class of foreign laces, and we commend it to general patronage.

While lauding the enterprise of real lace manufacturers, it would be unfair to pass unmentioned the wonderful imitations of the fabric which Nottingham supplies in various styles. The Spanish shawls and mantillas, which fall little short of the original models, have deservedly obtained universal favor; it is needless to dwell on their excellence. The imitations of black Chantilly are also remarkable, the patterns and texture having been so much improved that at a little distance they would deceive an experienced eye. The same can scarcely be said of the tambour-work, supposed to represent Brussels, but it is very pretty in the form of shawls, dresses, etc., and affords employment to many poor women in London and other places.

The lovers of the gay and fanciful in lace will be attracted by a case of Spanish blondes containing articles richly embroidered in colors and gold thread. The real gem of the collection, however, is a white mantilla; the pattern, wreaths of flowers supported by flying cupids, is of solid texture, whilst the ground is light guipure. Saxony is remarkable rather for the low price than the quality of its laces; but Berlin has lately added to the attractions of the exhibition a very creditable suite of Brussels point on real ground; and the Zollverein may therefore be expected, on a future occasion, to deserve more particular mention in our general survey of lace.

ADVICE.—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved, and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMOUS P. H. B. SOCIETY.

DEAR LADY READERS, did you ever, on some frosty October morning, when the bright autumnal sun had just power enough to drive all chilliness from the air, and impart a cheerful glow to the whole system, making any exertion seem an absolute pleasure, watch with envy the retiring form of departing husband, or brother, or other male member of your family, as with fishing-rod over his shoulder, and basket in hand, he walked briskly down the sunny side of the street, looking back every now and then with a half triumphant nod at poor, despondent you, forced to go back into the dull house, and busy yourself with everyday concerns, instead of following that cheerful male member in his day's employment? And then, in the evening, when he came back with country appetite for the closing meal of the day, and long stories of the pleasant sail, the bright-colored forest trees, the sparkling water, the verdant countryman who was his companion, the "mighty big" fish he lost—larger than any to be found in Washington Market, and the "heaps" of small fry returned to their native element, because they were not worth the trouble of bringing home, with all the numerous *et ceteras* of a day's fishing, did your heart ever palpitate with renewed jealousy, and were you not ready to cry out against a cruel fate which made you feminine and denied you fishing?

At any rate, such have been my sensations, and loudly and openly were they expressed. That was some time ago, though. Now I am older and wiser. Now I could watch with perfect equanimity any number of the lords of creation depart on piscatorial excursions, could listen in the same tranquil state of mind to any quantity of fish stories, however descriptive they were of "splendid luck," or "mammoth bass." Nay, I think, instead of feeling the slightest pangs of envy, I would be conscious of a sort of contemptuous superiority over the "deluded souls that make their empty boast." Were it my brother Ned, whose tales were reaching an almost fabulous degree of gorgeousness, I could immediately bring him down again to the regions of common sense, by merely pointing to a small badge worn by us in common with six other individuals, of whom more anon.

I will tell you how all this happened; how I came to possess on this subject an enviable

degree of composure not to be disturbed; how I can remain calm and contented when the rest of the female world are crying out, "Didn't you feel excited when you felt the first nibble?" "How I wish I had been there!" "I don't know what I should have done; I never could have pulled him in of course, and yet I would not have lost him as you did"—and giving vent to various exclamations, as, "oh!" "ah!" "forty pounds!" and otherwise testifying their extreme interest in the narration. I never do more than, when the story is finished, say to those nearest me, "He'd be a worthy member of the P. H. B. Society." I never tell whether the observation is a compliment, or what the mysterious letters mean.

About two years ago, my brother Ned came home one evening, and told me that a day's fishing excursion had been planned by four gentlemen of our acquaintance (of whom he was one), and that among them it was agreed that four ladies should be asked to grace the expedition by their presence. This measure was proposed by Mr. Arthur Loring, who was known to have made his selection of a fair companion for his future years, and was by no means favorably received, at first, by the three remaining gentlemen; but when the proposition was so far modified that the choice of ladies was to be confined to those more strong-minded of their sex who would consent to wait on themselves and receive no more attention than their manly companions, it was warmly seconded by all but the planner of the expedition, Mr. George Sanford, a bachelor of about thirty-five years of age, with a confirmed aversion to ladies' society, and devoted attachment to his meerschaum and pocket-pincushion. However, on being warmly pressed, he gave in his adhesion to the proposition, and not only promised to bring, according to agreement, a damsel who would consent to bait her own hook and remove her own fishes from it when caught, but one who could likewise remain silent, if need were, and not frighten all the fish away.

"Oh, Ned!" I exclaimed, "will you be so kind as to ask me?"

"Ask you!" he replied, contemptuously. "I have already engaged my lady, Miss Jennie Angus. I would not have you go upon any consideration," continued the heartless mon-

ster. "You'd be so afraid of hurting the fish, or the clams, or something else, that you would not give one a moment's peace." Then, seeing I looked a little melancholy and cast down, he added: "You're too tender-hearted for such sport, sis. You wouldn't enjoy it. You had much better stay home and take care of poor Dosia here"—stroking the old white cat that lay on a cushion by my side.

This was all very well, I suppose; but it didn't comfort me a bit to tell me I was tender-hearted. I was, indeed, if it means one is ready to cry if one can't do what one wants to. The patronizing superiority of his style of speaking, too, galled me, and I was going to feel a great deal worse and show it, when a gentleman was announced, and Mr. Lawrence Blakely entered the room. He was one of the excursionists, and greatly delighted me and surprised Ned, by saying he had called to ask me to be his *demoiselle* for Thursday's trip. Of course I yielded a willing consent, and Mr. Lawrence Blakely upheld my courage and strength of nerve by powerful arguments against all Ned's innuendoes to the contrary. I was very glad now that Ned had invited Jennie Angus, for she and I were called intimate; and so I was only too happy to have her one of the party. I was then told all the arrangements, which I will now proceed to relate, with such other additions as we ourselves made *impromptu*.

First I will present you with the names of those who formed the party. The list is to be read horizontally, showing thereby the companionship in which each one went.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| MR. GEORGE SANFORD. | MISS ELLEN FRANCIS. |
| MR. ARTHUR LORING. | MISS LOUISE MARSHALL. |
| MR. EDWARD HAMILTON. | MISS JENNIE ANGUS. |
| MR. LAWRENCE BLAKELY. | MISS SOPHIA HAMILTON. |

Our destination was a country-place, owned by Mr. Sanford, situated on Long Island Sound, about twenty miles from New York. The farm consisted of thirty acres, more or less, and on it was an old-fashioned house, which had been unoccupied for many years. The village, where the steamboat landing was, was situated on a small bay, two miles by water, not much more than half that distance by land, from Mr. Sanford's place. Here we were to procure a row boat, and transport ourselves to our destination, provided we could find one large enough to contain both people and provisions.

Clams were the bait to be used, which the gentlemen thought of digging for themselves, being assured they were very plentiful all along the shore. Perhaps my readers know they can only be found when the tide is *out*, and so we

were to leave the city in the 6 A. M. boat, by which means we would reach "the farm" before the water was high enough to incommode our muddily inclined companions in their anticipated occupation. We were to return the afternoon of the same day.

Finally, a list of the resolutions was drawn up, which we were all to sign, whereby all the ladies were prohibited from receiving, and all the gentlemen from rendering, any more assistance, relative to the baiting of hooks and taking off of fish, than was imperatively necessary, and of such imperative necessity the uninterested spectators were to be the judges.

The violation of this law was to be punished by the dismissal of the offending party or parties from the fishing-grounds for a certain specified time, varying in length according to the degree of enormity of the offence. It was also enacted that any one who possessed so large an amount of personal vanity as to refuse to clothe him or herself in habiliments suited to the occasion, their name should be stricken from the rolls of the society—by the by, I never heard of them before or since—and themselves prevented from accompanying the remaining persons on their expedition.

Each one was to remain in the place assigned him by Mr. George Sanford; "because," as he very wisely remarked, "if people were always changing their seats, no fish could be caught." Any person discontented with the place assigned him was to signify his discontent by *ceasing to fish*; and if this action remained unnoticed, he was then allowed to express his disgust in any manner, and as loudly as he pleased.

In addition to all these rules, there were several minor regulations concerning the employment of pantomime, unless by universal consent conversation was allowed; also to each individual's cutting his own bait, etc.

Before we returned home the fish were to be collected in one vast heap, and such being discarded as were deemed too small for use, the remainder—provided it did not exceed thirty pounds in weight—(this saving clause was suggested by Mr. Blakely, "for," said he, "we might be induced to attempt bringing home *all* the large ones, and thereby cause, not only the swamping of the row boat, but if the danger were miraculously escaped then, it would await us again in our passage to the city in the small steamer,") was to be taken to New York, where a boy, hired by general contribution, was to be intrusted with the responsibility of leaving it at Mr. Sanford's bachelor establishment, and the next day all the members of the society,

and such other friends as they might ask, were to repair thither, and partake of a grand piscatory dinner.

The greater part of these laws were suggested by Mr. Sanford for the control of the lady part of the expedition. Had there been only gentlemen, he said, none would have been needed.

We were also forbidden to scream, or exhibit any alarm at any unexpected little accident, such as the rocking of the boat, the falling in the water of any one of the members, the catching of eels, etc.

Thursday morning came, and with it the promise of a bright sun and a cool breeze from the N. N. W. Jennie and Mr. Blakely came over to our house and took breakfast at five, and then we all proceeded on our way down to the dock, where the "Sea-bird" landed, on board of which we were to meet the others. The first bell was ringing as we stepped upon deck, and looked around to see if we were the first at our destination. No; there, leaning over the railing, gazing down into the rippling waves, stood Mr. George Sanford and Miss Ellen Francis; the latter looking very sleepy, and certainly justifying her companion's boast relative to her silence.

The sun had not yet risen, and the early, scarce awakened look of everything made it all seem strangely unreal to me. The minutes passed quickly, and still the others did not come. The second bell commenced ringing. "They will be left," said Ned. But no. Dodging lamp-posts, boxes, barrels, and other intervening objects, arm in arm, appeared Mr. Loring and his fair Louise, advancing at much too rapid a pace for comfort or grace. They step on the plank just as it is about to be removed; a minute more, and, out of breath, but successful, they are standing on the deck by our side.

Slowly we passed our companion boats, still rocking lazily and aimlessly on the swelling tide; then more rapidly, as we reached clear water, we left behind us the sleeping city, long rows of apparently deserted houses; streets usually seen crowded with vehicles, now made noisy only by the occasional passing of an omnibus or early cart.

We were all very silent at first, and stood facing the east to see the day king come forth from his chamber rejoicing. A strange sight to city eyes, this glorious birth of the morning, heralded so silently, yet so magnificently.

"O Lord, my God, thou art become exceeding glorious, thou art clothed with majesty and honor. Thou deckest thyself with light, as it were with a garment, and spreadest out

the heavens like a curtain. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind," whispered Mr. Blakely, as we all simultaneously shaded our eyes from the sudden brightness.

"I never shall be able to keep awake all day, Sophie," said Jennie, "I know, for my eyelids feel now as though a pound weight were attached to each. I never arose so early in my life before. When Margaret knocked at my door and told me your brother was down stairs waiting for me, I wouldn't believe her, and absolutely refused to wake up for some minutes."

"And I had to bear the punishment for your delay," said Ned, ruefully. "I burned my tongue and scalded the entire length of my oesophagus, and feel as though the coffee were boiling yet somewhere."

"I should think it would be pleasant to feel warm anywhere," I observed, "even at the expense of a scalded interior."

"What a splendid morning!" exclaimed Mr. Blakely. "Look at that delicious cloud of gray mist resting on the quiet city, and the sparkling frost on these gaudy-leaved maples near the shore. It does one good to see sometimes how much beauty there is in the world, that ordinarily we know nothing of."

"I'm too chilly to be artistic," I answered, frostily as the morning, drawing my shawl around me.

Mr. Blakely looked snubbed.

"Everything is white and cold; and I don't see what in the world the boat starts so early for. I never knew what an absurdly uncomfortable hour six o'clock on an October morning was, or I shouldn't have thought of going to-day."

"Oh, Sophie!" said Ned. "Giving out already? I thought you'd only be tender-hearted to spoil your enjoyment. I did not think you'd be both cross and lazy. As for the time the boat starts, I'm very glad it does go so early, for now Sanford and I can have the pleasure of wading in any depth of mud we please, and finding the nice white clams hidden away deep down in the sand. O it will be splendid!"

"If you're going to wade in *mud*, how will you find clams in the *sand*, and such delightfully clean ones, too?"

"O, goosie! It's mud on the top and sand under; and the clams are full of water, and always *wash themselves off* before you pick them

up. I say, George, has your place a pretty shore?"

"I have only been there once," replied Mr. Sanford, "and then it looked charming. The lawn stretches to the water, where there are huge rocks, and beautiful flowers growing in the crevices, and—and—"

"But is there any beach?"

"O yes! The man I took it from—foreclosed a mortgage, you know—said there was a very good beach on one side."

"And, Mr. Sanford," exclaimed I, delightfully, "of course there are shells, and seaweed, and strange little skeletons of sea wonders?"

"I can't say," he replied, rather doubtfully. "Perhaps there may be. I didn't ask."

"But you're sure there's good fishing?" said Ned, anxiously. "Any little fragment of a dead crab, or piece of oyster-shell will serve as a curiosity for Sophie."

"O, there must be good fishing, for the man told me some of the poor people lived almost entirely on what they caught in the water."

"If that's the case," said Mr. Loring, "I don't see why we need take anything more than some bread and butter with us, for we can make a fire and broil our fish—and then a clam-bake would not be a bad idea. 'A clam-bake.' Doesn't that sound like the seashore?"

"What a delightful time we will have! I wish the boat would go faster," exclaimed Jeannie.

"There are some sandwiches in here," said Ned, pointing to a basket beside him. "I think it better not to depend too entirely on the products of our fishing."

"Don't you think we shall catch anything?" questioned the silent Miss Francis, anxiously.

"Probably, yes," he replied. "But there is such a thing as bad luck, and I like to be prepared under all emergencies. I would be more hopeful were the wind a little more from the west."

"Silence that despondent male member with the basket," said Mr. Loring. "Learn, sir"—turning to the offending party—"that prophecies of evil are not tolerated by this society. Those who don't feel hopeful must pretend they do; those who are chilly must not shiver"—with a half glance at me; "if any one's head aches, please preserve secrecy on the subject"—observing that Miss Francis's head rested on her hand; "in all things if you can't be, at least seem to be, and it will answer all practical purposes."

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies, be our motto," said Ned.

Thus laughing and jesting, with occasional veins of serious talk, we reached the landing. Through a narrow channel of discolored seawater, the little steamer ploughed its way, on either side a vast extent of mud flats, where the bay ought to be. Some row boats high and dry on the shore far in the distance; a small sail boat half overturned on some tangled sea grass nearer, and three or four very muddy individuals, each with a basket and rusty hoe, digging down into the by no means fragrant, oozing, slushy ground in which they were standing—such was the rural view presented to us when we arrived at B—. One of the muddy humanities, a colored gentleman, looked up as we stepped on the shore.

"What are you about, darkie?" shouted Ned.

"Diggin' clams, massa," he replied, touching his brimless head gear, and holding towards us as he spoke the basket half filled with what looked like a quantity of the black mud around him interspersed with some stones of various sizes.

"Sanford," said Ned, laughing, "he's digging clams; hadn't we better buy ours? What say you? I don't think I should enjoy the amusement after all, though if you still think it presents attractions—"

"Say no more, Ned. I am always willing to oblige a friend."

So the clams were purchased, the boat hired, and we all stepped in, Ned entering last, for besides stopping to parley with his colored acquaintance, he had to see after the sandwiches and another and a larger basket, containing the crockery and other utensils and necessaries for the day's meal.

"What were you saying to him of the ebon skin?" inquired Jennie, when we were a little distance from the shore.

"Merely asking whether they ever used silver hooks around here."

"Do they?"

"Sometimes. Indeed, it is quite a frequent practice with visitors, I believe."

"Are they better than the ordinary hooks?"

"You can generally catch larger fish by their means."

"I suppose they are quite expensive, the reason the common people don't use them."

"Probably that is the reason. I was also suggesting it wouldn't be a bad idea for 'Sambo' to be around when we returned this afternoon; merely that he might see what famous

fish we will take home with us, of course." Ned ended his speech with a very serious drawl to the last words.

"Hamilton, you're a traitor, and ought to be thrown overboard at once, to know how it feels to have cold water dashed over one all the time," said Mr. Blakely. "You at least don't deserve to catch any fish, and I don't believe you will."

"I don't, either," said my imperturbable brother, pointing to the little waves rising and falling around us.

They were really of quite a respectable size, and, judging from myself, many sensations of fear troubled the female hearts in that little boat as it rocked first on one side and then on the other. But nobly did we adhere to the principles we had adopted, and not an exclamation arose from any one among the number, excepting once when a smothered "Oh!" from Jennie drew all our attentions towards her, and we saw that one wave more venturous than the rest had leaped into her lap; but she looked so ashamed of the womanish expression of fear that we none of us noticed it, all pretending they hadn't heard her.

At length, we reached the rock, which Mr. Sanford had told us was a natural dock, where we could easily land; but owing to the lowness of the tide, though there was still water enough for the boat to float in, the rock itself was among the regions of the unattainable, being at least six feet from the floor of the boat.

"Row to the beach, and land there, Sanford," said Ned.

On we went—mud flats everywhere. Mud flats finally prevented our further progress.

"I am sure the beach was here," said Mr. Sanford, looking mournfully around on the surrounding slushiness.

"Something the matter with our eyes—we can't see it—that's all," remarked Ned, encouragingly.

"Where were you, Sanford, when the man told you there *was* a beach?" inquired Mr. Loring.

"Standing on the 'dock' looking down the river; and I'm sure he pointed up here."

"Oh! that did not mean anything. That was only equivalent to saying 'over the left.'"

"If the ladies are not afraid of wetting their shoes, I think we might as well step out here as anywhere. It's salt water, and won't give them cold. Or if they don't fancy the idea, I've no doubt the gentlemen will willingly volunteer to carry them over," proposed Mr. Blakely.

Of course, with such an alternative, the

ladies didn't mind wetting their shoes, and over we all stepped into a mass, to give a faint idea of which surpasses my descriptive powers, and savors of the impossible. "Wetting their shoes!" If that was what was meant by wetting one's shoes, the ladies certainly did mind it very much indeed. Not their shoes only, but stockings, skirts, everything. If they had been *only* wet, the misfortune would have been light in comparison. But to be daubed all over with this horrid, dark, obnoxious smelling mass was too much for human composure. Once in, there was no help for it; expressions of disgust did no good; there was nothing for it but to wade a distance of at least a hundred yards, with a fool of a man following one, making all sorts of absurd apologies for his vile proposition of landing there; knowing all the time one was looking as ridiculous as one well could, with dress raised to a height never dreamed of in Broadway, and displaying the by no means beautiful sight of a pair of what Ned calls "female nature's slim supporters," covered with black nastiness, inserting themselves each step with as emphatic expressions of disgust as such things can.

Once on dry land—never more appreciated by us than at that moment—we all turned, and with "melancholy steps and slow," made our way to the house. It was one of the old time habitations, with sloping roof, and the siding of scalloped shingles. To the dirty femininities it looked a very paradise of refuge. No sooner were we within the door than, without waiting for permission from the owner, we rushed up the crooked, rickety stairway, and shutting the door of the first bedroom we could find, seated ourselves on the floor, and bewailed our sad plight, condoling each other to the best of our abilities.

Here we remained concealed for the next two hours, waiting the drying of our clothes, while from the windows we could see the gentlemen enjoying a walk over the really pretty grounds around the house. Mr. Blakely was making a collection of the autumn leaves which were scattered on the grass; and when he turned rather unexpectedly and saw me watching him, he waved them towards me, and then holding them so that the sunlight might best display their bright colors, called out:

"Will they answer for a peace offering?"

I made no reply then; but afterwards, when they were given to me, I don't think he found me very obdurate.

At length a call from Ned certified us it was time to commence the day's sport; and so,

donning such of our garments as would make us presentable, from which we had vainly striven to remove all evidences of our morning's mishap, we joined the gentlemen, and proceeded to the rock, where Mr. Sanford assured us the best fishing was.

Jennie and I wore our balmoral skirts and red flannel Garibaldi waists, that we had prepared for the occasion. A coarse straw flat, ornamented by a wreath of the leaves Mr. Blakely had given me, was supposed to protect me from the sun; but a glance at its dimensions might well have led any one to doubt its efficiency.

Miss Francis, Mr. Blakely, and I were stationed on the rock itself. Mr. Loring and Louise, though near us, were a little further to the left; while Ned and Jennie were placed, at their own request, on a small, sloping reef, where a towering pine had found earth enough to give life to its spreading branches; its whitened roots, despoiled of the covering they had once found by the encroaching waters, had twisted themselves like pleading arms around the insensate stones, and in some places, where even these had been washed away, they were twining around each other unsupported, save by their own tenacity of life. On these Ned spread a few branches, and here Jennie and he placed their fishing necessaries. Mr. Sanford seated himself on a lonely little rock which jutted out into the river, nearly covered by seaweed, and affording just room enough for him and his basket.

Contrary to all rules and regulations, Mr. Blakely had prepared my bait for me, and I felt truly grateful for his disobedience; for, notwithstanding my wish to go fishing, and my ready promise to fulfil all the obligations necessary to entitle me to become a member of the society, I no sooner saw the process of wholesale clam murder entered into to properly arrange them for fishing purposes, than I inwardly acknowledge that, rather than be compelled to perform such cruel work, I would forego all chance of a single nibble, even though aggravated by seeing my companions catch as large fish as ever decked a festive board. The convulsive efforts, utterly useless, of the poor clam to resist the murderous knife, the actual squeak he seemed to give as it pierced his heart, "made me shudder, start, and grow faint at soul;" though, mind you, I had no objections to using said bait, thus prepared; so that it could have been no *moral* aversion to the employment, only a mere womanish dislike to seeing the pain actually inflicted, or still more,

to inflicting it myself. Owing to this assistance, I was the first, with an exclamation of delight, to throw my line in the water, and there to hold it, after Mr. Blakely had given me several lessons relative to this seemingly simple process. It took me some minutes to learn how to throw the line gracefully and lightly out as far as was practicable, and then let it fall gently in the water, without the splash and splutter sure to accompany a beginner's efforts; and when this feat had been successfully accomplished, to know when the line touched the bottom, and how far to raise it. But finally these preliminaries were all overcome, and then I was free to sit and wait for a bite. And good use was made of the freedom. I sat and waited, and waited and sat, and so on *ad infinitum*. One after another, the others threw in their lines, and did likewise.

"Why don't they commence biting, Mr. Sanford?" at length I ventured to inquire.

"The tide is scarcely high enough yet, I think."

"Oh!"

That surely was a very satisfactory reason why the fishes delayed their coming. The tide rose higher and higher. Still there were no bites—not even a single nibble.

"Why don't they bite *now*, Mr. Sanford?" after waiting some time longer.

"I'm afraid the wind blows too hard. Perhaps it will go down in a little while."

Here was a ray of hope. Perhaps the wind would go down. But it didn't.

"What's the definition of the verb to fish, Miss Sophie?" said Mr. Blakely, after a long silence.

"To catch fish," I replied, promptly.

"I think you must be mistaken, else are we not engaged in that sport. I think Webster says, 'to attempt to catch fish;' and I accept Webster's definition as the true one. I am of the opinion that is *only* 'attempting' to catch them."

Another long silence. The wind whistled and blew, and tossed the waves one over the other, and they were forced to bring out their little "white caps" and put them on, and then the sun smiled down at them, and they laughed back at the sun, and died away in gurgling ripples along the shore. At length I did catch something; but it was only Mr. Blakely's line. Then ensued a long and merry discussion as to the causes of said act while we were untangling the lines.

Then came a joyous exclamation from Louise, and word was passed rapidly around that

"Louise thought she had felt something pull her hook!"

"If there were less talking, I think there would be more fish caught," said the grumpy Mr. Sanford.

Feeling sadly rebuked, Mr. Blakely and I resumed our fishing silently. A few minutes more, and I suddenly became conscious of a peculiar trembling sensation, communicating itself to my pole. I gave Mr. Blakely an expressive look, and directed his attention to it. The end of the rod was vibrating very perceptibly; a gleam of surprise and joy lighted his countenance.

"Pull up your line," he said in a great state of excitement. "I think there is a fish on it."

With eager, trembling hands I raised my line. All eyes were turned towards it. I felt as though a mammoth creature, of several pounds' weight, were dancing on the hook. Slowly it came nearer and nearer—we could see its white sides gleaming through the water.

"Draw it up faster, or the fish will get off!" exclaimed Mr. Blakely. Then, as with triumphant excitement I tossed it on the rocks, he added with exultation: "There! Miss Sophie has caught the *first* fish."

But the exultation all passed away when, on close inspection, he saw what a miserable little thing it was, scarcely larger than the hook it had managed to get in its gaping mouth. My sorrow and disappointment were extreme. It seemed so much more cruel to catch such a little thing, to say nothing of the ridicule it exposed me to. And now it behooved me to get my fish off. 'Mid the laughter of my companions, I drew the flapping thing towards me. I could not bear to touch it; so I took hold of the line a little distance from it, and examined where the hook had entered. At length I mastered courage to touch it; but no sooner had I done so, than I precipitately let it drop again. The shudder that quivered through it communicated itself to my whole frame.

"Oh, Mr. Blakely!" I exclaimed, covering my eyes with my hands, "I can never take it off. The hook goes right through its eye. Perhaps the next one won't be caught so disagreeably."

Scarcely were the words uttered, ere the little fish was liberated, and lay panting on the rock by me. I did not mind touching it so much now; though, I must confess, I first enveloped it carefully in my handkerchief, and then I walked deliberately to the extreme verge of the rock, and tossed the little mite into its native element again.

They all looked at me disapprovingly, and Ned called out:—

"Blakely ought to be cashiered; but we'll overlook his offence this time."

"I should like to repeat it, were it to insure that punishment. I think a stroll in that grove yonder would be quite as pleasant as our present occupation," said Lawrence Blakely in a low tone.

Another exclamation from Louise drew our attention again in that direction.

"I have such a large one I can't get it out of the water," she said, eagerly.

It did indeed seem to be tremendous; her pole bent, but gave no sign of yielding to her efforts to land the fish. Mr. Loring arose to assist her.

"You have caught your hook in some of the crevices of the rock," he said, when he discovered the unyielding nature of the resistance.

Up and down, first this way, then that, jerking now here, now there, one minute pulling with all the strength he dare use, the next trying to loosen its hold by seeming to yield, Mr. Loring vainly endeavored to unfasten the obdurate hook. At length—snap—it came up; the line only—minus both hook and sinker. The evil remedied, at it we all went again. And now the regular fishing seemed about to commence. Ned caught a long, smooth, soft, gold-colored fish, that he called a frost fish. Then Mr. Blakely drew up a little, lively, bluish-colored creature that nobody seemed to think worth much. After that every one's bait was eaten off as soon as it was put on for the space of ten minutes. Then Mr. Sanford triumphantly basketed a bouncing blackfish.

"They always go in pairs," said he. "Its mate must be around here, too."

Scarcely were the words spoken than, giving a scientific jerk to his line, he again commenced raising it. A dark, heavy mass appeared on the water—a stone covered with seaweed and bits of oyster-shells. With an exclamation of disgust, he tossed it away. Then came another interval of baiting hooks. My hands were covered with clam-juice, which gave them a most peculiar and disagreeable sensation. I advise all my lady friends, if they ever are so foolish as to go fishing, to be sure to wear gloves. I had not thought of taking any. Tiny pieces of clam, mingled with sand, introduced themselves beneath my finger-nails, and the fragrance was by no means pleasant. I was ready to give up in despair, when my flagging interest was again aroused by feeling something tugging at my line. This time it was a large

eel. He tied the line and himself together in tight knots, and flapped his ugly tail, and squirmed, and twisted, and looked as horrid as he possibly could. I would as soon have thought of touching a rattlesnake as *this* obnoxious *beast*. Again Mr. Blakely came to my assistance. Then everybody caught a very few of the small, gray, insignificant fishes. Mr. Sanford was the only one whom any luck visited. He secured the mate to his first black-fish, and several decent sized other ones.

We all felt curious. He was cool and indifferent, and said our ill luck resulted from our ignorance of the art. We suggested, perhaps, his seat was a better one than ours. He offered to change with anybody; but no one accepted the offer. His luck increased, ours *decreased*, if possible. Looking around, I saw Jennie and Ned had given up trying to catch anything, and were having a nice time with some crackers, and a book that Ned had produced, provided, as he had said, in all emergencies. Mr. Sanford pulled up a large eel.

"I am positively devoured by jealousy," whispered Mr. Blakely. "And to make matters even, don't intend to let him know how soon he will be driven from his seat," pointing to the water which, gradually rising, had just reached Mr. Sanford's depending coat-tails. A pantomimic explanation secured the others' silence.

"Ned," called out Mr. Loring, "is your ceasing to fish evidence according to Rule No. 4, 5, or 6—I forget which—that you wish to change your position and try your luck somewhere else?"

"No. It's only evidence that if at *length* I don't succeed, I try no more. I like my *position* uncommonly well. Nothing could be nicer than this tree, this book, these crackers, and this companionship. But if you want my opinion regarding this expedition, solely as a fishing excursion, I'll tell you privately I think it's a failure so far. Indeed, I am inclined to believe we are not where we intended going. I have my doubts whether this is Mr. Sanford's place at all, at least the one to which he was to take us. There is certainly more evidence for than against such a proposition. Our ideal destination had an excellent sandy beach on one side; on the other, rocks covered with beautiful flowers, and fishing everywhere, and of the finest description. Where we have actually arrived, the ladies will certainly bear testimony as to the absence of any beach; and as for the rock, here certainly is *one*, but not, I am inclined to believe, *the* one. The flowers

are of the same mythical character as the beach—not discernible by mortal eyes. And of the fish, with the exception of those caught by Mr. Sanford, the less said the better. Sitting here in calm contentment, watching with sublime unenvying indifference said gentleman, as with tranquil composure and in solemn silence he draws fish after fish from the water, I am suddenly struck with the simple and beautiful example he presents of a certain great philosophical principle, my friends—one which has always presented more or less of mystery to me. I allude to the *attraction of gravity*. No doubt you are all familiar"—

Ned's lecture was here interrupted by a sudden exclamation from the subject of it, who, with indignant disgust depicted on his countenance, was standing upright on his isolated bit of rock, wringing the water from his dripping coat appendages. Of course all immediately rushed to his assistance, with many expressions of regret for his misfortune. One offered to take his pole, another his basket, while Mr. Blakely extended his hand to assist him in springing over the little inlet that separated him from those on shore. But he declined all aid from those who, he more than half suspected, were not so ignorant of the condition he was in as they had pretended. He first threw his pole to us, then, taking his basket in his hand, attempted to vault lightly over; but unfortunately his attempt was frustrated by his feet slipping in the damp seaweed that covered the rock he was standing on, and tumble—bundle—splash! in he went. The fall, so far as he himself was concerned, was of but little moment; there was scarcely any depth to the water, and the grass prevented him from hurting himself seriously, but it was death, or rather *life*, to the fishes. The basket having no cover, the instant it was overturned, they found a speedy way of exit into their native element. Vain was the brisk picking up, both of himself and the basket, which Mr. Sanford, by superhuman exertions, accomplished in an instant; vain the frantic dash after their retreating forms; his prisoners had escaped, and there was no hope of their recapture. One little fellow had the impudence, after making good his escape, to return, and taking a contemplative look at his despondent and defeated captor, wriggled his little tail with exasperating defiance, then turned a complete somersault in the air and disappeared in the watery deep.

The ridiculous figure Mr. Sanford presented standing gazing despondingly on the waters

that had engulfed his morning's sport, little streams of moisture creeping slowly down his coat-sleeves and inexpressibles, and dropping into the pool of water collecting and enlarging at his feet, great drops on the glossy locks and still glossier moustache, "but not of the dew," and the woe-begone, almost desperate expression of his countenance it is impossible to do justice to by mere verbal description. I choked down my laughter then, but there is no need for me to do so now. Often has the remembrance of him at that moment saved me an attack of dyspepsia. Would that I had the skill of an artist! he should be the first effort of my genius.

With a sigh, he looked into his basket; one miserable little stiff, stark, shining thing, that had caught its fin in the side, alone remained; with a deeper sigh he let the basket fall. He looked at *it*, then at *himself*, then at the surrounding company; he stooped, with high tragedy in every motion, picked up the small fish and hurled it with all his force into the water. Then fastening up his line, and disjoining his fishing-rod, turned to us and said, as he took his departure to the house: "I tell you all plainly, I am of the opinion that fishing is a *confounded* humbug."

With what emphasis he dwelt on the italicized word! I think, had there been no ladies near, another and stronger one would have been substituted.

All that remained of our morning's efforts were four of the smallest of the finny tribe, and Ned's frost fish. My eel had taken his departure for parts unknown.

"Loring, I am sorry we brought anything but bread and butter with us," said Ned, as we partook of our sandwiches and pie, sitting on the benches on the old piazza. "It would have been so much more rural and like the seashore to *have had some of the fish boiled, and then ended up with a clam-bake.*"

"Ugh!" said Mr. Loring. "Never speak of a clam-bake to me as a tempting affair. I feel as though they were the most obnoxious things ever formed. I am saturated with clam."

"Don't look so downcast, Sanford," said Mr. Blakely. "Your fate is better than some of ours at any rate, for, as the poet hath it—

'Tis better to have *caught* and lost,
Than never to have *caught* at all."

Ned added some general remarks relative to his *loss* being a beautiful exemplification of the "admirable system of compensation in nature."

Thus ended our day's fishing excursion—the
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first, and does any one feel surprised when I add—the last I have ever enjoyed (?). Surely the success was not such as to excite on our part a desire to renew the attempt. Yet, strange to say, the piscatory dinner was held at Mr. Sanford's, as had been intended. To it were invited numerous friends, who all congratulated us on our good success, and Mr. Sanford on the excellent fishing there was to be had on his place. Truly, silver hooks are an admirable invention, and Ned's darkie very thoughtful to remember his injunction to be on hand when we took our departure in the steamboat. On the festive board were bass boiled, broiled, and baked; black fish fried to a tempting brownness; and eels looking much more inviting, as I should hope they would, than when they are drawn out of their native element. All this I tell from hearsay evidence alone. I did not attend, from motives of personal vanity. The new skin had not yet made its appearance on my nose, and the old was not becoming—I never could wear red. I believe *none* of the ladies of our party were there; indeed, being in much the same predicament.

Never was more melancholy journey made than ours from B—— to New York. Ned aroused a temporary excitement by a proposal, carried by a majority of seven. Who the dissentient individual was I think you can easily guess. By the adoption of this proposal we were organized into a regular society. Every one bound himself in all times and all places to uphold Izaak Walton and his art in all its varieties; never to disclose the day's disappointment; and the members to show themselves such by wearing, the gentlemen on their waiscoats, the ladies as a chatellaine pin, a small badge of gold, on which was stamped a small fish caught on a silver hook, and beneath it in old English letters of blue enamel the mystic cipher, P. H. B.

When Mr. Sanford knew its meaning, he readily promised to wear the badge, and volunteered to give an anniversary entertainment every year at his house to all the members who should remain unmarried. It was at the second of these festive occasions that it was consented I should make this public confession. But I would ask as a personal favor that, if any one recognizes on these pages any of the members of the great "Piscatorial Hum-Bug Society," he do keep such knowledge confined to the secrecy of his own bosom, and never wound our sensitive natures by laughing at our misfortunes.

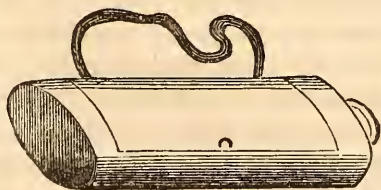
Never have I felt so wretchedly miserable, dirty, and tired as I did that evening two years

ago, when Mr. Blakely conducted me home. I was too tired to be happy even, when the said gentleman made some remarks, on our way thither, which to me did not sound exactly commonplace; at the time they only excited in my mind a wild wonder at the strength of a devotion that could exist after a day's fishing, and be expressed to so *clammy a me*. But since—well, never mind what has happened since—only I don't believe I'll be invited to any more piscatorial dinner parties.

THE COLLECTION AND PRESERVATION OF PLANTS.

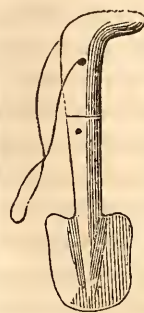
So numerous are the suggestions that have been made, and diverse the processes recommended to be pursued in the preservation of plants by different botanists, that it will be quite impossible for us, with the small space that we have at our disposal, to do more than give a brief outline of such a mode of procedure as we think to be the most simple and generally successful. It is not possible to lay down any process adapted for the treatment of all plants; the colors of some are so fugitive that it is impossible to preserve them by the ordinary mode of procedure, and practice alone will render the collector familiar with the best methods to adopt in such cases. The following materials and instruments will be found necessary to any one contemplating the collection of an herbarium: A vasculum; trowel or digger; field-book, drying paper, mounting paper, some wooden boards the same size as the drying paper, a lancet-pointed knife, a forceps, and a lens, or small microscope; the latter of which we have found to be the most convenient. It consists of a lens, to which is attached a brass ledge; along which, by means of a screw, a movable button traverses: through this button the forceps holding the object is inserted. It possesses the advantage of keeping the object stationary whilst under examination, and admits of the employment of a better light.

The Vasculum is a japanned tin box, which should be of such a length as to receive a plant



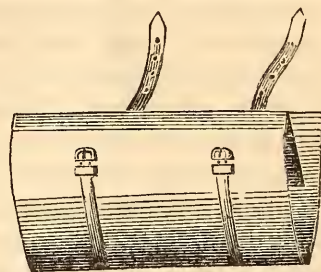
the full size of the herbarium paper: it ought to be convex on both sides; its capacity may

vary according to the fancy of the collector, but one about 20 inches long, by 8 or 9 inches wide, and 5 deep, will not be found too large:



it should be furnished with a handle at one end, and a couple of rings, through which a leathern strap can pass to attach it to the shoulders; the lid should be large, and fasten with a little catch.

The Trowel, or Digger, should be about 7 or 8 inches long; the spud $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide at the top, narrowing gradually to 2 inches at the bottom. It should be provided with a leathern sheath, fastened to the waist by a strap, and the trowel also attached by a long string.



The Field-book is intended to press such specimens as will not carry home without undergoing injury. Its outer cover may be formed of two very thin boards, and secured by straps so as to give pressure. It should be inclosed in an oil-skin case, to protect from wet; and may be carried in the pocket, or attached to the neck by a string.

Drying Paper.—A sufficient stock should be provided so as to have one set of papers drying whilst the rest are in use. A convenient size for general purposes is about 18 or 20 inches long, and 11 or 12 broad. It is as well, however, to be provided with more than one size.

The Wooden Boards should be the exact size of the paper; twelve should be three-eighths of an inch thick, and two, which are to be employed on the outside, three-fourths of an inch. Some prefer sheets of tin to the use of boards on the inside, and they are certainly lighter and more convenient for carrying when on an excursion.

THE COLLECTION should always be performed during fine dry weather, as plants never keep well when collected wet with either rain or dew. When practicable, the entire plant should be collected, and the roots be carefully washed, to remove any dirt that may adhere to them, and then dried. In cases where the entire plant is too large for collection, such portions

as best illustrate its *generic* and *specific* characters should be gathered. In most cases it is necessary to have specimens of both flowers and fruit, particularly in the orders Leguminosæ, Umbelliferæ, Compositæ, and others. In cases where the flowers appear before the leaves, it will be necessary to preserve the young twigs bearing the fully developed leaves as well as the flowers; and when the sexes exist as separate flowers, both male and female flowers should be collected. When bulbs or tubers abound in mucilaginous matter, it will be found advantageous to inclose them in a little paper, so as to keep the drying paper free from dirt. In the collection of Ferns two fronds should be selected—one to exhibit the under surface with the reproductive organs, and the other to show the upper surface; a portion of the rhizome should also be preserved. Grasses and sedges are generally easy of preservation; the entire plant should be collected, and when it exceeds the length of the paper it may be bent and re-bent without injury. If, on returning from an excursion, circumstances do not admit of immediate pressing, avoid putting the plants in water; *they will keep much better in the vasculum*; and, should the weather be dry and sultry, they may be *sprinkled* with a small quantity of water. When portions of shrubs, or plants of woody texture, are required to be preserved, the bark should be slit up, and the woody portion removed.

THE PRESSING.—In reference to the best means of effecting this branch of the process, the greatest difference of opinion exists. Bal-four says the pressure ought not to be less than 100 pounds, and recommends the use of heavy weights to effect it. He also suggests the use of a rope, tightened by a rack-pin instead of leathern straps, attached to the boards used as a press when on an excursion, as in case of an accident the straps may be difficult of replacement. Withering considers the pressure should be gradual, and this accords with our own experience. Some make use of a press, and obtain the requisite degree of pressure by the employment of screws or wedges; others adopt the more simple contrivance of a flat board and some books, which we have found to answer very well. We have even heard of a gentleman acting the part of a press himself, by reposing at night on the plants he had collected during the day. In our opinion, one of the simplest and best methods consists in the use of a box exactly the same size as the paper and board employed; the requisite degree of pressure being obtained by the gradual addition of

pebbles or sand, and of these we have found the former to be the most convenient.

ARRANGING AND DRYING.—First place a parcel of four sheets of the drying paper upon one of the two thicker boards; then take a sheet of the drying paper and lay it evenly upon it; and having selected a plant for preservation, place it on the inside of the right-hand sheet, and arrange the different parts of the plant so as to illustrate its principal generic and specific characters, imitating as much as possible the natural appearance of the plant; as each part is arranged, retain it in its assigned position by means of small pieces of paper about four inches square, upon which a small weight may be placed. Having completed the arrangement of the plant, remove the weights one by one, and allow the fly-sheet to cover it; upon this place another parcel of four sheets, and proceed as before to lay out another plant. When as many as a dozen plants have been arranged in this manner, place one of the thin pieces of wood or tin upon them, and proceed as before, until a sufficient number have been prepared for pressure; now place upon this one of the thick outer boards and the box containing the pebbles, which should be added to from time to time, that the pressure may be gradual. After twelve hours' pressure, remove each plant with the forceps to dry paper, and proceed in exactly the same manner as before described, taking care to open out all the crumples and rectify previous mistakes, arranging the plant as much as practicable in imitation of nature. After intervals of twelve hours the same process should be repeated, gradually increasing the pressure until the plants be dry, which will generally be the case in a week or ten days, but varies with different plants. Some will dry with only one or two changings, whilst others occupy a long time; and some, as Orchids, Sedum, and Sempervivum, are exceedingly difficult to dry at all. To accomplish the drying of these heat is generally employed; and they are submitted to a process of ironing with much success. Some speak very highly of this mode of proceeding in general, being of opinion that it preserves the colors of the flowers better than the ordinary process. From experience it seems highly probable that different flowers require particular temperatures to succeed well in preserving their colors; and the method of treatment peculiar to each case is only to be acquired by practical experience. Some succeed in preserving the colors very well by the use of heated sand.

PRESERVATION.—When the specimens have been sufficiently dried, they should be carefully transferred with the forceps to a sheet of good thick white paper, in which they may either be preserved loose, or fastened to the right-hand sheet of the paper by means of thread, glue, or gum. Of these we prefer the former, as the two latter are apt to attract insects, which will in a very short time completely destroy an herbarium; to guard against their attacks, it is as well to brush the plants over with a spirituous solution of bichloride of mercury, consisting of two drachms to the pint. Some prefer keeping the plant loose in the paper; they are certainly easy of examination under these circumstances. The botanical name, natural order, habitat, and date of collection, together with any other note of interest, should be written on the right-hand corner of the inner side of the sheet. The natural orders that generally suffer most from the attacks of insects are Cruciferae, Euphorbiaceae, Gentianaceae, Umbelliferae, Salicaceae, and Liliaceae.

A MEMORY.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

WHEN February, cold and gray,
Shook the light snow-flakes from his wing,
She smiled to greet the dreary day,
And said, "Twill soon be Spring."

Ah! daily did our prayers arise,
That unto her the passing hours
Might bring soft winds and sunny skies,
And the sweet breath of flowers.

The May-time, that she loved the best;
The days of light, and song, and bloom,
Ere death should bring the unbroken rest,
The silence of the tomb.

But late in this, our northern clime,
The hours such gifts of beauty bring,
And wearily the passing time
Moved onward to the Spring.

The March winds round our dwelling-place
Pealed their wild chorus through the sky,
And as we watched her pallid face,
We knew that she must die.

Yet life's dim taper flickered still,
And with new brightness seemed to burn,
When the storm ceased, and vale and hill
Smiled back the smile of morn.

Wandering beside the unchained brook
That day, a group of children spied
A violet, peeping from its nook,
And brought it to her side—

In all its delicate loveliness;
As if a gentle minister,
Her dying eyes to cheer and bless,
The Spring had sent to her.

At eve we wept—a mourning band;
And the sweet flower she kissed and blest,
We placed within her icy hand
To wither on her breast.

Ah, how sad memories come to me!
Without, the sunshine and the rain
Tell of the April days, which she
So longed to win in vain.

For the glad spring-time now is here,
With its rich gifts of bud and bloom;
The gifts which in the vanished year
We laid upon her tomb.

But she, whose clear immortal eyes
Are shadowed by no vain regrets,
Views not with us its changing skies,
And fading violets.

And to the heavenly heights afar
We lift our eyes, and pray that thus,
As spring eternal came to her,
It yet may come to us.

THE STORY OF AN ATOM.—The atom of charcoal which floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic ages was absorbed into the leaf of a fern when the valleys became green and luxuriant; and there, in its proper place, it received the sunlight and the dew, aiding to fling back to heaven a reflection of heaven's gold, and, at the same time, to build the tough fibre of the plant. The atom was consigned to the tomb, when the waters submerged the jungled valley. It had lain there thousands of years, and a month since was brought into the light again imbedded in a block of coal. It shall be consumed to warm our dwellings, cook our food, and make more ruddy and cheerful the hearth whereon our children play; it shall combine with a portion of the invisible atmosphere, ascend upward as a curling wreath to revel in a mazy dance high up in the blue ether; shall reach the earth again, and be entrapped into the embrace of a flower; shall live in velvet beauty on the cheek of the apricot; shall pass into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood; shall circulate in the delicate tissues of the brain; and aid, by entering into some new combination, in educating the thoughts which are now being recorded by the pen. It is but an atom of charcoal; it may dwell one moment in a stagnant ditch, and the next be flashing on the lip of beauty; may now be a component of a limestone rock, and the next an ingredient in a field of potatoes; it may slumber for a thousand years without undergoing a single change, and the next hour pass through a thousand mutations; and, after all, it is only an atom of charcoal, and occupies its own place, wherever it may be.

“HUSKS.”

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

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 265.)

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HUNT was able to resume his place in the bank several days before his wife returned. Uncle Nathan had brought Jeannie home as soon as her father could leave his room, and the boys had likewise been written for; so that the family reunion was apparently near at hand.

Weak as he was, Mr. Hunt met his spouse and daughter at the depot, and the noise of their entrance in the lower hall first apprised Sarah of their arrival. To the bound of pleasurable excitement her heart gave at the certainty that they had come, succeeded a sigh at the termination of the free, yet busy life she had led of late—the probability that she would be compelled to resume her old habits of feeling and action. Driving back the selfish regret, she ran down to welcome the travellers.

“How well you're looking, Sarah!” said Mrs. Hunt, after kissing her. “I declare, if you was to arrange your hair different, and study dress a bit, you would come near being right down handsome.”

“‘Handsome is as handsome does!’” quoted Mr. Hunt, stoutly. “According to that rule, she is a beauty!”

“Thank you, sir!” said Sarah, bowing low. And she tried to forget, in her sister's affectionate greeting, the chill and heart-sickness produced by her mother's businesslike manner and compliment.

“Having disposed of one daughter, she means to work the other into merchantable shape!” was her cynical deduction from the dubious praise bestowed upon herself.

Mrs. Hunt pursued her way up the steps, examining and remarking upon everything she saw.

“Them stair-roads aint so clean as they had ought to be, Sarah. I'm afraid your girls are careless, or shirks. When did you uncover the carpet?”

“Some time ago, mother, while father was sick. There were gentlemen calling constantly, and the cover looked shabby, I thought.”

“It couldn't be helped, I s'pose; but the carpet is more worn than I expected to see it. With the heavy expenses that will be crowding on us this fall and winter, we can't afford to get any new things for the house.”

Lucy, who preceded her sister, glanced back and laughed meaningly. And Sarah was very glad that her father had not overheard the observation, which confirmed her belief that the beauty's hand was disposed of, without the form of consultation with her natural and legal guardian.

Dinner was announced by the time the travelling habiliments and dust were removed. Sarah had spared no pains to provide a bountiful and tasteful repast, at the risk of incurring her mother's reproof for her extravagant proclivities. But the dame was in high good humor, and the youthful purveyor received but a single sentence of deprecation.

“I hope you have not been living as high as this all the time, Sarah!”

“No, madam. Father's wants and mine were very few. I foresaw that you would need substantial refreshment after your journey.”

“You was very thoughtful. We both have good appetites, I guess. I know that I have.”

“Mine will speak for itself,” said Lucy.

“You have no idea how that girl has enjoyed everything since she has been away,” observed Mrs. Hunt to her husband. “There was Vic. West, who took it into her head that she ought to look die-away and peaking, and refuse food, when her beau was by; but Lu., she just went right along and behaved natural, and I'm sure that *somebody* thought more of her for it.”

Mr. Hunt's face darkened for a moment; but he could not find fault with his eldest child on her first evening at home.

“So you have been quite a belle, Lucy?” he said, pleasantly.

“Better than that, Mr. H.!” Mrs. Hunt checked her triumphant announcement as the butler re-entered the room. “I shouldn't wonder,” she resumed, mysteriously, “if Lucy

was disposed to settle down into a steady, sedate matron after her holiday."

"Don't you deceive yourself with that hope!" laughed Lucy.

She was evidently pleased by these not over delicate allusions to her love-affairs, and, like her mother, extremely complacent over the result of her recent campaign. Sarah felt that, were she in her place, she would shrink from this open jesting upon a sacred subject; still she had not expected that her sister would behave differently. Lucy's nature was gentle without being fine; affectionate, but shallow. She would have had no difficulty in attaching herself to any man whom her friends recommended as "a good match," provided he were pleasing in exterior, and her most devoted servitor.

The sisters had no opportunity of private converse until they adjourned to the parlor for the evening. Lucy was very beautiful in a blue silk, whose low corsage and short sleeves revealed her superb shoulders and rounded arms. Her complexion was a rich carmine, deepening or softening with every motion—one would have said, with every breath. Her blue eyes fairly danced in a sort of subdued glee, very charming and very becoming, but altogether unlike the tender, dewy light of "Love's first young dream!"

"How lovely you have grown, sister!" said Sarah, earnestly. "Oh, Lucy, I don't believe you rightly value the gift of beauty—as I would do, if it were mine!"

"Nonsense!" The dimples, that made her smile so bewitching, broke her blushes into rosy waves, as the conscious fair one turned her face towards the mirror. "I am pleased to hear that I am passable to-night. We may have visitors. A friend of ours has expressed a great desire to see me in my home—in the bosom of my family.' Ahem!" She smoothed out an imaginary wrinkle in her bodice, an excuse for tarrying longer before the glass.

"He came to town with you, then?" ventured Sarah.

Lucy nodded.

"And promised to call this evening?"

"Right again, my dear!"

She was graver now, for she had conceived the happy notion of appropriating to her own use a cluster of white roses and buds she discovered in the vase on the marble slab under the mirror. If anything could have enhanced the elegance of her figure and toilet, it was the coiffure she immediately set about arranging. The flowers were a present to Sarah from Lewis

Hammond; but she thought little of him or of them as Lucy laid them first on one, then the other side of her head, to try the effect.

"And you really care for him, sister?" came forth in such a timid, anxious tone, that Lucy burst into a fit of laughter.

"You dear, little, modest piece of romantic simplicity! One would suppose that you were popping the question yourself, from your behavior. Care for him? Why shouldn't I? I need not say 'yes,' unless I do, need I?"

"But you take it so coolly! A betrothal is, to me, such a solemn thing."

"And to most other girls, perhaps. (There! if I only had a hair-pin. Don't rob yourself! thank you! Isn't that an improvement?) As I was saying, why should I pretend to be pensive and doleful, when I am as merry as a lark? or lovesick, when I have never lost a meal or an hour's sleep from the commencement of the courtship until now? That is not my style, Sarah. I am very practical in my views and feelings. Not that I don't play talking sentiment in our genuine love scenes, and I really like unbounded devotion on the other side. It is decidedly pleasant to be adored. I was surprised to find how I enjoyed it!"

"Oh, sister! sister!" Sarah leaned her forehead on the mantel, repelled and well-nigh disgusted by this heartless trifling—this avowed counterfeit—so abhorrent to her feelings. But Lucy was as much in earnest as she could be in the treatment of such a theme. She went on, unheeding her sister's ejaculation.

"You must understand, of course, that we are not positively engaged. I gave him—Goldfinch—a good scolding for violating the rules of etiquette by addressing me while I was away from home; but it was just like him. He is as impulsive as he can live. To punish him, I refused to answer him until after our return to New York, and his interview with father. He would have written to him on the spot, had I not forbidden him. He behaved so beautifully, that I consented to his taking charge of us to the city, and I suppose the rest must follow in good time. How melancholy your face is! Are you very much afflicted at the thought of losing me? Why, Sarah! my dear child, are those tears in your eyes? If she isn't crying in good earnest!"

And Lucy's musical laugh rolled through the rooms in her enjoyment of the joke. What else could it be to her, elate with her success in achieving the chief end of woman—the capture of a rich and handsome, in every respect unexceptionable lover?

“Hist!” she said, raising her finger. “He has come! Your eyes are red! Run, and make yourself presentable!”

The door, opening from the hall into the front parlor, swung on its hinges as Sarah gained the comparative obscurity of the third and rear room. A strong impulse of interest or curiosity there arrested her flight to get a glimpse of her destined brother-in-law. Lucy had not mentioned his proper name, since her earliest letter from Newport had eulogized a certain George Finch, a Bostonian, wealthy and attentive to herself. Sarah’s backward glance fell upon the visitor as he met his queenly bride elect directly under the blazing chandelier.

It was *Philip Benson!*

Chained to the spot by weakness or horror, the looker-on stood motionless, while the suitor raised the lily fingers he held to his lips, and then led Lucy to a seat. His voice broke the spell. As the familiar cadences smote her ear, the sharp pain that ran through every fibre of her frame awakened Sarah from her stupor.

How she gained her room she never knew; but she had sense enough left to direct her flight to this refuge—and when within, to lock the door. Then she threw up her arms with a piteous, wailing cry, and fell across the bed, dead for the time to further woe.

Alone and painfully she struggled back to consciousness. Sitting upright, she stared wonderingly around her, unable to recollect what had stricken her down. The chamber was imperfectly lighted by the rays of the street lamp opposite, and with the recognition of objects within its narrow limits there crept back to her all that had preceded her retreat thither. For the next hour she sat still—her head bowed upon her knees, amid the wrecks of her dream world.

Dreary and loveless as had been most of her previous life, she had never endured anything like this, unless one miserable hour upon the Deal Beach, when Philip broke the tidings of his intended departure, were a slight foretaste of the agony, the utter despair, that claimed her now for its victim. Since then, she had been hopeful. His promise of a visit, the tokens of remembrance he had transmitted to her every week, had kept alive memory and expectation. And this was his coming! this the occasion she had pictured so fondly, painted with the brightest hues Love could borrow from Imagination! She had heard again the voice that had haunted her dreams from their parting until now—heard it in deeper, softer tones

than it had ever taken in speech with her; heart-music which told that his seekings and yearnings for the one and only beloved were over. And was not *her* quest of years ended likewise? Truly, there are two senses in which every search, every combat may be said to be closed; one when the victor grasps his prize, or waves aloft his sword in the moment of triumph; the other, when bleeding, maimed, or dying, the vanquished sinks to the earth without power to rise!

A tap at her door started Sarah. She did not stir until it was repeated, and her father called her name. A stream of light from the hall fell upon her face as she admitted him.

“Daughter, what ails you?” was his exclamation.

“I am not very well, father.”

“I should think not, indeed! Come in here and lie down!” He led her to the bed, and lighting the gas in the chamber, came back to her, and felt her pulse.

She knew what was the direction of his fears; but to correct his misapprehension was to subject herself to further questioning. Passively she received the pressure of his hand upon her head, the gentle stroking of the disordered hair; but, when he stooped to kiss her, he felt that she trembled.

“Dear child! I shall never forgive myself if you have taken the fever from me!”

“I do not fear that, father. My head aches, and I am very tired. I have been so busy all day, you know.”

“Yes, and for many other days. You are, without doubt, overworked. I hope this may prove to be all the matter with you. A night’s rest may quite cure you.”

“Yes, sir,” she answered, chokingly. “You will excuse me to —— down stairs?”

“Certainly. Would you like to have your mother come up to you?”

“O no, sir! Please tell her there is no need of it. I shall be better to-morrow.”

“Your sister”—and he looked more serious, instead of smiling—“has a visitor. Her *friend* is an acquaintance of yours, also, it appears—the Mr. Benson whom you met at your aunt’s in July.”

“Yes, sir. I know it.”

“I understood you to say that Lucy had never said, positively, who her lover was; but this was not the name you told me of, as the person whom you imagined him to be.”

“I was misled for a time myself, sir,” replied the poor girl, pressing her temples between her palms.

"I see that I am tiring you. Forgive me! but it is so natural to consult you in everything. I must trouble you with some questions, which it is important should be answered to-night, before this gentleman and myself have any conversation. Is Mr. Benson a man whom you consider worthy of trust? Your mother represents him to be enormously wealthy—a reputation I had concluded he possessed from Lucy's pet name for him. It is well that your sister has a prospect of marrying advantageously in this respect, for she would never be happy in an humble sphere; but antiquated people like myself regard other things as of greater consequence in concluding a bargain for a lifetime. Is your opinion of Mr. Benson favorable as to disposition, principles, and conduct?"

Sarah's head rested on the foot-board of her couch, in weariness or pain, as she rejoined: "I saw and heard nothing of him, during our intercourse in the country, that was not creditable. His uncle and aunt are very partial to him, and speak of his character in high terms. Their testimony ought to have weight with you, for they have known him from his boyhood up."

"It ought and does! I am relieved to hear all this! very much pleased!" said Mr. Hunt, emphatically. "I have all confidence in Nathan Benson's judgment and integrity. I hope his nephew is as sterling a man. Thus far," he continued, playfully, "I have learned but one thing to his discredit, and that is that having seen this one of my daughters, he could afterwards fall in love with the other."

"I am not beautiful and good like Lucy, father."

"Very dear and lovely in my eyes, my child! Again, forgive me for having worried your poor head with my inquiries. I was unwilling to decide a matter where Lucy's happiness was involved, without obtaining your evidence in the case. A last good-night! and God bless you, my dearest, best daughter!"

Sarah held up her face for his kiss without attempting to speak. This burning ordeal, the harder to endure because unexpected, was over. She was as weak as a child with conflicting passions when she arose and endeavored to undress. After stopping several times to regain breath and strength, she was at last ready to creep into bed, there to lie until morning broke, sleepless and suffering.

Her sharpened senses could discern her father's and mother's voices in the sitting-room, in confidential talk—broken in upon, by and by, by Lucy's pure, mellow tones, apparently con-

veying some message to the former. Its import was easily surmised, for his step was then heard in the hall, and on the stairs, until he reached the parlor where Philip awaited him. Their conference did not occupy more than twenty minutes, which time Lucy spent with her mother—how gayly Sarah could judge by the laugh that, again and again, reached her room. Mr. Hunt returned, spoke a few sentences in his calm, grave way, and the closing door was followed by a flutter of silk and fall of gliding footsteps, as Lucy went down to her now formally and fully betrothed husband.

"Husband!" Yes! it was even so! Henceforth the lives of the pair were to be as one in interest, in aims, in affection. Ere long, they would have no separate outward existence in the eyes of the world. Was his chosen love, then, in a truer and higher sense, his other self—the being sought so long and carefully? The pretty *fiancée* would have stretched her cerulean orbs in amazed wonder at the ridiculous doubt, and asked, in her matter-of-fact way, how the thing could have happened, if it had not been intended? Philip's indignant affirmative would have gained fervor from his exultant consciousness of possession—so novel and sweet. But one, above stairs, taught sagacity by the depths of her grief, looked further into the future than did they, and read there a different reply.

She heard the clang of the front door as it shut after the young lover, and in the still midnight, the echoes, faint and fainter, of his retreating footsteps—the same free, light tread she used to hearken for in porch and hall of that river-side farm-house; and as the remembrance came over her she turned her face to the wall, murmuring passionately, "Oh! if I could never, never see him again!"

This feeling, whether born of cowardice or desperation, was the ruling one, when her mother looked in upon her before breakfast, and expressed her concern at finding her still in bed.

"I am not well enough to get up, mother!" Sarah said sincerely, and Mrs. Hunt, reading in the parched lips and blood-shot eyes proof of the justice of the fears her husband had expressed to her the preceding evening, resolved that the doctor should see her "before she was two hours older."

In vain Sarah entreated that this should not be done, and prophesied her recovery without his assistance. For once both parents were a unit in sentiment and action, and the physician was summoned to his second patient.

“All febrile symptoms were to some extent contagious, he affirmed; and while Mr. Hunt’s malady was not generally classed with such, it was very possible that his daughter had contracted an analogous affection, in her constant attendance upon him.”

This decision Sarah dared not overthrow, much as she wished to do so, when she saw how it afflicted her father.

Undaunted by any fears of infection, Lucy repaired to her sister’s chamber when she had dispatched her breakfast.

“Isn’t it too provoking that you should be sick just at this time?” she began, perching herself, school-girl fashion, on the foot of the bed. “I really admired your staying up-stairs last night; but I did not dream that you really were not well. I promise you that I made capital of your absence. I told Philip (how odd it sounds—doesn’t it?) that you ran away, when he rang the bell, because you had made a fright of yourself, by crying over the prospect of my leaving you, and that I had no doubt you had grieved yourself into a headache. He wanted to know forthwith if you objected to my marrying *him*; but I said ‘No;’ that you were charmed with the match, and preferred him to any other admirer I had ever had; but that we—you and I—were so devoted to one another, that it was acute agony to us to think of parting. About ten o’clock he asked to see father, and they soon settled affairs. When I went down again, he tried a little ring on my finger, that he always wears, and it fitted nicely. So I knew what it meant when he put it back upon his own hand, and that with that for a measure he could not go wrong in getting the engagement-ring. I *do* hope it will be a diamond. Vic. West declares that she would not accept anything else. I considered for a while whether I couldn’t give him a delicate hint on the subject, but I did not see how I could manage it. And don’t you think, while I was studying about this, he fancied I was sober over ‘the irrevocable step I had taken,’ and became miserable and eloquent at the suspicion! I wish I could remember all he said! It was more in your line than mine! But he is a good, sensible fellow, with all his romantic notions. He has a handsome fortune, independent of his father, left him by his grandfather, and we are to live in Georgia part of the year only, and travel every summer. Mother says his account of his prospects and so forth to father was very satisfactory, but she has not got at all the particulars yet. Father is so worried about your sickness, that he cannot spare

a thought for anything or anybody else. The light from that window hurts your eyes—doesn’t it? I will let down the shade.”

But Sarah still lay with her hand protecting her eyes, when her sister resumed her position and narration.

“We are to be married in December. He begged hard for an earlier day, but I was sure that I could not be ready before then. As it is, we shall have to hurry when it comes to the dresses, for, in order to get the latest fashions, we must wait until the eleventh hour. Won’t I ‘astonish the natives’ down South? I couldn’t state this to Philip, you know; so I referred him to mother, who is to say, when he asks her, that her preference would be to keep me just as long as she possibly can. *Entre nous*, my dear, our good mamma has said truer things than this bit of sentiment—but *n’importe!* These embellishments are necessary to such transactions.”

Miss West’s friendship or curiosity could not endure longer suspense, and the intelligence that she was below checked the monologue.

“I will run up again whenever I can,” promised Lucy, by way of compensation for her abrupt departure, “and keep up your spirits by telling you all that I can about our concerns. But Philip is to take me to ride this afternoon. I forbade him to come here before then, but I don’t much think he can stay away. Don’t be vexed if you don’t see me again in some hours. Vic. and I are to settle about our trousseaux. If you believe me, we have never been able yet to decide upon the wedding-dresses!”

And she vanished, warbling delicious roulades from a duet she had engaged to sing that evening with her betrothed. She showed herself up stairs again, when she was ready for her ride and the carriage at the door—very fair, very bright, and very happy. She was exquisitely dressed, and called on her sister to admire her toilet and envy her her escort.

Sarah listened to the cheerful exchange of cautions and promises between her mother and Philip, at the door beneath her open window, and to the rolling wheels that bore them away.

Mrs. Hunt received none of her friends that day, being busy “getting things to rights;” and for a like reason she absented herself from her child’s sick-room, content with sending up Jeannie, now and then, to inquire how she was getting on. In the abject loneliness that oppressed her, when the first violence of passions had spent itself, Sarah would have been relieved in some measure by the society of this

pet sister, the sole object upon earth, besides her father, that had ever repaid her love with anything like equal attachment. But the child shrank, like most others of her age, from the quiet, dark chamber of illness, and longed to follow her mother through the house, in her tour of observation and renovation. Sarah detected her restlessness and ill-concealed dislike of the confinement imposed upon her by compliance with her humble petition.

"Please, Jeannie, stay a little while with your poor sister!" And her sensitive spirit turned upon itself, as a final stroke of torture, the conviction that *here*, also, love and care had been wasted.

"Go, then!" she said, rather roughly, as Jeannie wavered. "And you need not come up again to-day. I know it is not pleasant for you to be here. Tell mother I want nothing but quiet."

"I have had a splendid drive!" said Lucy, rustling her many flounces into the door at dusk.

The figure upon the bed made no response by motion or word.

"I do believe she is asleep!" added the intruder, lowering her voice. "I suppose she is tired and needs to rest." And she went out on tiptoe.

Sarah was awake, a minute later, when her father came in to see her. She smiled at him, as she "hoped she was better," and asked whether she might not get up on the morrow. Mr. Hunt thought not. The doctor's opinion was that perfect repose might ward off the worse features of the disease. She had better keep her bed for a couple of days yet, even should she feel well enough to be about. He sent up her dinner to her room with his own hands; and when she learned this, she strove to do some feeble justice to the viands, but without success.

Philip dined with the family that day by special appointment; and, shortly after his arrival, Lucy again presented herself in that small third-story bedroom.

"Choose! which hand will you take?" she cried, hiding both behind her.

Sarah would make no selection; and, after a little more trifling, the elder sister brought into sight two elegant bouquets, and laid them beside the invalid.

"This is Philip's present—a fraternal remembrance," he told me to say. Here is his card. Doesn't he write a lovely hand? The other is from your admirer, Mr. Hammond. What a sly puss you were to make such a

catch as he is, without dropping us a hint! He is rather too sober for my notions; but he is getting rich fast, they say. He left those flowers at the door himself, and insisted upon seeing father for a moment, to know exactly how you were. Cannot you hurry up somewhat, and let us have a double wedding? I showed the bouquet to Philip, and told him of your conquest, and he was as much pleased at your prospects as I was. Did you ever see such magnificent roses? He paid five dollars, at the lowest computation, for these flowers. I congratulate you upon these signs of liberality!"

Sarah had heard only a portion of this speech. Her eyes were fixed upon the card her sister had put into her hand: "Will Miss Sarah accept this trifling token of regard from one who is her stanch friend, and hopes, in time, to have a nearer claim upon her esteem?"

"Very neatly turned, is it not?" said Lucy, satisfiedly. She had read it on her way up stairs. "What shall I say to him from you?"

"Thank him, and explain that I am not able to write a reply."

This meagre return of compliments assumed a tone both grateful and sisterly as Lucy rehearsed it to the donor of the fragrant offering. The barest phrase of civility came gracefully and meaningly from her tongue. Serene in mind and countenance, she seated herself at the piano, and, as Philip took his stand at her side, he wondered if the world held another couple more entirely adapted each to the peculiar soul-needs of the other, more perfectly happy in the knowledge of mutual affection. Like the generality of theorists, your student of human nature is prone to grievous error when he reduces his flawless system to practice.

In one respect, the two certainly harmonized well. Both loved music; both sang finely, and their voices accorded without a jarring note.

Mr. Hunt read the evening papers in Sarah's room; turning and folding them with great circumspection, lest their rattling might annoy her, and detract from her enjoyment of the music. How could he guess the infatuation that caused her to listen greedily to sounds, under whose potent spell feeling was writhing and brain reeling? In every pause between the songs there arose in her memory two lines of a poem read long ago, when or where she knew not:—

"Seek not to soothe that proud, forsaken heart
With strains, whose sweetness maddens as they fall!"

The performers had just completed a duet, in which each voice supported and developed,

while blending with the other, when Lucy took up the prelude to a simpler lay; repeating it twice over with skilful variations, as if she were, meantime, carrying on a colloquy with her companion, that delayed the vocal part. This was ended by Philip's raising alone the burden of the plaintive German air Sarah remembered so truly—"The long, long, weary day."

As his voice, full and strong, with its indescribable and irresistible undercurrent of pathos—flowing out here into passionate melancholy—swelled and floated through the quiet house, Sarah sat upright.

"Father! father!" she whispered, huskily, "I cannot bear that! Shut the doors!—all of them! or I shall go mad!"

She was obeyed; Mr. Hunt hurrying down to the parlors to silence the lovers with the representation that Sarah was too nervous to endure the excitement of music. For the remainder of the evening, a profound stillness pervaded the upper part of the mansion—a silence that, to Sarah, throbbed with the melody she had tried to hush; and, look where she might, she gazed into that rainy, ghastly night—the pale, comfortless watcher, the shadowy type of *her* deeper, more blighting sorrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

For three days, Philip Benson lingered near his beautiful enslaver; on the fourth, he carried a sad, yet trustful heart upon his Southern journey. Sarah had not seen him once since the evening of his coming. Through Lucy, she received his adieux and wishes for her speedy recovery. On the next day but one she left her room, and appeared again in the family circle—now complete in all its parts.

In that short season of bodily prostration, the work of years had been wrought upon her inner life. Outwardly, there was little alteration save that effected by physical weakness; but in her views of existence and character, of affections and motives, the doubter had become the skeptic; the dreamer the misanthrope. To the gentler and more womanly aspirations that had for a season supplanted the somewhat masculine tendencies of her mind and tastes had succeeded a stoicism, like the frozen calm of a winter's day, uniform as relentless. This was the surface that locked and concealed the lower depths she had sworn should be forever covered. Others could and did live without hearts. She could thrive as well upon the husks and Sodom apples of this world's goods as did

they; holding, as Life's chief good, complete and final subjugation of all genuine emotion, which, at the best, was but the rough ore—fit for nothing until purged, refined, and polished in its glitter. She found no other creed that suited her present desperate mood so well as the most heartless code of the thorough worldling—the devotee to show, and fashion, and wealth.

Such was her mother, whose domestic virtues were extolled by all who knew her; such, behind her mask of tender grace and amiability, the sister who had won, by these factitious attractions, the heart for which Sarah would have perilled life, sacrificed ease and inclination, bowed her proud spirit to the estate of bond-servant to his every caprice, become the willing slave to his tyrannical behest. Yet Philip Benson was a professed judge of character; a man of sense, education, and experience, and, knowing both girls as he did, he had made his choice; set the stamp of his approval upon the shining, rather than the solid metal. The world—as its young, would-be disciple believed she had at length learned—was made up of two classes: those who floated, and those who sank. To the latter she determined that she would *not* belong.

These and kindred thoughts were rife in her mind and stirring up many a spring of gall within her bosom one morning as she lay back in an arm-chair in the sitting-room, listening with secret scorn to the prattle of the pair of betrothed maidens—Lucy and her friend. Lucy's engagement-ring *was* a diamond, or, rather, a modest cluster of these precious stones, whose extreme beauty did not strike the casual eye with the startling effect of Victoria's more showy *gage d'amour*. This apparent difference in the value of the two was the source of many discussions, and considerable heart-burning, disguised, of course, and threatened in time to produce a decided coolness between the attached wearers of the articles under debate.

On this particular day, Victoria, after some adroit skirmishing, brought out as a "poser" the fact that, to lay the question to rest without more ado, she had, since their last interview, been to Tiffany's, and had her ring valued. Lucy's face was all a-glow as her soul-sister named the price of her treasure. She clapped her hands joyously.

"Isn't that the joke of the season, mother?"—as that personage entered. "Don't you think that Vic. was as cunning as we were? She carried her ring to Tiffany's yesterday, too. Wouldn't it have been *too* funny if we had met

there? Mine came from there, they said, and it cost a cool fifty dollars more than yours did, dear!"

Victoria flushed hotly; but further controversy being useless and dangerous to her, she acquiesced with assumed carelessness in Lucy's proposal, that, since both were suited, the rival brilliants should not be again referred to as a disputed matter. They accordingly turned to the safer and endless conferences upon the trousseaux, whose purchase must be commenced immediately.

Their incomplete lists were produced, compared, and lengthened—Mrs. Hunt suggesting and amending; Sarah surveying the busy group with the same intense disdain she had experienced throughout the conversation.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! Margaret Hanton called on me yesterday!" exclaimed Victoria. "Did she come here, too?"

"Yes; but we were out. What *did* she say?" queried Lucy, breathlessly.

"Why, the stupid creature never alluded to my engagement; and when I mentioned yours, pretended not to have heard of it before. I took care she should not go away as ignorant on the subject as she had come, and—I know it was wicked in me, but she deserved it—all the time I was praising your Goldfinch, and telling how handsome and liberal he was, I sat looking down at my new ring, slipping it up and down my finger, as if I were not thinking of it, but of the giver. She could not help seeing it, and, to save her life, she could not keep from changing countenance."

"Good!" said Lucy. "Do tell me how she is looking now?"

"Common enough! She had on that everlasting lilac silk, with the embroidered flounces, although the style is as old as the hills—and that black lace mantle, which, happening to be real, she never leaves off until near Christmas. But her hat! black and corn-color! Think of it! corn-color against her saffron skin! When I pretend to lead society, I hope to dress decently! But I had my revenge for her supercilious airs. Mr. Bond—George—called in the afternoon to take me to ride. I told you of the handsome span of fast horses he has been buying. Well! we concluded to try the Bloomingdale road, and just as we were sailing along, like the wind, whom should we overtake but my Lady Hanton, lounging in her lazy way (she thinks it aristocratic!) on the back seat of her father's heavy, clumsy barouche—not a soul in it but her mother and herself! Didn't I bow-graciously to her as we flew by! and again,

as we met them creeping along, when we were coming back? I wouldn't have missed the chance of mortifying her for a thousand dollars."

Lucy laughed, with no sign of disapprobation at the coarse, vindictive spirit displayed in this petty triumph of a small soul.

"How many evening-dresses have you put down on your paper, Vic.?"

"Half-a-dozen only. I will get others as I need them. The styles in these change so often that I do not care to have too many at a time."

"There you will have the advantage of me," said Lucy, ingenuously. "It will not be so easy a matter to replenish my stock of wearable dresses. I wish I had asked Philip about the Savannah stores. I wonder if he knows anything about them?"

"He ought to—being such a connoisseur in ladies' dress. I declare I have been absolutely afraid of him since I heard him say that he considered a lady's apparel a criterion of her character."

"He has exquisite taste!" said Lucy, with pardonable pride in her lover. "It is a positive pleasure to dress for him. He sees and appreciates everything that I could wish to have him notice. He has often described to me what I wore, and how I looked and acted, the evening he fell in love. How little we can guess what is before us! I did not care to go to the hop that night, for Mr. Finch was to wait on me, and he was so stupid, you know, after we discovered that it was a mistake about his being rich. I think I see him now, with his red face and short neck! O dear! the fun we had over that poor man! I told you—didn't I, Sarah—that we named him Bullfinch, because he looked so much like one? When Phil. came we called him Goldfinch, and the two went by these names among us girls. The Bullfinch heard of it, and he was ridiculously angry! So I put on a white tarletane, that one with the double jupe, you know, Vic., festooned with white moss rose-buds, and I had nothing but a tea-rose in my hair. I danced once with the Bullfinch—one of those solemn quadrilles that are only fit for grandmothers, and vowed to myself that I would not stand up again, except for a Polka or the Lancers. While I was sitting down by the window, saying 'Yes' and 'No,' when Bullfinch spoke, Mr. Newman introduced 'Mr. Benson' to 'Miss Hunt,' and the work was done!"

"No more waltzing, then!" was Victoria's slyly malicious sequel.

"I did not care so much for that as I thought

I should!” replied easy-tempered Lucy. “You cannot find a man who has not some drawback. Before I had a chance for another round, mother there managed to telegraph me that my fresh acquaintance was worth catching. She had gotten his whole story out of Mrs. Newman. He let me know, pretty soon, that he had some queer scruples about fancy dances, and I thought it best to humor him for one evening—or until I should ascertain whether he was really ‘taken’ or not. I have never repented my self-denial, although I grant that it cost me a struggle to give up ‘the German.’”

“George lets me waltz to my heart’s content,” said Victoria. “He is the very soul of indulgence. As to laces—I have not a thing fit to wear. I must get everything new. I am glad of it! I enjoy shopping for them. If I have a passion, it is for laces!”

A sneer curled Sarah’s lip, and Victoria, happening to glance that way, could not mistake its application, whatever she might surmise as to its origin.

“I suppose you despise us as a couple of love-sick girls, Sarah?” she said, with a simper designed to be sentimental, whereas it was spiteful instead.

“I think love the least dangerous of your complaints,” was the rejoinder.

“What do you mean?”

“Just what I said!”

“She means that people do not die of love in these days,” exclaimed Lucy, whose pleasure-loving nature always shuddered at the idea of altercation in her presence; her sensations, during the occasional sparrings of her sister and her friend, bearing a strong resemblance to those of an innocent white rabbit into whose burrow a couple of belligerent hedgehogs have forced their way.

“You will understand us better one day—when your turn comes,” said Victoria, with magnanimous condescension. “I shall remind you then of your good opinion of us.”

“You may.”

“I would give anything to have you engaged—just to see how you would behave. Would not you, Lucy?”

“Yes; if she were likely to do as well as we are doing. Philip says that you have many fine qualities, Sarah. He quite admires you.”

The complacent betrothed had none but the most amiable intentions in making this patronizing speech; therefore, the angry blood that surged over her sister’s face at hearing it would have been to her but the blush of gratified vanity, had not the sparkle of her eye and

the contemptuous contortion of her mouth undeceived her.

“Indeed he did say so!” she hastened to repeat. “And he was in earnest! He said something else which I don’t mind telling, now that he belongs to me fast and sure. He said that he sat up until twelve o’clock one night after you had been out sailing, deliberating whether he should be smitten with you or not. There!”

The color retreated as quickly as it had come. But for the consciousness of Victoria’s malicious scrutiny, Sarah could not have summoned strength to utter a word.

“An equivocal compliment, I must say!” she retorted, sarcastically. “Your gallant Georgian’s confessions must have been ample and minute, indeed, if they comprised such distant approaches to love affairs as the one you honor me by mentioning. I do not think that I have ever heard of another case where a gentleman considered it necessary to enumerate to his *fiancée*, not merely the ladies he had loved, but those whom he had not!” She arose and left the room.

Poor Lucy, rebuffed and overwhelmed, caught her astonished breath with a sigh. “Can anybody tell me what I have done *now* to fret Sarah? She is so cross since she was sick!”

“And before, too!” mutely added Victoria’s shrug and lifted eyebrows.

“We must bear with her, my dear!” said the prudent mother. “Her nerves are affected, the doctor says.”

Victoria made random pencillings upon the important list—her thoughts in fast pursuit of a notion that had just struck her. She was neither witty nor intelligent; but she possessed some natural shrewdness and a great deal more acquired cunning. She detested Sarah Hunt, and the prospect of obtaining an engine that should humble her arrogant spirit was scarcely less tempting than her own chance of effecting an advantageous matrimonial settlement.

While engaged in defining her suspicion to herself, and concerting measures for gathering information with regard to it, Mrs. Hunt went out upon some household errand, and Lucy was obliged to descend to the parlor to see callers.

“Don’t go until I come back, Vic. It is the Dunhams, and they never stay long,” she said at quitting her associate.

“Oh, I always make myself at home here, you know, my dear!” was the reply.

Jeannie was sitting on a cushion near the chair Sarah had occupied, dressing her doll.

"It won't fit!" she cried, fretfully, snatching off a velvet basque she had been endeavoring to adjust to the lay-figure.

"Bring it to me! I can fix it!" offered Victoria, winningly. "It is too tight just here, you see. I will rip open the seam and alter it. Who makes your dolly's clothes?"

She was well aware that but one member of the family ever had leisure to bestow upon such follies; but it suited her plan for Jeannie to introduce her name.

"Sister Sarah."

"This is a pretty basque. When did she make it?"

"Yesterday."

"O, I thought perhaps she did it while you were in the country, and that the doll had fattened as much as you did there."

Jeannie laughed heartily.

"You had a nice time there, I suppose?" pursued Victoria.

"I guess we did!" Her eyes danced at the recollection. "A splendid time! I wish we lived at Aunt Sarah's! There isn't room for me to move in this narrow house."

"Mr. Benson was there a day or two, was he not?"

"Yes, ma'am—a great many days! He took us all around the country in Uncle Nathan's carriage. I love him very dearly!"

"Did you ever go sailing with him?"

"Every evening, when it was clear, in a pretty row-boat. He used to take his guitar along, and sing for us. He sings beautifully! Did you ever hear him?"

"O yes! Did your sister always go boating with you?"

The spy, with all her hardihood, lowered her voice, and felt her face warm as she put this leading question.

"Yes, ma'am—always. Mr. Benson would not have gone without her, I guess."

"Why do you guess so?"

The little girl smiled knowingly. "Because—you won't tell, will you?"

"Why, no! Of course I will not."

"Charley said it was a secret, and that I mustn't say anything to sister or Mr. Benson about it, for they would be angry."

"Who is Charley?"

"Don't you know? He is Aunt Sarah's son. He is deaf and dumb; but he showed me how to spell on my fingers. He is a nice boy—"

"Yes; but what was the secret?"

"He said that Mr. Benson—Cousin Phil I call him when I am talking to him—was sister's beau; and he would take me off with

him when we went to drive or walk, because, you know, they might not like to have me hear what they were talking about. They used to talk, and talk, and talk! and sister had a great deal more to say, and looked prettier than she does at home. I will tell you something else, if you won't ever let anybody know it. I never told Aunt Sarah even, only Charley. Sister cried ever so long the night after Cousin Phil went away. She woke me up sobbing; but I made believe that I was asleep; and in the morning her pillow was right wet. Charley said that all ladies that he had read about in his books did so when their beaux left them."

"See here, my little lady!" said the dissembler, with a startling change of tone. "You are altogether mistaken—you and Charley both! Mr. Benson is going to marry your sister Lucy, and never was a beau of Sarah's. Be very careful not to talk about Charley's wicked story to your father, or mother, or sisters, for they would be very much displeased, and maybe punish you for repeating such fibs. Little girls ought never to hear or know anything about courting or beaux—it's naughty! I won't tell on you, if you will promise never to do so again. I am shocked at you! Now, take your dolly and go!"

The frightened child encountered Lucy at the door. Miss West had calculated her time to a minute. Her eyes swimming in tears, her features convulsed with the effort to keep back sob and outcry, Jeannie started up to her attic play-room. Sarah's door was ajar, and engaged as she was with thoughts of her own troubles and insults, she could not but remark the expression of her darling's face, in the momentary glimpse she had as it passed.

"Jeannie! come back!" she called.

The child hesitated, half way up the next flight. Sarah repeated the summons, and seeing that it was not obeyed, went up and took the rebel by the hand.

"What is the matter with you?"

A reddening and distortion of visage, and no reply. Her sister led her back to her chamber, shut the door, and put her arms around her.

"Tell me what ails you, dear!"

Jeannie fell upon her comforter's neck—the repressed torrent breaking through all restraint. "Oh, sister, I can't help crying! Miss Vic. West has been scolding me!"

"Scolding you! She! I will go down and speak to her this instant! How *dared* she?"

"No, no! please don't! She told me not to say anything to you about it!"

“The contemptible coward!” said Sarah, between her teeth. “How came you to have anything to do with her?”

“Mother and sister Lucy went down stairs, and she said she would alter my doll’s basque, and—and—and”—a fresh burst of lamentation.

“There, that will do, pet! I see that she only made it worse!” soothed Sarah, believing that, in the unfinished state of dolly’s wardrobe, she had discovered the root of the trouble. “Never mind, dear! I will set all that to rights, directly. Now wipe your eyes, and let me tell you something. This afternoon, father is to take me to ride, and you shall go, too. As for Miss Victoria, we will let her pass, and keep out of her way hereafter.”

Secretly, she was very angry—far more so than she was willing to have the child suspect. As the patient fingers repaired the effects of the original bad fit and Miss West’s meddling, Jeannie stood by, thankful and interested, yet ashamed to look her wronged sister in the eyes. Not that she had the remotest conception of the mischief that might grow out of her imprudent disclosures; but she had broken faith with Charley, been accused of tattling and indelicacy, and warned too stringently against repeating the offence to suffer her to relieve her conscience by a full confession to the being she most loved and honored.

At four o’clock Sarah and her charge were ready, according to Mr. Hunt’s appointment. The carriage was likewise punctual; but from it stepped, not the parent of the expectant girls, but a younger and taller man—in short, Mr. Hunt’s particular favorite—Lewis Hammond. Jeannie, who had stationed herself at an upper window to watch for her father’s appearance, was still exclaiming over this disappointment, and wondering why “Mr. Hammond must call just now to keep sister at home,” when the footman brought up a note to Sarah.

It was from Mr. Hunt, explaining the cause of his unlooked-for detention at the Bank, and stating that Mr. Hammond, whom he had met earlier in the day and acquainted with his design of giving his daughter this ride, happened to drop in, and seeing him engaged with business, had asked leave to officiate as his substitute in the proposed airing. He urged Sarah to take Jeannie along, and not hesitate to accept Mr. Hammond’s polite attendance, adding in phrase brief, but sincere, how lightly he should esteem his hour of extra labor, if he knew that she was not a sufferer by it.

Sarah passed the note to her mother, and drew her shawl about her shoulders.

“Of course you’ll go!” said Mrs. Hunt, radiant with gratification. “It is perfectly proper, and Mr. Hammond is very kind, I am sure.”

She was hurrying towards the door to convey in person her thanks for his gallantry, when Sarah spoke firmly and very coolly:

“I will say whatever is necessary to Mr. Hammond, if you please, mother. I shall go because father wishes it, *and for no other reason.* Come, Jeannie!”

“Won’t she be in your way?” asked Mrs. Hunt, awed, but not extinguished.

“No, madam.”

Sarah suffered Mr. Hammond to place her in the carriage and himself opposite to her; and keeping before her mind carefully the fact that he was her father’s friend—perhaps the saviour of his life—she unbent, as much as she could, from her distant, ungracious bearing, to sustain her part of the conversation. She must have been purblind not to see through her mother’s wishes, and manœuvres for their accomplishment; but to these views she was persuaded that Mr. Hammond was no party. She saw in him a sedate, rather reserved gentleman of thirty-two or three, who had passed the heyday of youthful loves and joys; sensible and cultivated to an uncommon degree for a man of business—for such he emphatically was.

A poor boy in the beginning, he had fortunately attracted the regard of a thriving New York merchant, and retained that favor through the years that had elevated him from the lowest clerkship to a partnership in the now opulent firm. For probity and punctuality no man in the city had a higher reputation; but his virtues were of that quiet nature which, while they inevitably retain regard once won, are slow to gain admiration. To matrimonial speculators, as in financial circles, he was known as a “safe chance,” and many a prudent mamma on his list of acquaintances would have rejoiced had he selected her daughter as mistress of his heart and fortune. Whether he was aware of this or not could not have been determined by his modest, but dignified deportment. He did not avoid company; went whither he was invited, and when there, comported himself like a conscientious member of society, talking, dancing, or listening, with as due regard to law and order as he manifested in his daily business life. Fast girls called him “awfully matter-of-fact,” and “terribly sensible;” fast youths of the other sex put him down among the “old fogies,” and wondered what he did

with his money. "Could it be possible that he *saved* it!" He was intimate nowhere except in the household of his whilom employer and present partner, whose daughters were all married and settled in houses of their own. If he had ever cared to look twice at the same lady, the watchful world had not yet laid hold of this marvellous departure from his fixed habits.

His intercourse with Mr. Hunt's family was, as we know, purely accidental in its commencement, and in its earlier stages might have been induced by humanity or friendship for the sick father. In Sarah's brain there had never arisen a suspicion of any ulterior motive in the pointed attentions directed of late to herself. Before Lucy's return, the care of her invalid parent and her day-dreams had engrossed heart and thought to an extent that precluded much inquiry into other themes. Since that memorable night, inward torture had abstracted her mind still more from outward impressions.

This afternoon she talked calmly and indifferently to Mr. Hammond, without an idea that he made any greater effort to please her. To Jeannie she was tender beyond her usual showing, in remembrance of the wrong done the sensitive child in the forenoon. Mr. Hammond emulated her in kindness to the third member of their party; and in the course of their ride, raised himself unwittingly to the rank of rivalry with "Cousin Philip," her model gentleman.

Mr. Hunt came out to assist his daughter to alight, upon their return. There was a heartiness in his acknowledgment of his deputy's politeness, and invitation to enter the house and pass the evening with them, which Sarah had seldom heard him employ towards any visitor. Mr. Hammond may have remarked it likewise, for his declination was evidently against his inclination, and coupled with a promise to call at an early day. His visits were not altogether so agreeable as formerly, for he was received in the spacious parlors on a footing with other callers, and in the presence of several members of the family; still he came repeatedly, with pretext and without, until his sentiments and design were a secret to no one except their object.

Wrapped in the sad thoughts that isolated her from the rest of the world, even while she made a part of its show, Sarah omitted to mark many things that should have been significant signs of under-currents, and tokens of important issues to her and those about her. Lucy had ceased to harp perpetually upon her lover's perfections and idolatrous flattery to herself,

and while the wedding arrangements went vigorously forward, the disengaged sister was really annoyed by references to her taste and demands for her sympathy. There had never existed much congeniality between the two, and their common ground was now exceedingly narrow. Lucy was gentle and pleasant, peacefully egotistic as ever, and Sarah understood her too well to expect active affection or disinterestedness. The only part of her behavior to herself to which she took mental exception was a certain pitying forbearance, a compassionate leniency with respect to her faults and foibles, that had grown upon her of late. Once or twice the younger sister had become so restive under this gratuitous charity as to reply sharply to the whey-like speeches of the mild elder, and, without any appearance of wounded feeling, yet with not a word of apology or reason for so doing, Lucy had left the apartment, and never hinted at the circumstance afterwards.

Lucy was certainly the soul, the very cream of amiability. It was unaccountable to her admirers—and they included most of her associates—that Lewis Hammond, with his peculiar habits and tastes, should prefer that severe-looking, strong-minded Sarah. But be it remembered that he had learned this love under far different influences; in circumstances wholly unlike those in which he now beheld its object. His respect for unobtrusive intent and feeling; his longing for a home which should be the abode of sacred domestic virtues; and the sweet peace that had fled from the habitations frequented only by the frivolous, heartless, and vain—these found in the sick-room of the father, and the affectionate fidelity of the daughter, something so like the embodiment of his fancy of earthly happiness, that he accepted as a benignant fate the accident which had admitted him to the arcana of their private life. Sarah's temporary illness had taught him the meaning of his dreams, by seeming to point the chances of their fulfilment, and from that hour he strove patiently and sedulously, as it was his habit to seek all great ends, for the acquisition of the heart whose depth he, perhaps, of all who knew her, best understood.

The most impatient person of those directly or indirectly concerned in the progress of this wooing was Mrs. Hunt. Her husband, with unwonted firmness, had forbidden that any one of the household should speak a word in railery or otherwise to Sarah touching Mr. Hammond's intentions. "However earnestly I may desire his success"—he said to his wife—

“and there is no man living whom I would rather call ‘son’—I would not influence her by the weight of a single syllable. Hers is the happiness or the misery of a life with her husband—whomsoever she may choose, and hers shall be the entire choice. If she can love and marry Lewis Hammond, I shall be gratified; if not, she shall never guess at my disappointment.”

“La, Mr. H. ! you are as foolish and sentimental as the girl herself ! For my part, I aint such a saint, and I *do* say that if Sarah Hunt allows such a catch as this to slip through her fingers, she shall hear a piece of my mind !”

“I insist,” said Mr. Hunt, with immovable resolution, “that Sarah shall be allowed to follow the guidance of her own will in this matter. It is not often that I interfere with your plans; but in this one instance I must be obeyed !” With which astounding declaration of equal rights, if not of sovereignty, he left his consort to her reflections.

Ignorant of the delicate watchfulness maintained over her by this best of friends, Sarah walked on her beclouded way—without hope, without one anticipation of any future dissimilar to her present, until awakened with a shock by a formal declaration of love from Lewis Hammond.

(To be continued.)

THE SIMPLE SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store; twenty hands in a printing office; twenty apprentices in a ship-yard; twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! there is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway, but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all go in this road.

THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Pearl the Fourth.—April.

THE month of violets has come!
Its wealth of smiles and tears;
It showers over every home,
And over those whose footsteps roam
In far or foreign spheres.

The coy wind, yet so bleak and chill,
From Winter's hidden cave,
Comes whistling o'er the rippling rill
To woo the lilacs on the hill,
The lilies by the wave.

Its white arms on the amber air
Are bared toward the south;
The daffodils and daisies share
Their glories in her flaxen hair,
And roses tint her mouth!

O month of sunshine and of showers,
Of pleasant thoughts and things,
Of honeysuckle wreathed bowers,
Of trailing vines, of blooming flowers,
Of tinted blossomings!

I mind an April when my heart
Than now, was lighter far;
Before Death's sorrow-venomed dart
Touched one whose years of mine were part,
Whose love was my life's star!

But now! alas, for April days,
A lengthened shadow lies
For me, across its pleasant ways;
And ever, where my footstep strays,
It meets my saddened eyes.

TIME.

BY E.—

A WONDERFUL stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of years,
With a faultless rhyme and a musical chime,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of tears.

There's a musical isle in the river Time,
Where the softest airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the loves with the roses are straying.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments Love used to wear.

There are hands that are waved on the fairy shore,
When the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the days of life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May the island of souls be in sight.

PETRAE VON BOCK.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

'Tis very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every miss,
But me, has got a beau.
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun ;
He hardly seems to know there is
A place like number one.—THOMAS HOOD.

KIND READER, are you crooked? Do you have round shoulders? Did your mother ever tell you that you looked like a rainbow minus its brilliancy? or did you ever hear your aunts discussing the propriety of your adopting braces? Were your Sabbath cogitations ever interrupted by seeing some friend motioning for you to "sit up?" or by catching the whispered query of some incautious stranger in the pew behind you, "Who is that girl bent up over her prayer-book?" Did some mischievous cousin, or brother, or nephew ever draw comparisons between you and your enfeebled grandmother in the chimney corner, or some deformed beggar in the streets? If not—if you have never suffered all these things—cast aside this paper; you can never sympathize with me, the miserable authoress, the unfortunate *Petrae Von Bock*! For I, alas! am not only crooked, but I am also near-sighted; so near-sighted, indeed, that, like the "heathen in my blindness," I go bowing down to wood and stone; not mistaking these substances for deities, but acquaintances. During the last few years, so much has this defect in my sight increased, that at little distance I am now unable to distinguish my most intimate friends from inanimate objects; and the mistakes which I am constantly making are as ludicrous to others as they are mortifying to myself. When I inform you that, in addition to these personal disadvantages, I have no fortune; that my invalid father is obliged to exercise the strictest economy to make "the ends" of his slender income meet, you will naturally suppose that I possess but few attractions, and that I rank among the wall-flowers, and not the belles of society.

My father, who I just said was an invalid, is, in my opinion, although perhaps a little inferior to the apostles and martyrs, at least the best man now extant; so excellent, indeed, that I never think of comparing him with his contemporaries, but only with good, old Bible characters like Abraham, who stood in the door of his tent and talked with the angels.

As for my other parent, of whom her unworthy child quite disproves the assertion, "Like mother like daughter," "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness;" "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness;" "She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy;" in fact, the incarnation of all the moral and Christian virtues; goes regularly to church in the black bombazine dress and gray shawl which constitute her Sabbath-day costume. All the principles of domestic thrift, and yet generous hospitality, are untiringly exemplified in her week-day conduct.

Out of the circle of our own family, we have few acquaintances, fewer callers. There are, it is true, my father's friends: the gray-haired minister and the white-haired deacon. There are the friends of my mother, also: the village spinster, Aunt Palmida, who calls weekly, with a "great burden on her mind," to know what can be done for the village blacksmith with the broken leg, or the shoemaker's baby with the whooping-cough. There is the little Mrs. Smith, who always blushes when you speak to her, and the notable housewife, Mrs. Johnstone, who invariably comes either to obtain or to give receipts. I also have two friends—the rich, smart, red-haired daughter of the village merchant; the pretty, sentimental, portionless, orphan niece of the village physician, in the white cottage, with green blinds.

From the sterner sex I have never received any other than the most trivial attention. From this I would not have you infer that I am wholly indifferent to their neglect. Indeed, of old, I felt it keenly. How could I but do so? I, who had sat amid the shadows on the attic stairs reading a paper-covered edition of Scott, should not I wish (alas! I forgot my shoulders, which would grow out, and my near-sighted eyes) to be crowned by some knightly *Ivanhoe* as *his* queen of Love and Beauty? I, who had read with interest the "thrilling tales" in the "Ladies' Wreath," a magazine which my mother took in her earlier years; I, who had "devoured" all the latter-day novels that I had been able to procure; I who had sighed over that lachrymose story, "Quashy," and wept with its weeping heroine, should not I wish for some *Carleton* to lead *me* also to a bower of

roses! I who had seen, and I assure you it was a sight more affecting than all, the rich, smart, red-haired daughter of the village merchant riding out with the handsomest clerk in her father's store; I who had witnessed the lawyer's student pulling, weekly, the door-bell of the little cottage with green blinds, where the sentimental niece of the doctor resided; how could I, with a temperament unusually active, with sensibilities unusually keen, consent to be alone unsought for, alone neglected?

Some winters ago—no matter how many nor how few, but in my sixteenth year—I determined to win myself, at any cost, an admirer; and having heard incidentally that a student from a neighboring college was to open a private school in the neighborhood, I selected him as the unfortunate individual who should fill the position of devotee to myself.

"A young gentleman is coming to instruct a private school during the winter," said I to my mother.

"A young gentleman?" repeated my mother, indifferently.

"A student from college," I continued.

"Some Freshman who can find no better situation, I presume," added she.

"Some Freshman," thought I; "some Freshman; and, if a Freshman, probably young—and if young, sentimental—and if sentimental, fond of poetry—and if fond of poetry, he will of course repeat it—and, if he repeats it, where are there ten verses that have not something about love in them? and if we talk about love, who knows but that he may feel the tender passion, and become my admirer?" And here I thought of my shoulders, which would grow out, and of my near-sighted eyes. "And yet," I reasoned, "did not the ancients represent the *God of Love* as *blind*? and is it not worse to be blind than to be near-sighted?"

But how should I form his acquaintance? This was a question, which, with girlish anxiety, I deliberated for a number of days; during which time I was gratified to learn that the subject of my thoughts had arrived, and his school commenced. Never before had I given a thought to the village pedagogues. Never before had I evinced so much zeal in the cause of education. Twice had I seen him pass; but once he was obscured by the shadows of evening; and once my eye-glass was unfortunately missing. In vain I made an errand to his boarding place; in vain I attended the singing-school, and haunted the weekly lyceum. The object of my persevering regard

left my curiosity ungratified, and my eye unsatisfied with seeing.

For once, however, Fortune favored me. For it happened that my father, who, though an invalid, was wont, occasionally, to stroll out to visit his more intimate friends, met the young student at the house of the gray-haired Deacon in whose family he boarded, made his acquaintance, and invited him to call.

"And invited him to call!" Well begun is half done; and of course I was highly delighted. An enchanting vision of friendship, love, and matrimony rose before my dazzled though near-sighted eyes. "Pink, and pink it shall be, my bridal bonnet!" thought I. "And when I shall wear it, the merchant's daughter and the doctor's niece will behold my triumph, and bite their fingers with envy and vexation."

Three successive evenings (for, knowing that school sessions confined him during the day, I supposed that he would call only in the evening) I arranged and rearranged the simple furniture in the parlor, and brought in my full blooming monthly rose (the only one of my house-plants which had deigned to favor me with a blossom) to decorate the light stand in the corner. On the fourth night, I might have yielded to despair, had not my mother kindly suggested that it was a more probable time for the visit than any of the previous ones. So, again, I went through the same preparations as before, and, as a finishing touch, brought from the chamber where it was usually kept, a small ornamental chair of remarkably elaborate and beautiful workmanship, the gift of a friend to my mother; a chair, indeed, of so unique a pattern as to be quite worthy the attention of a virtuoso. But the weight of the tall, gothic back scarcely corresponded with the light seat and slender framework which supported it, and rendered it so liable to be overturned by any sudden movement of the occupant, that my mother had prudently caused it to be placed where it might stand for ornament alone.

"You had better not bring that chair into the parlor, Petrae," said my mother.

"But," said I, for, being an only child, I considered it my privilege to argue with my parents in relation to any subject, "it is so pretty, and it gives the room such 'an air.'"

"And suppose your visitor should sit in it, and be overturned?"

"Oh, I will prevent any such misfortune," said I, "for he will take the large chair, and I will sit in this myself, and I shall be too quiet and observant to suffer any such accident."

And so the chair was allowed to remain, and

I arrayed myself in my new brown merino. My new brown merino, with its snug fitting basque trimmed with black velvet, and I added to my toilet my best collar, which, as the needlework was fine, and the lace around it delicate, my mother had forbidden my wearing except upon special occasions.

"Does not my dress fit prettily?" said I to my mother.

"Yes," she replied, "but it is very trying to the figure." And then she sighed; and I sighed too, for I knew she was thinking of my shoulders, which would grow out; and I might have sighed again, and continued to sigh, had I not through my eye-glass seen, just then, the gate at the extreme of the long front yard open, and a figure enter, tall and manly, with a face which physiognomists would call sensible, a very different person from the sentimental youth that I had pictured to myself.

"And yet," thought I, "is it not better? Is he not more likely to become my admirer if he be sensible, than if he were sentimental? Would not a sensible person look more at my soul than at my shoulders, which will grow out, and at my near-sighted eyes? Would not a sensible person instantly perceive that I have more general information than the rich, smart, red-haired daughter of the village merchant? more practical good judgment than the doctor's sentimental niece?"

"It is well that he is sensible," thought I, as I heard the clear ring of the front door bell. "It is well that he is sensible," thought I, as, after being introduced by my father (and his name was Mr. Adams), I took my seat in the little ornamental tipping-over chair, and remarked, with a smile (and my mouth is considered my redeeming feature), "You will find this a very quiet little village, Mr. Adams."

"I judge so," said he; "but my impressions are quite favorable, although they are perhaps derived less from the village than my boarding place."

"You will find much to admire in Deacon Johnstone," said my father, ever ready to speak a good word for his gray-haired friend. He is entertaining, as well as kind and judicious; his memory is remarkable, and his fund of anecdote is almost inexhaustible."

"He is no less noticeable physically than mentally," responded Mr. Adams; "his sight seems unimpaired; he reads the newspaper without glasses, and, indeed, seems free from all the infirmities of age; his *figure* is erect as that of an Indian."

"As that of an Indian." He could not have

made a more painful remark. Even then I felt my cherished hopes perceptibly waning; but I was enabled still to wear the same beaming smile as before, while I made a quiet though resolute effort to force back my shoulders into the position which physiologists call healthful.

"Your walk from your boarding place to the school-room is very pleasant," said my mother, my dear kind mother, to change the subject.

"And it is doubly so in summer, when the shade trees are in foliage," said I, glad to have an opportunity of speaking; "there are some majestic elms overhanging the street."

"And those specimens of poplar are quite uncommon," he replied; "a stunted Lombardy poplar is inelegant enough, but those trees are like six giant sentinels; so tall and self-reliant that I quite admire them."

And here, alas, too soon! my feelings received their second shock, for I had always possessed a deep-seated aversion to those trees; although I must confess to you, *sub rosa*, that it was owing to my mother's having so often and vainly wished that I might be "as straight as a Lombardy poplar."

But the subject of trees, however disagreeably introduced, is always a fertile one; and trees suggested plants, and plants suggested flowers, and flowers suggested poetry; and I talked with the ardor, if not with the wisdom of Solomon, from the "cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall;" and I proved, at least I thought I proved, that I possessed a great deal of general information, for I quoted many verses: some from Longfellow and Tennyson, and others from the old "Ladies' Wreath" magazines. But alas! while we spoke of the willow, the graceful, bending willow, and while we grew classical and talked of dryads and hamadryads, I forgot myself, and allowed my figure to assume its naturally crooked position; and while I forgot myself, my father, who occasionally asked questions abruptly, and who thought I was "only sixteen," inquired of our new acquaintance "if his school had opened pleasantly, and if he enjoyed his new duties as teacher?"

"It is all very pleasant," said Mr. Adams, "that is to say, my pupils are agreeable; and the schoolroom offers but one objection of which I venture to complain, because it can be so easily obviated."

"Indeed?" said my mother, inquiringly.

"The desks are too low to correspond with the seats, and the scholars naturally incline over their books in unhealthful as well as un-

graceful positions. I continually remind them of the fault, it is true, and yet it seems wrong to reprove what they can hardly avoid."

"You are quite right," said my mother; "the habit should be checked, not fostered; it holds ground so resolutely when once it has gained it. I know of many persons so confirmed in it that it is next to impossible for them to keep an upright position, if indeed they can attain it at all; and if one naturally inclines to stoop, it can scarcely be expected of them to conquer both obstacles." And here she glanced at me, with that kind, excusatory look with which mothers are wont to regard their daughters' failings.

How could I be quiet? How could I sit passively, even in the tipping-over chair? How could I remember its fragility? I determined to be straight. I made a desperate resolution to sit erect; I threw back my shoulders with a convulsive effort, when suddenly I felt that chair, that delicate chair, going—going—I caught hold of the light stand that stood next me, and then—and then—to quote from the village Mrs. Partington, "The first thing I knew, I knew nothing at all."

"Have not I proved that it is impossible for some persons to keep erect?" said I, when, on recovering my senses, I opened my eyes, expecting to astonish my visitor with my quickness of thought, my presence of mind.

But alas! the young student had vanished. There, alone, was my good mother holding my throbbing head, and my kind father standing over me with the bottle of camphor, and the little servant-girl (whom we had taken out of pity from her intemperate parents) looking on, and exclaiming in mingled accents of fear and sympathy, "Miss Petrae, is your skull broke? Miss Petrae, is your skull broke?" and then I learned for the first time that nearly half an hour had elapsed since my great misfortune; for, as I had fallen, I had caught hold of the light-stand in the corner, bringing down the monthly rose with its china pot upon my head, and inflicting a wound in my forehead (a wound which, the consoling little servant girl kindly informed me, "would leave a scar as long as I lived"), and that, as the physician had entered, the young student had bowed an adieu, and promised to call again when, if ever, stunned and insensible as I was, I should be recovered. And then I cried, for I pictured myself to myself as I should be when a few years older; when my shoulders should have grown out a little more, and my eyes should have become more near-sighted, and when that

great scar would give the aspect of a frown to my whole countenance. And I cried; and my mother thought that my head ached, and bathed again my forehead with camphor, and called me "her own poor Petrae," and then I cried anew, for I had expected that evening to be so very happy in winning to myself an admirer.

An admirer that I have never won; for the young student never remembered his promise to call; and when I returned from my visit—for, soon after this event, I went to spend a time with a widowed aunt, who resided in the sleepest little house, in the sleepest little street, in the sleepest little town in New England—I came to meet the report that he had formed an engagement with the doctor's sentimental niece. The doctor's sentimental niece—who, for his sake, had trifled with and cast aside the heart of the lawyer's student, who used to call so regularly at the little white cottage with green blinds.

An admirer that I have never won; for, since that time, I have given up all hopes of ever finding one, and have devoted myself to the society of my good parents, and of my parents' good friends—the white-haired minister and the gray-haired deacon, and the village spinster, Aunt Palmeda, who has taken me under her especial protection, and kindly informs me that she thinks I am yet destined to become a prominent member of society; although my shoulders are yet growing out, and my eyes are becoming more and more near sighted; the village spinster, who persistently dwells upon the immense benefit she has derived from the use of blue glasses, and assures me "I shall never regret it, if I put on spectacles." So I have learned to be more contented; to patiently copy receipts for the notable cook Mrs. Johnstone, and instruct the younger children of the village merchant in the rudiments of mathematics. I have learned to be more contented; but when, occasionally yielding to a childish impulse, I sit down amid the shadows on the garret stairs, and take out the paper covered edition of Waverley, the same dissatisfied feeling arises as of old, and I sigh (forgetting my shoulders, which will grow out, and my near-sighted eyes) to be the heroine of some practical romance. Sometimes a strange desire for sympathy comes over me, and I am conscious of the same wicked feeling expressed in the verse—

"I think I should be happier,
 Feel calmer, if I knew
 Some other heart were suffering
 The same afflictions too."

And so my dear, crooked reader—for I am

sure it is only my crooked reader who has followed me to the close of my story—I turn to you, trusting, that while you feel a kindred

sympathy for one whose shoulders will grow out, you will gently pass by the foibles of the unfortunate authoress, Petrae Von Bock.

LITTLE MISS STODDARD.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

“SATURDAY, the day before Christmas,” I wrote, “I shall be with you, dear Hattie, ‘Providence permitting,’ as little Miss Stoddard would say. I did hope for the escort of one of our Woodboro’ merchants going on to Boston that day; but I have just learned that he is not to go; so I have coaxed mamma into permitting me to take the journey alone, by assuring her that I hav’n’t the least fear of travelling as ‘an unprotected woman;’ that I shall change cars at the Palmerton Station for the Boston train before twilight sets in, and that your dear, good husband will meet me at the depot on my arrival. So, Hattie, I hope to sit at your own fireside at the end of another Saturday night, and enjoy one of our good, old-time chats we used to have in the days before you were so naughty as to go get married without consulting or asking permission of

“Your old and affectionate friend,

“JOSEPHINE.”

I was going on a visit to Hattie Ellsworth, my dearest school-girl friend, who had settled in our pleasant New England metropolis—and whose letters since the event of her happy wifehood, somewhat less than a year previous, had so abounded with urgent solicitations to redeem my given promises of said visit “after she was at housekeeping,” that—partly to make good my word, but mostly for the pleasure which I was sure I should enjoy—I gladly accepted her latest note of invitation and wrote the date of my visit, busy, meantime, with numerous preparations.

To this letter, by the next Wednesday evening’s mail, I received reply:—

“DEAR JOSEY: What do you think? ‘Providence permitting,’ you are not to come on alone to Boston next Saturday; but are to have a travelling companion in the shape of little Miss Stoddard herself, the good old soul! The same mail that brought your last also brought me the plainest, neatest little letter, just like good old Stoddard, stating ‘that, if agreeable, she’d like to come and pass a few days with me, as she promised when she made my wedding clothes; and, as she had heard that Miss

Josephine Bowen was coming on, maybe she (Josephine) wouldn’t object to her for a travelling companion;’ so I told Harry, and he is delighted, for he took the greatest fancy to little Miss Stoddard, and has actually been picking out a husband for her in his good old Uncle Fielding (as if little Stoddard would ever marry!); and the same mail that takes you this will also carry a letter to the little woman, assuring her how happy her visit will make us. I am very sure it will make *her* happy, for she promised it to me so earnestly, that I see now how the thought of it pleased her, and I shall do everything I can to make her enjoy herself. So, dear Josey, sacrifice your horror of ‘great box, little box, bandbox, and bundle,’ and make up your mind to take along little Stoddard as a *compagnon du voyage*. I am dying to see you; I talk about your visit half the time to Harry, not to mention *some one* else, whom I occasionally tell that ‘you are to visit me *some time* this winter.’ Won’t he be surprised, and delighted, too, when he knows of your arrival, for I sha’n’t divulge the secret of its *when* till you meet here? But I have only a moment before the mail closes; so good-by till I see you Saturday next.

“HATTIE.”

“P. S. Wonder if little Stoddard will wear that chinchilla tippet and that *de bête*? Do coax her into getting something neat and genteel! *Gray* it’ll be, of course; for I should as soon expect to see a mouse change the color of its skin, as to see the little woman wear anything but her favorite quiet colors. But as it happens to be *la mode* just now, for once she will be in style.

HATTIE.”

I refolded Hattie’s letter, and set at least five minutes in thought, and that was quite a long period for me, Josey Bowen. So I was to go to Boston, and with a travelling companion, Miss Charity Stoddard, spinster, nervous, and given to bundles and a chinchilla tippet.

The prospects were not at first quite pleasing. Not that I had anything against little Miss Stoddard; on the contrary, in common with everybody in Woodboro’, I liked, and had taken

into a little corner of my heart this lonely, quiet spinster waif, who belonged to nobody's family, and who had a claim on nobody save what her own unobtrusive worth and simple, cheerful piety warranted. For little Stoddard (everybody called her "little Miss Stoddard," or "little Stoddard," and we did not mean it as a mark of disrespect) was an orphan, and had been since her childhood; I never thought how far back that lay, for, to me, she never seemed "old," as most people do who get crowsfeet in the corners of their eyes and silver threads in their hair; and she was without a relative in the wide world whom she knew of save a distant connection on her mother's side, a wealthy man living at the South, from whom came a little annuity of a hundred dollars, with which yearly sum, and what she earned at sewing and crocheting, and the little gifts of the people of Woodboro', she got along nicely.

Little Miss Stoddard had a place she called "home," a little room she hired at Mrs. Wilcox's, a widow of genteel but reduced family; and a pleasant, cheerful room it was, too, and with an air of refinement in its modest carpet, chintz-covered furniture, stand of thriving plants, and table of books, that you might vainly seek in many a richly upholstered dwelling. But she had a nook also by more than one fireside in Woodboro', and, whether busy with her needle assisting in the wardrobe of some young bride expectant, crocheting some dainty "set" of sleeves, or helping in any of her quiet, useful ways, with an ever-ready, pleasant smile and word, all had learned to value "little Stoddard."

Hattie Anderson had been an especial favorite of the little spinster; and, being something of a dressmaker, Miss Stoddard had helped in the bridal *trousseau*, excepting that portion fashioned under a city *modiste*. There never were daintier ruffles than Stoddard's little pale fingers hemmed and gathered, never neater plain sewing, nor nicer prepared table or bed linen than she made for the future wife's *menâgé* under the superintendence of Hattie's bustling mother. And little Stoddard had been at the wedding, in the neatest of silver gray silks and the snowiest of collars, though both dress and embroideries were slightly old fashioned; and had cried quietly when everybody else, Hattie's school girl friends in particular, had given way to more open demonstrations when the young bride left us; and her last words to Hattie were a promise to visit her "next winter" in her city home.

Yes, Stoddard was "good"—a "good old

soul," as Hattie had written, and as I sat and thought; but then she wore the quietest gowns, always cut after one pattern, and her crinoline was of the modestest dimensions, and her little chinchilla tippet was of the type of our grandmothers'. Altogether, though I like little Miss Stoddard, and was another of her favorites, she was not just the *compagnon du voyage* a young and fashion-loving young lady would have selected for a winter's visit to a fashionable friend in the gay metropolis.

But the pleasure imprinted on the little woman's countenance, when, that evening, she entered my mother's parlor to inform us that she had received a letter from Mrs. Ellsworth, and that she had concluded to visit her when I did, and asked in what train I intended to leave, so reconciled me that I was uncommonly gracious in my replies. "It is *such* a pleasure to poor little Stoddard!" I said, by way of excusing my unwonted urbanity, after she had gone. "But, mamma, I do hope she won't wear that old-fashioned *debêge* travelling-dress! I've a great mind to go out in the morning and make her a present of something pretty to ride in, gray, of course, it must be, though."

"As you please, my dear," replied mamma; "but you must remember that in a fashionable suit, our little friend would no longer be herself."

But, for all mamma's speech, I went out and bought a nice all wool delaine, of little Miss Stoddard's favorite mouse-color; and she was delighted with the present, and on Saturday morning met us at the Woodboro' depot, looking "quite stylish for little Stoddard"—so said mamma, and several of my young friends who had come down to see me off. What with the new travelling-dress, and her plain gray shawl, and the neat bonnet she had made of black and white checker silk, my companion was a well-clad little figure. The chinchilla tippet worried me somewhat, in contrast with my own set of fashionable furs, and I was foolish enough to mention it to mamma; but she silenced me with saying that the tippet had been part and parcel of little Miss Stoddard for so many winters, that she should surely think something was going to befall her if anything hindered her from wearing it.

So I smiled at mamma's answer, and kissed her and the girls, and then entered the car, and was soon seated beside my companion, and being borne by the snorting iron steed Bostonward. I shall not here record the pleasant thoughts that flew on before, faster than the steam that bore us—*avant couriers*—to the city

where dwelt my dear friends; for probably Hattie's letter, or one sentence of it, may have already enlightened you regarding them, and given you to understand that a dearer friend than my school-girl one would be there to welcome me. Such a confession would be very foolish of me, some would say; at any rate, little Miss Stoddard was none the wiser for it.

A faint exclamation from my travelling companion aroused me from the pages of the magazine I held. I looked up to behold the small mountain composed of the "great box, little box, bandbox, and bundle" whereof Hattie had written, and overtopping the car seat I had turned facing us, sliding down to the floor. Poor little Stoddard! the journey to Boston was an event in her untravelled life; and, like Martha of old, she was troubled about many things."

"There, Miss Stoddard, we'll hang up this big carpet bag," I exclaimed, "and the small one and the bundle, *they* won't slide down again; but ain't you warm, Miss Stoddard? I'd take off my tippet, we're so near the stove; there! now you're settled again nicely!" and while, at my suggestion, she had disposed the offending eyesore on the seat opposite, I settled to my magazine again.

The day passed. I read till my eyes ached; I matronized little Stoddard and her baggage; we dined nicely from the well-filled hand bag mamma had put up for us, with the addition of a cup of hot tea we procured at a way station; and at twilight of the short December's day the train drew up at Palmerton, where "passengers for Boston" were requested, in a stentorian voice, by the conductor to "change cars."

Adding one of little Miss Stoddards' satchels to my own, and folding my shawl over my arm, we stepped from the car platform to the ground; and were shortly on board the waiting train which, in about three hours more was to bring us to the terminus of our journey. Scarcely had we got well on our way, when little Miss Stoddard grasped my arm and whispered in quiet distress: Oh, Josephine, my *tippet!*"

"It was left in the car!" said I, inly blaming myself for the loss, for at my suggestion it had been removed. "It is too bad!"

"No, dear, I took it over my arm when we got out; but I suppose I dropped it on the ground!" she answered. "I shall be sorry never to see it again, for it used to be my mother's!" and the little woman's quiet voice took a more subdued tone at that reference to

kith and kin, the first I had ever heard her make.

I could not say much by way of comfort, but I inly determined to purchase her a nice new fur, as soon as I got to Boston, out of the ample allowance mamma had granted me; and from that moment I felt an increased respect for little Miss Stoddard. It was not her loss she bewailed; but the little old-fashioned tippet I had often so thoughtlessly ridiculed perhaps was the only *souvenir* of that quiet lonely little woman's dead and gone mother.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived in Boston. Hattie's husband was at the car door in search of us; and when we were set down at his house Hattie herself was there to receive us with the warmest of welcomes, and both myself and "dear, good Miss Stoddard" were half smothered in caresses. The home to which Henry Ellsworth had taken his young wife was what I had expected to find it, elegant, tasteful, and luxurious in every appliance; and it was really refreshing to witness the quiet delight of my travelling companion at her kind reception. We knew it by the sparkle of her blue eyes, and the flush of her usually pale cheeks; but she was quiet as ever, and only said in her low voice:

"I told you, Harriet, that when you got nicely settled at housekeeping, I meant to come and visit you, Providence permitting; and now I am here."

"And we are very glad to see you, dear Miss Stoddard—my husband and myself, and I want you to enjoy every minute of your stay," answered Hattie. It was easy to see that the newly added dignities of her position had not taken away the young wife's girlish naturalness and kindness of heart.

After tea was over, Miss Stoddard asked to be shown to her room, for the long day's ride had wearied her. I lingered with her a few minutes after Mrs. Ellsworth had gone down, to assist her in unpacking such articles as she would need on the morrow, for I knew the pious little woman never encroached on the Sabbath. Miss Stoddard was a spinster, as I have said, and she possessed such "little ways" as are usually attributed to that sisterhood. So I sat a few minutes, and watched her lay out a variety of little brushes on the toilet, besides numerous tiny boxes of medicines and vials of "drops," which she arrayed side by side with mathematical precision. Then she took out one or two pairs of little slippers, the same number of black silk aprons and handkerchiefs, and shook out a neat gray morning wrapper

which she laid evenly over a chair by the head of the bed; and, last of all, she drew forth a little red-covered Bible, which she laid on the table. I had seen the little Bible before, nights when she had slept at my mother's; but I looked on it with increased reverence then, for I thought that, too, perhaps, had belonged to the lonely little woman's dead mother, she laid it on the table so reverently.

"There, dear, I thank you for helping me," she said, as she shut the lid of her trunk, and laid her white night-dress and little night-cap with its prim border of lace down on a chair. "You want to go down to Harriet now. Providence has been very good to her"—looking around the warm and sumptuously furnished chamber. "She seemed glad to see me, and I am glad I came," she added, quietly. "Good-night, dear."

I had a long talk with Hattie before the drawing-room grate afterward; Mr. Ellsworth being good enough to go into his library to read for an hour. After discussing various subjects—"Harry's" praises; how delighted "some one" would be when he learned I was there; "we might meet at church to-morrow, if his patients would permit him to go," Hattie said, and items of news from "home"—we came upon the little woman sleeping quietly upstairs.

"Little Stoddard looks just the same as ever, and yet there's something I missed about her the moment she stepped in the door. What can it be, Josey?" and she mused a moment.

"Why, it's the *chinchilla tippet!*" I broke forth, laughingly. "She lost it on the way, when we changed cars at Palmerton. But I'm real sorry, though, for the poor little woman said it had belonged to her mother."

"So it is—the *chinchilla!*" exclaimed Hattie, catching hold of my hand and laughing, too. "Little Stoddard, without her tippet, is like an—an—an—angel without its wings." And she laughed merrily at the grotesqueness of her comparison.

"It's my fault. I caused her to take it off, 'because the car was warm,' I urged; but in reality, Hattie, because I was tired to death of the sight of it. But I did wrong, though, and must replace it with a new one."

"I have an idea!" said Hattie, clapping her hands. "We will join purses, and purchase her a nice set of furs for a New Year's gift—that's a week from to-day. A capital idea! don't you think so, Josey?"

"What is such a capital idea, Harriet?" said Mr. Ellsworth in the doorway, smiling upon us.

"Oh, we're talking about the good little woman up-stairs! Since you've taken upon you the responsibility of providing her a husband in good old Uncle Fielding, Josey and I are taking the liberty of adding to her wardrobe!" she mischievously answered. "You see, Josey," she added, "this is one of Harry's obstinate whims—that Uncle John Fielding, who has lived all his days a bachelor, and for whom manœvering mammas have manœvered in vain, is going to commit the irretrievable act at this late hour. He's out of the city now; but on his return we shall invite him here to "come, and see, and conquer little Stoddard."

"When 'the conquering hero comes,' with John Gilpin poet, 'may I be there to see!'" I laughingly replied, as I rose to retire.

Next day was Sabbath and Christmas; and we attended morning service with Hattie and her husband in the Episcopal Church, for little Miss Stoddard never missed her church-going; and though, I fear, less of the spiritual mingled with the motives that sent the remaining trio thither, yet, on that morning above all others, we felt that it was "good to be there."

The church was trimmed with holly and evergreens; the reading desks were wreathed with the freshness of the twining ivy; around the galleries and over the chancel were passages from the Sacred Word, descriptive of the advent, in lettering of green; and the great organ pealed forth such a glorious tide of symphony when the choristers rendered the grand *jubilate* of the birth of the Prince of Peace that my soul was quite uplifted and outborne from the presence of the place. I forgot the elegant cadences of the minister's voice; I minded no more the greenery transplanted from the heart of the country pine forest; the sheen of rustling silks in that fashionable congregation; little Miss Stoddard's gray bonnet and shawl in contrast with Hattie's velvet cloak and sables, or the fact that a pair of dark eyes somewhere in that crowded church might be bent upon me; but my soul was borne away, away, on those waves of sound, till I stood on the plains of Judea with that grand choral harmony penetrating all space, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

When the service closed, and the rustling of silken garments in the aisles recalled me, I walked downward with the thronging crowd; but I was not thoroughly aroused till I felt the strong pressure of a hand clasping my own, and heard in a low, eager, tone, "This is a

pleasant surprise, Miss Bowen!" And then Hattie said archly: "Oh, we *meant* to surprise you, Doctor Robertson! But you are to come home and dine with us, unless you have left some patients to be dispatched immediately!" And with a new feeling of happiness at my heart we passed out together. Once on the *pavé*, I had no thought but for my companion; and little Miss Stoddard walked with Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth. I have a faint remembrance that her eyes had a bright sparkle and her cheeks a faint flush as we had stepped into the aisle together; for such grand organ tones as had carried me out of myself had never been heard by the little quiet woman in the plain meeting-house in Woodboro', where she had sat every Sunday for many, many years.

"Stoddard enjoyed her church service," said Hattie, as she sat in the drawing-room, after the little woman had sought her chamber.

"Not a very dignified manner of styling your guest, my dear," said her husband.

"Oh, Harry, I'm sure nobody ever means disrespect in calling her so. But 'Miss Charity Stoddard,' 'Mrs. John Fielding' that is to be, if that title sounds preferable!" was the laughing rejoinder.

"'Charity!' not an unfitting name for the sober, pleasant-faced, little lady," said Doctor Robertson; "for, with her spry step, quiet voice, and soothing air, she reminds me of those best of all nurses—the Sisters of Charity—I sometimes encounter in my professional rounds among the poor. But what is this I hear? 'Mrs. John Fielding that is to be?' Surely, Ellsworth, this little woman isn't going to be your aunt; for that, I take it, will be her perquisite if she adopts the name of that pleasant bachelor uncle of yours, whom I meet here occasionally."

Hattie laughed in glee as her husband replied soberly: "If my first effort at match-making does not fail, it will so come to pass, Doctor. This good uncle of mine, who has wasted his life in single blessedness, is to be exposed to the full battery of her quiet forces on his return; and, as a good listener is said to be the chief of a pair of conversationists, I don't doubt but my most sanguine hopes will be fulfilled!" And, smoothing his countenance as the door opened quietly, and, with gentle step, little Miss Stoddard added herself to our number, he led the way down to the dining-room.

Dinner over, Miss Stoddard went up to her room again. Harry Ellsworth smiled, and said something about "orthodoxy;" but I knew she was busy with the contents of the little

red-covered Bible; and so I told them about her lonely life. It touched Mr. Ellsworth's heart. "Poor little woman!" he said. "All alone in the world! No kith or kin! Nobody to care for her! that's hard—to grow old without somebody to love us?" and his arm was around Hattie's waist, and the beloved young wife nestled closer to her husband. For myself, I was so happy, sitting there in the shade of the flowing crimson curtains by the window, while the twilight fell about us—sitting there, with my hand clasped in his, who, I knew, wished to guide me safely through Life's journey, and plant the sweet blooming hedgerows of love along my way—I could well afford to drop a few crumbs of thought to the lonely little being sitting above stairs in the solitude that had grown a habit of her life.

Solitude, did I say? Nay; while I was drinking in the earthly love, was not little Miss Stoddard, whom I so pitied for her lonely state, quaffing from the well, hidden within the lids of her little Bible, a purer draught of Love, even the Heavenly and Divine?

Three weeks went by; weeks rich in enjoyment to me. With the avidity of a taste which had always craved, yet from a secluded life had been denied, the many intellectual enjoyments a great city affords, I had already seized much, and so deeply imprinted it on the tablets of memory that no future event could erase it. I had gratified the eye with the paintings and sculptures in the noble Athenæum Gallery; the ear, with the grand oratorios of the Creation and the Messiah, and the cultivated warblings of the artistic prima donna; the intellect with the drama and the eloquent lecture; while the heart was taking its own nutriment, for Doctor Robertson was now my declared lover, and, in the intervals of his professional duties, constantly at my side. From his great friendship with Hattie's husband, he came to be regarded by both in the light of a brother. Hattie began to talk, as we sat together, of the time when we should again live neighbors; Mr. Ellsworth never missed an opportunity to tease me; and little Miss Stoddard, when informed of my engagement, to which Doctor Robertson had obtained my mother's consent by letter, said quietly: "Providence permitting, Josephine, I will help you considerable with your sewing, as I did Harriet with hers."

And little Miss Stoddard enjoyed these weeks of her visit, too, for Hattie had persuaded her from time to time to lengthen it. She enjoyed everything—the walks on the Common,

sparkling with its white carpet of crystallized snows, and out over the long Milldam, the slender clasp that links the peninsular Trimountain city with the mainland; through the beautiful flower-crowded greenhouses of the Public Garden; the shifting kaleidoscope of gay attire on the fashionable promenade of Washington Street; the bright, beautiful displays in the shop windows; the warm and handsome set of furs which had been Hattie's and my joint gift on New Year's; the church services to which she was a devout listener; her Sabbath hours of quiet thought in her comfortable chamber, and the pleasant evening reunions in the drawing-room below, where, amid the merry hum of young voices, the music of the piano, and the dancing feet of Hattie's guests, little Miss Stoddard would often gaze and enjoy from her corner, then, quietly as she had entered, would glide away.

All this time Uncle Fielding had not returned to Boston, being detained in a distant city where he had been called on business on the first days of our visit. But one day Mr. Ellsworth came home with a smile on his handsome face. "Uncle John has returned at last, Hattie," he said, "and is coming up to dinner. I didn't mention that we had company—and, pray, no need to enlighten the little woman concerning his coming. My plan is this: as the Doctor has already secured tickets for four to hear Booth in Hamlet this evening at the Boston, I shall accept for you and I, little wife; and ask good Uncle John to play host to little Miss Stoddard, or little Miss Stoddard to play hostess toward him, till our return. What do you think of my talents for a match-maker, eh, Miss Josey?" addressing me. "Our own made, we can well afford to be generous to poor luckless outsiders, can't we?" and I felt my cheeks tingling under his mischievous glances.

"Oh, I hope your first attempt will be a successful one!" was all I could answer for my confusion, though I rallied and added: "It was always a woman's accredited trade, *match-making*, Mr. Ellsworth!"

"Well, I suppose it *is*, or *should* be; but then, you see Hattie succeeded so admirably with the first *she* undertook, to wit: when she got me to bring a certain physician down to Woodboro' with me during my engagement days, that she's learned me the preliminary chapter, and now I am going off bravely alone into the intricacies of the volume!" And with another glance that again brought the blood into my cheeks he left us.

"Harry's too provoking, to be always teaz-

ing you so!" exclaimed Hattie. "But I shall be delighted when I call little Stoddard Aunt Fielding. She'll have to shed her coat of everlasting gray *then!*"

At three o'clock Mrs. Ellsworth and I sat in the drawing-room waiting for the appearance of the gentlemen. Little Miss Stoddard had been told that a guest was to dine with us, and had not yet come down. Presently Mr. Ellsworth appeared, with his uncle, whom at the first glance I saw to be a plain, florid-faced man of about fifty, with hair well streaked with gray and kindly gray eyes. There was neither the stiff reserve nor the voluble loquacity about Uncle John Fielding one meets in old bachelors of the extreme classes; and upon presentation, I looked upon him as a good fatherly sort of person whose chief mistake in life had been that he had drawn no pleasant home ties about him, he seemed so well adapted to their enjoyment. His dress was a suit of plain gray, and I hailed this token of his tastes with delight, and caught an opportunity to whisper slyly to Hattie—"How nicely they will be matched—a pair of gray old lovers together! What a pity they hadn't met younger!"

While I sat busy with my embroidery, and Hattie went down to order dinner, and Mr. Ellsworth and Uncle John Fielding conversed together, I heard a little subdued rustling of silk against the drawing-room door, and knew that the quiet little woman for whose feet a matrimonial trap had been set was coming. And while she was gently crossing the carpet for her favorite seat in the corner, Mr. Ellsworth rose and presented her:

"Miss Stoddard, Mr. Fielding!"

I was furtively noting the quiet manner in which the little spinster extended her small pale fingers to acknowledge the introduction, and the host stood by with a grave air of courtesy; but I think neither Mr. Ellsworth nor myself could have been more surprised had both parties been transfigured and been caught from our presence than by what followed. The florid face of Uncle John Fielding became painfully red and white and red again by turns, and a look of doubt, surprise, and recognition overspread his whole face; while little Miss Stoddard's pale fingers shook, her faded blue eyes filled with light, and her pale cheek grew pink as a young girl's. Each stood regarding the other with doubt, surprise, and at last mutual recognition on every feature; and then Mr. Fielding grasped the pale, quivering little fingers, and drew the whole hand within his broad

honest palm, and bending down, right in the face of us two looking on, kissed her on the thin pink cheek, and said in a voice that trembled and grew husky with emotion :

"Oh, Charity, is it you? And after so many years! Do you know me, Charity?"

"Yes, John!"

It was all little Miss Stoddard said, for she would have fallen, had not old Uncle John Fielding drawn up a chair and gently seated her in it, where she sat with her face buried in her hands; but it told enough to us lookers-on, to show us that those two reunited ones—for such they must be—were happier without us; and so both Harry Ellsworth and myself softly left the apartment.

"The strangest proceeding going on up stairs, Hattie!" said her husband as we met her in the lower hall. "Old Uncle John and little Miss Stoddard have begun their courtship already. You know the old saying, 'a third party' and so forth! Josey and I found we were *de trop*, and so left them to their wooing!"

"Explain yourself—do, please!" said Mrs. Ellsworth a little impatiently, in mystery at her husband's strange words and affected gravity of manner. "Josey, what has happened?" and she turned to me.

"Nothing, only your good Uncle and little Miss Stoddard seem to have been former friends, and rather intimate ones, too, I should judge by the circumstances of their meeting," I answered. "It is true, what your husband says. We were mere lookers-on in Vienna," and thought best to leave. Don't go up, Hattie! little Stoddard never 'll dare look up again. Uncle Fielding actually kissed her!"

"Well, kisses or no kisses, dinner musn't be spoiled with waiting!" she said, with an amusing air of housewifely importance, hastening up stairs, and from the drawing-room we heard her exclaim: "How delighted I am, dear Uncle Fielding, to hear that you and Miss Stoddard are old friends! you must tell us all about it at dinner!"

"Yes, we are indeed old friends, and I hope shall continue the strongest of *new* ones," said Uncle Fielding, coming down with little Miss Stoddard on his arm; while Mr. Ellsworth led the way with me, saying in a low voice and with a roguish glance: "We only need *one* more present, and then we could all pair off in the manner the Fates intended, 'Providence permitting,' I should add!" And he looked slyly over his shoulder at the little figure in gray that glided quietly into the dining-room.

Conversation was brisk at table between the

two gentlemen; though I noticed that old Uncle Fielding answered "Yes, Charity!" once to some question of his nephew's, and Harry and Hattie bit their lips; but little Miss Stoddard looked so young with that pink flush not yet faded from her cheek, and so happy at the assiduous attentions of him who sat beside her; that I really neglected my dinner in wondering what little romance could have been hidden away under the plain exterior of these two quiet old people, for surely such had been betrayed by the sudden and tender episode which had occurred at their meeting.

Mr. Ellsworth's remark, "You are ill, Josey! You have lost your appetite. I shall call in a physician!" brought me back from my speculations.

On returning to the drawing-room, as Uncle John Fielding manifested no inclination to give us the desired information respecting his and Miss Stoddard's former acquaintance, we were all duly forced to check our impatience till such time as it should voluntarily come; and when evening brought Doctor Robertson for the proposed visit to the Boston, we felt no compunctions in leaving the two friends together. At first—from sheer force of habit, I doubt not, at the thought that he was to be left to entertain a lady—Uncle John Fielding half rose to go; then, suddenly recollecting himself, settled back in his chair; and little Miss Stoddard—though her pale fingers trembled over her gray knitting-work, and the pink flushed brighter into her cheeks—quietly observed that "she feared she'd be but poor company for Mr. Fielding." But Mr. Fielding replied with an honest, straight-forward glance which seemed to say he wanted no better company; so we left them.

In the beginning of Hamlet's "Soliloquy," rendered as Booth *can* render it, that evening, Henry Ellsworth leaned past Hattie, and whispered to us both:

"It has just flashed over me—the explanation of that little romance at home this afternoon. I remember to have overheard my mother tell a friend once, when I was a boy, that Uncle John met with 'a disappointment' when young, and that was the reason he never married. I shall leave it to the feminine tactics of you two to ascertain the grounds on which quiet little Miss Stoddard found courage to 'disappoint' any man!" and then he leaned back in his seat, and Booth resumed, "Ay, *there's* the rub!" Hattie glanced toward me and smiled. The text was so *apropos*.

Later, that night, as I sat in the little woman's

room before retiring to my own, I heard from her lips a few outlines of the well kept secret of her life—a few outlines only ; but enough on which to build up the framework of a romance that had been enacted when little Charity Stoddard had been twenty years younger, and fairer, and had loved with all the quiet strength of a heart that never loves but once, and had not swerved from that faith in the great gulf of time that had lain between.

“To think that Providence should have permitted us to meet again, Josephine !” she said, with deepest feeling in her quiet voice, as she looked up from the little red-covered Bible which I found her reading, and on whose leaves I felt sure a few quiet tears had fallen. “And now, when I am getting old, and reconciled to my lonely life, and never expected to be anybody but the lonely little woman you have always known. I can’t tell you all about it to-night, dear child ; but if it should come to pass to you—as most likely it never can or will—that you should be a poor orphan, and should find one friend in the great, rich family where you lived to teach the younger children, and that friend was one who told you that he loved you, and wanted to take you away from your life of toil among them, and make you his wife ; and then his mother and father should interfere, and say you weren’t good enough for their oldest son—most likely you’d do as *I* did, and steal away, miles and hundreds of miles away from them all, and never let them hear of you again. I was proud, if I was poor, and I hated them all, and wanted him to forget me. But he never has—John says the day has never been when he has loved another woman, though they wanted him to marry, and he didn’t know where I’d gone, nor but I’d been married years ago, before we met to-day. And now, to think we have come together again after these twenty long years ! and it all comes out so strange : that John is Hattie’s husband’s uncle, and Harry Ellsworth’s mother is one of the little girls I used to teach ! It seems like a dream, Josephine !” And the little pale fingers fluttered like birds among the leaves of the red-covered Bible.

“And now, at last, you’re going to have somebody to love you, and a nice home of your own. I’m so glad ! and Hattie’ll be rejoiced—and everybody in Woodboro’, too ! Mamma said she should feel sure something would happen to you, if you didn’t wear the chinchilla tippet ; and *it’s happened*, and I’m real glad you lost it, indeed I am, dear, good Miss Stoddard !” and in the ridiculousness of my delight

I actually hugged and kissed the little woman till she opened her quiet eyes in a broad stare. “Yes, I’m glad it’s all happened ; and you helped at Hattie’s wedding, and must at mine, and we’ll both dance at yours, Miss Stoddard !”

But “Miss Stoddard” was not at my wedding ; although Mrs. John Fielding was, for she was married before me. She wore a silver gray silk, for the old favorite colors are still maintained ; but the richness of the fabric, and the daintiness of her exquisite embroideries, never “set off” any bride to better advantage, old or young.

It is a handsome, but plain gray stone front on T—— street, in the old Trimountain city, whose silver door plate bears the name of “John Fielding.” The full window draperies are of a quiet neutral tint ; the same hue prevails among the figures of the rich carpets that yield under the tread like wood mosses in the forests of dear old Woodboro’ ; and a little woman in dresses of soft and subdued colors glides quietly forward to receive you. Hattie and I spend a day with her occasionally, at which visits she knits a good deal from a large ball of gray worsted.

“Old fashioned, I dare say you think me, my dears !” she says in the quietest of voices, and with a little smile. “But I can’t forget all the old ways I had at Woodboro’. Providence permitting, I mean to knit all John’s socks this winter ! I’ve lived a busy life too long to begin to live an idle one now.”

“Providence” has “permitted” my little friend to busy her small, pale fingers with many quiet offices of kindness for not only “John” but those about her. In the great world there may be noisier philanthropists ; but there are none who do more for their Master’s service among the poor, and destitute, and lonely, than this little woman, in her quiet way. In the great world there may be many who surround themselves with more of the gauds and tinsels of fashionable life ; but there are none who walk their path, more quietly and serenely happy, than does she who kept, for twenty years, amid her loneliness, the one love of her youth, till she met her reward when that love was restored to her. For Mrs. Fielding is far happier than was lonely little Miss Stoddard.

THE more talents and good qualities we possess the more humble we ought to be, because we have the less merit in doing right.

LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

LETTER IV.

DEAR MR. GODEY: It seems no longer ago than yesterday that I used to go up across the smooth mowed ground to the garden where Nat would be at work. The garden was on a hill-side, slopin' down toward the holler. You could see the brook crookin' 'round among the trees and medders, and where it couldn't be seen, the great elms, buttonwoods, and birches along the bank showed where it was. The rollin' hills that sloped up the other side of the holler was all speckled with orchards, medders, and patches of trees; and away off, ever so far away, was mountains so faint and purplish, that it was easy to take 'em for clouds.

I used to let down the bars and go into the garden, and look at all the posies first. There was a bunch of pineys and medder-lilies; but the blows was all gone. They was in a square bed, with a row of sives all round the edge. Next to the piney was a big bunch of marygolds and batchelder-buttons; and in a bed by themselves was saffron and balm, sweet basil and smelage. I never knew what there was about these old-fashioned things that I liked so well; but the sight of a balm-blossom, or a sprig of basil now always carries me right back to that lonesome old garden on the side hill, in the meadow, with the gray chimneys of the house standin' like head and foot-stones on the green mound of apple trees down below us.

Generally Nat used to be diggin' among the cabbages, and wouldn't say anything till I come round where he stood; but sometimes he would come over to the posy beds, and begin to ask me questions.

One day, it was after a number of hot days, and the air was so heavy and close that the cattle stood pantin' under the trees, and the sky, yellow and brassy-lookin', seemed drawin' near to the earth, I went out to the garden. The house was like a cellar, and all the corners looked as if they was full of fog; I couldn't stay there; so I went out. I heard the ring of Nat's hoe before I saw him, and I knew that he was likely to have a story to tell, for it was too warm for work, besides the sun was going down soon, and he had to go away to the hills after the cows, and he liked to stir up his mind with a good ghost story before he started. Sure enough, while I was lookin' into the marygold Nat come and stood on t'other side of the bed.

His tow trowsers was rolled up 'most to his knees, and one of his galluses was hangin' over his hip. He wiped his face on his shirt-sleeve, and fanned himself with his hat. "Schoolma'am," says he, "I hope there 'll be an offe thunder shower to-night—one that 'll crack the rafters to the skies. Then you 'll see how Granny 'll fly 'round. Oh, she 's wide awake when it litens. I hope it 'll thunder, too. Don't you like to hear thunder?" "No," says I, "I'm afraid of thunder." Nat looked at me and grinned. "Look yonder!" says he, "d'you see that big pile of yeller stun away off on that back road? Well, schoolma'am, that was piled up, stun by stun, ever so long ago. A man shot his brother there, jest as ef he 'd been a dog. Everybody goin' that way used to put a stun on the pile. You shall go there some time, 'n' see the board with blood on it. Well, one day it was hot, jest like to-day, 'n' in the night ef it didn't thunder"—and Nat rubbed his head, and looked at me for a minit, as if he couldn't think what to say. "That night Granny was up all night. She put on her silk frock, that 's in the chist, 'n' a black hat with an orstridge feather in it, 'n' her shoes with heels like red tops, 'n' she cut round, 'n' talked high Dutch, 'n' bowed, 'n' curcheyed, 'n' acted as ef she 'd gone ravin' mad. Father 'n' mother sot 'n' watched her; but 'las! she didn't see 'em at all. The next mornin' them stun was hove 'round all over the ground, 'n' the dirt was tore up like as ef a passle of mad bulls had been pawin' 'n' scorin' the ground with their horns. I 'member how the litenin' darted 'n' darted down out on the clouds all night long, and one streak, like a big red sword, seemed to come right down afore me. The thunder come with it 'n' the rain. The noise it made was jest as ef the mountains was bein' ground into powder. Long towards mornin' the thunder 'n' litenin' sort of died away, as ef they 'd wore out their strength, 'n' Granny slid off to sleep. I wish you could a-seen her, with her black silk frock covered all over with red roses, 'n' her little mite of a hat, with feathers hangin' down over her ears, 'n' her peaked-toed shoes with buckles 'n' red heels, a settin' fast asleep in a chair. She looked as ef she was dead, 'n' wuss 'n any ghost that ever showed itself. When I went to drive out the cows I seen the stuns layin' round, 'n' I knew rite off that that big crinkly

flash must a-lit rite on that stun pile. At first sight I scatted for home, but second thought I went 'n' looked at the place. There wasn't one stun left on the spot where they say the blood run down 'n' wet the grass. There was a great hole 'n' a pile of fresh dirt. I tell you, schoolma'am, my skin crep' under my clothing. It looked so much as ef the litenin' had come down there a-purpus. A good many folks went there to see, 'n' after a good spell, I jest hove the stun all back agin in a pile. I used to get a smart scoldin' from Granny every time I went there to work; but I'm used to Granny's talks. I wouldn't mind it now ef she was to tell me that the litenin' was a live creeter, 'n' could lite jest where it had a mind ter do, 'n' lick up anything or anybody, 'n' crack their bones, 'n' sizzle their skin with its red-hot mouth. She use ter say it was awake when it begun to liten, 'n' it was her friend, 'n' she loved its red wavy hair streamin' over the clouds better 'n she loved anything on airth. She said the thunder was a great bass voice singin' to her out of the sky, 'n' she 'd sing back agin with a screech that made my hair stan' up. I could hear her say: "Nearer, nearer, my red lipped giant. Why du ye stan' in the clouds 'n' wave your hand to me." 'N' so she goes on till I begin to think Granny's crazy. What do you think, schoolma'am?" "I should think," says I, "she certainly was out of her head." "Well," says Nat, "I 'spect father 'n' mother thinks so too, but they don't talk about it. Ever 'n' ever so long ago when Granny was a gal, she lived with her father 'way down in the middle counties. He was rich, 'n' had ever so many niggers 'n' a passle of farms that use to be hired for corn, 'n' wheat, 'n' horses. Granny's got a picter of herself soimewhere. I seen it once; it was awful hansom. She had a fire-red cloak over her shoulders 'n' a blue frock on under it. It was such a blue as the blue on father's razor, 'n' her hat had black fethers with blue tips to 'em. Her eyes was maybe a trifle pleasanter than they be now, but they looked right at my thoughts. It was a little picter with a gold rim 'round it, 'n' a purple morroccer cover 'round it like a watch-case. She never shows it; but I got a look at it once when she was asleep. Folks do say Granny had a great deal of disappointment in her youngerly days; maybe that's why she's so queer. You see she was a rich, hansom gal, 'n' lots of fellers was likely to want her for a wife. Her father was jest as stiff 'n' proud as she was, 'n' when he found out she meant to marry a captin, captin of a war ship, he swore

he 'd see her dead 'fore he 'd 'low it. There was a time they say then, for she wasn't likely to give up her notions to anybody. Her father took her off to ever so many grand places, 'n' tried to make her take a notion to somebody that suited him; but she wouldn't look at anybody but her captin. Well, jest when her father was a-goin' to give up, 'n' let her have her way, news come that the captin's ship was struck by litenin' 'n' he was killed, 'n' they throwed him into the water, all sewed up in a sail. When they told her she screamed out that something was burnin' her head, 'n' went off wild 'n' screechin'. After she got over it, she wasn't nateral at all; but sharp and wicked to 'most everybody. Finally, she married gran'ther and lived here. She wouldn't go nowheres nor be clever to nobody, 'n' I reckon she's, jest as you say, out of her head."

"Well, Nat," says I, "don't you feel sorry for her? Maybe she never was happy herself, and didn't know how to make anybody else happy."

"Happy," says he; "d'ye s'pose any body is happy to our house? Ef you do, you're mistaken. 'Tain't me, nor Idy, nor little Clary. They're the glummet little owls ever you see. Why the sun don't shine down there as it does up here, or anywhere else out doors. I know what I'll do, jest as soon as ever I'm a man, I'll get married; maybe you'll have me?"

"Oh, Nat, I shall be so old then, you would not think of such a thing," says I.

"Well, I'll have somebody, 'n' then I'll have a house, 'n' the girls shall live with me, 'n' we'll laugh all the time. We won't look sober for anything. Jest you come 'n' see us, 'n' see how nice it'll be to have everybody chirk 'n' good-natured."

"But," says I, "s'posin' your father wanted you to live with him."

"Not in *that* house," says Nat. "I'd jest as soon live under gran'ther's big stun table over in the buryin' ground. I would, now; 'twouldn't be so lonesome with the grass growin' 'round it. Grass won't grow round *that* house. I've tried it ever so many times. It won't grow there. Schoolma'am, I reckon we'd better go home; sundown's come."

So Nat and I went down to the house. Nat put his hoe on the fence, and went after the cows, and I went in. The little girls were sittin' on stools by the fire, as still as mice, and their father and mother in the corners of the fireplace. But the old lady set in a big chair by the winder, lookin' at the sky. Away off over the purple mountains there was every few

minits a sudden flash. She was watchin' it as if it was somethin' wonderful rare to look at. I thought of what Nat told me, and when the little girls brought a candle for me to go up stairs, I'm ashamed to say I was afraid to go alone; but I did, for I couldn't bear to have them know how I felt. I put the candle on the table, and went and looked out of the winder. There was a black bank of clouds risin' up out of the south, and stretchin' toward the west. Nat was comin' out of the yard with his milk-pails, and the cows rattled their bells as if they was uneasy. There didn't seem to be a bit of wind, but the leaves to the apple-trees rustled, and stirred, and once in a while a whip-poor-will gave his lonesome whoop over on the hills. I b'l'ave 'most every body feels a little queerish when it thunders, especially among the hills. There's so many crashes that foller one another away off, and rumble and rattle, that you git to feelin' sort of wild before you know it. Now I knew well enough there was a big shower comin', and with what Nat told me, and what I'd seen, I was rather timersome. So I put down the winder, though I was like to smother with the heat, and pulled the curtain close so the litenin' shouldn't show itself. I wouldn't go to bed, and so I jest peeked into a grasshopper bureau that stood in one corner to look for a book. There was two doors over the two drawers, and sure enough there was two shelves full of books. They was mostly bound in dark old leather covers, and looked dingy and worm eaten. I took out some. There was "Ramblers," and "Spectators," and "Guardians" bound, and ever so many that I couldn't read a word of. I found one bound in morocco, with a clasp somethin' like the Prayer Book Brewstir give me last Christmas; but the leaves was thick smooth paper, and it was every bit writ with a pen, and all the capitals was flourished off at a great rate. There was poetry, and somethin' like letters scattered along. It didn't seem to be an albion, but a book that somebody had used to write a little in every day or so. Some of the verses was queer; I couldn't get the sense of 'em very well. I remember one piece, for it was so peculiâr that I read it more'n once, and after that I couldn't help thinkin' of it a good deal. I wish I could make you jest one of them shaded whirls that begun the capital letters, but I can't. So, here they are in my own stiff ork-word writin':—

"Lo, thou art mine; in life, in death,
My soul will cling to thee,
For the brief space of mortal time,
For all eternity.

"Not the red lightning's fiery clasp
Could tear me quite away
From the green earth and purple skies
With waves of night and day.

"But, robed in flame, I'll seek thee still,
Wherever thou mayest be,
Under green arching forest aisles,
Or on the troubled sea.

"I'll call thee with the thunder's voice
From out the cloudy sky,
Till all the echoes of the earth
Shall hear me and reply.

"I'll write thy name in lightning flame
Upon the midnight gloom,
And thou alone shalt read aright
For lo, I am thy doom."

Somehow readin' this didn't settle my nerves a bit, and the thunder was beginnin' to roll, low and distant, but so quick that it seemed as if they was connected together and playin' some great solemn tune on the bass pipes of an organ that was somethin' bright and glorious, like sunshine. Bymby there was a holler, moanin', rushin' sound that grew closer every minit. I knew it was the wind and the rain, and the thunder was beginnin' to run up along the scale, till the house rocked and trembled with the sharp claps as if the millions of great white spirits that flew abroad on the winds had all clapped their wings at once. Then the rain come, and the wind struck the old house a blow that made the rafters screech and groan, and the walls crack as if they was a-goin' to yield. I could hear the apple-trees complainin' while they rubbed and thrashed agin the brick walls, and flung their leaves out straight into the air as if they was helpless and shiverin' with fright. I shivered where I sot with my feet curled up, and my head on my arms, and I tried not to think of anything I'd heard about the old lady down below. I tried to think of Susan, and Archy, and the boys, and imagined I was goin' with Susan down to the shore medder after strawberries, and tried to think jest how the bobolinks sung on the willers along the shore, and the smell of the grass and posies, and the strawberries so bright and fresh; but jest then I thought of that dear old lonesome place across the lake, and I couldn't help thinkin' how the rain would beat down on that green mound in the corner of the garden, and through the chimney into the cold fireplaces, and through holes in the roofs, down to the very corner where John lay when he died. I forgot all about the storm and the thunder, terrible as it was. I had to go back over some of the dark days of my life. That day when they told me he was dyin', when I went across the lake to

see him. The silver skimmer of the lake as our boat cut across the ripples, the sky so blue and high, and the clouds white as angels, that lay sleeping there so still. I heard the divers' lonesome cries, and the kingfisher's scream. I could see, and hear, and feel everything, so sharp and tender all my feelin's was grown with this terrible pain. John was dyin'. They told me so. In a little while, hardly an hour, even when I held him fast by the hand, and looked into his eyes, and called him by name, he went away, he died. He didn't look at me nor answer me, nor clasp my hand that shook so, while it nestled into his cold, limp palm. Oh, he was dead! dead!

Somebody knocked at the door, knocked hard and fast. I was awoke out of my dreamin' in a minit, and sprung to open it. It was Nat, with a candle, and his face was as white as cloth. He looked at me with the strangest look. "Schoolma'am," he whispered, "won't you come down? Granny's dead, 'n' we're nigh about scart to deth." My hair riz up on my head. I couldn't have been hired to stay there a minit longer alone. I took up my candle and went down stairs with Nat. He took me straight into the old lady's room. It was a gloomy old place, with a fireplace like the mouth of a cave, and curtains to the winders and bed of some dark stiff stuff. The curtains to the winders was pulled back, and, jest as I got in, a blindin' flash blazed into the room, and seemed to play over the pinched face of the poor dead old lady, like that blue light we used to call fox fire. She was settin' up straight, in a great high back chair, with a black and crimson silk frock on, with long lace ruffles to the sleeves, and lace around the neck. A little hat with feathers hangin' down to her shoulders was on her head; but oh, such a face! Her eyes was wide open, and starin' straight up; her jaw dropped down, and every wrinkle looked as if it had been cut with a chisel.

The two little girls set cowerin' in a corner, and sobbin' as if their hearts would break, while their father and mother sat in another corner without speakin'. Nat set down the candle. I stood considerin' a minit. The fact is I was jest as scart as anybody, but I knew some of us must do somethin'. We couldn't set all night and look at that awful face; so I went and took off the hat, though my fingers felt as if they was froze, and cold chills run over me all the time. I motioned to her son, and he helped me carry her to the bed and lay her down there. I closed the eyes that looked so glassy, tied a cloth round her head

and chin, covered the face, pulled down the curtains, and sat down with the rest. The thunder had seemed to grow worse all the time, and now the house shook with it. It was twelve o'clock, five hours to daylight, and we must stay there all that time by the dead woman, alone. I was glad I had courage enough to move her. After awhile the little girls cried themselves to sleep, and their mother got pillers and put under their heads, just where they lay on the floor. Nat set in a great bow-back chair, and breathed so hard that I thought he was asleep, till I saw him lookin' at me very earnest. He looked at me ever so many times, and finally he said, "Schoolma'am, sposin' you jest read us suthin'. There's some books." I looked round, there was a glass door to a little cupboard on the chimney. I went and got a book without lookin' at it. It was "Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs." I didn't call it pleasant readin', but it passed away the time till daylight. The thunder and the rain all went off before that, and seems to me the silence was worse than the noise of the wind and the thunder.

When the light begun to show through the apple-tree boughs over the windows, we opened the door and went into the kitchen. A candle had burned itself out on the table. None of us had left the old lady's room all night. Nat went after one of the neighbors, and Mr. Stowers after his brother. When they come I crept up stairs and to bed.

I have wondered a great many times if a funeral is half as solemn anywhere else as in the country among the trees, green and fresh, the grass that loves so well to spread its soft, cool mantle over a grave mound, and under the sky that is a grander roof than all the domes in the world. I know how hard men try to make arches and pillars look like trees and their branches, but what "clustered stone pillars," as Mr. Butterside says, ever come up to nature, that don't seem to try at all.

The funeral was the next day but one after the poor old lady died. I believe 'most everybody was there that lived within six or seven miles. Elder Jones preached the sermon. The text was, "Be ye also ready, for in a day and an hour that ye know not of, the Son of Man cometh." Every room in the house was full; and from the open windows the sound of many voices singin' "China" seemed to float down through the shady orchard, and out over the medder, like a breth of wind full of the smell of roses and southern-wood. Somehow the singin' seemed to lift up Nat. I hadn't seen

the poor fellow look so wonderful bright in all the time I'd known him. He looked as if he'd seen somethin' pleasant away off, and meant to reach it and have it for his own. After the sermon and another hymn, the coffin was opened, and folks invited to look at the dead lady. I felt curis to see her face agin, I knew it must be changed. The awful mystery of death seems to glorify 'most every human bein' that it falls upon. This poor old lady's face, once so sharp and worried-lookin', so grim with trouble, and scared with pain, that was printed over with all the woes of a lifetime, was now as calm as a baby's. The lips was almost curled into a smile, and her forehead was as smooth as if an angel had laid his hand there when she was dyin'. Nat come and stood by me, and looked, and then whispered to me:

"Schoolma'am, granny must a-come back to her senses when she died, or she wouldn't a-had such a face in her coffin. I'm glad on't, for I shall jest remember how she looks *now*, 'n' forgit how queer she was."

I was glad too for Nat's sake. Pretty soon Deacon Pendle come and screwed down the coffin-lid, and it was lifted into a wagon, and the mourners rode in another wagon behind it. There was a good many wagons full of folks; but most all the young folks walked a-foot two and two. Dolly Jinks walked with me, and she wanted me to look at Bethuel Button and his wife, to see how kind of sorrowful the old lady looked, and if it was a funeral, she couldn't help tellin' me that Square Kinyon went and drove his black horses to carry the young folks belongin' to Sam Stowers's family.

"Of course," says she, "it's on account of the girls. They're 'most too smart for the Square; though he'll have to take Deacon Moody's darter yet, 'less you have him, Miss Broomcorn. He hasn't asked you yet, has he?"

I couldn't keep Dolly from talkin' till we got to the graveyard. It was in an open lot on a hill, and you could look all up and down the holler from there. There was a board fence 'round it of a lead-gray color, and in the corners was clumps of laylocks and roses. The Stowerses had the hansomest stones of anybody buried in that yard. Gran'ther Stowers had a great table tomb with all the signs of the masons on it, and right by side of it was the open grave. They had got the coffin down into the grave before we got near enough to see, and the men was standin' with hats off while Elder Jones prayed. Then the grave was filled up in a few minits; Deacon Pendle thanked

the folks in the name of the family for helpin' "to bury their dead out of their sight." Then they began to scatter 'round over the buryin'-ground in little clumps. Most of 'em went to look at the place where some of their friends lay. Here was a mother standin' by the grave of a little child, and there a number of children with tears in their eyes, pickin' the dead leaves off the rosebushes on little Tommy's grave. I was standin' still, lookin' at the people, and the long slantin' yellow rays that the sun sent down from the hills where he was half hid by the trees, when Dolly Jinks come up to me agin. Says she:

"Look at Square Kinyon a-standin' there by his wife's grave. He's admirin' himself for gittin' such a tall headstone, with such a weepin' willer a-hangin' itself over an urn. I reckon he's thinkin' folks will say he done jest as respectable by his wife as anybody in Pendle Holler. Jest see him smoothin' the marble with his finger to see if there's any nicks in it. Says he to himself: 'That's my property, and I'll see it took care of. It shows purty well for my feelins'.' Oh, Jerusha! look, he's wipin' his eyes and blowin' his nose. Oh, murder! that'll do, Square; jest you tackle up your black hosses and go over to Sam Stowers's to-morrer night, and ask Liddy to have you. If she says no, up and ask Keziah. Don't give up, Square; a man that goes sniffn' 'round his wife's grave stun right before folks will move heaven and earth to be married agin right off. You want a wife bad, Square Kinyon—jest to keep you from makin' a fool of yourself."

"Do stop, Dolly," says I; "somebody will sartinly hear you."

"Don't somebody hear me now," says Dolly, "or ain't you nobody. There's Miss Moody a-comin' 'round to look after the Square and Polly Mariar, with a pink gingham frock on. Pink's dresse becomin' to dark folks, ain't it; Miss Broomcorn. There! the Square's wipin' his eyes agin. If only we had Tilda Button back here to help us laugh at it, she'd make us some verses about him better 'n the ones she made about his wife's dyin'."

"Dolly, Dolly," says I, "won't you stop now. I'm ashamed of you."

"No, I won't stop," says Dolly, "and you ain't ashamed of me a bit, for you're laughin' as hard as you can."

"Then, Dolly," says I, "Reuben is a-goin' to speak to Polly Mariar. Hadn't you better run and stop him?"

"O no," says she; "let him, it will be

grand to have him make the Square jealous. I know he will be. Come, you 're goin' home with me. You 've had enough of that old house for one spell."

"I hadn't ought to go with you," says I; "you behave so bad, and then Nat will miss me, it is so lonesome there."

"I can't help it," says she; "it's likely some of Sam's girls will go there to stay, so Nat won't suffer much without you."

"So I went home with Dolly. Ma'am Jenks was home before us. She wanted me to set right down and tell her all about Miss Stowers's dyin'. I told her she died sudden. Dr. Stirrup said it was disease of the heart.

"Jest as like as not," says she; "I 've hearn tell of sich things. You see the big ligament of the heart gits out of place a little, and there 's an awful strain on it. Then a sudden start like jumpin', for a flash of litenin' (I 've had 'em make me enamost jump out of my skin) breaks it as easy as snappin' a young cow-cumber in tew. It's a terrable thing, disease of the heart, I know by sperience."

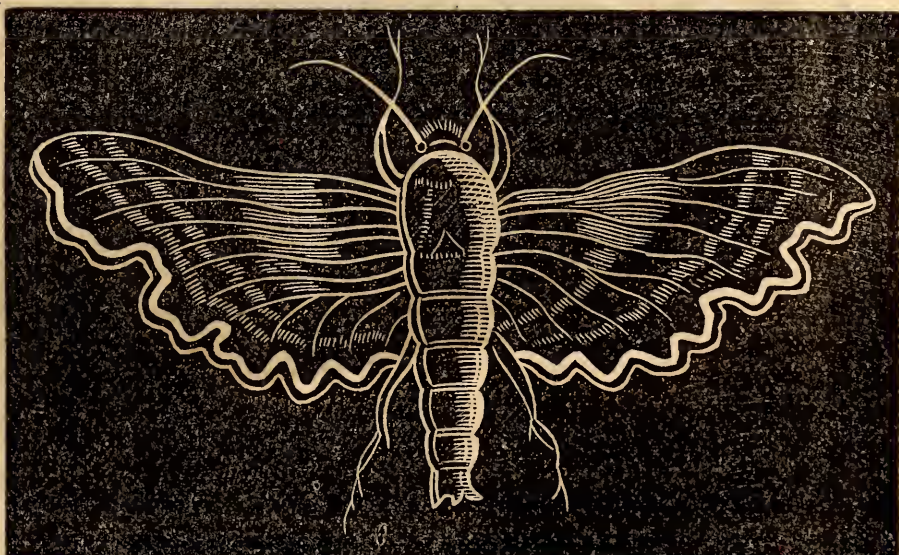
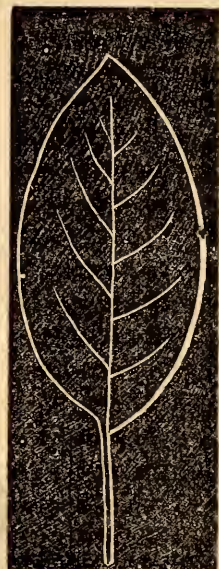
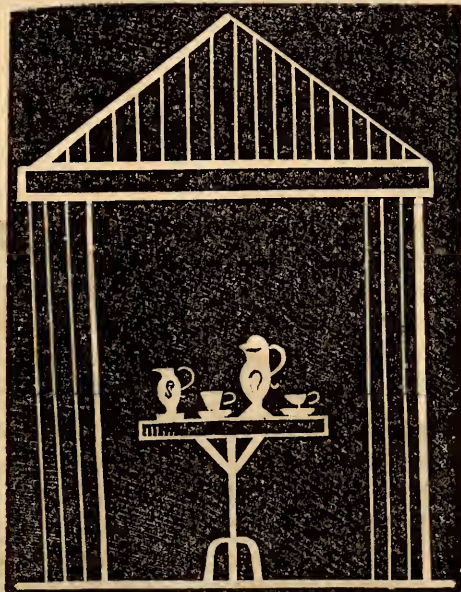
Dolly called me up-stairs, and I didn't hear her experience. I mustn't write any more now, for this is such a long letter now, Brewstir will laugh in my face when he takes it to the post-office.

Your obedient,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

SLATE-PENCIL DRAWINGS.

These Slate-pencil drawings are from Fisher & Brother's very pretty Drawing-Books.
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NOVELTIES FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—Home-dress of violet alpaca, trimmed with black and white braid. The corsage made with a plaited jockey at the back. Fancy muslin chemisette and sleeves.

Fig. 2.

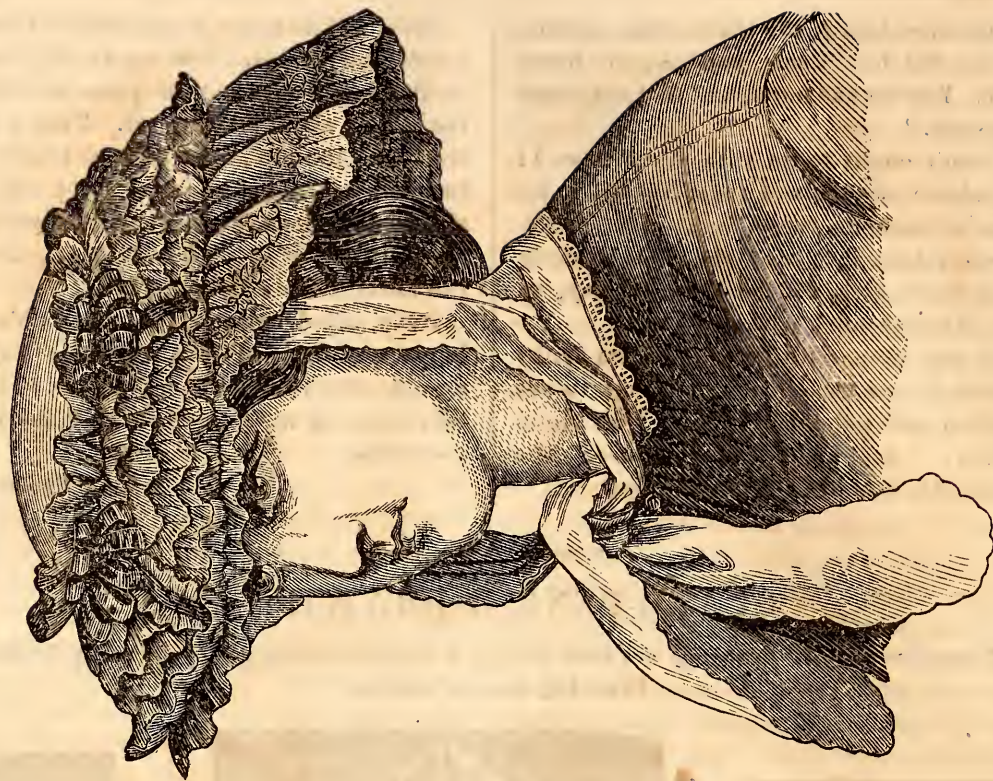


Fig. 2.—A garden hat, made of muslin, or barege and ribbons.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 3.—Fancy braided Zouave jacket.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 4.—Rich coiffure, made of a gold net, with a torsade of black velvet, and trimmed with bunches of gold leaves.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 5.—Apron for silk or cambric.

Fig. 7.



Fig. 7.—White silk casing bonnet, suitable for a child just walking.

Fig. 6.



Fig. 6.—Fancy sleeve, suitable for silk or wool goods.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

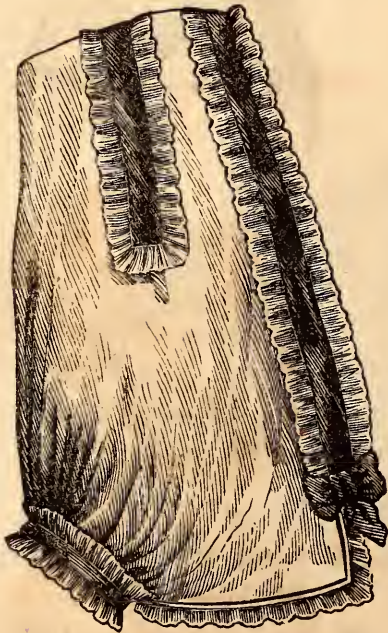
No. 473 Broadway, New York.

The Demizette.—This is a very stylish variation from the old-fashioned leg-of-mutton sleeve; five leaves forming the upper part, and terminating in flat bows below the elbow. The lower part of the sleeve is plain, and simply trimmed with five rows of narrow velvet, which extend to the wrist. When the material is silk or poplin, the decoration of the sleeve



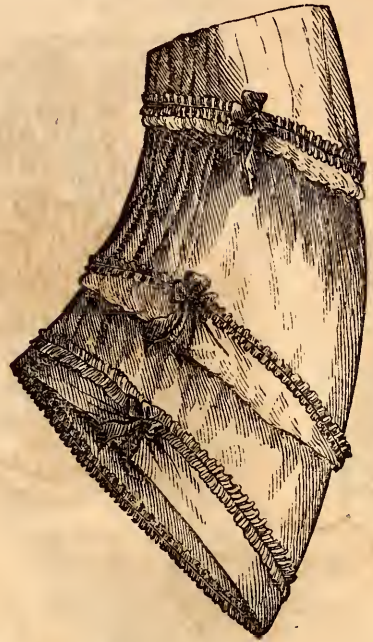
should be black guipure lace, one inch in width, headed with narrow jet trimming.

The Medallion Sleeve.—This pretty and novel sleeve is plain at the top and gathered into a band at the wrist. Its name is taken from the trimming, which consists of medallions of ma-



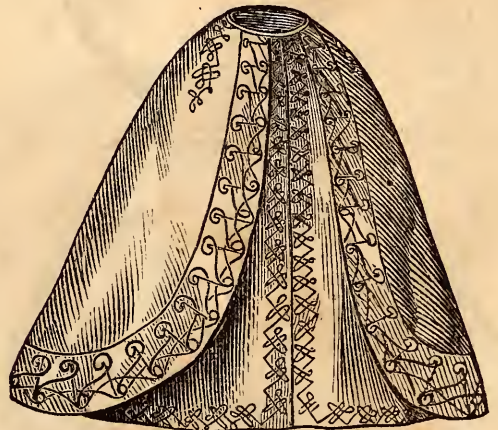
terial, edged on both sides with black lace. One of these is placed on the front, and the other down the centre of the sleeve, terminating in a flat bow of silk or velvet.

The Venetienne.—This style is something after the model of the old pagoda. The lower part is gathered on to a plain band at the top, and over this are placed two deep caps, or *volants*. Each section of the sleeve is laid over in a fold



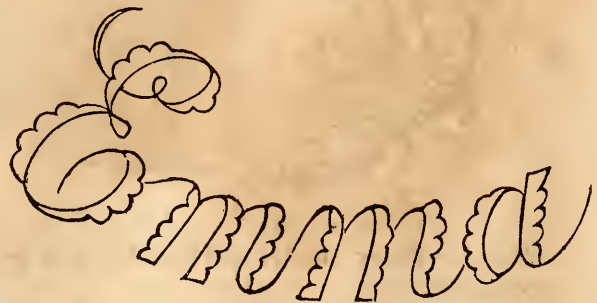
upon the front, the trimming consisting of a silk quilling, ornamented with bows of the same shade, placed on the upper edge.

Misses' Cloak.—The back of this design is a circle, but the front, as will be seen in the engraving, is cut narrow, so as not to meet at the



neck, and rounds off towards the back, so as to leave room for a sort of sack front; the arm-hole is under the circle, and is much warmer than the ordinary circle.

NAME FOR MARKING.



NECK-TIE,

OF SCARLET SILK, TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET, GOLD BEADS, AND BLACK LACE.



CUFF, MADE TO MATCH THE NECK-TIE.

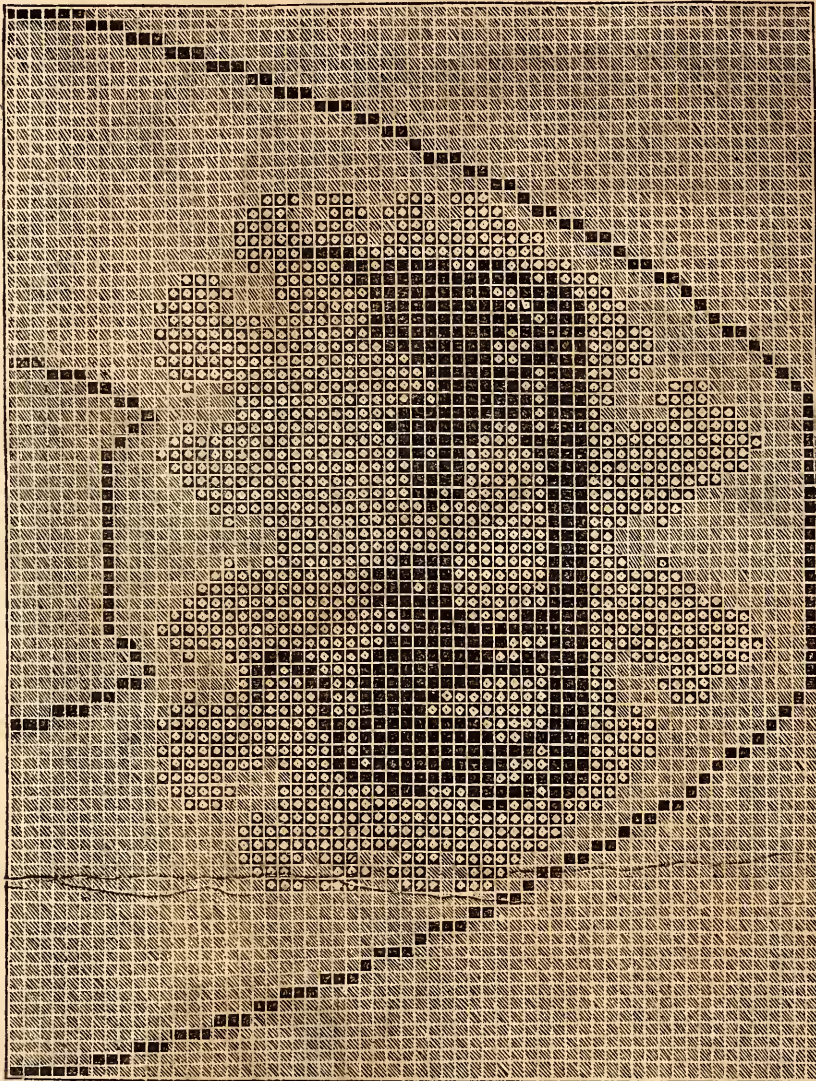
ONE OF THE LATEST COIFFURES.



The hair is arranged in two puffs on one side, and the other in short frizzed curls.

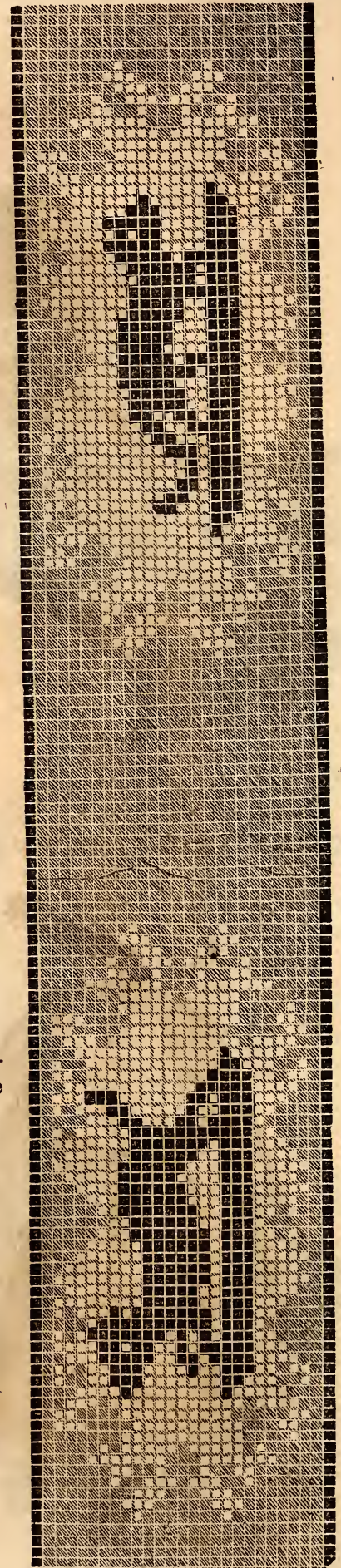
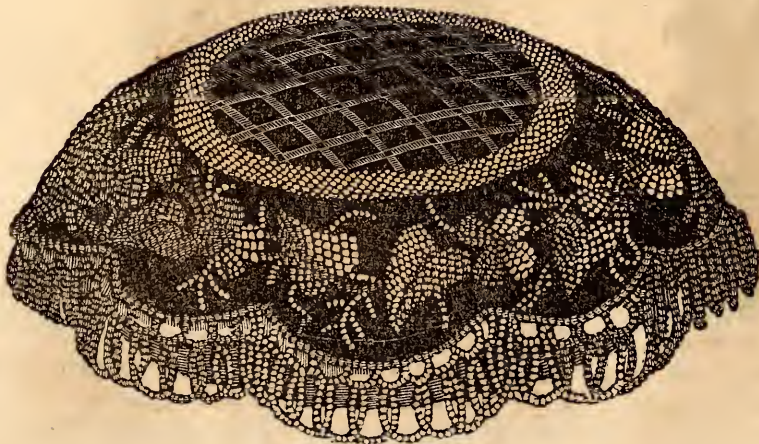
THE SPITFIRE SLIPPER.

THIS slipper can be worked on cloth or canvas ; if the latter, it should be quite fine. The figures must be worked with black zephyr, with



either bead or yellow silk eyes. The ground should be a brilliant scarlet, and the filling up a sea-green. This will be found a most effective pattern.

BEAD TOILET CUSHION.



BEAD TOILET CUSHION.

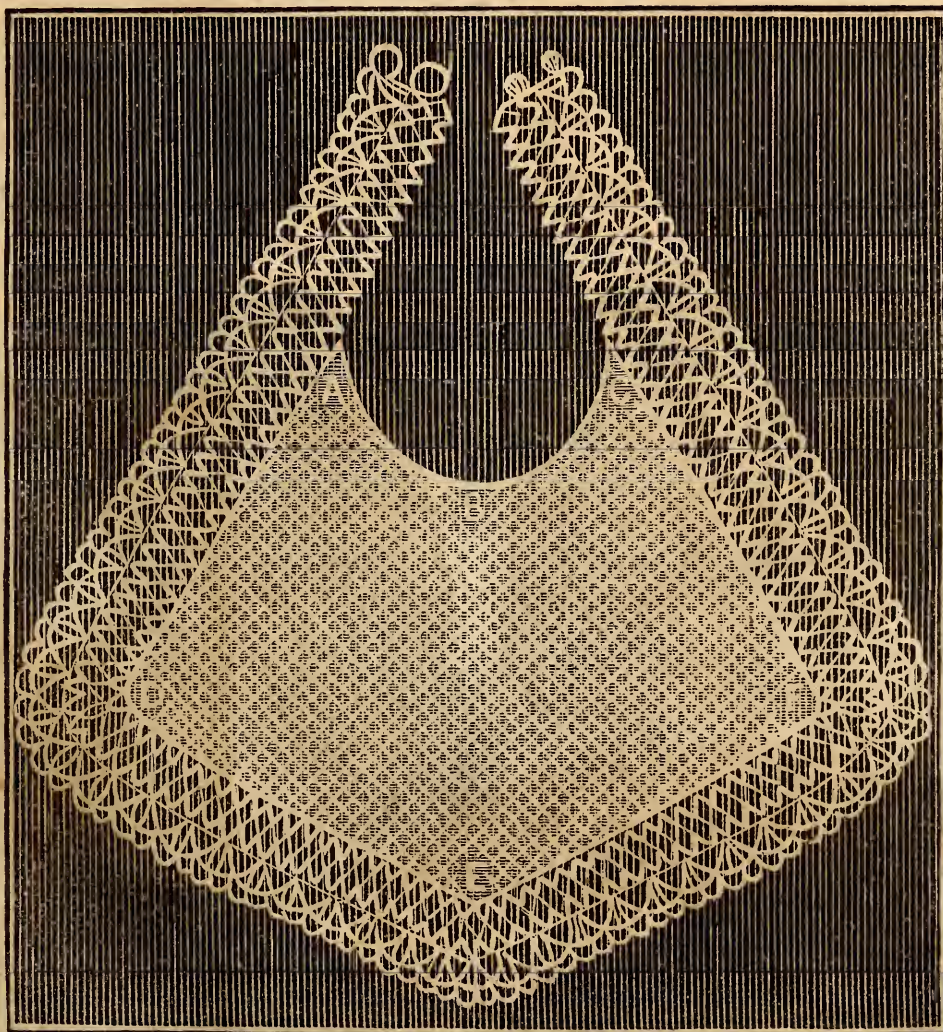
(See engraving, opposite page.)

Materials.—A quarter of a yard of very bright Solferino silk velvet; a quarter of a pound of alabaster beads; two ounces of chalk beads; two ounces of crystal ditto; four yards of good white silk Russia braid; a few needlefuls of fine black purse silk.

THE mixture of beads and velvet has a very good effect, and is a style of work that is very quickly and easily executed. The centre of the cushion consists of narrow white silk Russia braid arranged in squares, each square being secured and kept in its place by a cross stitch of black purse silk. After the braid is arranged, a ring of card-board should be tacked on the velvet to cover the ends of the braid, and over this card-board the beads should be threaded in a slanting direction, taking just sufficient

beads at one time to make a row. These beads consist entirely of chalk. The arrangement of the leaves and tendrils must, to a certain extent, be left to individual taste; but we can tell our readers how the model before us is arranged, and that, perhaps, will guide them a little in the working. The leaves are done half in alabaster and half in chalk; half the flowers are in crystal and alabaster, and the tendrils are entirely in chalk, whilst the border and fringe are both of alabaster. The last row of loops forming the principal portion of the fringe should not be worked until the cushion is stuffed and made-up. We may here mention that pieces of card-board should be laid under both the leaves and flowers, to give the beads a whiter appearance.

BABY'S BIB.



Materials.—A quarter of a yard of white Marcella; cotton, No. 10; braid, No. 1. Crochet hook, No. 17.

THE centre of the bib is composed of Mar-

cella, and as our engraving is of a reduced size it must be enlarged to the following dimensions: From B to E 5 inches, E to F 5 inches, F to C

4½ inches, B to C 2½ inches, A to C 5 inches, D to F 8½ inches. The Marcella must be lined with a piece of calico, and a double piece of flannel placed between; turn down the edges, and sew it neatly all round.

Take the braid and commence at the left corner of the neck, on the wrong side, and sew it round to the other corner of the neck, but do not cut off the braid, then turn the work on the right side, and commence the crochet.

Join the cotton on the 13th wave of the braid, from the neck, 3 chain, unite into the 3d wave, this gives a turn to the braid, 3 chain, unite to the next wave of braid, which is to the left hand, 3 chain, unite to the next wave on the right; repeat this down to the first corner, then miss one wave of the braid to the right, 3 chain, unite into next wave, 3 chain, unite into the same wave at the corner, to the left, 3 chain, miss one wave on the right, unite to the next, then proceed the same as before, to the centre; 3 chain, unite into the same wave on the left, 3 chain, unite into the next wave on the right, 3 chain, unite to the next wave on the left; 3

chain, unite to the next wave on the right; 3 chain, unite to the same wave on the left; now proceed as before, and work the next corner as the first. Join the braid at the neck, leaving it the same length as the opposite side.

FOR THE EDGE. 1st row.—Commence on the wave next to the centre one, at the top of the braid, on the outer edge, 3 chain, 1 single, into each wave all round.

2d.—Commence in the centre stitch of the first, 3 chain, 7 chain, * 1 single, in same stitch, 7 chain, miss one chain of 3, 1 single, into next 3, 7 chain, repeat from *.

3d.—Commence in the centre stitch of the first 7 chain, 7 chain, * miss one chain of 7, 1 single, into centre of next 7, 7 chain, repeat from *.

4th.—Commence on the first stitch in last row, 5 chain, * 1 double, under the centre of the two chains of 7, thus looping them together, 5 chain, 1 double, on the single stitch over the 7 chain, 5 chain, repeat from *.

Sew on two buttons, and loops, to fasten it round the neck.

COSTUME FOR A BOY THREE OR FOUR YEARS OLD.

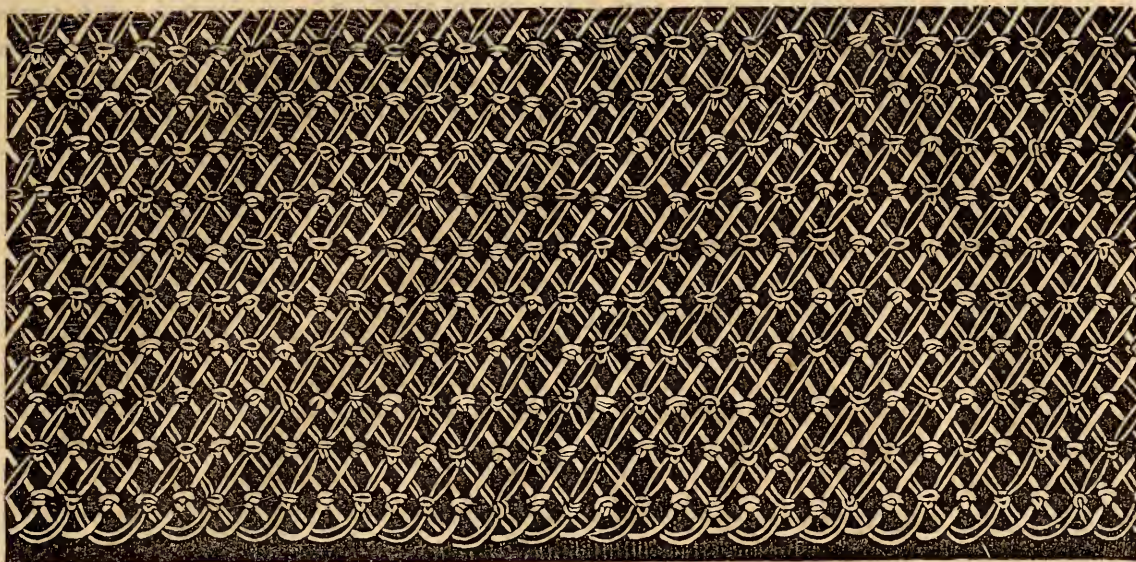


The dress is of azurine blue poplin, striped with black. The jacket is bordered with a band of black silk, braided with white, which also forms the belt and trimming for the skirt. A pointed black velvet edges the skirt and jacket.

DOUBLE NETTING IN TWO COLORS.

Materials.—No. 2 cotton, and Magenta or any other colored Andalusian wool (this color is recommended for all washing purposes); two steel netting needles of good length.

ADAPTED for gentlemen's and ladies' neck-



DOUBLE NETTING IN TWO COLORS.

ties, purses, or with very large mesh and coarse fleecy for sofa pillow covers.

Net a foundation, and fasten on both colors at once.

Net a stitch with *white*, and throw the needle over the *left hand* on to the table; take up the colored needle; net a stitch, then throw the colored needle on to the *left-hand side of the place where the white needle was thrown*. Upon this last arrangement of the needles the pattern entirely depends; otherwise the netting will be divided into two distinct nets, one white, the other colored, and the effect desired be lost.

2d row.—Net a white stitch into a white, and a colored into a colored, throwing the needles in the same manner.



GRECIAN NETTING.

Materials for Tidies.—No. 2 cotton; a flat mesh five-eighths of an inch wide, and one smaller, something less than half an inch. If for a purse, use rather finer silk and meshes, Nos. 14 and 8.

Large Mesh.—A row with an even number of stitches.

Small Mesh.—Put the cotton round the



GRECIAN NETTING.

fingers as in plain netting; pass the needle through the finger loop into the first stitch;

with the point of the needle draw the second stitch through the first; withdraw the needle,

and again draw the first stitch through the second; now finish the stitch. The next stitch to be netted is a small loop that appears to go across the twisted stitches; repeat.

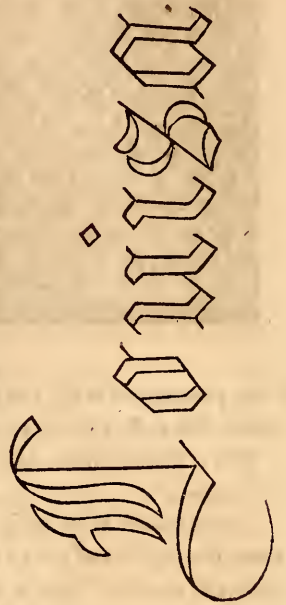
Large Mesh.—Plain row.

Small Mesh.—Same as before, only netting the first and last stitch plain. This stitch requires some practice, otherwise it is difficult to manage, but then becomes easy enough.

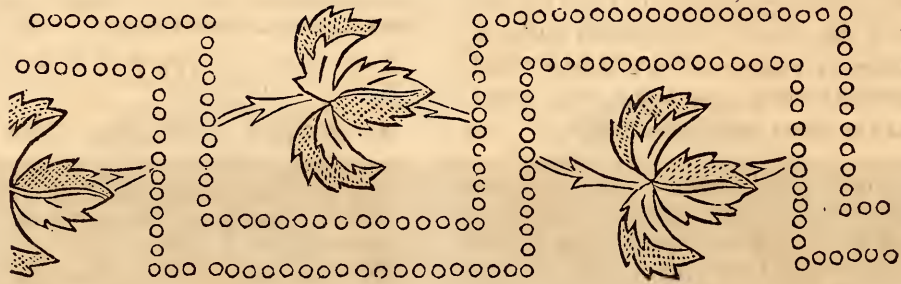
LETTER FOR A SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.



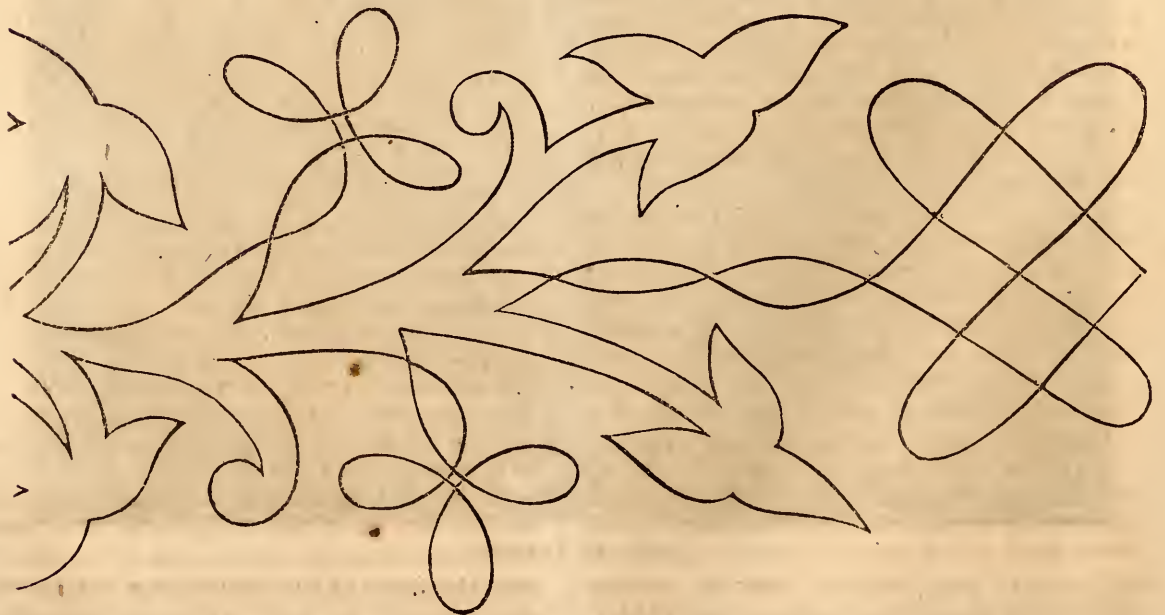
NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

THE FILLET OF VEAL ROASTED is a good and serviceable joint. One weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds is the best. Have a largish knuckle sawn off, and the middle bone taken out; this will make a good place in which to put some *stuffing*. The flap and the udder must then be folded round, and fastened with skewers. If the hole in the centre does not hold quite so much stuffing as you wish, a little more can be placed between the flap and the fillet. Before putting it down to roast, tie some well-buttered writing-paper over the top and bottom. Place the joint rather near to the fire for a few minutes, and when it is warm rub it well over with butter. Then place it at such distance from the fire that it may roast slowly, and yet get a nice yellow-brown color. A fillet of the weight we have named will require nearly three hours' roasting. A few minutes before serving up take off the string and paper, and baste well with *thin* melted butter, with, if approved, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup. Lay it on the dish with the side uppermost most convenient for cutting, and pour over plenty of thin melted butter. It is usual to have a ham, a piece of bacon, or an ox-tongue, at the opposite end of the table, as an accompaniment.

THE LOIN OF VEAL is best with the chump taken off. It should be selected with plenty of fat and a full kidney. Skewer the flap well over, and cover with buttered paper. A loin weighing about twelve pounds will require about two hours and a half roasting. Attend to the directions given about roasting the fillet, and serve up with melted butter poured over.

CANAPES.—Cut up an equal quantity of cold roast veal and of sardines in long thin slices, add a fifth of the weight of capers, flavor plentifully with oil, vinegar, and chopped herbs. Serve on pieces of bread about two inches square and half an inch thick, which had been previously fried in butter. Serve cold.

POTATO BALLS.—Take four potatoes, boiled the day before, grate (not *rub*) them. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and two eggs, salt, and a *very* little nutmeg. Make into round balls, put them into boiling water, and boil twenty minutes. Oil some butter and brown some chopped onions in it. When the balls are finished, throw over them raspings of bread, and then pour on the hot oil and onions. N. B. The great point is to serve very hot.

TO STEW MUSHROOMS.—Peel and take out the insides of some large mushrooms, and broil them on a gridiron. When the outside is brown, put them into a saucepan with as much water as will cover them. Let them stand ten minutes, then add to them a spoonful of white wine, and the same of browning, and a few drops of vinegar. Thicken with flour and butter; boil up a little, lay sippets round a hot dish, and serve them up.

HAM TOAST.—Melt a small piece of butter in a stewpan until it is slightly browned; beat up one egg and add it to it; put in as much finely-minced ham as would cover a round of buttered toast, adding as much gravy as will make it moist when quite hot. When all the ingredients are in, stir them quickly with a fork; pour on to the buttered toast, which cut in pieces afterwards any shape you please. Serve hot.

A CHEAP GREEN PEA-SOUP.—Two quarts of green peas, a piece of lean ham, some bones from roast meat; two onions sliced, two lettuces cut fine, a few sprigs of parsley, a bunch of sweet herbs; put them to stew in two quarts of cold water, and let it simmer gently. When quite tender, strain it, and pulp the peas and other vegetable through a sieve. Put it on the fire again, with pepper and salt, and about a pint of milk. Serve with fried bread cut into small dice.

A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.—Choose threesprig chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a pie-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon; these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; also a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

TO COOK CODFISH WITH A PIQUANT SAUCE.—Cut the best part of a codfish in slices, and fry them in butter a light brown color. Take them up out of the pan, and lay them upon a warm dish before the fire. Boil some onions, cut them into slices, and put them into the same pan with the butter, adding a little vinegar, water, and flour, and some finely-chopped rosemary and parsley. Fry the onions and all the ingredients together, and afterwards pour the whole over the fried fish. This dish will be excellent for three days, as it can be warmed easily when wanted.

A SINEE KABAUB.—Take a pound weight off a rump of beef, and cut the same into dice-formed pieces, removing all the fat. Have at hand half a dozen races of *green* ginger, a few cloves of fresh garlic, some green shalots, and a small portion of green lemon-peel. Take a long, thin iron skewer, cut the ginger into small separate *thin* pieces, serving the shalots, the garlic, and the lemon-peel after a similar manner. Then strew a small quantity of fine curry-powder over the meat, and reeve the skewer through one piece at a time, intermediately skewering the ginger, shalots, onions, garlic, and lemon-peel after the mode following: Meat, shalot, garlic; meat, ginger, lemon-peel; meat, shalot, garlic; meat, ginger, lemon-peel, and so on till the skewers are fully occupied. Expose the same before a clear, fierce, charcoal fire, basting the whole with a bunch of fowls' feathers, introduced into fresh *ghee* till done brown. Serve the same up with boiled rice.

GRAVIES AND SAUCES.

MELTED BUTTER.—Keep a pint stewpan for this purpose only. Cut two ounces of butter into little bits, that it may melt more easily, and mix more readily; put it into the stewpan with a large teaspoonful of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. When thoroughly mixed, add six tablespoonfuls of water; hold it over the fire, and shake it round every minute (all the while the same way), till it just begins to simmer; then let it stand quietly and boil up. It should be of the thickness of good cream.

CELERY SAUCE, WHITE.—Pick and wash two heads of nice white celery; cut it into pieces about an inch long; stew it in a pint of water, and a teaspoonful of salt, till the celery is tender; roll an ounce of butter with a tablespoonful of flour; add this to half a pint of cream, and give it a boil up.

THICKENING.—Clarified butter is best for this purpose; but if you have none ready, put some fresh butter into a stewpan over a slow, clear fire; when it is melted, add fine flour sufficient to make it the thickness of paste; stir it well together with a wooden spoon for fifteen or twenty minutes, till it is quite smooth: this must be done very gradually and patiently; if you put it over too fierce a fire to hurry it, it will become bitter and empyreumatic: pour it into an earthen pan, and keep it for use. It will keep good a fortnight in summer, and longer in winter.

A large spoonful will generally be enough to thicken a quart of gravy.

EGG SAUCE.—This agreeable accompaniment to roasted poultry, or salted fish, is made by putting three eggs into boiling water, and boiling them for about twelve minutes, when they will be hard; put them into cold water till you want them. This will make the yolks firmer, and prevent their surface turning black, and you can cut them much neater: use only two of the whites; cut the whites into small dice, the yolks into bits about a quarter of an inch square; put them into a sauce-boat; pour to them half a pint of melted butter, and stir them together.

LEMON SAUCE.—Pare a lemon, and cut it into slices; divide these into dice, and put them into a quart of a pint of melted butter. Some cooks mince a bit of the lemon-peel (pared very thin) very fine, and add it to the above.

MOCK CAPER SAUCE.—Cut some pickled green peas, French beans, gherkins, or nasturtiums, into bits the size of capers; put them into half a pint of melted butter, with two teaspoonfuls of lemon-juice, or nice vinegar.

YOUNG ONION SAUCE.—Peel a pint of button onions, and put them in water till you want to put them on to boil; put them into a stewpan, with a quart of cold water; let them boil till tender; they will take (according to their size and age) from half an hour to an hour.

POTATOES.

HOW TO CHOOSE POTATOES, AND KEEP THEM FROM BEING WASTED.

THAT excellent authority, M. Soyer, says: "Observe, in a general rule, that the smaller the eye, the better the potato, as when they are too full in the eye, they are either of an inferior quality, or are running to seed. To ascertain if they are sound, nip a piece from the thickest end with your finger-nail; if good, the inside will either be of a white, yellow, or reddish hue, according to the sort and quality; if, on the contrary, they are spotted, they are bad, or getting so; but though this part may be slightly touched, by cutting a little off the outside they may prove fit for boiling; though they ought to be bought, when in this state, at a cheap rate. Potatoes always get bad in the spring of the year, as then the old ones are going out, and the new ones for some time continue to possess but little flavor, and are watery when boiled. The old ones ought to be peeled, and steamed, and mashed, or baked in an oven under a joint, or fried in fat; for when done whole in their skins at this time of year, the slightest spot spoils their flavor. The new ones are tasteless and watery, and are much better cooked when put in very hot water, but not boiling, than when put in cold."

There are few articles in families more subject to waste, both in paring, boiling, and being actually

thrown away, than potatoes; and there are but few cooks but what boil twice as many potatoes every day as are wanted, and fewer still that do not throw the residue away, as totally unfit in any shape for the next day's meal; yet if they would take the trouble to heat up the despised cold potatoes with an equal quantity of flour, they will find them produce a much lighter dumpling or pudding than they can make with flour alone; and by the aid of a few spoonfuls of good gravy, they would produce an agreeable dish for the dinner-table.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

BERWICK SPONGE CAKE.—Beat six eggs two minutes, add three cups sugar, beat five minutes; two cups flour with two very small teaspoonfuls cream tartar, beat one minute; one cup of cold water with a small teaspoonful soda; beat one minute; half the rind and juice of a lemon, two cups flour, a bit of salt. Bake twenty minutes.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—One pint milk, two or three eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda, flour sufficient to roll out. Roll quite thin, and cut into round, square, or diamond shape, according to fancy. Fry in hot lard like doughnuts. To be eaten with butter.

MIXTURE FOR THE CREAM CAKES.—Two cups sugar, one cup flour, four eggs; the eggs, sugar, and flour to be well beaten together; one quart of milk boiled, and while boiling stir in the eggs, sugar and flour. Let it cool, and flavor; open at the side and put the cream in.

CREAM TARTAR CAKE.—Half cup butter, two cups sugar, three and a half cups flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in one teacup of milk, one tablespoonful flavoring; stir together quickly, and bake in a quick oven.

PERPETUAL LEMON CHEESECAKE.—One pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two, the juice of three fine lemons, and the grated rind of two of them, one quarter pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a pan, boil them gently over a slow fire, until they assume the consistency of honey; pour into small jars, and tie brandied papers over them. A dessertspoonful is sufficient for each cake. This should be made when eggs and lemons are plentiful, as it will keep two years.

VELVET CREAM.—Dissolve nearly half an ounce of isinglass in a teacupful of white wine, one pint of cream, the juice of a large lemon. Sweeten the cream to your taste, and when the isinglass is dissolved, put in the juice to the cream, then pour the wine to that. Stir it frequently until it begins to thicken; pour it into a mould.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—Boil four ounces of vermicelli in one pint of new milk with a stick of cinnamon until it is soft. Then add one half pint of thick cream, one quarter pound of butter, one quarter pound of sugar and the yolks of four eggs. Bake in an earthenware dish without paste.

A COUNTRY PUDDING.—Mix the yolks of three eggs smoothly with three heaped tablespoonfuls of flour; thin the batter with new milk till it is of the consistency of cream; whisk the whites of the eggs separately, stir them into the batter, and boil the pudding in a floured cloth or basin for an hour. Before it is served, cut the top quickly in cross bars, pour over it a small pot of raspberry or strawberry jelly or jam, and send quickly to table.

DEVONSHIRE JUNKET.—Put some new milk into a china basin, or else warm some cold milk to the same heat as new, add to it a little calf's rennet, and some brandy or rum, stir it with a spoon so as to mix the whole perfectly. Place it near the fire or on a warm stove till turned, but it must not be kept too hot, or it will not turn properly. When turned, put sugar, grated nutmeg and ground cinnamon on the top, and clotted cream without breaking the curd, and serve.

ARROWROOT BLANC MANGE.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot in milk, in the same manner as though you were preparing starch. Add afterwards a quart of cold milk, sugar to your taste, a few chopped almonds and some grated lemon-peel. Put it on the fire, and stir it until it thickens. Pour into a mould and turn it out when cold.

FOAM SAUCE FOR THE PUDDING.—One teacup sugar, two-thirds cup butter, one tablespoonful flour, beaten together until smooth. Then place over the fire, and stir in rapidly three gills boiling water; season with nutmeg; soda about the size of a pea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO CLEAN SILK STOCKINGS.—Wash your stockings first in white soap liquor, lukewarm, then rinse them in four waters, and work them well in a fresh soap liquor; then make a third soap liquor, pretty strong, into which put a little *stone blue*, wrapped in a flannel bag, till your liquor is blue enough. Wash your stockings well therein, and take them out and wring them; let them be dried so that they remain a little moist, then stove them with brimstone, after which put upon the wood leg two stockings, one upon the other, observing that the two fronts or outsides are face to face; then polish them with a glass. N. B.—The two first soap liquors must be only lukewarm, the third soap liquor as hot as you can bear your hand in it.

TO CLEAN PLATE.—Avoid the use of what are called "plate powders;" most of these contain quicksilver, which is very injurious. Boil one ounce of prepared hartshorn powder in a quart of water: while on the fire put into it as much plate as the vessel will hold; let it boil a short time, then take it out, drain it over the vessel and dry it before the fire. When you have served all your plate thus, put into the water as much clean linen rag as will soak up all the liquid. When dry, they will be of great use for cleaning the plate as well as brass locks and the finger plates of doors. When the plate is quite dry, it must be rubbed bright with leather. The use of gritty substances, however fine, should be avoided.

TO CLEAN TINS AND PEWTER.—Wash thoroughly clean with warm water, into which a handful of bran and a few slices of soap have been thrown while hot. Dry, and then with some of the best whiting powdered, and a little sweet oil, rub well and wipe clean; then dust them over with some dry powdered whiting in a muslin bag, and rub dry with soft leather. When tin covers come from the table, they must be wiped very dry before they are hung up, or the steam will rust the inside.

TO PREVENT HAIR FROM FALLING OFF.—Cocoa-nut oil melted with a little olive oil, and scented as preferred. Sage tea is good for a wash; or warm water. A very good pomade is also made of white wax one-half ounce, spermaceti one-half ounce, olive oil six ounces. Different sorts of hair require different treatment; for what agrees with one, makes the other harsh and dry. Cold

cream is often used: it is made with one-quarter ounce of spermaceti, and one-quarter ounce of white wax; dissolve by putting the basin in which you are going to mix it in hot water; then add one ounce each of oil of almonds, and rose water.

TO PRESERVE MILK.—Provide bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottles, and, as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with packthread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place bottles with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles, and pack them in sawdust, in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of the house. Milk preserved in this manner, and allowed to remain even eighteen months in the bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from the cow.

BLUE INK.—Two drachms oxalic acid, two drachms Prussian blue, to be mixed in half a pint of water, make as good blue ink as we have seen, and is very simple.

HOW TO MAKE VINEGAR.—Vinegar is made from sweetened water. That tells the secret. The saccharine principle turns to acid, and we have vinegar. Sweet cider needs but to be put in a warm place—in the sun in summer—with a thin cloth over the bung-hole, to make it the best of vinegar. The mother will soon form a scum on the top, which must be left in. Sour cider needs sweetening when set away for fermentation. That starts it on its way. It is difficult to get vinegar from sour cider alone. In the West, where cider is scarce, sweetened water (it matters not how much or how little sweetened) is the thing. The water must be soft. Rain water is used. A barrel half filled will sour quicker than when full, so said: we have never tested it. Take out the bung. Stretch over the bung-hole a fine sieve or cloth to keep out the flies. When vinegar is formed, cork it up tight, for exposure to the air hurts it.

TO CLEAN SILKS.—A quarter of a pound of soft soap, two ounces of honey, and a gill of gin: mix these three things well together, and if too thick add a little more gin. Lay the silk on a board, and with a stiff hat-brush brush it well with the mixture, occasionally dipping the brush in a little cold water to make it froth. Rinse it well in cold water, and hang it to drain (without wringing) for a few minutes; then roll in a towel, each piece singly, and iron it wet.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, ALABASTER, OR IVORY ORNAMENTS.—A quarter of an ounce of the best fine isinglass—*not gelatine*—half an ounce of spirits of wine; put the isinglass into any very small jug with a lip; pour on it a few drops of fast boiling water (this will dissolve the isinglass), then put in the spirits of wine—let it stand ten minutes by the fire, or until the whole is well mixed—pour it into a bottle with a tiny neck; when cold it will be a solid white mass. The articles to be repaired must be dry and *warm*; melt the cement by standing the bottle in hot water, and apply it with a camel's hair brush. After using, observe that the bottle is well corked, or the cement loses its strength by evaporation. This is the cheapest, best, and readiest cement to use for repairing articles not intended to contain hot water, as this would cause the mended fracture to come to pieces.

Editors' Table.

WOMAN!

HER NAME AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

1. She shall be called *woman*.—*Gen.* ii. 23.
2. I will put enmity between thee and the *woman*.—*Gen.* iii. 15.
3. A *woman* that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—*Prov.* xxxi. 30.
4. Blessed art thou among *women*.—*St. Luke* i. 28.
5. God sent forth his son, made of a *woman*.—*Gal.* iv. 4.
6. The *woman* is the glory of the man.—*I. Cor.* xi. 7.
7. A *woman* clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.—*Rev.* xii. 1.

The BIBLE is woman's Magna Charta. In this blessed Book her destiny is predicted; her duties are defined; and her privileges made sure by the unalterable promises of God. One privilege is that of bearing her Eden name—*woman*, significant of her true relation to man, of her peculiar nature; and also of the duties to God and humanity which would be required of the sex till time should end.

In the passages we have selected from Holy Writ are shadowed forth the history of woman as the Bible discloses it. We are intending to take up one subject for elucidation in each monthly Table, till the seven selections are discussed.

The first thing to establish is woman's right to the name given her by divine inspiration. "*She shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.*" It was from the "dust of the ground" that the Lord God made man, breathing into him the breath of life, the "living soul;" but man was not then perfected. Looking on all the previous work of Creation, when accomplished, "God saw that it was good." Of the human being made from dust, the Lord God said: "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." Therefore the feminine nature was the perfecting of the man, and the crowning work of creation.

Bear in mind that every step from matter to man, had been in the ascending scale. Was the last step backward? It must have been, unless the woman was endowed with some gifts of excellence superior to the similar gifts held by man; as in some gifts held by him she was certainly his inferior. Woman has not the perfection of physical strength, nor the mechanical ingenuity, nor the large capacity of understanding, to grasp all subjects relating to this world, its material interests and government which distinguishes man. She could not help him in subduing the world. But moral sense is superior to mental power; intuition is above reason; and if she were wanted to *help him*, she must have possessed a nature more refined, pure, and spiritual than his, a quicker insight into heavenly things, a nearer assimilation with the angelic, a link in uniting the divine with the human, more holy and elevated than man held or ever could have attained without her help.

These qualities of her nature were signified in her Eden name, *woman*. It was also prophetic of the manner in which her moral endowments would be, in her sex, developed and directed, as we shall see in the course of these papers.

Woman, then, was the generic name of feminine humanity as distinct from the masculine. In Eden the two natures were one personality. "God created man in his own image: male and female created he them." The two in union formed the perfect man, the mortal immortal, the sovereign of earth, the wonder and mystery of the Heavenly host.

After the Fall another name, designating the specific characteristics of the feminine, in the altered destiny of the race, was given her: "Adam called his wife's name *Eve*; because she was the *mother* of all living;" that is, of all mortal immortals.

Thus was human motherhood placed immeasurably above animal females—brute, bird, insect, "which bring forth animal young"—but all are soulless. With such female creatures to bear young is their highest perfection. Not so with the human feminine: *to help her husband in his moral nature*, and mould her children for God are the perfections of her womanhood.

We see, therefore, why woman cannot be rightly distinguished by the term *female*, when used as a noun or name, and why this term is never applied to her, except as an adjective, by inspired writers. The passages at the head of this paper give her true name, and how the language would be corrupted and the sex degraded by the use of *female* in the place of *woman* may easily be tested by substituting the former in the first clause, "*She shall be called female*;" and so in all the selections that follow. Would such readings be proper?

The Word of God never degrades woman by permitting her distinction of sex to signify her personality. Search the Scriptures; you will find her always called by the names or titles designating her humanity; never with any reference to sex, except in contradistinction to man as male: "God made them *male and female*." This adjective term of *female*, applied to woman, occurs but *twelve times* in the Bible; while her names and titles, *woman, mother, maiden, lady, damsel, bride, wife, daughter, sister, widow, mistress, midwife, prophetess, princess, queen*, these and other appellations, none of which are ever applied to animals, are used over *thirteen hundred times*!

The Bible has for us another important bearing on this question of woman's rightful name and style of address. The English version of the Holy Scriptures is the Palladium of our mother tongue; in it is centred and preserved the purity, truth and strength of the Anglo-Saxon language. This, the noblest of all living languages, which expresses the meaning of the Hebrew text more clearly and forcibly than any other Gentile language can do; this our mother tongue is violated, degraded, polluted by the vulgarity and impropriety which have become prevalent, both in speech and literature throughout our land, using as we do the animal adjective *female* as the noun for woman, or the substitute for lady. No other language has thus degraded the sex. Correlative terms are used for the appellations of mankind and womankind by all nations, save the Anglo-Saxon. No French writer would say: "*A gentleman walking with a female*;" "*The females outnumbered the men!*"

We meet with this corruption of our tongue in every

newspaper we take up; in every journal we read, whether literary or scientific. Our swarming works of fiction, many written by women, are vulgarized by this low style. Legislators and jurists have adopted the false term, and use it almost exclusively. In a New York statute for "protecting the rights of married women," the word *woman* does not occur at all; while *female* is used five times, as a correlative for *husband*.

Even our learned clergy, whose text-book is the Bible, have yielded to this tide of corrupt language, this violation of the Divine Word. Do not the greater portion of clergymen speak and write as though the Church was composed of *men and females*? Christ did not speak thus. The Apostles did not so teach. Why and how has this false and bad mode of language become popular?

DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENTS.

(From a Letter to the Editress.)

[THE following excellent thoughts—"apples of gold in pictures of silver"—are very encouraging as evidence of the changes in public sentiment concerning "woman's sphere." She will find her best place is in the household sanctuary.]

DEAR MRS. HALE: I am no "Woman's Rights woman," as you, my friend, know, meaning by that a discontent with the province of woman as at present arranged, or a desire that she should interfere in politics or government. But I would that women should fill their own situations properly and gracefully; domestic service and activity being one of the most important. We maintain a hundred thousand of the Celtic race to perform duties which would be as properly and respectably performed by native Americans.

* * * * *

When women, American women, are employed in a house or a factory, there will be no need of the perpetual outcry that they are not allowed fair scope for their energies. They will not seek to be college professors or to go to Congress. There will be enough employment for all when there is a disposition to avail themselves of open opportunities. Of course, I do not expect everybody to be in everybody's kitchen. Nor do I wish to limit any woman's field of action farther than the natural proprieties of her sex limit her. But I think the perpetual outcry about women's rights and sufferings proceeds much oftener from a partial than a general survey of the case. These things settle themselves as much as any other portion of political economy.

If an immense number, comprising a class of laborers, withdraw from all competition in that field of labor, their places are, of course, occupied by others, and the field they themselves enter on is crowded. They are ill-paid, of course. Now everybody knows that the withdrawal of this large class of American laboring women is not more the result than the cause of competition in that special field. It arose at first from weakness and false pride, and is continued partly from a feeling that the advantages of the condition from which they have withdrawn are fewer than they formerly were; and partly from a lingering impression that they lower themselves by such employment. Of course, to such persons, argument is of no avail. The effect of sympathy and example is as powerful to restore them as to withdraw them. There is room and to spare for all in the field of which I speak. American women, from their superior tact, ability, and thrift, would always be welcome in a household, and without displacing others whose other qualities would be valuable.

Irish girls are strong and cheerful; American girls have more judgment and skill. There is room for all, and a reasonable support for all. There will not be the opening for immigrants, of course, that there has been. But there will not be the call for foreign laborers when good, and efficient, and sensible women are willing to labor in a household. The whole tone of thought in relation to domestic service would be raised if the class of women to whom I refer were to enter it.

Is this not better than to starve in the streets from a false and wicked pride? It seems so to me. But then, I am an old-fashioned woman, and loved dearly the old friends who labored diligently and faithfully in the old

kitchen in the old times. It was altogether a different affair from the present state of things.

If the war, with its introversions, its upsettings, and its involutions, shakes to the centre our social fabric, out of the evil of idleness and self-indulgence educating consideration for others, and a generous helpfulness: if it bring the proud woman in the parlor to a thoughtful kindness, and the not less proud one in the attic to a ready activity and unselfishness, it will shake some important atoms into place. And, as philosophers tell us the smallest feather does not fall without shaking in proportion remote spheres, let us hope that a right understanding on this subject may have its weight in determining the whole welfare and destiny of Woman.

BOOKS FOR HOME CULTURE.

"SPRINGS OF ACTION" is the title of a choice volume for young ladies, and it will greatly aid mothers in their plans of home instruction. The authoress, Mrs. Richards (see Literary Notices, page 308), is sister of Mrs. Alice B. Haven, and to her this pearl of a book is dedicated. All our readers love Mrs. Haven, whose stories and heart histories have been so long treasured in our Lady's Book. We are sure these readers will want no other commendation of this new work, which Mrs. Richards has sent out, than the testimony of her devotion to her amiable sister. We will quote one sentence from the dedication: "You have been the best example to me of the lessons I strive to teach, and you have shown me how certainly, by the grace of God, *the victory is given* to such as struggle in humble patience, and in self-abnegation, with the infirmities of our nature."

There are eighteen subjects discussed; all are important in forming "a perfect woman." "Health" is the first subject, and so ably and thoroughly examined, that, were there nothing more, the book would be worth its price in gold. We shall make selections, as soon as we have room, from some of the beauties of this true woman's book.

"THE BIBLE AS AN EDUCATING POWER AMONG THE NATIONS." By Professor John S. Hart. This is a great work in small compass. We intended to make selections from the rich wisdom of its thoughts, but have not now room. The whole should be studied. It is a wonderful work, because the writer seems to have read the Bible till he caught the fire of its inspiration by which he sees its true meaning. Many a household will bless him for his labor, finding it turn their attention to the Bible as a *new Book*. As a help in home culture, the work of Professor Hart can hardly be over-estimated.

Published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES BETWEEN COUSINS.—The question whether such unions should be permitted has, of late, excited much interest. As women are deeply concerned in whatever clouds the prospects of domestic happiness and injures the well-being of children, the following report on this subject, from the *New York Observer*, is highly important to our readers:—

"Dr. Millingen, of Dublin, ascertained the situation of 154 families, the heads of which were related in the degrees of first, second, and third cousins, and in which there were 100 children who were deaf and dumb. In 34 families, there were two in each; in 14 families, three in each; in 3 families, four in each; in 1 family, six; and in 1 family of thirteen children, seven of them were deaf and dumb. He says nothing of other defects.

"Dr. Buxton, of Liverpool, states that he found 170 cases where the parents were related as above. In 109 of them, there were in each family one child deaf and dumb; in 38, two children; in 17, three children; in 3, four children; in 1, six; in 1, seven; and in another, eight. He omits to state the whole number of children

in those 109 families, or whether any other defects existed, but here are 269 who are deaf and dumb.

"The first number of the *Social Science Review* contains a paper on the statistics of the birth of deaf and dumb children. According to M. Boudin, the result is a very considerable percentage of deaf mutes. M. Boudin finds that consanguineous marriages take place in France in the ratio of two per cent. of the population; and that of the issue of such marriages the proportion of deaf and dumb children is 28 per cent. in Paris, 25 at Lyons, and 30 at Bordeaux. At Berlin, he has discovered that the number of deaf and dumb children born of Christian parents is 6 per cent., while that of the children of Jewish parents is 27 per cent.; a result which he attributes to the fact that Jews intermarry with blood relations more frequently than Christians.

"In New England, a distinguished gentleman ascertained that in 17 families where the parents were blood relations, there were 95 children, 44 of whom were idiotic, 12 scrofulous and puny, and 1 deaf. In one of these families of 8 children, 5 were idiotic.

"Dr. Bemiss of Kentucky reports, as the results of careful researches by reliable gentlemen throughout the United States, in the relationship above named, 763 families, in which were 3,588 children, and 2,331 of them were defective; among 154 children where the parents were double cousins, 133 of them were defective."

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

This school has now entered on its seventh year. The success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

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

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall use the following articles as soon as we can make room: "Aunt Esther's Warming-pan"—"May Murray"—"Engeburg"—"The Story of Fair Mabel"—"Sonnet"—"Smoke from my Chimney corner" (see Godey's Arm-Chair)—"The Emigrant's Lament."

These articles, we are sorry to say, we cannot use: "When I am Dead"—"Robinhood" and other poems (we have no room)—"The Stream of Time" (very good poetry, but we are burdened with our stores)—"The Day of the Dead"—"Good-night"—"An Old Maid's Thoughts," etc.—"Three Cheers"—"Shakspeare—an Acrostic"—"Squeaky Boots" (good article for a newspaper)—"The Spring Violet"—"In Memory of the Poetess," etc. (good poetry)—"The Little Shoe" (if we had room, this would be accepted)—"A Woman's History"—"Chaos"—"The Angel's Welcome"—"The Philosophy of Laughter"—"Ready for either Fortune"—"My Sword"—"Society in the Country"—and "Second best."

We have many manuscripts on hand to examine.

The authoress of "Lily Carleton" is requested to send us her address.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

[In reply to letters, commending this department, and asking "if Dr. Wilson's articles about children have been published in book form"—we reply, not yet. These papers are original, written purposely for our work; but Dr. Wilson intended to reissue them, when concluded, in book form, as "A Health Manual for the Nurse and Mother," etc. We think it will be one of the best works of its kind ever published.—EDITORS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.]

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT EAT BETWEEN MEALS.—The same mistaken idea that has given rise to the practice of feeding children on meat, has been largely influential in originating and sustaining the ruinous custom of allowing food at all hours between meals. True, the digestive process is active in children, and they require a good deal of nourishment to sustain their growing bodies; but there is neither philosophy nor common sense in keeping their stomachs always filled: while six meals in twenty-four hours are enough for an infant, three are all-sufficient for a child after weaning. Children should be trained then to take their meals at regular intervals, and never allowed to eat between meals. Mothers frequently fall into the habit of allowing their children "something to eat" between meals in order to keep them quiet, and to save trouble. But they could not possibly fall on a better plan to cause trouble. Children thus indulged will, nine times in ten, be crying and kicking half their time with all kinds of aches and pains; and when they are not crying from sickness they will be crying for "something to eat:" from morning to night it will be—"Ma, I want some cake; Ma, I want some meat; Ma, I want some bread," and so on, until the poor mother is completely worn out. And then when night comes, when she would fain find repose from the endless annoyances of the day, her troubles are only increased; for Johnnie has the toothache, and Mary has the headache, and Jimmy has the colic, and the baby is restless, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Such are some of the evils of feeding between meals, to say nothing of dirty floors and clothes, greasy furniture, and many other things but too well known to mothers.

Now all this can and should be avoided. It is just as easy, as we know from our own experience, to teach children to eat only at regular meals, as it is to get them into the habit of eating at all hours. A little firmness at first is all that is necessary, and if this is used for a while, children will soon get so that they will never even think of eating between meals. It will be very hard to convince some mothers of this, but to such we say, *try it*, and you will then be so well satisfied that you will continue the experiment the remainder of your life.

VACCINATION OF INFANTS, within a few days after birth, has been attended with accidents more or less serious, and sometimes fatal; and as smallpox is very rare in children under six months of age, it is best, in the case of private families, to defer the operation until the third month; children in hospitals or very exposed situations must be earlier attended to. Special efforts should be used to secure proper vaccine matter.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.*

The monthly from which we have selected the above, is a small pamphlet, but of *great merit*, entirely devoted

* Hall's Journal of Health. W. W. Hall, Editor. Terms, one dollar a year; single numbers, ten cents. Office of publication, 531 Broadway, New York.

to the promotion of health and happiness among the people. Dr. Hall upholds the true principles of all human improvement, moral goodness. In his February number there is an article—"Farmers' Wives over-taxed;"—if all the Agricultural Societies in our land would unite and offer a premium of ten thousand dollars for the best essay, "On Improving the Condition of the Farmer's Life"—this plan proposed by Dr. Hall would surely take the prize. Pray buy and read this number.

Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

VERNER'S PRIDE: *A Tale of Domestic Life*. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," etc. etc. In two volumes. The author of "East Lynne" bids fair to make another sensation with "Verner's Pride," her latest work. It is the best of her productions since the issue of the former named romance. Its plot is more intricate, and its characters more strongly marked than those of its immediate predecessors. We do not profess to be among those who admire Mrs. Wood unqualifiedly. She has many faults, among which is superficiality in her comprehension of human nature, and, consequently, in her conceptions of character. Yet she has the faculty, developed in a high degree, of writing to please the multitude; though her fame is bound to be ephemeral as that of writers of her class always is. She has strong imaginative powers, which aid her in the invention and development of her intricate plots. The plot of "Verner's Pride" is the most complicated, and yet the best managed of any. The reader, who, early in the first volume, imagines he already guesses the denouement, is, in the middle of the second volume, bewildered in a maze of mystery and doubt. As bad characters are quite as essential as good ones in novels, we have to thank Mrs. Wood for a rare embodiment of disagreeable traits, in Mrs. Verner, the vain, heartless beauty.

AURORA FLOYD. From "Temple Bar." By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "John Marchmont's Legacy," "Lady Lisle," etc. There is a certain furore just now about an authoress who has lately made her debut in the literary world, and has since produced a number of works in rapid succession. Three of these are before us now for examination, "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," and "The Lady Lisle." Though the two latter are from the publishing house of Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, we find it more convenient to speak of the three together. Miss M. E. Braddon is, we are told, a young lady, who, after various unsuccessful endeavors to make her way in the world, has finally turned her attention to romance writing, and, as the saying is, "made a hit." Her stories have received the sanction of "Temple Bar," and she is on the high road to fame and fortune. Her writings prove her to be a woman of superior intellect, well versed in the ways of the world, and familiar with matters literary, artistic and dramatic. Notwithstanding, we are not prepared to give her works the unlimited approbation which their publishers seem

to expect, and which certain critics more obliging than wise have readily accorded them. She is deficient in variety, both in her plots and in her conceptions of character. She has, in truth, but one plot, which is repeated in each of the three volumes, with some alterations. The framework of each of these stories is based upon the circumstance of an individual marrying who has already been previously married, and whose first husband or wife is sure to turn up either in person or by representative, giving a great deal of trouble, the whole resulting in crime. This may be a very clever plot, once used; but when the changes are rung upon it three separate times, it becomes rather tedious. It would please us to enter more critically into the merits and demerits of these novels, but limited space forbids. Therefore it must suffice to say that Miss Braddon's works possess sufficiently the elements of popularity to make them the sources of entertainment to the public, and profit to the publishers; though we doubt whether they will obtain a lasting place in English literature.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Parts 57 and 58.
THE BOOK OF DAYS. Part 12.

The Encyclopædia is the most useful ever published; and the Book of Days is not only valuable as a book of reference, but very interesting to read. Both works are amply illustrated. Only twenty cents each number for these valuable publications.

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD for 1863. We welcome this much needed volume to our Table, with many thanks to the eminent publisher. The information it contains is invaluable to every family; it will aid in the education of the young while helping the elders to much useful knowledge which would require many other volumes to obtain. Those who desire to have easy access to the material facts connected with the *present condition* of our country should buy this book. Teachers of public schools, ladies as well as gentlemen, need this manual of accurate information for daily reference. We live in the present. It is more important for us to know what is the condition of our own nation in this particular year, than to have studied the conjectural histories of every Egyptian dynasty which have been written since the first mummy was unrolled. "The National Almanac" is the last *foot-print* of our national progress. The publisher promises a similar record yearly. As no work of the kind in our country has ever been prepared so fully and perfectly as this Annual, we are glad to know that it is to be a permanent "institution" in this good city. Philadelphia is the place for *good works*; and this large volume will be duly appreciated.

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

NO NAME: *A Novel*. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc. Illustrated by John M. Lenan. The mere announcement of a new book by Wilkie Collins is a sufficient guarantee of its merit. But whatever public expectation may have been in regard to this work, it is more than realized. It is even superior to "The Woman in White," which was of itself enough to make Collins' reputation. It is a bold, a dashing book, and will undoubtedly challenge criticism in some quarters. These attacks will be, perhaps, specially directed

against the heroine, Magdalene Vanstone. She is a remarkable character, and certainly not without faults; but there is a dash and a recklessness about her which is very captivating in a novel, whatever it may be in real life. But the strongest characters in the book are Captain Wragge, the self-styled "moral agriculturist," the accomplished swindler, and Mrs. Lecount, between whom the war of wit and strategy is both amusing and exciting.

BARRINGTON: A Novel. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," "One of Them," etc. etc. One of the most cleverly written novels of the day, and one which is likely to be widely read. It is a story of Irish life, dating back to the beginning of the present century, and for a character novel we have seldom seen it equalled. First, there is Peter Barrington, a gentleman of the old school, who, though in reduced circumstances, can never forget that he has been and still is a gentleman, and maintains all his courtly manners and generous, even extravagant hospitality, without so much as counting the cost. His sister, a stately lady with manners of the past, is yet the reverse of her brother in her prudence and worldly wisdom. Polly Dill is the spice of the book, and all the remaining characters are boldly drawn. There is quite an ingenious plot, though it is sometime before the reader suspects there is any at all: but it is too intricate in its details for us to attempt a sketch of it.

From **DICK & FITZGERALD**, New York, through **PETERSON & BROTHERS**, Philadelphia:—

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET: A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," etc.

THE LADY LISLE: A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

From **D. APPLETON & Co.**, New York, through **W. P. HAZARD**, Philadelphia:—

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS: Newly Translated, and Explained from a Missionary point of View. By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. This noted bishop has again prepared a religious work for publication, differing somewhat in character from his last. He gives a new translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, accompanying it throughout with carefully prepared original notes explanatory of the text. To the earnest student of the Scripture this will doubtless be a great aid in fully comprehending the apostle's meaning and allusions.

From **T. O. H. P. BURNHAM**, Boston, through **J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By William Howard Russel. This book has a peculiar interest just now which will doubtless cause the sale of an immense edition. The impressions received by the correspondent of the *London Times* have been already shadowed forth in his published letters to that paper. This book is not, however, a collection of these letters, although in some instances they are borrowed from and made use of. That the author is candid in his opinions all are ready to agree, and many of these opinions are to be received with a certain consideration. Nevertheless, like foreigners who have preceded him, and who, like him, have given their experience in America to the world, he is influenced more or less by prejudices in his view of our affairs, both politically and socially, and commits

about the usual number of blunders, some of them certainly amusing.

From **CARTER & BROTHERS**, New York, through **MARTIEN & BROTHER**, Philadelphia:—

THE RISEN REDEEMER: The Gospel History from the Resurrection to the Day of Pentecost. By F. W. Krummacher, D. D., author of "Elijah the Tishbite." There are twenty-one "Discourses" in this large volume; the subject is the most important which the Christian teacher can bring before hearer or reader. Such a grand theme requires the highest effort of human intelligence, irradiated by the best knowledge which study imparts, and the wisdom which faith in the Divine Saviour inspires. Dr. Krummacher has not only not failed, but his work is deeply interesting as well as instructive, and will be a welcome comforter to many an humble Christian.

PATRIARCHAL SHADOWS OF CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH: As Exhibited in Passages Drawn from the History of Joseph and his Brethren. By Octavius Winslow, D. D. The aim of this book is to show the reader the great "central part of *Christianity*—A LIVING CHRIST;" and that the whole Bible is living truth in His life. It is just the book for Sabbath Schools and family readings on the "Lord's Day." Children will read the stories with pleasure as well as profit.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD. By the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D., author of "Morning and Night Watches," etc. This is a little book, but of a large measure in its precious truths. There are "Thoughts"—for every day in the month—short but wonderfully suggestive. It is a continued *Gloria in Excelsis*; and those who are sorrowful or depressed with cares cannot fail of finding in such outbreathings of faith and love some words of encouragement and comfort.

WAR AND PEACE: A Tale of the Retreat from Cabul. By A. L. O. E. This popular writer for the family circle and particularly for children, has availed herself of the interesting "Journal of Lady Sale" and other accounts of the Afghans, thus furnishing one of her useful and attractive books. The series is now a library, and few of the number deserve more praise than this story of *peace and war*.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. Price \$5 a year.

QUARTERLY REVIEWS. The republication of the British Quarterlylies, viz: *London, Edinburgh, North British, Westminster*, also *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been for many past years successfully accomplished in New York by Leonard Scott & Co. The great advantage to our literature in thus having *easy and cheap* access to the rich mines of British scholarship, in all its best productions, can hardly be over-estimated. We name it here to call attention to the following circular, issued in consequence of the loss of the extensive publishing establishment by fire. The republication will go on; *Blackwood's Magazine* has been issued.*

* "The late fire having destroyed our entire stock of the back numbers of the Reprints, we find ourselves much in want of some of the late numbers. If you do not care to preserve your files, we should take it as a great favor if you would return us by mail as many numbers of the last quarter of 1862 as you conveniently can. The favor will be reciprocated in any way you may desire. Please address them, simply, *Blackwood's Magazine, New York.*"

Godey's Arm-Chair.

THE APRIL GODEY.—The first real spring month, and we give spring plates. The first, "Spring, or The Return of the Swallows," is a most beautiful and appropriate engraving—pretty in its design, and admirable in the engraving, and particularly pleasing from its agreeable variety of figures and landscape.

All the incidents connected with the arrival of the swallows, and the pleasurable interests which the event excites in the old-fashioned household which they favor with their annual visit, are very naturally and agreeably expressed. The old man, who takes advantage of the first mild day to snatch a breath of air in the porch; old granny, leaning over his chair, behind him; and two generations of their descendants, watch the newcomers with joyful recognition as the latter proceed to take possession of their nests. The other objects introduced into the picture are the kitten, about to pounce upon a saucerful of milk, the sheep and lambs in the pasture beyond, and the trees just beginning to put forth their first buds, which are completely in harmony with the one all-pervading theme, the revival and replenishment of creation under the benign influence of spring.

We give something entirely new in our Fashion-plate—dresses that now appear for the first time in print. The fifth figure is a great novelty, a description of which will be found under the proper head. The plate comprises five figures, and the fashion of each is really a fashion, not a fancy figure. There are very many new devices in dress and adornments, all of which our Fashion editor chronicles with her usual ability. We may here mention something new. A bouquet of natural flowers, with artificial butterflies on it.

"The Rain Imps; or, Grinding up April Showers." Here is an original design, and an amusing one. We have all heard of April showers, and here we show how they are produced.

CAUSE OF DELAY.—Some of our subscribers had to wait a few days for their numbers after their orders were received. The cause was a flattering one to us. Owing to the immense demand, we were unable to print the Lady's Book fast enough, although we had eight steam-power presses running night and day.

ABOUT POSTAGE.—Any postmaster who charges more than four and one-half cent postage for three months' postage on the Lady's Book, if paid in advance, is derelict of his duty, and liable to a suit for recovery of any amount overpaid. Will our subscribers please notice this, and act accordingly?

ARTEMUS WARD, that prince of showmen, has been "speaking a piece" in Philadelphia—"Sixty Minutes in Africa." The house was crowded, and a more delighted audience we never saw. We commend Artemus to our brethren of the press all over the country, as a gentleman and a humorist.

The new Chestnut Street Theatre is a decided success. It is a beautiful house, well lighted, and ably managed.

GENERAL TWIGGS'S HAIR-DYE.—A lady wishes to procure this receipt.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

New Musical Monthly.—The first number of this new and beautiful publication, which we announced last month, is now ready for delivery. It contains one dollar's worth of piano music which subscribers get for the low price of 25 cents. Heretofore there has never been a periodical devoted solely to the publication of music, in the popular sheet form, easy of handling at the piano. The pages of the New Musical Monthly are of the regular sheet music size; the music is all printed from engraved plates, as sheet music is printed, on the best of music paper. Each number will contain from three to four 25 cent pieces of music, or their equivalent—songs, ballads, polkas, transcriptions, marches, etc., each piece having a distinct and beautiful title-page of its own, adapting the whole for binding into a handsome volume at the close of the year. This is a feature never before attempted in a musical periodical. The terms of the Musical Monthly are \$3 00 per annum. Single numbers, 25 cents.

The first number, for May, now published, contains, first, Brinley Richards' exquisite transcription of Glover's beautiful melody, Floating on the Wind, a charming composition that alone costs 50 cents in the music stores; second, the celebrated Shadow Air, from Meyerbeer's new Opera, Le Pardon de Ploermel, which has created so great a furore in Paris, Philadelphia, etc.; third, At The Gate, a new ballad, never before published, by the author of Poor Ben the Piper, Beautiful Valley, etc.—in all, one dollar's worth of music for 25 cents, and in the style and size of sheet music, it will be remembered, with handsome title-page to each piece. The Musical Monthly is a subscription work, and will not be for sale at any music store in the country. Subscriptions, at \$3 00 per annum, must be sent to the publisher, J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. Club lists will be furnished on application. As a large subscription list, only, will remunerate us for this undertaking, we trust that our friends everywhere will give us their aid in this attempt to popularize first class music.

New Sheet Music.—Lee & Walker, this city, publish three new ballads by Alice Hawthorne, The Cozy Nook, As Dear to Day as Ever, and Friend of my Heart. Also five new patriotic songs, Rally for the Union, The Picket Guard, Come Rally Round our Flag, Unfurl the Stars and Stripes, and Huzza, the Union Forever; all spirited and stirring melodies, the words mostly by Rev. M. L. Hofford; Each 25 cents. The Soldiers' Vision, and We Think of Thee at Home, are two new songs by our contributor, Mr. Everest; each 40 cents, with title in colors.

The same publishers issue, a fine arrangement of Himmel's Battle Prayer, by Grobe, 40 cents. Glory Hallelujah, varied by Grobe, 50. Tic Tac Polka, Peabody Polka, Donna Schottische, Isabella Schottische, each 25. Col. Hall's Grand March, by Jarvis, with vignette battle scene, 50. Monitor Grand March, colored title, 40. Mocking Bird Quickstep, introducing the favorite air, 40. A new transcription of the Last Rose of Summer, Everest, 25. Also the following Grand Marches and Quicksteps, each embellished with a fine portrait of its respective subject—Gen. Halleck's, Gen. Pope's, Gen. Buell's, Gov. Sprague's, Col. Hartranft's and Parson Brownlow's. All fine pieces, each 30 cents.

The musical editor will mail any music on receipt of price. Address, at Philadelphia,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

A SPECIALITÉ OF PARIS.—Can you believe that in the middle of the nineteenth century there exists dressmakers with beards, men, real men like the Zouaves, who, with their strong hands, measure the exact dimensions of the most titled women in Paris, dress them, undress them, and turn them round and round before them, as if they were neither more nor less than wax figures in a hairdresser's window?

Of course you know the Rue de la Paix—so called because it celebrates war in the shape of a column. In that street lives an Englishman who enjoys a very different popularity in the world of frippery from that of a Lent preacher. This Englishman, it must be admitted, has created a new kind of art, the art of screwing-in a woman's figure with a precision hitherto unknown. He has the inspiration of the scissors, the genius of the gore. He knows the exact spot at which the stuff should fit tightly, and where it should float around at will. He understands at a glance, by the whole context of the woman, what should be shown, and what concealed. Providence has created him from all eternity to discover the law of crinolines, and the true curve of the petticoat. He is a perfect gentleman, always fresh and clean shaved, always curled, black coat, white cravat, cambric sleeves, fastened at the wrist with a gold button. He officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist who carries the future of the world shut up in one of the compartments of his brain.

When he tries a dress upon a live doll of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, it is with the most profound contemplation that he touches, fits, measures, and marks with chalk the defective fold in the stuff. Anon he steps back, and the better to judge the effect of his handiwork at a distance, he holds his hand before his eye like an opera-glass, and resumes, with an inspired finger, the work of modelling the dress on the body of his customer. Sometimes he plants a flower here, or tries on a ribbon there, in order to test the general harmony of the toilet; and all this time the Eve in process of manufacture stands motionless and resigned, and allows her creator to proceed with the work of her creation in silence.

At last, when he has moulded the silk as if it were clay, and when he has modelled the figure according to his idea, he takes his place at the other end of the room, and seats himself upon a sofa with his head thrown back, and directs his work as with a conductor's *baton*. "To the right, madam!" and the lady turns accordingly. "To the left!" and round she goes. "Face me!" and she looks straight at the artist. "Right about face," and the obverse is presented. In this manner a German princess, acclimatized at Paris, executes, at the orders of a man, a complete course of drill. After which he dismisses her with a royal gesture, "That will do, madam."

I have never witnessed these mysteries, and only know of them through the indiscretions of the initiated; but this is what a passing zephyr whispered in my ear, and I only repeat the disclosure (be it thoroughly understood) under all possible reserve. The fashionable ladies of Paris, enchanted with the splendid fashions of their trowsered dressmaker, have come to believe that a man who can make a dress so beautifully ought to be able to put it on better than any one else, and set upon it the seal of the master. Therefore, whenever a court ball takes place, or a ball at the *Hôtel de Ville*, or even a grand reception at the *Palais Royal* or the *Luxembourg*, you may see drawn up, about ten o'clock at night, before the door of the foreign dressmaker a long string

of carriages, the wretched coachmen sitting on the boxes buried in their great coats. The mistresses have mounted the stairs into this Temple of the Toilet; as they enter, they receive a card bearing the number of their turn, and they pass on into the waiting-room. As they can only appear one by one before this pontiff of the petticoat, the late comers have occasionally to wait a long time; but a delicate piece of attention on the part of the master of the house enables them to relieve as much as possible the fatigues of the ante-chamber. A sideboard, richly provided, offers to the fair expectants the positive consolations of the choicest dishes and pastry, and here the ethereal little dames of the Paris drawing-rooms fortify themselves for the polka by partaking of unlimited *paté de foie gras*, washed down with abundant Malmsey. Thus refreshed at the expense of the establishment, they brave with an intrepid spirit the operation of the toilet. The master dispatches them one after another, and with considerable celerity. He examines; turns them about; a final touch; a pin here and there, and madam has realized the prototype of elegance.

The following are his charges: For cutting a dress, \$10; for dressing a lady, \$15; for fitting her for a dinner, \$20; and \$25 for a party.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Have just been reading some of your subscribers' complimentary letters on the *Lady's Book*, and felt as though I should like to let Mr. Godey, and his friends know that I, too, think its equal *cannot* be found in the country. With such a cheerful homelike appearance on every leaf, it never comes without a seeming blessing; I believe I might say with propriety a real blessing; at least I never look at one of its numbers without a smile leaping from my heart. And who am I? you may ask, that I should so appreciate its excellencies. Not one of your city belles, I assure you, who has nothing to do but to read Godey when she finds the hours tedious, but one of the country girls who is heartily thankful for the moment she can lay aside her work and fill her heart with incense from the embalming words in the *Lady's Book*. I have for years read your Book, but this is the first year I have taken it. The two first numbers, January and February, have already sent many blessings and sweet moments of peace to my heart. How many more shall I receive through the coming year? Dear Godey, if all who are taking your magazine are as deeply in love with it as I am, they will each one continue to hold you up in your well-doing.

INDIANA GIRL.

THE Skaneateles *Democrat* says: "The embellishments are multitudinous, and beautifully executed. As a New Year's gift we think it cannot be surpassed. The price for so elaborately finished a periodical is merely nominal, at the present high prices of paper, barely sufficient to cover the expense of this article alone."

That is a fact.

WHAT OUR FASHION EDITOR CAN SUPPLY. Address Fashion Editor, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

Hair-work, patterns for all kinds of garments, and for women and children, jewelry, caps, bonnets, cloaks, mantillas, talmas, mantles, headdresses, shawls, bead-work, materials for wax and paper flowers, embroidery, collars, capes, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' wardrobes or patterns for the same, stamped collars, orné balls, canvas for working, etc. etc.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

SPRING, with its vernal showers, is again upon us; and with its return our thoughts are naturally directed to the flower garden. We have from time to time prepared lists for the readers of the *Lady's Book* of the most desirable plants for general cultivation; and from the many flattering and unsolicited letters of commendation received from those who have ordered both seeds and plants, we feel that our effort has been appreciated. Our mode of packing is so secure that plants can be forwarded in perfect safety as far as Kansas. As general remarks on the cultivation, preparation of soil, etc., have appeared at various times in the *Lady's Book*, they will, for want of space, be here omitted. To those, however, who may desire further information we refer to DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR, or Mrs. Loudon's "*Ladies' Companion to the Flower Garden.*" The former will be mailed to any address by inclosing a three-cent stamp; the latter costs \$1 50, and is the best work for its size and price ever published.

We herewith subjoin a list of roses and other desirable plants, which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES. Six varieties. \$2 50.

Augusta Mie, very large rose; Géant des Batailles, dark scarlet; General Jacqueminot, splendid scarlet; Lion des Combats, purplish crimson; Pæonia, large crimson; Jacques Lafitte, rosy blush.

BOURBON ROSES. Ever-blooming. Six varieties. \$2. Hermosa, pink; Souvenir de Malmaison, large blush; Sir Joseph Paxton, rosy crimson; Imperatrice Eugénie, rosy lilac; Souvenir de Anselme, brilliant crimson pillar rose; Louise Odier, large rose.

TEA ROSES. Exquisitely fragrant. Six varieties. \$2.

Madame Bravy, pure white; Gloire de Dijon, large, buff and pink, strong grower; America, creamy white; Eugene Desgaches, waxy rose; Princess Maria, buff rose; Madame Barillet Deschamps, large, creamy white.

BENGAL OR DAILY ROSES. Six varieties. \$1 50.

Archduke Charles, changeable crimson; Indica Alba, pure white; Cels, blush; Louis Philippe, light crimson; Eugene Beauharnais, deep crimson; La Seduisante, light blush.

HARDY CLIMBING ROSES. Six varieties. \$2.

Walter Scott, deep rose; White Microphylla, creamy white; Monstrosa, blush; Triomphe de la Duchere, large blush; Prairie Queen, deep rose; Baltimore Belle, blush white.

VERBENAS. Twelve distinct and very choice varieties for \$1.

Ivanhoe; Prince of Wales; Mrs. Woodruff; Blushing Bride; Purity; Sarah; Richard Fetters; Lady Have-lock; Star of the Union; Thetis; Gloire de Vaise; Mrs. Ingersoll. For description, see Catalogue.

LANTANAS. Constant bloomers. Six varieties. \$1.

PENSTEMONS. Six beautiful varieties. \$1.

FUCHSIA, or LADIES' EAR-DROP. Six splendid varieties, including the best double sorts. \$1 50.

PETUNIAS. Double and single varieties. Six for \$1.

HELIOTROPE. Six choice varieties for \$1.

SCARLET GERANIUMS. Six varieties, including the beautiful variegated-leaved varieties, for \$1.

PELARGONIUMS, or large flowering Geraniums. Six distinct and beautiful sorts. \$1 50.

SCENTED GERANIUMS, including Apple, Nutmeg, Peppermint, Lemon, Rose, etc. Six for \$1.

DAHLIAS. Twelve very choice and distinct varieties, including all colors, for \$2 50.

GLADIOLUS. New French hybrid varieties, now so popular; one of the greatest acquisitions of late years to the flower garden. Twelve distinct fine varieties for \$3. Very choice varieties, \$5 per dozen.

PANSIES, or HEARTSEASE. Six large flowering kinds for \$1.

COBEA SCANDENS. Rapid summer climbing plant; large bell-shaped flowers, each 25 cents.

IPOMEEA LEARII. Large cerulean blue convolvulus flowers, each 25 cents.

GAZANIA SPLENDENS. A new bedding plant, blooming until late in the autumn, each 20 cents.

SALVIAS. Six varieties, including the Scarlet Sage, for \$1.

PLANTS IN ASSORTMENTS.

One Hundred Plants for Ten Dollars, including a selection from the above, with a number of other desirable bedding plants not here enumerated. These assortments have given general satisfaction, and will be found much cheaper, and often more satisfactory than where the purchaser makes the selection. We wish it distinctly understood that the assortments are *our own selection*. No charge will be made for packing.

The following plants are not generally known, and are very desirable:—

THE PAMPAS GRASS. The most magnificent of grasses, with long, terminal silvery plumes. A beautiful and striking object on a lawn, or near a fountain. 50 cents each.

TRITOMA UVARIA, with stately flower-scapes, and magnificent terminal dense spikes of rich orange red flower tubes. 50 cents each.

DAPHNE CNEORUM. The best hardy evergreen shrub of recent introduction, growing one foot high, very free, flowering, and fragrant, blooming among the first in the spring, and continuing until the last in the autumn. It is admirably adapted for cemetery lots, city, and suburban yards. Price 50 cents each.

Catalogues of seeds and plants will be forwarded on application to

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
327 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

We copy the following from the *Reformer*, of Galt, Canada. We noticed last month that we had no travelling agents in Canada or any other place:—

"A SWINDLER—LOOK OUT!—We learn that a rascally swindler has been plying his dishonest vocation in this neighborhood recently. He professed to be a travelling agent for Godey's '*Lady's Book*' and Moore's '*Rural New Yorker*.' One of the victimized, who resides near Sheffield, and one who generally has his eyes open, informs us that the party gave his name as W. T. Wilson, that he was well-dressed and smooth-tongued, and equally well posted in religion, politics, or the chit-chat of the drawing-room. He offered either of the above periodicals at \$1 50, and had about twenty names, some Galt ones amongst the rest, when our friend saw his book, and all paid in advance! Of course none of the subscribers received a single number, Mr. Wilson making himself scarce as soon as possible after the rhino had been carefully secured.

"The '*nice young man*' told our Beverley acquaintance that he was acting for Tunis of Niagara Falls, and actually had the effrontery to give him a receipt in Mr. Tunis's name. This, of course, was untrue. Mr. Wilson has been playing his pranks in various parts of Canada, and it is to be hoped he will yet have the pleasure of ruminating in jail on the design of dishonesty. The publishers of the '*Lady's Book*' and the '*New Yorker*' never send out travelling agents, so that the public may be sure that one who represents himself as such must either be Mr. Wilson or some gent of the same kidney."

On our March cover we published the advertisement of Mr. S. Ott, of New York, who, as well as a general agent, is also agent for Boardman & Gray's pianos, those well-known instruments. Mr. Ott's capabilities as a business man are well known, as for years he conducted the immense concern of Boardman & Gray, and by his courtesy and punctuality he won the good opinion of all.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We have some choice little illustrated hymns, which we will give from time to time in the Juvenile column. We know they will meet with favor from our young friends.

HOLY BIBLE.



HOLY BIBLE, Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine to comfort in distress;
Mine to lead to promises;
Mine to warn of sinners' doom;
Mine to show that doom to shun.

Mine to show the living faith;
Mine to triumph over death;
Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to bring an earnest home.

Mine to point me out the road;
Mine to lead my heart to God.
O thou precious Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

SEASONABLE CONUNDRUMS:—

When is a ship properly in love?—When she is tender to a man of war.

When is she improperly in love?—When she is (h) anchoring after a heavy swell.

When foolishly in love?—When attached to a great b(u)oy.

When ambitiously in love?—When she is making up to a peer (pier).

If a boy makes a long speech, why is it like a genuine article?—Because it is not an adult-oration!

Our readers all know by this time that Mr. Stratton, otherwise Barnum's "Tom Thumb," has been married to Miss Warren, another dwarf. The following is a description of her dresses and jewelry:—

MISS WARREN'S WEDDING AND TRAVELLING DRESS.

The wedding-dress is of white satin, low in the neck, with deep point both back and front, and laced up the back. The skirt is made with a decided train, and has one *point appliqué* flounce half a yard deep, headed by a row of *appliqué* about one inch wide. The veil is very beautiful, being of rich *point appliqué*. The tiny slippers are made of white satin, and trimmed with bows powdered with pearl beads. The glove tops are of *point appliqué* lace.

The travelling-dress is of stone-colored silk poplin. The skirt very long at the back, and trimmed on the edge with a quilling of brown velvet. A long sack is of the same material as the dress, prettily trimmed with brown velvet. The bonnet is of silk, matching the dress in shade, and trimmed with brown velvet. The inside trimming is a full ruche of blonde, and a tuft of pink rose-buds over the forehead.

THE JEWELRY.

A pair of handsome diamond hair-pins, with pendants; two beautiful gold bracelets, with diamond clusters, each of which can be detached and used as a pin; a necklace, with cluster and pendants of diamonds; a diamond locket, pin, and ear-rings; pin, ear-rings, and sleeve buttons of turquoise, with figures of gold and diamonds; pin and ear-rings of pink coral, with green enamelled leaves; a small watch, the shape of a leaf, and covered with green enamel, and studded with diamonds, chain, pin, and keys attached; two handsome diamond rings; a necklace of gold, with coral ornaments attached; also a bunch of very handsome charms.

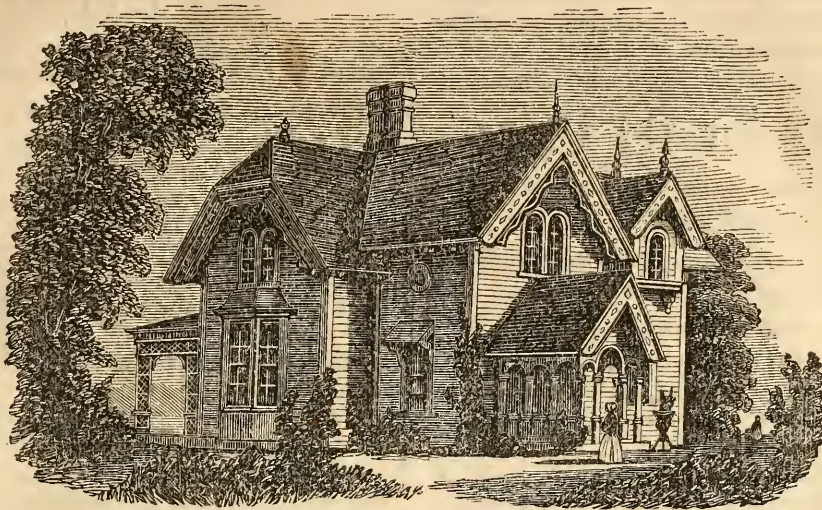
We copy the following from our July number, 1862. It is all the rage now, and some most beautiful effects are produced by it. On china it's very pretty:—

"A new style of work has been brought out in Paris, which is called *Décalcomanie*, or the art of decorating wood, plaster, porcelain, alabaster, ivory, etc. etc. The art is very simple; you have only to take a picture representing flowers, birds, or landscapes, which you cover entirely with varnish, taking great care not to go beyond the outlines of the picture. Place the picture thus prepared on the article you wish to ornament; then cover it with a piece of cloth or muslin dipped in water, and with a paper-cutter press it sufficiently to cause the design to adhere. This done, remove the cloth, and with a paint-brush wet the paper, which will then come off leaving on the paper no trace of the picture, which will be pressed on the object you wish to ornament. Next day you put on a light coat of varnish to brighten the colors.

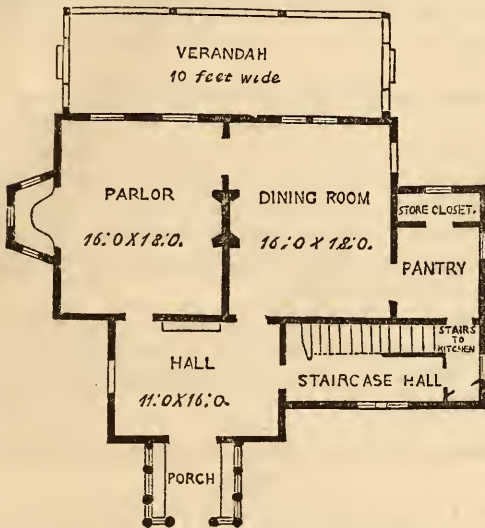
"We find this description in a French work. We cannot vouch for its accuracy, as we have not practised the art ourselves. The work from which we took this description does not state whether the varnished side of the picture is to be placed next to the object to be ornamented, but we think it should be."

A DOG is counted mad when he won't "take something to drink;" and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains "respectable" with a fortune that don't belong to him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE.



THE above design is taken from a work published in New York by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, entitled



“Villas and Cottages,” and is the best work upon rural architecture yet published. The designs are all by Calvert Vaux, Esq., Architect, late Downing & Vaux.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mr. C. D. C.—Sent box, January 21st.

Miss M. V.—Sent Garibaldi 23d.

E. B. H.—Sent cloak and cap 24th.

Mrs. E. W. T.—Sent patterns 24th.

Mrs. J. A. D.—Sent silk braid, etc. 24th.

A. M.—Sent hair ring 27th.

Mrs. E. B. E.—Sent Garibaldi and jacket 30th.

L. J. C.—Sent collars 31st.

J. A. H.—Sent crochet jacket by express February 3d.

Mrs. H. S. C.—Sent zephyr and needles by express 3d.

Miss M. Z.—Sent braid 3d.

Mrs. G. W. T.—Sent patterns 3d.

W. E. W.—Dissolve in spirits of wine.

A. F. M.—Sent patterns 3d.

Mrs. A. S. A.—Sent patterns 3d.

E. C. B.—Sent hair ear-rings 15th.

A. R.—Sent braiding pattern 16th.

Meta.—A Tin Wedding is celebrated on the 10th anniversary. Every friend sends some domestic article for the kitchen or dresser—the material being tin. It is a humorous matter. The Silver Wedding is on the 25th anniversary; the Golden on the 50th.

Mrs. S. A. H.—In 1833, the dresses did not reach the ankle by at least four inches. In 1861 and part of 1862, the bonnets were flat on the head; in 1863 they are from four to eight inches above the head.

Madge May.—Nothing improper in the request. All ladies have to do the same thing.

Mrs. V. R. L.—Enamelling of ladies' faces is practised here. We meet constantly on Chestnut Street faces done up in this way. The only trouble is that it is difficult to smile; to laugh they dare not.

R. S. A.—“If you had a wife that was determined to spend every cent you made, what would you do?” We really cannot answer this question. We think it is one that must be brought home to a person before he can reply.

G. S.—You ask what are the popular plays of boys now. We have no boys now. They used to play marbles, they now at the same age play billiards; they formerly played “Old Maid,” they now play euchre.

L. C. R.—Yes; we have seen the dancing figures for pianos.

H. A. DREER'S—SEEDSMAN—ANSWERS TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. C.—We herewith give you a selection of a few of the most desirable of the new as well as older varieties of annual flower seeds, which can be recommended. The twelve varieties will be mailed for one dollar.

Asters, new Emperor, very large and fine; Antirrhinum, Firefly, scarlet white throat; Balsams, new dwarf Camellia, flowered; Cockseomb, superb dwarf, velvet crimson; Dianthus Heddewegii, new Japan pinks; Lobelia erinus speciosa, superb blue, trailing; Lychnis Haageana, brilliant scarlet; Mignonette, new, large flowering; Nasturtium, Tom Thumb; Phlox Drummondii, Louis Napoleon, brilliant colors; Stocks, new, large flowering; Zinna, new double.

The best soil to sow in is a light sandy loam: observe not to cover the seeds *too deep*; failures frequently occur from this cause; from one-eighth to one-quarter inch is sufficient. Use a fine rose to watering pot. We would

recommend sowing in a frame and covering with sash; if a slight hot-bed can be made, it would be desirable; transplant the plants into the open border as soon as there is no more danger of frost.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXIII.

Analysis by fire, or the dry way.—Use of the Blowpipe.—General Outline of Smelting and Assaying.

MATERIALS AND APPARATUS REQUIRED.

BORAX; bone ashes; a blowpipe; a brass thimble; powdered silica; piece of oxidized (rusty) iron; piece of copper; a triangular file; spirit lamp; wax candle; platinum wire; a piece of charcoal.

555. It has been stated in a very early portion of our lessons that the first object to be aimed at in all cases of chemical analysis, is to obtain a solution, which solution is effected either by water, acids, or other fluid menstria, or by means of fusion. The three former, constituting what is technically known as "the moist process," is by far the more correct—the better adapted for chemical analysis; therefore, the one most usually had recourse to by chemists. Very slight consideration, however, will suffice to prove that the moist process is far too expensive, too delicate, too refined, for application on the large scale. The chemist may get iron, and lead, and copper out of liquids by precipitation; but fancy lead, and silver, and iron dissolved and precipitated by hundreds of thousands of tons! Hence the dry process is always, as a general rule, had recourse to on the large scale, whenever one of two processes might be theoretically employed. Nevertheless, the manufacture of platinum, on account of the great infusibility of this metal, is an exception to the rule; as also, in certain cases, is the extraction of gold.

556. However, the process of analysis in the dry way must not be neglected by the chemist. The branch of it relating to the use of the blowpipe is of almost universal importance, and furnace operations are useful as furnishing the counterparts, so to speak, of the products obtained on the large scale. If a mineral proprietor send a specimen of iron ore to be assayed, he does not want to know absolutely how much iron is there, but how much, by a smelting process, can be got out. Further information, instead of being advantageous, might actually mislead him. Enough, then, having been said to show the importance of this branch of chemistry, let us proceed to the subject of our lesson.

557. The objects of all analyses are either *qualitative* or *quantitative*. The latter is generally easy of attainment, when the former has been secured. Now, in this age, no chemist would give himself the trouble to set in action a furnace, however small and portable, for the mere purpose of qualitative investigation. Not only is furnace work troublesome, but one likes to see what is taking place. If a furnace could be rendered portable enough to be carried about, in the pocket, to be set in action at a moment's notice—requiring neither crucibles, tongs, coal, coke, nor charcoal—neither distributing sooty fumes, spoiling furniture, burning the fingers, blackening the face nor hiding the changes that occur within—then chemists might use a furnace more frequently. Chemists have such a furnace in a little instrument termed the blowpipe.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1.—Black silk skirt, with a broad band of Imperial purple silk laid on, four inches from the edge of the skirt, and bordered on each side with three rows of the silk doubled and box-plaited. The waist is a purple silk jockey, trimmed with full ruchings of black silk. The jockey is square, and laid in plaits caught with buttons, and in front are points four inches long. The shawl is of white Thibet, braided with narrow black velvet, and highly ornamented with bead and silk embroidery. It is also trimmed with two rows of black guipure lace. The bonnet is of rice straw, with a curtain of *appliqué* lace over white silk, and ornamented with clusters of grapes with foliage. The hair is crimped and arranged very low on the neck.

Fig. 2.—Dress of Isley green gros d'Eccose silk. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with a plaiting of the silk, doubled and sewed in between the facing and the dress. Above this is a waved trimming of the silk, box-plaited, and between the waves are fans formed also of the silk. The sack, which fits rather tight to the figure, is of gros Italienne, and very elegantly trimmed with jet and gimp passementerie. The collar is standing, and fastened with a gimp bow. White silk bonnet, trimmed with loops of Isley green ribbon and tufts of roses. The hair is crimped and brushed over a roller.

Fig. 3.—White and mauve *châncé* silk, made à l'Impératrice, and trimmed around the skirt and up the front

with three rows of mauve ribbon and two rows of mauve silk ruching. The sleeves and revers of the corsage are trimmed to match. Plaited chemisette and plain muslin sleeves; the collar and cuffs are edged with a narrow fluted ruffle. The hair is brushed off the face, and falls in curls behind the ear on one side only. The back hair is arranged in a large bow.

Fig. 4.—Dress of mode *cuir glacé* silk, trimmed with three graduated bands of black velvet, and between the bands are rows of black velvet cut in diamonds and stitched on. The talma is of black gros grain silk, trimmed with three rows of thread lace, one row being continued up the front and round the neck. The bonnet is of black and white tulle, with a Vesuve crown. The cape, strings, and front binding are also of Vesuve silk or ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Dinner-dress of Napoleon gros de Suez, trimmed with a plaiting on the edge of the skirt. At intervals are linked rings of plaited silk, the lower one having a fan of the silk caught in it. The corsage is of white silk embroidered and trimmed with *applique* lace. The coiffure consists of a large blue velvet bow, edged with lace, placed over the top of the head, and loops and ends of blue velvet caught in with the puffs at the back of the head.

COIFFURE MAINTENON.

(See engravings, pages 334, 335.)

Figs. 1 and 2 are different views of the Coiffure Maintenon. The natural hair in front is braided smoothly back, *à la Chinoise*, the ends of the front hair terminating in two curls on each side. The back hair is divided in two bows, the hair being tied. The lower bow is first arranged, and with the remainder the upper bow is formed, and is secured in the centre, flowers concealing the fastening, or a chignon like *Fig. 3*, page 593, June number, 1862, can be pinned on, and the natural hair form only the upper bow. The front of the coiffure is composed of a band of frizzed curls, same as *Fig. 3*, and the rest of the coiffure is a pointed barbe and flowers.

BREAKFAST CAPS.

(See engravings, page 356.)

Fig. 1.—Breakfast-cap made of French muslin, and trimmed with violet ribbons.

Fig. 2.—This cap is arranged in the form of a net, trimmed all round with a double row of blonde, and two ribbon streamers behind. Three roses make a pretty bandeau to the front of the cap. Black or white net may be used for the purpose, and whatever colored ribbon best suits the complexion of the wearer.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE crocuses gleaming from the short emerald velvet turf of our lawns, with their delicate tints of mauve, white, and gold, are not more certain harbingers of spring, or, as it happens this season, more beautiful creations than the first fresh spring taffetas unfolded on Stewart's counters.

Quite as chaste as the crocuses are the tiny *chinée* patterns in delicate spring tints, on a plain mauve, stone, or cuir ground, or that indefinite, pinkish, purplish shade, the exact counterpart of our emblematic flower. Then again, and newer still, we have the same designs and colors on a *moiré* ground—*moiré chinée*, an entirely new combination. These are moderate in price, at \$2 a yard.

In plain silks, there are the Gros de Suez, d'Ecosse, d'Afrique, Gros Grain, and Gros Italienne of the most delicate new shades, some only suited to evening dress, such as fleur de pêche, jonquille, cœur de melon, the exact shade of the inside of a melon; fauvette, dahlia, ruby, and primrose, a rich creamy tint, suggestive of the cream gathered in Alderny dairies only; a new cuir, and purple, so light, as scarcely to be changed from white, until held up in folds, and then perfectly exquisite, the colors more delicate than any we have ever seen.

In silks suitable for street dress, we have droguet sans envers, or double-faced; the corduroy, one of the stand alone silks; the *rayé*, that is, striped down, *chinées*, checks of equal and unequal sizes, and silks simply corded in every available shade of brown, mode, purple, and other colors. We are often asked "are black silks worn this season?" Yes, always worn, very much for street dress, or as a useful home dress, also in costly dinner toilet, ranging from the soft, light apron silk, as ladies call it, from \$1 12 to the magnificent *moirés*, plain or with a superb figure pattern in satin, which has all the effect of velvet by gaslight; as, for instance, a wreath of foxgloves and foliage the natural size, surrounding the hem of the dress, and smaller bunches of the same flower repeated as a figure through the dress itself. These range from \$4 to \$5 the yard.

One of the newest styles of pattern silks, or robe dresses, is a tan d'or, embroidered in black to imitate a sash, which extends half way down the skirt, with heavily fringed ends. The embroidery is an exact imitation of guipure lace. The same design is repeated on the waist and sleeves in a narrower width. Conspicuous among the newest ideas is a large plaid, having the effect of brown, black, and Magenta ribbons, of the richest corded taffeta, four or five inches in width, and thrown across each other with careless weaving of outline. Large plaids are so old as to be *very new*, but they will only be in the richest materials as yet.

And now we have arrived at the superb brocades, rivalling, or outdoing those of our grandmothers. Delicate grounds of mode, with rich figures in white and a clear brown, usually a flower group, with abundant foliage, rather than the stiff bouquet of roses or pansies lately in vogue. Mauve grounds with rich deep purple and black standing in relief, deep blue with a tiny frost-work of silver powdering the surface, and many other combinations that mock the dulness of the pen.

But we must not pass in silence the rich *chinées* and *moirés* that, lovely as they are by the light of day, are richer still in the golden artificial light of the chandelier, by which alone they will be worn. The softest fleur de pêche, the most golden maize, the loveliest amber grounds, with vines and bunches of flowering plants trailed over them, breaking into bloom here and there, in colors that rival the pencil of nature, while bright tinted butterflies and humming-birds of the richest plumage hover over the bending blossoms. Then the robe pyramidale, of amber *moiré*, the pattern forming a festoon of the richest *chinée* flowers on each breadth. It is impossible to give the rich yet delicate effect of these wonders of the loom, or of a robe richer still, the Princess Alice, which is a heavy white taffetas, thickly sown with tiny rose-buds of velvet in the most natural hues, perfect buds, scattered leaves, and buds snapped from the stem.

We pass now to cotton goods. The time has been when such a transition would have been thought a step

from the sublime to the ridiculous. But every one knows that, at least as far as price is concerned, there is nothing ridiculous about cotton goods *now*.

We find ourselves first among the Percales, suitable for nursery wear, as well as for shirting. Some are quite original in design. For instance, a white ground with tiny watches of various colors scattered over it, another with pitchers arranged to form figures, others seemingly covered with small dots, but, upon examination, these dots are in some cases small Arabic figures, and in others letters. Others again have do-re-mi-fa arranged in diamond form. The more expensive Percales have the loveliest pearl, mode, and white grounds, with the daintiest figures imaginable. The Lowell calicoes must not be overlooked, for never have they been produced in such perfection as this year. In previous seasons they have been very nice, common, cheap goods, not remarkable for beauty. But this season they are equal to any English prints, and closely resemble small figured delaines. The grounds are of the most approved shades of stone, drab, mode, cuir, and pale green, covered with tiny figures in brilliant and good colors.

The thinner goods, such as lawns and organdies, though beautiful and delicate in design, differ very little from those of previous seasons. Among the new goods we find white grounds, with fine cross bars or stripes of black, and brilliant figures at intervals. Then there are clouded or *chînée* grounds, with rose-buds and geometrical figures; also large cross bars, three or four inches wide, with large flowers, such as passion-flowers, thrown carelessly over them; also fancy bars forming diamonds, with bouquets of roses and pansies; also large diamonds three inches wide, for instance, of a brown, the ground-work being gray *chînée*, and in the centre of each diamond a linked square of two shades of brown.

The Grecque figure prevails in all classes of goods, and is one of the prettiest designs.

For travelling wear, we have alpacas, valencias, poplins, toile de Saxe, and Orleans. These are in fine and large cross bars, stripes, *broché* figures, and Grecques. The colors are light cuir, Havanne, every possible shade of mode, buff, or Nankin (which last will be one of the most approved colors for whole suits), California brown, and other shades. The buff, if not plain, is generally figured or barred with purple or black, the latter the more effective. The newest material for travelling is the toile Nankin, a mixed cloth, unfigured, very serviceable, and generally of brown or gray color.

For children's wear we have the light valencias, poplins, and toile de Saxe, of mode or white grounds, figured or cross-barred with the most lovely colors, or plaided in the most beautiful spring combinations.

The next question most generally asked is, "How are dresses made up?" Our authority on that subject is Mrs. Ellis, of 880 Broadway. She is making a number of gored dresses, with jet frog buttons down the front; wrappers to imitate a vest and Zouave, trimmed with *broché* trimming; also for dinner or evening-dress, the universally worn Spanish jacket, very dressy and youthful, though nothing new; for if our readers will refer to the August plate, 1862 (Fig. 3), they will see a very good representation of it. Of course it is varied in style, some being made with deep points, and to lace both back and front; others with jockeys at the back, and epaulettes on the shoulders. We frequently see wide sashes with two loops falling from under the deep point at the back. The trimmings are generally quilled ribbon or silk, bugle trimming, also quillings or puffs of illusion.

These waists are made of every shade of silk and velvet, and will we think be the style for summer dresses. The under waists and long sleeves are generally of puffed illusion or muslin, sometimes separated by a beading, through which is run a black velvet. White silk is sometimes substituted for the illusion, when delicate health will not allow much exposure of the neck and arms.

A very pretty dress from Mrs. Ellis's establishment was a black silk, made with crescents of the silk trimmed with bugle trimming, arranged round the skirt and up the front, *en tunique*. The corsage was made with a jockey, and trimmed to match the skirt. Jockeys at the back and points four inches long in front, and elbow sleeves, and also the Pompadour, or square necked dresses will be worn. The skirts are exceedingly long, and cut with a train, that is, the breadths are even at the waist, but sloped very much at the lower end of the dress. Insertions of black lace over white silk, and true lovers' knots braided in ribbons, are among the prettiest styles. Dresses are also waved on the edge of the skirt, and trimmed with a narrow fluted braid. We also noticed that the dresses of this tasteful modiste were faced with a kind of leather (such as is used for embroidery), which must certainly be a very great protection to them. Another new idea is to have the sash fastened to the dress under the arms, and from thence it falls, and is tied carelessly in a knot half way down the skirt.

We spoke in our last Chat of powdered heads, and new styles of hair-dressing. The hair is still arranged very high, and headdresses are daily becoming more eccentric. For instance, coronets of velvet spotted over with scarabees, or beetles of a brownish red color, spotted with gold and emerald, producing a brilliant effect. A very stylish headdress was of white feathers, with a bow of Azurline blue velvet, on which a butterfly was beautifully poised.

We cannot close without saying a few words about the exquisite creations at Mme. Tilman's, 148 east Ninth Street, late 712 Broadway. Among the beautiful flowers, perfect gems of art, so perfect indeed that one bends down almost involuntarily to catch their fragrance, we see humming-birds, butterflies, and all kinds of brilliant winged insects lighting or seemingly fitting among the beautiful exotics. The birds and butterflies are of course perfect, being the real birds and insects preserved and mounted. The flowers are all arranged in the coronet form, some merely the coronet mounted on a wire, or band of velvet, others with a spray or tuft of flowers directly at the back; while another style which pleased us greatly, both for its simplicity and its exact representation of nature, had a spray and stem of the white locust, forming a coronet, and at the side was another spray of the same pattern falling gracefully over the neck.

Humming-birds and butterflies are also the novelties for bonnets, and we regret that our space will allow us to describe but one of the artistic Parisian bijoux from Mme. Tilman's establishment. This was of white crape, with illusion cape veiled with black lace. At one side was posed a tiny bird's-nest, with a humming-bird lighting upon it. This was partially concealed among feathery grasses. The inside trimming was in the form of a coronet, composed of a variety of mosses intermingled with pink roses. In other bonnets, the birds were arranged in the inside, and looked as if just darting into the lovely blossoms. We would gladly linger over these charming novelties, but space fails us, and we take our leave for this month.

FASHION.

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The home reputation of a physician should be the basis of public confidence. For a fuller knowledge of the Institute, we refer to our Circular, and the reliable citizens of our village.

The medical profession are invited to acquaint themselves with the Institution,

S. S. STRONG, M. D., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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 REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL D., New York.
 HON. J. B. McKEAN, Saratoga Springs New York.
 REV. JOHN WOODBRIDGE, Saratoga Springs, New York.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.

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APRIL, 1863.

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 COIFFURE MAINTENON. Front and back view. Two engravings.
 TOUPET MAINTENON.
 FANCY BOW.
 COIFFURE.
 BREAKFAST CAPS. Two engravings.
 THE COLLECTION AND PRESERVATION OF PLANTS.
 Three engravings.

- SLATE-PENCIL DRAWINGS. Five engravings.
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 CUFF, MADE TO MATCH THE NECK-TIE.
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THE ORDINARY YIELD

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AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 35,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes,

Flax, Hemp, Peas, Clover, Cabbage, Beets, Tobacco, Sorghum, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

STOCK RAISING.

In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the best breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enter with the fairest prospects of like results. **DAIRY FARMING** also presents its inducements to many.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON.

The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Commencing in latitude 39 deg. 30 min. (see Mattoon on the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line), the Company owns thousands of acres well adapted to the perfection of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can turn their youthful labor to a most profitable account in the growth and perfection of this plant.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Traverses the whole length of the State, from the banks of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan to the Ohio. As its name imports, the Railroad runs through the centre of the State, and on either side of the road along its whole length lie the lands offered for sale.

CITIES, TOWNS, MARKETS, DEPOTS,

There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving about one every seven miles. Cities, Towns and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the whole route, where every desirable commodity may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where buyers are to be met for all kinds of farm produce.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and working-men will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of the schools. Children can live in sight of the school, the college, the church, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

| | |
|--|---------|
| 80 acres at \$10 per acre, with interest at 6 per ct. annually on the following terms: | |
| Cash payment..... | \$48 00 |
| Payment in one year..... | 48 00 |
| " in two years..... | 48 00 |
| " in three years..... | 43 00 |
| " in four years..... | 236 00 |
| " in five years..... | 224 00 |
| " in six years..... | 212 00 |
| " in seven years..... | 200 00 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| 40 acres, at \$10 00 per acre; | |
| Cash payment..... | \$24 00 |
| Payment in one year..... | 24 00 |
| " in two years..... | 24 00 |
| " in three years..... | 24 00 |
| " in four years..... | 118 00 |
| " in five years..... | 112 00 |
| " in six years..... | 106 00 |
| " in seven years..... | 100 00 |

Address **Land Commissioner, Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.**