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THE HOME LEDGER



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No. 4.

THE
HOME LEDGER.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

JAS. M. BAIRD & CO., Publishers,

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THE HOME LEDGER.—This is the title of a new literary monthly published in San Francisco. It presents a very creditable appearance, and is made up with good and very entertaining reading matter. * If its publishers continue (which they have so well began) in excluding all sensational, as well as other trashy stuff, from its columns, it will soon become very popular. An engraving, "THE DEAD HUNTER," is given free to subscribers to the paper. It is a very handsome picture, and ALONE is worth more than the subscription price asked for the journal for a whole year.—[Union.]

THE HOME LEDGER—a new literary monthly of considerable merit—has been laid on our table. * It is the enterprise of Messrs. James M. Baird & Co., of San Francisco. The new journal is typographically very neat. The young firm have also published a very creditable picture entitled "THE DEAD HUNTER," which they offer as a premium to subscribers to their journal, the price of which is only 75 cents a year.—[Alameda Encinal.]

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JAMES M. BAIRD & CO.,
Publishers, 532 Clay St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1873.

VOL. I. No. 4.

Our Cousin from the City.

"How tiresome, how extremely disagreeable!" complained my brother Arthur, as he tossed on the table Miss Ponosby's note, containing her acceptance of my father's invitation to her to come and spend a few weeks with his family in their quiet country home.

We all looked spitefully enough at the innocent little sheet of paper, with its delicate hand-writing, and its neatly sealed and faintly perfumed envelope. We were a family of rough, unpolished, motherless boys and girls. We girls, indeed, were even less civilized than our brothers; for while we had run wild under the quasi control of a weak-minded governess whom we entirely ruled, they had been duly sent to a public school, where some degree of discipline had been flogged and knocked into them by their tutors and schoolfellows. Arthur especially, the eldest, the cleverest, the handsomest, and the dearest, was just returned from his first term at college, and we were all proud of his improvement in appearance and charmed by his gentlemanlike courtesy and ease of manners, though we scarcely understood it. We only knew he was very different from Hugh and Stephen, and that already those wild, reckless fellows were becoming a thought less wild, under the influence of their elder brother's precepts and examples.

But even Arthur disliked the idea of Miss Ponosby's visit, and we, sanctioned by his opinion, scrupled not to express our feelings unreservedly.

"A regular bore—a nuisance!" cried Hugh, savagely cutting away at the stick he was carving, and sending the chips right and left as he did so; what on earth are we to do with a fine city lady?

"We shall have to be proper and lady-like, as Miss Fisher says," said Lydia, in dismay; "and how—O there now, Hugh, one of your abominable chips has flown into my eye. You've no business to hack away at that stick in the drawing-room. Arthur, has he? I'll slap your face if you make faces at me, sir."

This last, of course, to Hugh, who was too vividly expressing his feelings by contortions of his features. Arthur, as usual, had to exert his influence to prevent a quarrel, and when that was achieved we began to grumble again.

"We were going to have such fun!" sighed I, "now Arthur is here, and all. We should have been so happy this autumn. Bother!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" exclaimed Stephen, in sudden glee "we'll sicken her of being here. We'll send her off of her own accord, the second day. We'll make the place too hot to hold her, and she'll beat a retreat."

"Hurrah!" cried Hugh, "I'll do my part. I'll take her through bramble-bushes that shall tear her smart frocks, and spoil her grand fashionable bonnets. I'll let her accidentally slip into ditches which shall ruin her satin shoes, and frighten her out of her fine-ladyish senses besides. O, I promise I'll lead her a pretty life while she is here."

"Hush, boys!" remonstrated Arthur, looking up from his book, "you must remember this lady is to be our guest, and has claims to all courtesy and consideration from us. It's no use to talk in that wild way. We are gentlemen—don't forget that."

This final argument was irresistible to the two boys, rude and savage as they seemed. With Lydia and myself he employed other reasoning.

"Though we don't like this visitor, girls," said he, "we are not such Goths as to let her see it. You will, of course, jointly do the honors, and I have no doubt you will acquit yourselves admirably. For," added he, seeing we still looked somewhat dubious, "I should not like my sisters to be laughed at by our city cousin. I should not like her to think that you do not know how to behave with propriety in your father's house."

This speech had its due effect, and we prepared to receive our visitor, if not with heartfelt cordiality, at least with a decent show of it. Nevertheless, the arrival of the day which was to bring her among us was dreaded as a national calamity.

On that day, however, Lydia and I attired ourselves with unusual care. We had so much regard for appearances that we did not wish to be looked upon as absolute slatterns by our cousin from the city. So Lydia mended the rent in her skirt, which had yawned there for the last three weeks, and I condescended to pin a fresh tucker round my neck, and a pair of not more than half-dirty cuffs on my wrists.

Miss Fisher, our meek and much tyrannized-over governess, was sitting in the drawing-room, which she had, with considerable labor, cleared from the litter that usually strewed its floor, its table and chairs. Lydia's drawings and my music were neatly disposed on separate shelves, and as many books as our rough

usage had left presentable, were formally ranged round the card basket on the center table, after the ordinary fashion. Often before had poor Miss Fisher made similar orderly arrangements, which we had invariably overturned five minutes after, but on this occasion we suffered them to remain. Hugh and Stephen gathered around Arthur, who was drawing mathematical mysteries at a side table, and Lydia and I, with unnatural demureness, seated ourselves on each side of Miss Fisher. At her earnest request we even submitted to get some needlework. Lydia routed out a half-hemmed pocket-handkerchief from the depths of the workbag, and I applied myself to the intricacies of a knitted collar, which I had been slowly blundering through at rare intervals for some years.

Thus were we employed when the roll of wheels on the carriage sweep leading to the house announced the return of our father from the railway station, where he had been to meet our expected guest. Lydia ran to the window and peeped out, heedless of Miss Fisher's imploring appeals to her sense of propriety. I sat still, feeling that I was sixteen years of age, the eldest girl, and about to enact the part of hostess.

"O!" ejaculated Lydia, in a kind of subdued scream, "what a heap of band-boxes and baskets. One, two, three—O, there she is. My goodness, what a grand lady! She's coming in—now for it!"

And fled back to her seat just as my father opened the door and led in the young lady.

"Caroline, my dear, these are your cousins, Elizabeth and Lydia. Girls, this is your cousin, Caroline Ponosby. Bid her welcome."

And my father, who was a man of few words, left us to make acquaintance.

Miss Ponosby was a very stylish young lady indeed. Her silk dress was flounced to her waist, and rustled whenever she moved, and she wore little jingling chains at her waist and on her wrists; her large Cashmere shawl was clasped by a magnificent cameo, and her bonnet was laden with all sorts of fashionable frippery. A mingled odor of otto of roses and musk was faintly perceptible as she entered the room.

No wonder Lydia and I, recklessly indifferent as we were to the obligations of the toilette, to whom pomades were unknown, and *patchouli* and *bouquet de la reine* utterly incomprehensible—no wonder we were completely dumb-founded at the apparition of our visitor, long expected and long dreaded as she had been.

Miss Ponosby, however, possessed all that ease and graceful self-possession, which is only acquired by habitude to society. She took my

hand and shook it with a cordiality that set all the little chains and loekets at her wrists jingling furiously. Then turning to my brothers:

"My cousin Arthur, I presume," said she, smiling, "and Hugh and Stephen? My uncle has been initiating me into the nomenclature of my unknown relations, you see."

By this time I had collected myself sufficiently to offer to conduct our guest to her apartment. So I showed the way, followed by the rustling, jingling, perfumed Miss Ponosby, who in her turn, was followed by Lydia, grimacing, opening wide eyes, and elevating her eyebrows, in testimony of her emotions. Arrived at the "best chamber," Miss Ponosby swept across the room to the window, which commanded an extensive view.

"What a magnificent prospect!" said she, with real heartiness; "and how pleasant the country is! You seem to have quite an extensive domain, too, attached to the house. Charming!"

Having listened to these words, Lydia and I, very shyly and awkwardly, took our departure from the room. Once outside the door we rushed back to the drawing-room.

"O, what a time we have to look forward to!" exclaimed Lydia; "did ever any one see such a finikin, affected, fine lady in this world!"

"So very fine," cried Stephen, mimicking her. "My uncle has been initiating me into the nomenclature of my unknown relations. There's a flow of language for you! We must hunt up our Lexicons while our fair cousin abides with us."

"Lexicons, indeed!" growled Hugh; I neither intend to say anything to her, or to trouble myself to listen to what she says. I only hope she'll like us as little as we like her, and then she won't stay long."

"Hadn't you better provide some special diet for our friend?" sneered Stephen, taking up the theme; "surely she'll never touch the homely beef and mutton that it is our habit to partake of. Jackdaw's eggs stewed with rose-leaves, I should think would form the most substantial repast. Or, Lydia, you will surely have no objection to boil your love-birds for your sweet cousin's delectation. Consider, my dear, the duties of hospitality."

"Yes," joined in Arthur, very gravely, "we must all consider that. And it isn't hospitable, Stephen, to make fun of a guest, let me assure you."

Arthur's displeasure curbed, though it could not entirely crush, Stephen's sarcasm and Hugh's grumbling. The two boys retired to a remote corner, from whence occasional bursts of laughter issuing, apprised us of the subject of their whispered conversation.

Miss Ponosby made her graceful entrance into the room just as the tea equipage appeared. Now that her large shawl was removed, we could see how elegantly her dress fitted, how tastefully it was ornamented, and with what care the tiny lace collar and cuffs were suited to the rest of her attire. What a contrast she presented to Lydia and myself as she sat between

us at the tea-table! Her hair smooth and silky, while ours hung in disheveled curls about our faces; her hands fair and delicate, and covered with rings, while ours were red and rough as a housemaid's. The thought passed across my mind that the contrast was perhaps not wholly favorable to us; but I would never have dared to give utterance to such an idea.

The conversation was neither very general nor very lively, until my father appeared, and then it was entirely confined to him and Miss Ponosby. They talked of the city, and of places and of people we knew nothing about; and we felt all the spite of the uninitiated toward the more privileged, accordingly. When tea was over, and my father after his usual custom, had departed to his study to smoke and read the paper, we all gathered together round one window, leaving our visitor sitting in solitary state at the table.

She, however, soon accommodated herself to her position; fetched a book from the side-table and immediately, to all appearance, was lost in deep study. We cast furtive and unkindly glances at her, and communicated our dislike to one another under our breath. Thus things lasted till candles came in; and then Arthur magnanimously set an example of attention to our guest, by asking her if she played and sang. She answered yes, smilingly; and willingly consented to let us hear her. So she rose, and went to the piano, and played several brilliant things, which we did not understand, and therefore did not like, and then she sang one or two Italian songs, which made a similar impression on our untutored minds. Lydia and I were resolute in refusing to play after our accomplished cousin; we sat in grim silence, doing nothing, but looking very cross.

After the young lady had retired for the night, we all gathered around Arthur to know what he thought of her.

"O!" said he, yawning, "she is a very fine girl and talks well. Rather too stylish for us quiet folks, perhaps; but still—"

"I wonder how long she is arranging her dress of a morning," speculated Lydia, "and settling her chains and braeclets. Why, it must occupy half the night to take them off. And what with brushing her hair—O dear!"

"Lydia doesn't consider smooth hair compatible with any womanly virtues," laughed Arthur; "and she repudiates brush and comb."

"O, I hate vanity!" cried she abruptly, but coloring too.

And I noticed thenceforward a gradual improvement in the appearance of Lydia's abundant brown tresses. Possibly the example of our elegant cousin effected some good in both of us. We could not but catch some infection of her neatness and care in dress; moreover, we were all obliged to own she was not ill-natured, and was very willing to assist us with her advice, or even her helping hands, in any matter of costume. This ready kindness was also evinced in other ways. Miss Ponosby was always pleased to play or sing, to teach us studies of embroidery, new waltzes on the piano, or new mysteries in crochet. As for her "choice language," I am inclined to

think it was accidental, and not a matter of habit with her. We were obliged privately to acknowledge that her fine ladyism, even, after all, resolved itself into always having clean hands and face, smooth hair, tasteful dress, and quiet manners.

Nevertheless, in spite of these concessions, we did not "get on together" very rapidly. We still furtively quizzed her fashionable dresses, and gentle, refined manners. We still thought her good for nothing but to sit still and look pretty, and do fancy work. Except Arthur, who, with his usual gentlemanlike feeling, paid her the more attention because we were inclined to neglect her—except Arthur, we all eschewed her society whenever we decently could, and still looked upon her presence among us as the "bore," the tiresome, disagreeable necessity, we had originally considered it.

So two or three weeks passed, and I think it occurred to none of us that our cousin Caroline might have feelings below the surface of her quiet, pleasant bearing, and that there might be more in her than we saw, or chose to see. I believe I was the first, not to make the discovery, (I was too obtuse in those days ever to be in danger of such a thing,) but to have the fact forced on me. One evening tea waited; my father was in a hurry, and Miss Ponosby had not responded to her summons. I was dispatched to her room; with my usual *gauche* precipitance, I entered, without any warning given, or permission asked. To my dismay, my cousin was sitting at the window, crying. She looked up at the noise of my sudden approach, and my loud announcement of "Tea!" and colored deeply, more with indignation than shame, I think. I had the grace to utter some apology, and the feeling, too, to wish to know what grieved her.

"Is anything the matter, cousin?" said I, timidly.

"Pray take no notice," she replied, hardly rising, and beginning so arrange her hair. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting; I did not hear the bell. I will be down stairs immediately."

And simply by looking at me she forced me from the room. When she appeared in the parlor, she seemed much as usual, though I was able to detect the red mark round her eyes, and the nervous flutter of her fingers, those white, ringed fingers we had so often laughed at, Lydia and I.

I felt sorry for her, and ashamed of myself, that by my own behavior I had placed such a barrier of indifference between us, that now, when all my romance was interested, my better feelings aroused, and I really desired to draw near to her, I was unable to do so.

That evening, after tea, we three girls and Arthur went for a walk, through the woods to St. Ann's Pool, that great piece of water whereon our boating in summer and our skating in winter depended. I remember, as Lydia and I walked behind Miss Ponosby and Arthur, my sister's allusions in the usual scornful style to our visitor's silk dress, pretty mantle, and delicate bonnet, did not chime with my mood as harmoniously as usual. I was glad to

remember this fact afterward. When we came to the "Poof," which was really a lake, as deep and as broad as most lakes, we two girls, of course, wanted a row. There were two boats always there, and we had soon unlocked the boat-house, and unmoored one of the little "tubs," as Arthur called them. I don't know why Arthur took it into his head to go off with one boat, while we stood watching him. Some freak of vanity, I have since thought, made him eager to show off his real skill and united grace and strength in rowing, for our cousin to see more advantageously than she would have done when in the boat. And we looked on, while he skimmed across to the opposite bank, and then came back. But half-way—something seemed wrong—he drew up his oars—shouted to us—

"Bring the other boat! there's a leak in this, and she's scuttling. Make haste!"

The other boat! In our observance of him we had forgotten the other boat, which, released from its fastening, was floating away, and was already far beyond our reach. Lydia and I shrieked dismally:

"It's gone—it's gone! He'll be drowned! He can't swim!"

Where was Miss Ponosby? She had sprung from the raised platform of the boat-house, and was making her way along the muddy bank by which the escaped boat was quietly gliding. On she went, and now, being abreast of the boat, she waded into the water—regardless of shrieking, helpless Lydia, of that pretty dress and mantle—up to her waist, caught hold, climbed in, and had the oars in the water sooner than I can relate it all.

"Hold up!" she cried then to Arthur, in the treacherous, fast-sinking "tub." We hardly breathed, I think, till he had hold of the oar she held out to him, and was safe. Then we sat down and cried.

As for Arthur and Caroline, when I looked up they were standing close by, Arthur supporting her, for she had hurt herself in the adventure, and was now as pale as if she were going to faint.

"Can't you give any help, girls?" cried Arthur, almost angrily. "You see, you see—good Heavens! she is injured; she is terribly injured."

"No, no!" was all she could say, in a faint voice. Then we saw her arm was bleeding from a great cut. In the midst of my fright I was amazed to see the passionate way in which Arthur pressed his lips to the wound, saying, in a low, fervent voice:

"For me, for me! I think I never prized my life before, Caroline!"

Yes, I heard, and so did she. The color came into her face again, and she disengaged herself from all our supporting arms, declaring she was quite well, quite ready to walk home.

I hardly know how we walked home. Lydia was crying half the time, being thoroughly subdued by fright and affliction. As for me I looked at my cousin, who, leaning on Arthur's arms walked feebly in her ruined silk dress, from which we had wrung the water as well as we could. And I sighed with a new consciousness

as, ever and anon, I caught some words in Arthur's passionate voice, and then Caroline's low sweet tone in reply.

It was my first glimpse into the Enchanted Land. New and mysterious as it was all to me I intuitively comprehended, and I moralized within myself, somewhat in this fashion.

"Well, only to think! I'll never judge from appearances again. Who would have supposed that our fine lady-cousin would turn out a heroine after all, just like a girl in a book? and that Arthur would fall in love with her? and that she would be our sister at last?"

Any other catastrophe never struck me as being within the nature of things. Even when, on arriving at home, Caroline escaped at once to her own room, and Arthur strode off into the shrubbery, dark as it was, I still was not undeceived. I was rather surprised when my offer to assist Miss Ponosby in changing her wet garments was refused in a subdued and tearful voice. But I thought, people have different ways of taking things. I dare say she is very happy, though she is crying about it.

But I was roughly aroused to the real state of affairs. Arthur reappeared, and called me to him in his evening ramble. Glad enough I was to do it, though I could hardly keep up with his impetuous steps. He plunged in *medias res*, and undeceived me at once.

"Lizzy, it's all over; she's refused me, I'm miserable for life. But no matter, she mustn't suffer, she mustn't be distressed; she's an angel, Lizzy!"

"No, not if she makes you miserable," said I promptly, bitterly and decisively.

"Pshaw, it isn't her fault; she never encouraged or thought of such a thing. I know that; I know I'm a fool ever to have allowed myself to think of her; but—but for all that I shall love her as long as I live."

"Of course you will," I rejoined in eager faith, "and it is very hard that she—O Arthur! after all, how I wish she had never come here!"

"I shall never wish that," said he, after a few minutes' pause; and even now, looking back over all the intervening years, I can recall the manly uplift look of my brother's face as he said so. "I am the better for having known her. I would live the last three weeks again gladly; even to paying their price, as I do now."

We were both silent for a little while after this; then he resumed, hurriedly:

"All this while I am forgetting what I called you for, Lizzy. You must contrive to keep a great deal with her, so that my absence may be unnoticed. No one but us three need ever know; and she is so sensitive. In another week I shall be going back to college, and then it will be all right."

He said the cheerful words very dearly, though. I burst out impetuously:

"Arthur, she can't help liking you. Perhaps some day—ah! don't give it up; don't go and be hopeless about it."

"No, my dear little sister, it's no use. She loves another man, and has been engaged to him for seven years."

Seven years! I was aghast. I could not help remembering that seven years ago, Arthur, a little fellow in cap and jacket, was playing

leap-frog and marbles with all a schoolboy's gusto. However, I said nothing; for evidently the recollection had no place in Arthur's thoughts. He went on:

"He has been abroad a long time. She expects him back shortly; then they will be married. She told me: she said I had a right to know. She behaved beautifully; she is everything that is most pure, most gentle, most angelic. In spite of all my wretchedness, I know that."

So he went on, till we were summoned indoors. Poor Arthur! he was thoroughly earnest and thoroughly generous in his love for Caroline Ponosby. If the misery he so freely spoke of were less than absolutely real, and rather a luxurious novelty than anything else, I did not detect it then, and I was not quite able to forgive our cousin for having caused it.

My father met us as we entered the house. He had a letter in his hand, which he held out to me.

"It's for your cousin," he said. "Take it to her. She is not well, I hear; but I'm mistaken if this doesn't prove a panacea even for being half-drowned."

He shook his head at us, but with his merriest smile. I ran up-stairs with the letter.

Caroline looked miserable enough, even my sisterly jealousy was compelled to own. But my father was right. At sight of the letter her face brightened, and when she had read two or three lines, she fairly burst into tears and buried her face in the wonderful missive.

"He is in England; he will be here to-morrow," she said, in the first impulse of her relieved heart. I suppose I looked grim, for, after a little while, she drew me toward her, holding fast of my hands, and looking straight into my face.

"Don't be unjust," she said, with resolved frankness; "and don't draw back and keep aloof from me as you have done. Partly it was my fault, doubtless; but remember, cousin, you were at home and I was among strangers; and though I yearned to give you my confidence, I could not force it on you. My uncle knew. I wish he had told you."

She stopped, pained by my apparently unsympathizing silence, I suppose.

"Arthur will—Arthur won't—Arthur is too brave—" said I, incoherently.

"Arthur being ten years younger than I am," she remarked, gently, "may be reasonably expected to forget all that had best be forgotten. Yet for his generous kindness, his friendliness to me when friendliness was so needed, I shall always be grateful, and always grieve that it cost him even a passing sorrow."

"A passing sorrow?" repeated I, indignant again on the other side.

However, since then I have been compelled to acknowledge I was mistaken in more things than one concerning our cousin from the city. Even as early as next morning, when there dashed up a stage-coach, and there entered a brown-bearded, brown-complexioned man, who looked to me quite as old as my father, and who, it seemed, was that "other man" of whom Arthur had spoken to me; even then I began to allow that perhaps there were incongruities in my brother's first love that might prove fatal to eternal constancy, and perpetual misery thereanent, humiliating as was the conclusion.

Yes, and now, when the annual family gathering is held at Abbott's Grange, and happy Caroline, with her husband and children, sits talking with her old friend my brother Arthur, also happy with his wife and bairns, (he married, I think, his fifth love;) and when I remember how true and energetic her friendship has always been, how many times it has helped him, as it has cheered and comforted us all; I am compelled to acknowledge that first impressions are not infallible even at sixteen, and that early youth, with all its enthusiasm and generosity, is too apt sometimes to blend a good deal of injustice.

SARATOGA.

ELI PERRINS' TALE OF LOVE AND HOPE.

A correspondent of the New York *Graphic* writes:

This morning I met the most disconsolate young man I ever saw. His name is Mason. He is from New York. He has been in Saratoga all summer. He seemed to know every young lady at the spa, and has been an immense favorite with all of them. He has also stood a good chance with the dashing young ladies from Chicago, and the flippy-floppy girls from Oil City. He has danced more, sat on the back balcony longer, and in closer proximity to beautiful young ladies, and walked over the graveyard with more rich and aristocratic girls from Clarendon, than any bean in Saratoga. And still this young man came to me yesterday almost heart-broken. His eye had the look of despair.

"I am discouraged and sick of life," he said; "I want to die."

"What—you! you want to leave this festive scene, Robert?" I said, taking off my glasses and looking him straight in the face.

"Yes, Uncle Eli, I am tired of life," he sighed in a hoarse whisper. "I came to Saratoga with a theory. I believe in that theory as I believed in my life. I worked for it day and night. I cherished it, practiced it and worshipped it, only to see its utter failure—only to work out my own ruination by it."

"What was your theory, Robert?" I asked. "Was it to bet continually on the ace—to wager large sums on the same card, hoping and believing it would sometime win and make you rich? Was it—"

"O, no; nothing of the kind. It was a social theory, Eli. You know I have blood and family and good looks. My pet theory was to come to Saratoga and marry a girl with a bad cough, with the consumption."

"And you have finally become engaged to the object of your affection, then Robert?" I asked, becoming deeply interested in the young man.

"No, sir, alas! Oh, no! My theory has failed. I have been unfortunate. The first young lady I met was from Chicago—Miss Johnson. She was sweet, and O! so affectionate, and had just the cough to suit me. A low hacking cough, it was fairly melodious, and I knew it would prove fatal to the object of my affection in a year; but, alas! and then he buried his face in his hands.

"What, Robert?" I asked.

"Alas! In a fatal moment I learned she had no money to go with it. She was poor, but such a lovely cough. Just the one I had so long and vainly searched for."

"What then?"

"Why then I met the rich Miss Lilly Thompson, of Madison avenue. She was very rich. She wore laces and diamonds and a new dress at every hop. She just suited me. She was just the girl I had been looking for, with one exception."

"What was that Robert?"

"Oh, dear, there was no cough to go with it. She was all health and money. There had never been any consumption in the family—just

my luck!" and then he turned his face in his hands again and wept long and bitterly.

"Again, Eli," he began, drawing closer, "one happy day I met the very object to my affection, the paragon I had been searching after for years. She was rich and delicate. She had just the cough, the fatal consumptive cough, I had fancied in my dreams and sighed for in my waking hours. Two hundred thousand in her own right, and yet so frail and delicate, so near death's welcome door," and Robert's face shone with a joyous light as he described the frail, rich object, of his affections.

"And still you are not happy, my dear friend," I remarked, as he brushed the ashes of his cigar upon my boot. "Can it be that she refused you?"

"O, no! alas, she accepted me. I took her pale, jeweled hand in mine. I placed upon it a \$1,000 solitaire. She was too frail to speak loud. She coughed and whispered her love, while, overcome with emotion, her languid eyes suffused with tears. I was too happy to live. But, O dear Eli! I was born to disappointment. Fate ruthlessly placed the lovely prize from out my grasp. Fate—"

"But how, Robert?" I asked.

"Well in an evil moment my Lily began to drink the water here. Not the mineral, but the pure water from the hydrant. If she had stuck to Congress water I would be happy now; but one fatal day she drank some hydrant water. She felt better. Then she drank more—then more, till at last she used to drink ten glasses every morning. Then her appetite came back. She began to grow stout. Her cough went away, her cheeks grew red, and my beautiful, frail Lily became a healthy, ruddy holyhoek. She took to bowling, then riding on horseback, and this morning—O, dear! I cannot tell you."

"Go ahead, Robert; tell me all," I urged, confidentially.

Well, this morning, Mr. Perkins, she—she my frail Lily—carried her Saratoga trunk down two flights of stairs just for an excuse. Then she asked me to walk three miles, over to the lake and when we got there, oh, dear! she cat ham, and woodcock, and potatoes, and almost an entire black bass, weighing three pounds, and when Mrs. Myers asked her if she would have another, she said no; she was afraid it would take away her appetite for dinner." And here I am engaged to her, with no prospect ahead but just to spend my whole life marketing and spending that \$200,000 for her, and I to get only my victuals and clothes."

And then Robert Mason leaned heavily forward on his hands, while tears trickled through his fingers and pattered down on his white duck pantaloons—a wretched heart-broken and ruined man.

"When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand on my head."

HOW TO GET UP AN EXPLOSION.

A festive youth, who performs his daily avocation in the mine of Lander Hill, thought he would take home a little blasting powder the other day; it might come handy to split an obstinate log he had at home. As he started for his humble cabin in the evening he wrapped a few ounces carefully in several thicknesses of paper and put it in his pocket. When he got home he got to thinking how long it would be before he was likely to get a crushing; and then he thought what a nice perfume that handkerchief extract that he bought last Saturday night had; and he said within himself that a miner's life was sad and uncertain. And then he thought he ought to call on Smithers' girl to-night. He thought of everything but that powder in the pocket of his coat.

After supper he concluded to drop in and see that Smithers' girl. He got his necktie in proper shape, his handkerchief was perfumed like unto a new blown rose; one oiled lock hung gracefully down on his forehead, and he started for the domicile of his sweetness. This young man is coloring a meerschaum, but his girl detests the horrid smoke; so when he got to the door he knocked the bowl of his meerschaum on his manly heel, and put it in his pocket. Of course he didn't intend to put it in the same pocket with the powder. His affinity met him at the door with a sweet smile on her beautiful countenance, welcomed him to her paternal mansion, and invited him into the parlor and to a seat on the sofa.

They were engaged in conversation. He asked her if it wasn't a beautiful evening, and then she inquired how he liked the dress Miss Brown wore at church last Sunday. He said that he didn't like it a bit; and she remarked that Miss B— was a stuck-up thing anyhow; and all this time that pipe was burning its way through the paper. He agreed that Miss B was somewhat stuck-up, and said may be he'd srike it pretty soon and then you'd see who would wear plug hats. She told him she thought plug hats so becoming, and then she was the darling of his soul, and that all his happiness was centered in his No. 7 boots; but he was interrupted. He rose from the floor and inquired if the lightning had struck any one else, and remarked something about the Virginia explosion being a warning to people not to keep nitro-glycitrine in their houses. Then he took off his coat. He said it was an old coat, and he didn't want it nohow. His girl's father suggested that it wasn't Fourth of July and if he wanted to set off fireworks to go up on the hill and do it. Then the young man said it was getting late, and he guessed he would go home, and suggested that he would send a man around to-morrow to fix the sofa. He says now that flax seed isn't worth a cuss for a poultice, and he hain't going to call on that Smithers' gal any more; she's most too high toned, and thinks herself too good for a miner anyhow.

It is said that General Meyer began life as a poor, barefooted boy. Since then he has succeeded in covering his feet, but he has become barefooted on the top of his head.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[Published by request.]

I.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door—
'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore.

III.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

IV.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam," truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

V.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fear-
ing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken, was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

VI.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
'Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thar'at is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore,—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

VII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or staid he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

VIII.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no
raven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Pleutonian shore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

IX.

Much I marvel'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing, that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

X.

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters, is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—"Never—nevermore!"

XI.

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what the ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, 'ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

XII.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah! nevermore!

XIII.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath
sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forgot this lost Lenore!
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XIV.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XV.

"Prophet!" said I, thing of evil?—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XVI.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, up-
starting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XVII.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore—

A STORY OF MODERN HONOR.

I was well acquainted with two young men who made their first appearance in the society of London at about the same period, Lord Oranmore and Mr. Severn. Many things appeared to have fallen to the share of each in nearly equal portions, such as considerable wealth, great advantages of personal appearance, and brilliant mental endowments; upon both, it is almost needless to add, the world dawned brightly, and smiled kindly. Perhaps, however, the points of difference were even more striking than those of resemblance between them. In the very matter of their good looks for instance, to which I have alluded, Lord Oranmore was extremely dark, his countenance serious and even stern, his figure lofty and imposing; the complexion of his contemporary was fair, and was particularly remarkable for the open and radiant expression of his countenance. If I had been writing a tale or a novel I should probably have presented each of them to my reader at once by informing him that *Salvator Rosa* would have shadowed the outline of Oranmore with one of his shaggy rocks, or blighted trees; and that *Raphael* might have selected Severn for a student in the school of Athens, or a listener around in the group of *St. Cecilia*. I shall, perhaps, as briefly convey an impression of their moral characteristics by stating that Oranmore was frequently told that in many particulars he bore a close resemblance to Lord Byron, and that Severn had occasionally been admonished by some of his most attached friends, that if he did not take very good care, he would end in being a saint.

The prevailing tone of society may be estimated in some degree from the manner in which these opposite suggestions were received by the parties to whom they were addressed. "You really flatter me too much," modestly replied Lord Oranmore. "I trust not quite that either," sensitively remonstrated Mr. Severn.

The same inference might have been drawn from occurrences in their behaviour. Severn unaffectedly wished to be religious, and was in his practice ostentatiously benevolent; but at no time was he ever known to have appeared so annoyed, as when he had been casually overheard administering appropriate consolation to a dying servant; and Oranmore upon one occasion spent an entire night at a country-house, where he was staying with a large party, in pacing up and down his apartment, because he knew that he should be heard underneath; not with the malicious purpose of giving a bad night to the unfortunate tenants of the first floor, for he was by no means an ill-natured person, but that he might gain the credit due to a disturbed conscience and a mysterious remorse.

Strictly, rigidly exclusive as to persons, but amiably lax as to characters, society saw fit, in the exercise of its high caprice, to smile with nearly equal favour on the mitigated demon and qualified angel of my story; it happened, consequently, that few were the assemblies and dinners at which they did not meet. This

most unsought-for frequency of contact brought the natural dissonance of their feelings yet more strikingly into evidence, so that before their first season was half over, they had begun to entertain, and even to display towards each other sentiments first of jealousy, then of dislike, in which Oranmore bitterly indulged, and against which Severn sincerely, but feebly struggled. In the brilliant career which was opening before them, while success seemed common to both, the spheres of their ascendancy were not precisely the same. Men liked Severn best. Women talked more of Oranmore; few were the partners who could command attention when his forehead was discerned in the distance towering above the crowd; chaperons shrank while they stared; and no servant could ever succeed in getting rid of an inch in the opposite direction. But in politics, Severn had a decided advantage; though both had spoken in the House of Commons with great talent and effect, he was readier, more judicious and popular; and perhaps this was brought home to Oranmore's conviction more forcibly, because they happened to be on the same side—that of opposition. He was, therefore, obliged to assent, to cheer, and to praise, as well as to envy.

But worse remained behind. In love—in the heart of woman—Oranmore's own domain—the star of his rival prevailed. Lady Alice Bohun had refused him, and was now listening with evident satisfaction to the addresses of Severn.

About this time an important debate occurred in the House, and Severn had made a brilliant and most effective speech; the adversary who had followed him paid a high compliment to his oratory, and a member who had piqued himself upon his independence rose to inform him that it had made him a convert. No success could have been more unequivocal, as Oranmore felt, while the idea annoyed and irritated him. Men are frequently drawn irresistibly on to be witness of the triumph at which their very souls sicken; and when Severn stopped on his way home to sup at the club with applauding friends Oranmore sat down with them. Upon his countenance sat a placid and to him an unusual smile. "At all events, I shall hear the worst of all they can say in his praise," was his inward rumination.

The spirits of those who sat around that board mounted high; the debate had been animated, the division close, the victory on their side, and the wine was abundant. Severn talked most, and laughed loudest; Oranmore drank deepest.

"By the way, what a lame reply the Secretary made to your speech, Severn," said Sir Matthew Poynding, "You had taken it out of him."

The orator assented. "I never heard so bad a speech in my whole life."

"I cannot quite think that," interposed Oranmore. "I have heard him make better; but I believe a man of his genius could not make a bad one if he tried."

"He could not make a bad speech!" echoed Sir Matthew.

"He could not make a bad speech," echoed that patriot company.

"Come, come! he has offered Oranmore a place," cried Severn.

There was a flush in the cheek, and a flash from the eye, and a quivering on the lip, and the countenance of Oranmore was again placid.

"Ministers must go out after this division," said Mr. Pymden.

"And who will be sent for in that case,?" added Mr. Ham.

"Why, Severn is the man for the country," roared out Sir Matthew; "is not he, Oranmore?"

"I wish you would have the goodness, Sir Matthew, not to spill your wine over me."

"Don't tell me—Pitt was two years younger when he was premier."

"Well, if you are minister, Severn, pray, remember me!" was the postulate of Ham.

"And me, too," was corollary of Pymden.

"By all means, gentlemen; you, Sir Matthew, shall have the Board of Trade; the Colonies for Ham; and Pymden shall be at the Mint; and what place will you choose, Oranmore?"

"Place!—place for me!" shouted Oranmore, "and from you, of all mankind—you puppet of a patriot—who, even in the first burst of your shallow popularity, cannot smother your assumption of honesty."

"It is better to assume anything, than the principles of an infidel and the language of a bully."

"These words, at least, must be answered elsewhere. I shall be found at my lodging."

"Oranmore! we are warm, and have both drunk too much; we cannot tell what we are doing; here is my hand."

"Ay, take it, Oranmore," said Sir Matthew; "we must not have two of our thorough-going ones quarrel."

"I would not touch it to save his soul from hell! Severn, you are a cringing, canting coward!"

Oranmore left the room.

The patriots might possibly have interposed; but Pymden was fast asleep; Ham was dead drunk; Sir Matthew said it would do their side harm if one of them had put up with being called a coward; Mr. M'Taggart of M'Taggart, had made a rule never to mix himself up in such proceedings; and the rest did not care.

It was arranged that Sir Matthew, who seemed to be the most sober of the party, should proceed to Lord Oranmore's lodging; and there speedily settled by him and an equally serviceable ally on the other side, that a meeting should take place at seven o'clock the next morning, in a field behind Hammersmith.

Severn, hurried and bewildered, felt a strong desire to see Lady Alice before that decisive encounter, the necessity of which he rather had passively acquiesced in than deliberately recognized. He remembered then that she was hard by at Almack's Wednesday ball; and thither accordingly he repaired to find her.

There are those among the most well-meaning, who frown indiscriminately upon places of gay resort; who maintain that they all unfit the mind alike for graver duties and high-

er intercourse. I, on the other hand, with unfeigned deference to the sincerity of such opinions, am still inclined to think that, like almost everything else, they may be turned to profit as well as to abuse; that at the crowded assembly, the listening concert, the applauding theater, emotions may be awakened and watched; opportunities suggested and improved upon, so as to amend and adorn existence. This reflection has arisen from what now took place. As Severn stood in the midst of that full and brilliant room, with his head leaning back upon one of the pillars which support the orchestra, the scenes of gayety and the sounds of harmony which surrounded him produced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The sense of duties, obligations, and hopes, became more vivid to his mind, and half audibly murmured, "I must not shed his blood—God forbid that!—I must not let him shed mine."

But to mere emotion let no man ever trust. At this moment he saw, through a sudden opening in the throng, Lady Alice Bohun approach him, but was conversing with Lord George Glenearn, upon whose arm she leaned, with apparent animation.

"Oh, Mr. Severn! I had not seen you before. Thank you, Lord George, this is my place. When did you come, Mr. Severn?"

"This very moment; the House has not been up long."

"How could I forget to wish you joy upon your speech! The whole room is full of it. They say that it was by far the most beautiful thing that ever was heard, and that—But do you know you are not looking well?"

"A little knocked up, perhaps. You seem very, very well."

"It is a perfect ball. I have just been dancing, too, with Lord George Glenearn, and nobody is half so entertaining; though I am almost angry with myself for being so much amused by him, as you know they told a very ugly story of him two or three years ago about his not fighting when he ought."

"Lady Alice, I believe I am to have the honor of this dance," interposed a tripping clerk in the colonial office, and up struck the quadrilles in *La Dame Blanche*.

Severn walked home at a rapid pace, flung off his clothes, and then from the mere force of habit, before stepping into bed, knelt down to pray. That act first recalled to him the power of recollection at least, if not of reflection.

Four or five several times, with his fevered head upon his burning hands, he attempted to articulate the accustomed words, but still found in them something that stopped him. "It will not do!" he exclaimed, and sprang into bed.

He slept instantly, and soundly, till roused by Sir Matthew in the morning. With but one determination—not to think—he dressed, allowed himself to be forced to swallow some breakfast, and was seated in the chariot at the side of his—friend!

"Well, I will say however, I never saw a fellow cooler in my life," observed the admiring baronet.

"Only have the goodness not to talk to me," was the somewhat ungrateful rejoinder.

The injunction produced its effect for five

minutes, when Sir Matthew took a hint from some piece of ground which they passed, and launched off into a circumstantial denial of all the political duels which had occurred in his time and which, as it entailed interchangeno of communication, Severn allowed to proceed without further interruption.

When they arrived upon the ground, they found their antagonists in readiness. The seconds made the necessary arrangements, and the principals took their places, exchanging at the time signs of haughty but calm recognition. They had entertained for each other, since the period of their first acquaintance, feelings of distaste, if not of ill-will; they had now met for the most hostile purpose that can bring human creatures together, yet they had never before experienced so little of mutual repugnance. Oranmore felt that he had been the most to blame in the original quarrel, and Severn condemned no one but himself for his present position.

A signal was given; Severn fired steadily, but without being observed into the air; the shot of Oranmore did not take effect. It had been determined by the seconds, that after language of so little qualified a character, the honor of the parties required the purifying ordeal of a second fire, supposing the first to be ineffectual. Fresh pistols were accordingly supplied, and a second signal given with great rapidity, which entirely precluded the combatants from taking either aim or thought. Oranmore missed again, but received in his breast the bullet of Severn.

He fell flat and heavy.—Where are the words to tell what the moment was when that sight crossed the eyes of his opponent?

The wounded man was put on a plank and carried into an adjoining farm-house. The surgeon in attendance announced that he would not live above an hour. Oranmore who retained entire possession of his faculties, heard the intelligence, and immediately asked for Severn.

"He is standing by your bed. We could not get him to leave you."

"Come near to me, Severn; take my hand—I refused yours last night. You must forgive me for having led you into this scene of horror—the blame is mine—I am very weak, and you must take measures for escape."

"Live, live, if you would not make me miserable—mad! Live to rescue my soul from guilt and anguish—from blood and murder!—Live, that I may devote my life to serve, to appreciate you, to make atonement to you!—Live, o save and bless me!—I know not what I say or think!—Live! but live! brave and gifted Oranmore!"

Here he was absolutely forced into the carriage by Sir Matthew; but he had at least the consolation of learning afterwards that his victim died, it might be hoped, in sincere, but because it appeared in abject penitence.

He heard his companion arrange the whole plan of his intended flight, and even expressed his acquiescence; but when he perceived that, having absolved his mind upon this point, that exemplary politician was about to enter upon an enumeration of the probable divisions

he would miss, and more especially to regret that he would not be able to take any part in an important motion of Ham's, which stood for the next Tuesday, there was something in his countenance which awed even Sir Matthew into silence.

Upon their arrival in town, while Sir Matthew, more pleased to be of active service, than in close contact with so unsociable a remorse, was occupied in hastening some necessary arrangements for the safe departure of his friend, he proceeded himself, regardless of the danger which he thus incurred, to the residence of Lady Alice, and requested to see her alone.

"I am come, Lady Alice, to take leave of you."

"Larve, Mr. Severn!—You are not going away for long, I hope?"

"If it can give you pain, it even adds to the concern—the deep concern I now feel.—I am going away forever."

"No, you would not come here to tell me that! but your looks!—Oh! for mercy's sake what has happened?"

He told her: she appeared deeply shocked, and it was some time before she could say anything.

"I am grieved, extremely grieved; it is most melancholly—dreadful!—Poor Lord Oranmore! Such youth and beauty!—I pity him sincerely."

"And I, in many, many respects, as sincerely envy him."

"But you must not be too much borne down by it. It is most unfortunate; but only consider how much worse it would have been if you had refused to fight."

Does the reader remember that beautiful passage in Lord Byron, where Conrad, the man of combats, shudders at the stain upon the forehead of Gulnare?

That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men!

What that spot was to the Corsair, were the last words of Lady Alice to Severn. She stood before him after she had uttered them, beautiful, feminine, and patrician as ever; but he had ceased to worship, and the shrine had lost its idol. Perhaps it was good for him that it should be thus; and the few hasty syllables which dropped from the lips of her whom he most admired may have given what otherwise he might have needed, strength and constancy in parting.

It was four or five years after these occurrences that I met Severn in a maritime town of the Levant. I had been well acquainted with him in London, had always felt a strong attraction towards him, and now, partially and by degrees succeeded in obtaining his confidence. That sacred trust I do not here violate. "England," he once to me, "I feel myself incapable of ever revisiting; memory is enough without memorials; but if in the detail of what I have done and suffered, anything is to be found that might either teach or warn, I should look upon the disclosure as part of the reparation which it is now the object of my life to make."

Upon quitting England he had enlisted him-

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The river Shannon, in its passage westward towards the Atlantic, expands about forty miles below the city of Limerick, into a capacious sheet of water resembling an estuary, and making a distance of ten or twelve miles from bank to bank. At the northern, or county of Clare side, is the town of Kilrush. Upon the opposite shore, adjoining the borders of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, is the town of Tarbert; and a few miles higher up the stream the now inconsiderable village of Glyn—the same from which a branch of the Fitzgeralds originally took their ancient, and still honored title of "Knights of Glyn." None of these places make any kind of show upon the banks which, besides, are pretty thickly planted, almost down to the water's edge. The river itself in this part presents few signs of human intercourse. In the finest summer weather the eye may often look round and search in vain for a single bark or boat to break the solitude of the scene. The general desolation is in fact at times so complete, that were an adept in crime to be in quest of a place where a deed of violence might be perpetrated under the eye of God alone, he could not select a fitter scene than the channel of the river Shannon, midway between the points I have just described.

One morning, a little after sunrise, about the latter end of July, in the year—, two poor fishermen, named Patrick Connell and— Driscoll, who lived at Moneypoint, a small hamlet near Kilrush, went down to the river side, according to their custom, to attend to their occupation. As they walked along the strand, in the direction of their boat, they came upon a human body, which had been washed ashore by the last tide. It was the remains of a young female, and had no clothing or covering whatever, excepting a small bodice. Who or what she had been they could not conjecture, but how she came by her death was manifest. They found a rope tied at one end as tightly as possible round the neck, and at the other presenting a large loop, to which they supposed that a large stone, or some other weight, had been attached, until the working of the stream had caused it to separate. From the general state of the body, and more particularly from the teeth having almost all fallen out, they concluded that it must have been under the water for several weeks. After a short consultation, the two fishermen resolved upon proceeding, without delay, to Kilrush, to apprise the civil authorities of the circumstance; but, in the meantime, they could not bear to think of leaving the remains exposed, as they had found them, on the shore, and liable to be borne away again by the tide before they could return. They accordingly removed the body to a little distance beyond high-water mark, and gave it a temporary interment.

The magistrates of the neighborhood having ascertained, from the report of the fishermen, that a dreadful crime had been committed, set immediate inquiries on foot for the discovery of the offender. The exertions of the magistrates in the present instance were so successful, that a considerable mass of circumstantial

evidence was in readiness for the coroner's jury that was summoned into the identity of the decease, and the cause of her death. The details were voluminous, and I shall, therefore select the most striking and material.

The most important and ample information was communicated by a young woman named Ellen Walsh. A few weeks before the finding of the remains, this person being at Kilrush, went down to the river side in search of a passage across to Glyn, where she resided in service with a lady. It was then approaching sun set. Upon arriving at the shore she found a small pleasure boat on the point of putting off for Tarbott. Six persons were in the boat—a Mr. S—, a young woman who was dressed as Mrs. S—, Steven Sullivan, Mr. S's servant, and three boatmen of the town of Kilrush. There was also on board a runk belonging to Mrs. S—. The only one of the party of whom Ellen Walsh had any previous knowledge was Sullivan, whose native place was Glyn; and upon addressing herself to him for a passage across, she was permitted to enter the boat. Before they had proceeded any distance on their way across, they discovered that this was impracticable. In addition to an adverse tide, it came on to blow so hard against them, that the boat made little or no headway, so that they were kept out upon the water the whole of the night. Towards morning, a heavy rain fell, but the wind having moderated, the rowers succeeded in reaching a small place below Tarbert, called Carriekafoyl. Here the party landed as the day began to dawn and, taking the trunk along with them, proceeded to a small public-house in the village, to dry themselves, and obtained refreshment. After breakfast, the boatmen, who had been hired for the single occasion of rowing the boat across the river, were dismissed, and returned towards their homes. The boat, which (it afterwards appeared) had been purchased a few days before by Mr. S—, remained. Shortly after the departure of the boatmen, Mr. S— and Sullivan went out (they said to search for change of a note), and were absent about an hour, leaving Mrs. S— and Ellen Walsh together in the public-house.

And here it was that some particular observed by the letter, when subsequently recalled to her recollection and disclosed, became of vital moment as matters of circumstantial evidence. It has been already stated, that the body found by the fishermen was without any covering, save a small bodice, so that no direct evidence of identity could be established by ascertaining what particular dress Mrs. S— wore, but, indirectly, a knowledge of this fact, (as will appear in the sequel) became of the first importance. Upon this subject Ellen Walsh was enabled to give some minute and accurate information. She had forgotten the color of the gown Mrs. S— wore when they landed at Carriekafoyl; but she well remembered that she had on a gray cloth mantle, lined with light blue silk, and with welts of a particular fashion in the skirts. She also wore a pink colored neck-handkerchief, and had on her finger two gold rings—one plain, the other carved.

These Ellen Walsh had observed and noted before Mr. S— and the servant left the public-house; but during their absence Mrs. S. opened the trunk, and, with the natural vanity of a young female, exhibited for her admiration several articles of dress which it contained. Among other things there were two trimmed spencers—one of green, the other of yellow silk; two thin muslin frocks—one plain, the other worked; and a green velvet reticule, trimmed with gold lace.

Upon the return of Mr. S— and Sullivan to the public house, the weather now having cleared, they proposed to Mrs. S— to go on board the boat. Ellen Walsh, understanding that Tarbert was their destination, desired to accompany them. But Sullivan, taking her aside, recommended to her to remain where she was till the following morning, adding (and this last observation was in hearing of his master) that in the meantime they would get rid of that girl (Mrs. S—) and then return and convey her to Glyn. This Ellen Walsh declined, and followed the party to the beach, entreating to be at least put on the other side of a certain creek there, which would save her a round of several miles on her way homewards. At first they would not consent, and put off without her; but seeing her begin to cry, Mr. S— and Sullivan, after a short consultation, put back the boat and taking her in, conveyed her across the creek, and landed her about three miles below the town of Glyn. They then sailed away in the direction of the opposite shore, and she proceeded homeward. Early next morning Ellen Walsh having occasion to go upon some errand, was surprised to see Sullivan standing at the door of his mother's house in Glyn. She entered the house and the first thing she perceived was Mrs. S—'s trunk upon the floor. She asked if Mrs. S— was in Glyn. Sullivan replied that she was not; that they had shipped her off with the captain of an American vessel. Two or three days after, Ellen Walsh saw upon one of Sullivan's sisters a gray mantle, which she instantly recognized as the one Mrs. S— had worn at Carriekafoyl. There was a woman at Glyn named Grace Scanlon, with whom Mr. S—, when he went there, was in the habit of lodging. On this person, Ellen Walsh, sometime after, saw the silk handkerchief, one of the spencers, and the two muslin frocks which Mrs. S— had shown her at Carriekafoyl. (These, it appeared from other evidence,) had been sold to Grace Scanlon by Sullivan, who accounted for their coming into his possession, by stating that Mrs. — had run away from Kilrush with an officer, and left her trunk and clothes behind her. Finally, about a fortnight after the disappearance of Mrs. S— Ellen Walsh, going one evening into Ellen Scanlon's house, found Mrs. — and Sullivan sitting there. The former had on one of his fingers a gold carved ring, precisely resembling the one worn by Mrs. S—. They both were under the influence of liquor, and talked much and loud. Among other things Sullivan asked his master for money, and, on being refused, observed emphatically: "Mr. John, you know I have as good a right to that money as you.

Such were in substance, the most material acts (excepting one particular hereafter mentioned) that had fallen under Ellen Walsh's observation; and upon the magistrates being apprised that she had such evidence to give, she was summoned as a witness upon the inquest. She accordingly attended, and accompanied the coroner's jury to the place where the remains had been deposited by the fishermen. The circumstances which she detailed were pregnant with suspicion against Mr. S—— and his servant. A young and defenceless female had disappeared. Upon the last occasion of her having been seen, she was in their company, in an open boat, on the river Shannon. A declaration had been made by the servant "that she was to be got rid of." On the very next day her trunk of clothes is seen in their possession, and soon after a part of the dress she wore in the boat on the servant's sister, and one of the rings on the master's finger; add to this the mysterious allusion to the money: "Mr. John, you know I have as good a right to that money as you have." A few weeks after, a body is washed ashore, near to the place where the young woman had last been seen—the body of the young female, who had, manifestly, been stript and murdered, and flung into the river, and exhibiting symptoms of decay (according to the report of the fishermen) that exactly tallied with the time of her suspected death. But, on the other hand, there were some circumstances in the case, as detailed by Ellen Walsh, which justified the magistrates in considering that a jury should pause before pronouncing her evidence to be conclusive. Of Sullivan they had no knowledge; but his master they knew to be a young gentleman of some territorial property, of respectable parentage, and nearly allied by blood with more than one of the noble families of Ireland. This naturally compelled them to entertain some doubts. Then, upon the supposition that he and his servant had concerted the murder of the young woman Ellen Walsh had seen with them, what could be more clumsy and incautions than their previous and subsequent conduct? The inference from her story of the transaction was, that the time and manner of executing their deadly purpose was finally determined upon during their absence at Carrickafyle. Yet the very first thing they do upon their return is to inform her, without any kind of necessity for the communication, "that they want to get rid of that girl;"—a declaration consistent enough with their subsequent account of her disappearance, but almost incredible, if considered as a gratuitous disclosure, by persons meditating the perpetration of an atrocious crime. They next permit the same person (as if determined that she should be a further witness against them) to see them bearing away their victim to the very scene of execution; and finally, they appear the next day in the town of Glyn, and publicly exhibit themselves and the evidences of their crime to the very person from whose scrutiny and observation, upon the supposition of their guilt, they must have known they had so much to apprehend.

These conflicting views did not escape the attention of the magistrates who had undertaken the investigation of the affair. They saw that the case would continue involved in mystery, unless it could be unequivocally made to appear that the young woman seen by Ellen Walsh and the murdered person were the same. For this purpose, before they allowed the body to be disinterred for the inspection of the jury, they used the precaution of re-interrogating Ellen Walsh as to even the minutest particular she could recall respecting the personal appearance of Mrs. S——. The witness stated that she was extremely young, not more, she thought than fifteen or sixteen, and that her figure was short and slight. So far her description corresponded with that of the fishermen, who were in attendance; but this would have been too feeble and general evidence of identity for a court of criminal identity to determine with safety. The witness further stated that Mrs. S—— was remarkably handsome, and gave the coroner's jury a minute description of her face; but no comparison of feature could now be availing. In the remains over which the investigation was holding, every natural lineament of the countenance must, long since, have been actually effaced by death, and by the equally disfiguring operation of the element to which she had been exposed. At length, however, the witness distinctly recalled to her recollection one peculiarity about Mrs. S—— face, which if she and the deceased were the same, might still be visible. The teeth were not perfectly regular. Two of the upper row, one on each side projected considerably. This important clue having been obtained, the remains were disinterred, and found in the condition which the fishermen had described. The mouth was, of course, the first and most important object of inspection. The teeth of the upper jaw had all fallen out; but, upon a careful examination, of the sockets, two of the side ones were found to be of such a particular formation, as satisfied the jury that the teeth belonging to them, must, of necessity, have projected, as the witness had represented. Upon this fact, coupled with the other particulars of her testimony, they returned a verdict, finding that the deceased had been wilfully murdered by John S—— and Stephen Sullivan.

Warrants were immediately issued for the apprehension of the parties accused, neither of whom had been seen, (and this was not an immaterial circumstance) in public since the finding of the remains of the woman on the shore. The servant succeeded in concealing himself. The master was traced to a particular farm-house in the county of Limerick, and followed thither by the officers of justice, accompanied by a party of dragoons. They searched the place ineffectually, and were returning, as from a fruitless pursuit, when one of the dragoons, as he was riding away, struck his sabre, more in sport than otherwise, in a heap of straw that lay near the house. The sword met with no resistance, and the dragoon had already passed on, when a figure burst from the straw and called for mercy. It was Mr. S——.

From some passages in the statement of El-

len Walsh, it was sufficiently obvious, that the deceased could not have been the wife of Mr. S and who she had been remained to be discovered. Before the lapse of many days this important point was ascertained. There was an humble man, named John Conroy, who had followed the trade of a shoe-maker, in one of the small towns of the county of Limerick. This person had humanely protected a poor orphan girl, named Ellen Hanlon, and brought her up from her infancy in his own house as one of his own children, till she attained her sixteenth year. He was in the habit of visiting Cork annually to purchase articles in the way of his trade, and a few weeks previous to the circumstance above detailed, was about to proceed there, when the young creature who he had loved and protected as his own child, disappeared from his house. He made inquiry in every direction, but never heard of her after, until on reading the description of the young woman found on the shore of the Shannon, near Moneypoint, he knew her to be his lost charge.

The trial came on the ensuing assizes, for the county of Limerick. A clear case of circumstantial evidence, consisting mainly of the foregoing facts was made out against the prisoner, who had nothing, save the ingenuity of counsel, to offer in his defense. When the issue was handed to the jury, it was supposed that they would return a verdict of conviction, without leaving the box; but contrary to expectation, they retired and continued long enough in consultation.

At length, late in the evening, a verdict of guilty was found. Sentence of death was pronounced and the prisoner ordered for execution on the next day but one succeeding his conviction. Some very unusual incidents followed. Before the judge left the bench he received an application sanctioned by some names of consideration in the county, and praying that he would transmit to the Viceroy a memorial in the prisoner's favor. The Judge, feeling the case to be one where the law should sternly take its course, refused to interfere. He was then solicited to permit the sentence to be at last respited to such a time as would enable those who were interested in the prisoner's behalf to ascertain the result of such an application from themselves. To this request the same answer was, for the same reason, returned. There being, however, still time, if expedition were used, to make the experiment, a memorial, the precise terms of which did not publicly transpire, was that evening despatched by a special messenger to the seat of government.

The hour beyond which the law had said the guilty man should die was now at hand and the special messenger had not returned.

Yet so confident were the prisoner's friends that tidings of mercy were on their way to them, that the sheriff humanely consented to connive at every possible procrastination, of the dreadful ceremony. He had already lived two hours beyond his appointed time, when an answer from the castle of Dublin arrived. Its purport was to bid him prepare for instant death. I have heard from a gentleman who visited his cell a few minutes after this fina-

intimation, that his composure was astonishing. His sole anxiety seemed to be to show that he could die with firmness. An empty phial was lying in his cell. "You have been taking laudanum, I perceive," said the gentleman. "I have," he replied, "but not with the object you suspect. The dose was not strong enough for that—I merely took as much as would steady my nerves." He asserted his innocence of all participation in the murder of Ellen Hanlon, and declared that if ever Sullivan should be brought to trial, the injustice of the present sentence would appear.

The friends of the prisoner were, for many and obvious reasons, desirous that he should be conveyed in a close carriage to the place of execution. Expecting a reprieve they had neglected to provide one, and they now found it impossible to hire such a conveyance. Large sums were offered at the different places where chaises and horses were to be let; but the popular prejudice prevailed. At last an old carriage was found exposed for sale, and purchased. Horses were still to be provided, when two turf-carts belonging to tenants of the prisoner, appeared moving in the town. The horses were taken from the carts, and harnessed to the carriage. To this the owners made no resistance, but no threats nor entreaties could induce either of them to undertake the office of driver. After a further delay, occasioned by this difficulty, a needy wretch among the by-standers was tempted, by the offer of a guinea, to take the reins, and brave the ridicule of the mob. The prisoner, accompanied by the gaoler and clergyman, was put into the carriage, and the procession began to advance. At the distance of a few hundred yards from the gaol, a bridge was to be passed. The horses, which had shown no signs of restiveness before, no sooner reached the foot of the bridge than they came to a full stop. Beating, coaxing, cursing, all were unavailing; not an inch beyond that spot could they be made to advance. The contest between them and the driver terminated in one of the horses deliberately lying down, while the mob cheered. To their excited apprehensions, this act of the animal had a superstitious import. It evinced a preternatural abhorrence of the crime of murder, a miraculous instinct in detecting guilt, which a jury of Irish gentlemen had taken hours to pronounce upon. Every effort to get the carriage forward having failed, the prisoner was removed from it, and conducted on foot to the place of execution. It was a solemn and melancholy sight as he slowly moved along the main street of a crowded city, environed by military, unpitied by the populace and gazed at with shuddering curiosity from every window. For a while the operation of the laudanum he had drunk was manifest. There was a drowsy stupor in his eye as he cast it insensibly around him. Instead of moving continuously forward, every step he made in advance seemed a distinct and laborous effort. With the assistance of the gaoler and clergyman, who supported him between them, he must, to all appearance, have dropped on the pavement. These effects, however, gradually subsided, and before he arrived at the place of

execution, his frame had resumed its wonted firmness.

At the place of execution, the prisoner was solemnly allured by the clergyman in attendance to admit the justice of his sentence; he as solemnly re-asserted his innocence. The cap was drawn over his eyes, and he was about to be thrown off. An accidental interruption occurred. The clergyman raised the cap, and once more appealed to him as to a person upon whom the world had already closed. The answer was—"I am suffering for a crime in which I never participated. If Sullivan is ever found my innocence will appear." Sullivan was found before the next assizes, when he was tried and convicted upon the same evidence adduced against his master. Sullivan was a Catholic, and after his conviction made a voluntary and full confession. It put the master's guilt beyond all question. The wretched girl, according to his statement, had insisted upon retaining in her own hands a portion of some money which it appeared she had taken from her uncle when she deserted him. To obtain this, and also to disembarass himself of an incumbrance, her seducer planned her death. Sullivan undertook to be the executioner.—After setting Ellen Walsh on shore, they returned to an unfrequented spot near Carriekfoyle, where the instrument of murder—a musket, and a rope lay concealed. With these and the unsuspecting victim, Sullivan put out in the boat. The master remained upon the strand. After the interval of an hour the boat returned, bearing back Ellen Hanlon unharmed, "I thought I had made up my mind," said the ruffian, in his penitential declaration; "I was just lifting the musket to dash her brains out; but when I looked in her innocent face I had not the heart to do it." This excuse made no excuse upon the merciless master. Sullivan was supplied with liquor, and again despatched upon the murderous mission; the musket was once more raised, and—the rest has been told.

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HOUSES OF THE WEALTHY DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—The two chief rooms were the hall and the great chamber, or, as we now should call it, the best bed-room. Carpets were unknown; but the floor of the hall was generally strewn with rushes. The walls were covered with tapestry or other hangings. The fireplace was in a deep insertion in the masonry, leaving an open space large enough for the family to be ranged around it during the darkness of the winter evenings. One long table extended down the middle of the room with a form on each side; this constantly remained in the same position. A few stools and a couple of high-backed chairs, reserved for the master and mistress of the family, completed the "garnishing" of the hall. The bed-room was little more inviting: a large, heavy bed, a cumbersome press or chest, a few chairs, and perhaps a bull-stool or two, would sum up the furniture of this apartment.

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5,000 extra copies of the HOME LEDGER will be issued for December.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—The *Atta* tells the following of a gentleman well known in these parts:

When J—— was seeking the nomination for the Legislature some time ago, he satisfied himself that he had secured a majority of the votes in the Convention, and began to conjure how he should thank the members for the honor. But his thoughts would not flow, so he called on a barrister not overburdened with cases, and hired him to write a little speech. Jim read the manuscript carefully, and committed it to memory, practiced it several times before the glass, and finally told his wife as he was sure of the nomination, he had thought of a few remarks to make before the convention, and he would like her opinion of the speech. He delivered it in good style with appropriate gestures, and received enthusiastic compliments of his wife. "Why, that's first-rate! a very good speech. I didn't think you had so much eloquence in you!" Jim chuckled to himself that if a man could fool his wife with a borrowed speech, he should be able to get away with a Convention easy enough, and went off to the meeting with more confidence than ever. Now every thing was serene, and all he had to do was to wait his turn for the nomination. Just before his name was reached, one of the candidates came forward and made the identical speech that Jim had committed to memory. "Fortunately," said Jim, "I was not nominated, or I don't know what I should have done." But he *did* go to the lawyer who furnished the speech and said: "What do you mean by this treatment? The speech you said that you wrote for me was delivered, word for word, by one of the nominees! How is that?" "Well that is a curious coincidence. The fact is I wrote that speech nearly six years ago, for Senator C——y, and he didn't use it! I suppose he must have given it to that other fellow. Well, well, that is a curious coincidence!"

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THE ROAD OF LIFE,

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There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter's storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkness hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden setting,
And to do good a will with a cheerful heart,
And hands that are ready and willing;
Than to snap the delicate, minute thread
Of our envious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

A STORY OF MODERN HONOR.

[Continued from seventh page.]

self in one of those bands that were then first raising the standard of Grecian independence in the Morea; a cause for which individual Englishmen had felt keenly, and fought bravely. Severn was one of those who could be liberal abroad as well as at home; but after an engagement in which he had greatly distinguished himself, he felt that from human blood he now recoiled with horror; he fancied that he had traced in the distorted features of an expiring Mussulman, the last look of Oranmore, and he resolved that a hand, red, as he termed it, with the blood of a countryman, was not worthy of joining in the struggle for patriots against a foreign enemy. He withdrew to a commercial town on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, where, having changed his name and diverted to charitable uses his remittances from England, he earned his bread by teaching English and Latin to a motley crew of Frank and Greek scholars, occasionally including some high-born Scion of consular descent.

I took more than one occasion, after having seen him plodding the same weary round of minute employment, wrestling patiently and perseveringly with dullness, idleness, and insolence, ringing the changes of ignoble praise and common-place rebuke—to remonstrate with him for thus wasting qualities and dispositions so eminent upon an employment so inadequate, cramping and humiliating. "Take not away" he replied, "what you call my humiliations; they are the only things, on earth at least, that reconcile me to myself."

Two little traits connected with his present mode of life are all that it occurs to me to record. One day, one single day, he exhibited an exception to his ordinary behavior. He was observed in the discharge of his usual labors to be irritable, capricious and morose. Tidings had happened to reach him that morning, announcing the intended marriage of Lady Alice Bohun to Lord George Glenearn.

Upon another occasion a young Greek, who had been his pupil, and who retained for him that deference, amounting to veneration, which, under his present chastened yet loftier character, it would have been almost a miracle not to feel, asked his opinion respecting the lawfulness of private combat; I quote his answer:

"Whether the future laws of your restored country will permit, or connive at, such a practice, I cannot pretend to anticipate. Persuaded I am, that the whole spirit of the higher law, to which we both profess allegiance, unequivocally forbids it. You may attempt to assure yourself that your own hand at least shall be free from blood-guiltiness—I will go on in a moment.

"How can you answer to yourself for permitting, enabling, assisting your fellow creature to incur that charge!

I do not tell you to despise or to defy the world; deserve and enjoy its fair opinion while you may; but if the preference must be given, you may believe one who has a right to speak upon the subject, that it is a better and a happier thing to be its outcast than its slave."

ANNA DICKINSON is waggish as well as wise. With great point she recites the following historical incident: When about to deliver her lecture on Jeanne d'Arc in a small Western town, it was considered necessary that she should be introduced to the audience. The task fell on the chairman of the lecture committee, a worthy individual, but not very well versed in the history and language of the lamented La Pucelle, "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, advancing to the front of the platform. "Miss Dickinson will address you to-night on the life and adventures of John Dark, one of the greatest heroes of antiquity. We are not as familiar with the heroes of antiquity as we ought to be, owing to the long time since antiquity; but one thing is certain, and that is that Miss Dickinson can tell us all about the most remarkable man of them all—John Dark."

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A local editor in Pekin, Ill., introduced himself to the public, a few days ago, as follows: "Sensational, distressing details of revolting murders and shocking suicides respectfully solicited. Bible-class presentations and ministerial donation parties will be 'done' with promptness and dispatch. Keno-banks and their operations made a specialty. Accurate reports of Sunday-School anniversaries guaranteed. The local will cheerfully walk seventeen miles after Sunday-school and report a prize-fight. Funeral and all other melancholy occasions written up in a manner to challenge admiration. Horse-races reported in the highest style of the reportorial art. Domestic broils and conjugal infelicities sought for with untiring avidity. Police-court proceedings and sermons reported in a manner well calculated to astonish the prisoner, magistrate and preacher. Prompt paying subscribers and advertisers. When stricken with mortal illness, will be cheerfully interviewed, when lying at death's door, with a view of obtaining obituary items, and the greatest pleasure will be taken in exposing your private affairs to the critical gaze of an interested public."

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GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self-denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, so many interests of his own to support and defend, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make others around him so.

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It is in adversity that the true strength of woman is developed. Like the willow growing on the river bank, and hanging its weeping branches over its flowing waves, the heart of woman seems to gain her strength and grief and tears. Adversity, which stuns and prostrates man, nerves her, on the contrary, with fresh strength. Forgetting herself, that she may think only of others, she is able not only to bear her own sorrows, but to alleviate those of others. The greater her grief, the more her soul seems to reveal itself, and her countenance assumes a new beauty while bathed in tears.

PERSEVERANCE.

There is not a virtue that it is more important to inculcate in the young mind than perseverance. It is to the mind, what firmness is to the heart, the urging and sustaining principle. By persisting in its attempts, the philosopher equally acquires an enlarged power of thought and ratification. There is no valuable knowledge that can be obtained without study, as there is no extensive work that can be performed without labor. The student must persevere in urging his faculties through every stage of science, before he can reach its highest point; as the architect must continue his toils from the foundation, gradually ascending, before he can complete his edifice. The most stupendous difficulties vanish before the gradual efforts of perseverance.

When we look upon the poudorous structures raised by man, we cannot but feel the amazing inadequacy of the agent to the operation.

We are astonished that the diminutive animal, man, whose utmost height scarce reaches to the depth of the foundation stone, whose utmost strength seems inadequate to remove the smallest beam, has yet succeeded in erecting the tower and temple, whose size and elevation are equally majestic. Art could indeed plan the form, and give the engines that aid, the labor; but only by countless repetition of the efforts of the toiling hand, could art embody its conceptions.

The young, to whom perseverance is most necessary, are too apt to appreciate its usefulness the least. Let the youth, beholding any stupendous work of labor, pause to reflect what innumerable efforts of the busy fingers must have been again and again eradicated, ere perfection had crowned the work.

In looking upon the stately vessel, moving majestically on the yielding waves, let us consider, what perseverance must have been exerted to bring her to this state of completion. That plank was added to plank, nail driven after nail; that a day, a week, a month's labor scarce make any visible progress in the work; and that only by unceasing endeavors, and after many remissions of labor and rest, was the whole perfected.

The stone-cutter's progress is perhaps the slowest of any artificers. Many hours does he urge his delicate saw, on the almost impenetrable marble ere the smallest incision be made, yet he cheerfully prosecutes his daily business, assured that his perseverance will ultimately divide the block.

Let the young press the moral to be adduced from these examples deeply on their hearts and often recall their flagging spirits by the enfeebling drawn,—that however difficult or extensive the work to be achieved, by perseverance he shall assuredly achieve it. However moderate his abilities, however limited his strength, let him not despair: reiterated attempts must finally produce success.

It is thus in the progress of the heart to virtue—of the mind to knowledge. By steady perseverance in well-doing, each amiable emotion shall expand and strengthen, each mental faculty shall dilate and become vigorous. Even natural obstacles shall be conquered. Demosthenes, the greatest orator that ever adorned Greece, rich as she was in public speakers—Demosthenes is well known to have had an imperfect speech; he stammered much, yet by perseverance, he not only conquered it, but became the most powerful and eloquent speaker in Athens. The young can require no stronger encouragement, no stronger assurance of success, than that inculcated by this well known fact.

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AN IRISH lass wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript: "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

TRUTH—AN ORIENTAL TALE.

Abou-ben-Adhem, the magician, was not in good humor. He was away from his home, and missed sadly the comforts and conveniences of his tent. He was out of place, and was therefore as unhappy as a faro dealer would be in a prayer meeting, a member of Congress at a reform meeting, or a lobster in hot water. The dweller in Fifth Avenue, used to the conveniences of modern civilization, would not be comfortable in the simple tent of the Persian sage; so, likewise, the Persian was not comfortable in the gorgeous rooms of a hotel at Trenton, which he was occupying. When the heat became insupportable, he could not lift the bottom of the cloth and get a good circulation; he had to depend on a raised window.

"They talk of improvement," said Abou to himself as he hung panting out of the aperture, gasping for breath. "Has the world made progress? Is this hole better than all out of doors?"

It was while he was thus musing in an irritable frame of mind that a stranger entered, which, of all things in the world, was precisely what Abou did not want.

"What is the matter with you, my buck?" said Abou, unconsciously dropping into the fervid, Oriental style of expression.

"Mighty Abou," said the stranger, "I would confer with you, I would be perfect, I would so train my mind that truth would ever be in it—my tongue so that it should utter it. This is what I yearn for—truth."

"Young man," replied Abou impressively, "to remark that you are an ass, would be a mild statement of your condition. But I will waste a little time on you. Listen:

"In the years gone, never to return, I was a young man in Ispahan. I was the son of loving parents, who sent me to the school of Blohard, a perfectionist, to be instructed in morals. Blohard held and taught, as a first principle, that truth, absolute and undeviating, should govern all men; and that, under no circumstances, could it be safely departed from. I believed him, and went out into the world to practice his teachings.

"I had a maiden aunt, who had property to which it was expected I would be heir, and my parents had been particular in instructing me to defer to and honor her. Woe is me that I saw Blohard, whom many seven thousand fiends torment! I was at her house, just after I had received this lesson from that prince of quacks. Everything was propitious for me. She was 71, and had a cough that was tearing her to pieces; and to make it absolutely certain that she could not live long, she had three physicians in attendance upon her. As her will was made, leaving all her estate to me, the song of the bulbul was not more pleasant to my ears than that cough, and the three physicians were more pleasant to my eye than a vision of Paradise.

"On the morning in question I found her absorbed in the fashion-plates of the *Lady's Magazine* of that period. My son, here is a fact thrown in gratis—no woman ever gets be-

yond fashion-plates. It is a provision of nature that a fashion-plate delights a feminine mind so long as it is encased in a feminine body. My aunt was reclining on a sofa and arrayed gorgeously. She had a pink mauve poplin, berage moire antique, cut bias down the back, with heartshaped bodice, low in the neck, and with short sleeves trimmed with asbestos lace. It was a dress appropriate for a young lady of fifteen, with flesh on her shoulders.

"'Abou,' said she, with a death's head grin and a paralytic shake of the head, 'doth not this dress accord with my style of beauty?"

"I was about to reply like a man of the world, when the precept of Blohard, whom my fire consume, came to me.

"'I am sure it does not, aunt,' I replied, 'You are too fearfully old and ugly for such a gay dress. The beauty of the apparel calls unnecessary attention to your general ghastliness; you are too bony for such dry goods, and the cut thereof adds to your horrible boniness instead of hiding it. A skeleton—no matter how perfect a skeleton it may be—should never be dressed low in the neck; for shoulder-blades, when seen to be forcing their way through saffron colored skin, are never pleasant to look upon. Now, aunt, in all candor I would suggest that instead of dressing yourself so absurdly in lace, you swathe your remains in flannel, thus compelling art to furnish what nature has denied—a sufficient covering for your bones. It is absurd for a hideous old virgin like yourself to ape the style of a girl of fifteen. Go to, vain old woman; instead of indulging in such vanities, prepare for death, which stands waiting for you.'

"The old woman did not appreciate my truthfulness. She flew at me like an attenuated tigress, and called me fool and a beast, and ordered me out of her house. The excitement was so great that she fell into a fit of coughing which killed her. She lived, however, long enough to alter her will leaving every dirhem of her estate to the Society for the Conversion of the French to Mahomedanism. I never saw a cent of it.

"This was somewhat discouraging; but I determined to persevere. Blohard had dwelt so strongly on the necessity of absolute truth that I could not think of going back on it. So I gritted my teeth and waded in.

"I had an uncle, a very rich man, who was afflicted with poetry. He was troubled with the idea that he was a poet, and spent the bulk of his time hacking away at it. He had finished a poem of thirty-six cantos, and he invited me to hear it.

"'My son,' said he, 'I have confidence in your taste and judgment. Now, I am going to show this poem to you and abide your judgment. If you say it is good, I shall so esteem it, and publish it; if you say bad, I shall accept the decision, and burn it.'

"'Fire away,' I answered, in the Oriental style, which is more fervid than your form of utterance in this deliberate and unimpassioned West.

"The old gentleman read, and read, and read. I struggled manfully to keep awake; and

succeeded. When he got through he paused.

"Your honest judgment, my son."

"I determined to give an honest opinion—but I said to myself, I will draw it mild. I will not hurt the old gentleman's feelings. I will treat him tenderly.

"'Unele,' said I, 'the poem may have merits, but I fail to discover them. It is defective in rhythm, utterly and entirely devoid of sentiment, and atrocious in design. A more stupid senseless performance I was never bored with. It is idiocy—it is deliberate idiocy. It was conceived in weakness and brought forth in insanity. I would, for your sake, that I could call it lunacy, but it lacks the power and fire that an overturned intellect would have given it. I cannot say lunacy in connection with it, for to say lunacy presupposes intellect, of which this performance gives no token. It is drool. It is drivel. For the sake of your family, do not publish it.'

"I did not expect this criticism to produce the effect it did, for it was entirely honest and just. But it did not strike the old gentleman pleasantly at all. He glared at me a moment fiercely, and raising a chair felled me to the floor. He kicked me out of the house, protesting the while that a more insulting dog than I was did not dwell in Ispahan.

"He did publish the poem, however, and the public of Ispahan sustained my criticism. The wits of Ispahan and Teheran made him their butt for weeks. But when he died, he left me, who should have been his heir, a bound volume of the accursed trash.

"I followed up this for a long time. I told an orator that his peroration was bosh, and his entire speech was clap-trap. I told a parson that his whirling and howling were only half as good as they were the year before. In the most candid manner I informed an actor who had invited me to witness and criticize his performance, that he was the worst I ever saw. In short, in that year I made an enemy of every man, woman and child in Ispahan. And what grieved me was that in all that time I held closely to the truth, never deviating from it a hair's breadth.

And finally I came to blows with Blohard, himself. He asked my candid opinion of a lecture he had delivered and I told him what I thought, as he had instructed me. I remarked that the badness of the thought was only equaled by the badness of the execution, and that both together were absolutely unbearable; but, instead of thanking me, he flew into a rage.

My son, truth is not the highest wisdom in ordinary hands, but silence is. Only very rich men can afford to speak the truth around recklessly. Truth is too precious for everyday use. When a rich man says "I'm a plain, blunt man, and am used to speaking the simple truth—I call things by their right name, I do, - set him down as a disagreeable old brute, who goes about making people uncomfortable, cause he can do it safely. When a poor man says that same, put him down as a fool. I do not advise lying, but beware of too free use of the truth. It needs to be handled judiciously. Were the world perfect—were everybody free

from weakness as, as for instance, myself, it would answer, for truth then would be pleasant, as it is, beware of it.

"Silence, my ingenious friend, is your best hold. Silence will conceal the fact that you are an inferior being, and will offend nobody.

Let silence be your rule, speech the exception. Then shall you be counted as one of the wise. But leave me now, for I would rest."

And Abou, after the manner of the Eastern sages, mixed him in a tumbler the strong waters of the Giaor, with lemon and sugar, and very little water, (for the water of Trenton is not very good) and swallowed it, saying: "Be chesm it is good! It warms the midriff, and makes one charitable. For an excuse to repeat, I would be willing, almost, to heave out another chunk of wisdom!"

And, with this Oriental ejaculation, he clamored into bed.

NO TIME TO READ.

"I have no time to read," is the complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour at odd moments, a half dozen pages at a time, often gives us the most satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours. It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, who have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare moments in the midst of our work and read a little, if but a page or paragraph, we shall find brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily rounds so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up in small part which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind, and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall ever be thankful for.

MANY of us pray to be delivered from sudden death, and do we not worry ourselves into it? If we do, can we help it? To most of us it is not given to choose our lives, to avoid the rough places, to gently shoulder to one side disagreeable facts. We must climb the rocks, though they hurt us sore, and the difficulties, however they may annoy us, must be met with brain fret and brain wear until they are conquered or we have passed them. They are as real, living, annoying as any tangible ache or pain could be; as bruising and irritating as the peas in the shoes of the pilgrims of old. Nervous health is one thing, and moral health is quite another and different thing. Calm and steady mental work is conducive to long life; while nervous emotion, mental work that is a constant urging, and, at the same time, is an unhinging of the even tenor of the mind, eats away the brain faster than any mental labor. No matter how hard, that is systematic. As men do not readily die of heart disease so often as is supposed, but of apoplexy or congestion of the lungs, so they do not die of brain work, but brain worry. Scott died of it, Southey, Swift, Horace Greeley, and probably Thackeray.

ONE of the popular fallacies of the day is that the man who cannot look you in the face when you are talking to him is at heart a scoundrel, or in truth a scoundrel, and the man who looks at you with a steady, straightforward glance, and watches every look and gesture while you are talking, is a brave, open-hearted fellow. This is one of the notions of romancists that has passed into every day philosophy as a fact. According to the novelist, the thief is a man who avoids your eye; the conscientiously guilty man is one whose eyes cannot look a man straight in the face; and the man who intends to do you wrong is the one who becomes agitated whenever you look straight at him. In fact all this is nonsense. The purest, bravest, kindest man in the world may not be able to look another man in the eyes. In many cases it is the over-sensitive man that avoids your glance, and the brazen thief that looks at you with steady glance. A man may be good and brave, and be physically able and naturally inclined to look every man in the face. Another man, just as pure, just as brave, and more sensitive, may be, physically speaking, incapable of looking a man in the eye, and from inherit inclination disinclined to do so.

A YOUNG LAWYER of Chicago, disappointed in love, demanded poison from a druggist, but was considerably given several delicate little powders of prepared chalk instead. He then went to the residence of the adored one, who was sojourning at Valparaiso, Ind. He again offered his hand, which she unconditionally refused, whereupon he replied: "At your door is my death," and swallowed the powders. The family doctor was sent for, but after tasting one of the powders he calmly awaited the result. The young man lay down and longed for the drowsiness which precedes death. Nothing came, then he sent him back to his mother.

THE LOCAL EDITOR.

If a man buys a new buggy, or if his cow can bawl three times without winking, the local is expected to proclaim it with a grand flourish. If he starts a two-penny business, his first thought is to bribe the local with a five cent cigar, to write up a five dollar puff. Indeed he thinks it a mission of the local to make his fortune for him by 'free blowing.' He will take the local to one side and point out the superior qualities of a rat-terrier dog, and coolly ask him to "give him a hoist." He don't care anything about it, only Spriggins has a dog which he thinks is a huster, and some of 'em wanted him 'put in,' just to take the conceit out of Spriggins. Everybody wants to be 'put in,' they are the 'Great I Am,' but no one says, 'here local, put yourself inside of this new suit of clothes, or throw yourself outside of this oyster stew, or stuff this watch into your pocket.' Oh, no, of course not; that would cost something. The shoe is on the other foot, you see. The local is supposed to know everything about other people's business, and is supposed to show up the actors in every family broil in town. If the vile tongue of scandal finds a victim, people wonder why he don't run around with his note book and gather up the vituperative bits of slander for his paper. If he step into a billiard hall he is requested to make a note of the astonishing fact that Bill Tompkins has made a run of eleven points. When the minstrels arrive in town, the agent immediately rushes with haste in to the printing office, and calling for the local, he slips three or four tickets into his hand, and whispers: 'Draw us a big house! Put it in strong!' and patting him patronizingly on the shoulder, the agent admits the inferiority of the troupe, but we are not to 'let on.' It is no sin for a local to lie. To please the lecturer the local is forced to sit two mortal hours to hear him go through an insipid discourse so that he can 'write him up.' And so it goes. All are anxious to appear in print favorably, but few are willing to pay for it! The local's time is worth nothing but to bother his head writing puffs for other persons. It don't cost him anything to live. He never eats, or drinks, or travels, and money is no use to him. Put it in! Put it in!

BLACKHALL has always been famous for the beauty and spirit of its women. In the ante-Revolutionary days the family once boasted seven dashing sisters, so full of life and fun and frolic, that they were known the country over as the "seven Blackhall boys." None of them but could ride a horse bareback, row a boat, or swim far out in the Sound. Handsome and fearless, they were accomplished women, and good housekeepers, withal; hence they had no lack of suitors. Of the oldest, it is narrated that when a male cousin, while on a visit to Blackhall, became much interested, but did not dare to speak; she, one day, met him going up stairs as she descended, and, meeting him more than half-way (in a double sense) stopped, saying, sweetly: "What did you say, cousin?" To which, the tremulous young man replied: "Oh, I didn't speak—I didn't say anything." "High time you did, cousin. High time you did," replied she, as she passed on. The young man took the hint, and a happy married life ensued.

D. MONAHAN.

JAS. H. BARRY.

J. M. BAIRD.

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HARPERS' WEEKLY AND THE IRISH.

Having, for a length of time, closely observed the course of *Harpers' Weekly*, with regard to a very large portion of our population, the adopted Irish citizen, and from whom, in the past, they have reaped no small sum, we regret to say that the manner in which this "journal of civilization" speaks of them is anything but generous. Under the management of their forefathers, *Harpers' Weekly*, instead of being filled with bigotted trash, cant and hyperbole, was a credit to the nation, but since the management has fallen into the hands of their progeny the paper has lacked its former spirit and beauty, being uncharitably edited, and blotted with *Nast-y*, disgraceful illustrations. On every possible occasion it comes down with poisoned arrow on all individuals who, through some unforseen calamity, were born on the "Green Isle," or any who may differ with them in political opinion. Any not very keen observer knows this to be a fact. During last year's campaign it was not satisfied with calling the good Horace Greeley soft-headed and insane, but, with brazen affrontery, came out with lying articles and infamous engravings, and accused the Benjamin Franklin of the day of being a "traitor and thieving rascal," and simply because he saw fit to receive a nomination from the hands of a Democratic Convention.

But this is not all. From the poor, helpless servant maid who has no defender but her honesty, no friends but her two hands, to the still more wretched and penniless creature, who, through necessity, is compelled to leave his ill-governed but beautiful country, to seek an asylum in a strange and foreign land, this journal makes a special object of abuse.

Filled with ennobling impulses, burning with enthusiasm at the glorious idea of having planted his feet on the land which from his infancy he has been taught to reverence and love, the Irishman comes not to our land to be an incubus, but to assist in building up, and in the days of trouble, gallantly fighting to preserve, this mighty fabric; he stoops to commit no criminal offense; he seeks for work, and failing in this, for the time being, he asks for bread, and where is his crime in so doing? Where his nefarious crime in asking for food, and especially at this time, when the poor are so oppressed. Jay Cook and other large bankers have failed; they asked for time and they would pay all their liabilities, they are applauded for

so doing; and is it not begging? but a poor wretch who asks for bread, by which to exist, is to be despised, trampled and spat upon—at least so thinks that philanthropic "journal of civilization." In a recent article it states that it "is becoming a regular profession, among all classes of the Irish, from the prominent statesman, who asks for millions, down to the 'incorrigible loafer who assaults you in the street with the well known brogue and servility, and his sturdy wife, who lavishes all her stock of Catholic invocations for blessings on your heretic head—all for the sake of a copper!'"

An admirable falsehood, and worthy that appropriate mark of punctuation and admiration. It is an admissible fact that there are no more industrious and hard-working people in the United States than are the Irish, but yet it may sometime happen that some few poor creatures may be obliged to ask before they have procured, or can procure, employment, especially during a season which has proved so disastrous to the working people as the present, not only in New York, but in all the large cities of the East, and yet *Harpers' Weekly* would have us believe that the country is swarmed with these "incorrigible Irish loafers," whilst it gives a most ungenerous hit at one of America's most worthy patriots and talented scholars, (a senator from a neighboring State, who, in the name of humanity, asked Congress to appropriate a sum of money to establish a home for the poor and friendless orphans of that State, so that, instead of leading shameful lives, they might be properly cared for and educated, when they reached a proper age, they would be able to lead honorable and useful lives, and be a credit to the country; but the Harper Bros. were never poor little friendless boys, and they of course can see no necessity of an *Irish* statesman taking up such a cause; but, we doubt not, were some one at the next session to move Congress to appropriate the same sum for the establishing of a home in California for the conversion of the poor "heathen Chinese," they, in company with the Rev. Dr. Stone and other aristocratic bigots would be the first to approve and urge the passage of the measure.

The *Weekly* concludes its article by warning all good people to button up their coats when solicited by a respectable-looking gentleman, with a bald head, a wooden leg, and a gray-colored, shabby-looking coat, winding up its dealings with that individual, thus:

"Three days ago we intended to rebuff him with the assurance that we had no change—nothing less than a ten dollar bill. 'I will change it, if you will allow me,' said the villain. We were inclined to humor the fellow's impudence, and handed an X to him. With the utmost coolness he examined its character, slowly pulled a roll of notes from his pocket, and with a profusion of thanks, handed us nine dollars and seven shillings, including the coppers!"

Now, does any sensible person believe this? If the X was not a counterfeit, there is one thing certain, which is, that the whole article, from commencement to end, is,

But why does not the *Weekly*, being so much opposed to *foreign* fashions, spin us a yarn about "German loafers?" Surely it has as much, if not more, cause to do so; at their lager beer hells so, obnoxious to respectability, nightly open in nearly every large city of the Union, and annually ruining hundreds of young men and women. But no, that bait would not take; the prejudice lies on the other side, and hence the slanderous abuse.

We care not where any human being is born, or what profession he follows, so long as it is an honest one and he is an honest man. The unfortunate Irishman leaves his home, carrying with him his love, his friendship and his superstitions; he believes, on his arrival, that every man he meets is his friend, and that all are glad to see him; he recounts the tales of his infancy, the pranks of his boyhood, and the feats of his manhood to all who will listen, little dreaming that his narratives are to be turned into ridicule by less worthy men, who cannot appreciate the man nor the customs of his country.

But we have already taken up too much space on this subject for a single issue, so enough now, but more anon.

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5,000 extra copies of the HOME LEDGER will be issued for December, thus affording advertisers an excellent opportunity of presenting their wares to public notice.

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WHAT BREAKS DOWN A YOUNG MAN.—It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from the tables of mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of the class of inferior scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where Esopylus and political economy injures one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen, and the two little fingers of these are heavier than the lions of Euclid. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is, as the early flower, exposed to an untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice are named legion. A few hours sleep each night, high living, and also "smashes" make war upon every function of the body. The brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh—every part and faculty are overtasked and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, right about.

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GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self-denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, so many interests of his own to support and defend, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make others under him so.

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—An Irishman was once taken to see the wonders of Niagara Falls. He did not seem to think it tremendous after all. His friend asked him—"Don't you think it a wonderful thing?" "Why is it?" asked the Irishman. "Don't you see," said his friend, "that immense body of water rolling down this precipice?" Says he—"What's to hinder it!"

THE HOUSEWIFE.

PRESERVE QUINCES.—Take a peck of the finest golden quinces, put them into a bell-metal kettle, cover with cold water, put over the fire, and boil until done soft, then take them out with a fork into an earthen dish; when sufficiently cool to handle, take off the skin, cut open on one side and take out the core, keeping them as whole as possible. Take their weight in double refined sugar, put it with a quart of water into the kettle, let it boil, and skim until very clear, then put in your quinces; two oranges cut up thin and put with the fruit, is an improvement. Let them boil in the syrup half an hour; then with your fruit ladle take out the fruit, and boil the juice sufficiently, then pour it over the fruit.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Six lbs. of nicely picked fruit; six lbs. of loaf sugar. Put the fruit into nice kettle over a quick fire, boil constantly, until the juice is nearly wasted, then add the sugar, and simmer to a fine jam. In this way the jam is greatly superior to that which is made by putting the sugar in first.

CRULLERS.—Two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of lard, one tablespoonful of milk or cream, a little soda, not more than you can put on the point of a pen-knife, a little salt, cut in leaves and fry in hot fat. They must be mixed hard enough not to stick in rolling or cutting. They will make a large plate full and are very nice.

PORK CAKE.—Crop one pound of fat salt pork, free of rind or lean, so fine as to be almost like lard, pour one or one-half pint of boiling water over it, add two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of saleratus, spice of all kinds, and raisins, currants, or citron, or not, as you please.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take six large tomatoes, boil in one pint of water until done; take them off the stove and stir in one teaspoon of saleratus. Then add one quart of milk, and season with plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Let it all come to a boil, when it is ready for use. We think it the next thing to oyster soup. Try it.

EGG CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one egg, piece of butter the size of a large egg, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and nutmeg, one teaspoon of lemon, three cups of flour; beat the white of egg separately, the sugar and yolk and butter together; bake in a thoroughly heated oven.

CHEAP CAKE.—One-half cup of sour milk, one-half cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar; one teaspoonful of soda; flavor with nutmeg, lemon or cinnamon. When dry it may be steamed and eaten with sweet sauce, and it is a good substitute for cottage pudding.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of boiling water, in which dissolve a small piece of butter, one cup of molasses, ginger, salt and flour enough to pour easily. Bake in two round tin plates. It is nice warm for dinner or tea eaten with butter.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful vinegar, butter size of a hickory nut. Boil briskly twenty minutes, stirring all the time. When cool pull until white.

BISCUIT OF FRUIT.—To the pulps of any scalded fruit put an equal weight of refined and sifted sugar, beat it two hours, then put into little white paper forms; dry in a cool oven, turn the next day and in two or three days box them.

HEALTH NOTES.

Considerable has been lately said in medical journals concerning the value of milk as a remedial agent in certain diseases. An interesting article upon this subject lately appeared in an exchange, in which it is stated on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clarke that in the East Indies warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhoea. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhoea, stomach ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not to hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. The writer gives several instances to show the value of this simple substance in arresting this disease, among which is the following. The writer says: "It has never failed in curing in six or twelve hours, and I have tried I should think, some fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied by one constant diarrhoea, and it has acted on him like a charm. In two days his diarrhoea was gone; in three weeks he became a hale, fat man, and now nothing that may hereafter occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk." A writer also communicates to the *Medical Times* and *Gazette* a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in every one of which its great value was apparent. It checks diarrhoea and nourishes and cools the body. People suffering from disease, require food as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there is rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach and even loathed by the patient; but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all diseases is beneficial—in some directly curative. Such food is milk. The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr. Alexander Yale, after giving particular observations upon the points above mentioned, viz. its action in checking diarrhoea, its nourishing properties, and its action in cooling the body, says: "We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes the intestines, and, in fine, is the *sine qua non* in typhoid fever." We have also lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learned that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often very distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take, even during the period of greatest fever; it keeps up the strength of the patient, acts well on the stomach, and is in every way a blessed thing in sickness. Parents, remember it, and do not fear to give it if your dear ones are afflicted with this disease.

OUR FLANNELS.—The value of flannel next the skin cannot be overrated. It is invaluable to persons of both sexes, and all ages, in all climates, at every season of the year, for the sick and the well—in brief, I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which flannel next the skin is not a comfort and a source of health.

It should not be changed from thick to thin before the settled hot weather of the summer, which in our Northern States is not much before the middle of June and often not before the first of July. And the flannels for the summer must not be three-quarters cotton, but they must be all woolen, if you would have the best protection.

In the British army and navy they make the wearing of flannels a point of discipline. During the hot season the ship's doctor makes a daily examination of the men at unexpected hours, to make sure that they have not left off their flannels.

OINTMENT FOR SORE EYELIDS.—Sedigated red precipitate one part, spermaceti ointment twenty-five parts. Mix and apply with the tip of your finger on going to bed.

WIT AND HUMOR.

—Contentment is natural wealth; luxury, artificial poverty.

—An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

—Dr. Johnson defines a ship as a prison, with a chance of being drowned.

—Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.

—A New York editor says sugar has gone up so high as to induce a slight increase in the price of sand.

—How did Robinson Crusoe know that he was on an inhabited island? Because he saw a great swell pitching into a little cove.

—An old lady thinks the bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of so many of them being converted.

—A New Haven man says the longest funeral he ever heard of took place a week ago. His hired girl went off to it and hasn't got back yet.

—Mrs. Malaprop, good soul, proposes to distribute tracts among teetotalers, who, she regrets to hear, are living in a state of spiritual destitution.

—One of the best puns ever made was this: Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster? Because he scratched for himself and Crusoe—*crew so*.

—A man who came home from a Saratoga ball in a crowded coach declared that he had no objection to rings on his fingers, but he had a decided objection to 'belles on his toes.'

—The editor of an Illinois paper thinks fishing, as a general rule, doesn't pay. "We stood it all day in the river, last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

—"Will you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madam; yes, I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." Do tell! Well, we haven't anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

—"What's your business?" asked a judge of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, I s'pose you might call me a locksmith." "When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night; when I heard a call for the perlice, I made a bolt for the door."

—Sweet Emeline to her love, while enjoying a nice sail—"Do you feel seasick, Richard, dear?" Richard (with wonderful bravery)—"No, no, Umph. I think the shrimps I had for breakfast this morning must have been alive."

—A Sunday school teacher, explaining the first chapter of Genesis, asked: "Why did God command them to leave the fruit of one tree untouched?" A dead silence. At last a little girl spoke up, and said: "Please, marm, I think he wanted them to leave some for manners!"

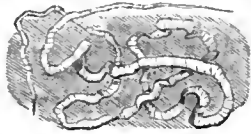
—A school-boy, in boasting of how many rich and noble relatives he had, asked one of his school-fellows: "Are there any 'lords' in your family?" "Yes," said the little fellow, "there is one at least, for I have often heard my mother say the Lord Jesus Christ is our elder brother."

—A little boy in Georgetown ran into the house the other day, crying at the top of his voice, because another little boy wouldn't let him put mud on his head with a shingle. Some children are just like their parents—no accommodation about them.

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