

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—No. 5.

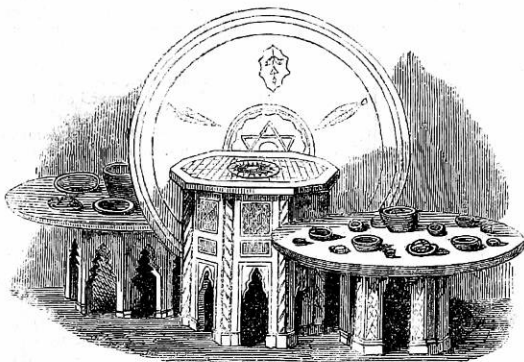
BOSTON, MAY, 1857.

WHOLE No. 29.

## ANCIENT AND CURIOUS ARTICLES.

In the present number of our Monthly, we shall describe, by means of letter-press and engravings, various domestic articles and implements, arms, carriages, etc., either curious and rare in themselves, or illustrative of the social life of the ancients, or of distant peoples of the present time.

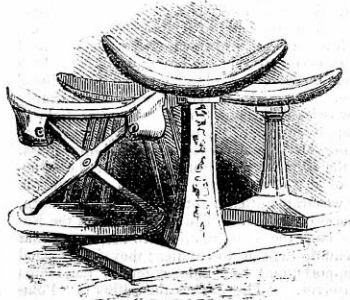
Our collection forms a sort of *curiosity shop*, and cannot, we think, fail to interest our readers. It is always interesting to contrast the past with the present—what is foreign with what is domestic; and in so doing, we often meet with valuable hints and suggestions. No people should be above borrowing what is useful or elegant from other climes and nations. Much of our modern furniture is borrowed from very ancient times. Many a lady reclines upon a couch unconscious that, centuries past, some fair lady of Pompeii received her visitors, sitting on one of the very same model. Our divans came from the East, and many of the ornaments of our drawing-rooms are made from classical patterns.



Eastern Tables

In endeavoring to obtain some little insight into the materials and forms of the furniture of ancient times, we are dependent on different sources, according to the country under consideration. If it be ancient Greece or Rome, the description by the classical writers and the paintings at Pompeii are our chief

authorities; if ancient Egypt, the paintings on the walls at Thebes and other places; if in China, or India, or Asia generally, the specimens still existing—for the Asiatics are more stationary in their usages than the inhabitants of any other quarter of the globe; if in England, or our own country, the furniture still existing in old houses, or illuminated manuscripts. Many large



Oriental Pillows.



Queen Elizabeth's Salt-Cellar.

and valuable books of plates have been published on these subjects, which, however, are very costly and rare. We have skimmed the cream of these for the illustrations of our present number. The paintings discovered by Rossellini, Wilkinson and others, on the walls of the buildings at Thebes and the surrounding districts, and the



Bronze Lamp and Stand, found at Pompeii.

relics found in the tombs, show that the furniture of the ancient Egyptians bore a closer resemblance to that of modern Europe than we might at first be apt to imagine. They had handsome chairs, arm-chairs, low seats and stools; some of the chairs were made of ebony and other rare woods, inlaid with ivory, and covered with rich stuffs. In chairs of a plainer kind, the seat was only from eight to fifteen inches high, sometimes made of wood, and in other instances, interlaced with string or leather thongs, not unlike our own straw or cane-bottomed chairs. Some of the chairs were made on the principle of a camp-stool, capable of folding up, and furnished with a cushion or a hide covering; they were sometimes bound with metal plates, or inlaid with ivory, and the leather covering was frequently fancifully painted. On page 415 will be found the picture of a carved Roman Chair, with a round cushion in the seat, a solid and substantial piece of furniture. In the Tables which are depicted in our first engraving on the previous page, the top of the table is a sort of round tray, detached from the ornamental stool or pillar which supports it. The second picture presents a group of Oriental Pillows, exhibiting a recess for the neck, which a Yankee would probably find it very difficult to become accustomed to. Queen Elizabeth's Salt-Cellar, the next article depicted in our "Curiosity Shop," is a very singular piece of plate. The larger figure in the cut is to hold the salt, while the other portion, scarcely inferior in size, is the cover. The salt-cellar, in the days of "Good Queen Bess," was evidently regarded as an important adjunct at the dinner-table, and served to mark the distinction of rank amongst



Roman Lamp.

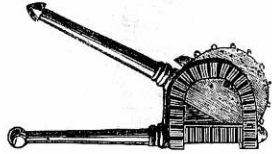
the guests. It occupied a particular place near the top of the table, and the places of the guests were determined by their being "above the salt," or "below the salt," the "upper ten" being seated above, and the "lower twenty" below this important article of table furniture. While speaking of table furniture, we come to the consideration of modes of domestic illumination, and the lamps which so often threw their light upon the festive board. We present on this page pictures of a Bronze Lamp and Stand, found at Pompeii, very graceful in form, and surmounted by a figure of a boy playing with a swan, a Roman Lamp in the shape of a human foot, and a hanging lamp, with a horse's head for the handle. The excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum have brought to light many elegant specimens of lamps. Both lamps and lamp-stands were objects of much attention among the Romans. Winkelmann remarks:—"I place among the most curious utensils found at Herculaneum the lamps, in which the ancients sought to display elegance, and even magnificence. Lamps of every sort will be found in the Museum at Portici, both in clay and bronze, especially the latter; and as the ornaments of the ancients have generally reference to some particular things, we often met with rather remarkable subjects." Some of the designs were curious. One specimen met with represents a Silenus, having a face beaming with the joyous hilarity ascribed to this god, and an owl sitting upon his head between two beams, which support stands for lamps. Another is a flower-stalk growing out of a circular plinth, with snail-shells hanging from it by small chains, which hold the oil and wick. A third exhibits the trunk of a tree, with lamps suspended from the branches.



Roman Lamp.

Another is a beautifully wrought specimen of a boy, with a lamp hanging from one hand, and an instrument for trimming it from the other, the lamp itself representing a theatrical mask; beside him is a twisted column surmounted by the head of a Faun or Bacchanal, which has a lid in its crown, and seems intended as a reservoir for oil; the boy and pillar are both placed on a square plateau raised upon lions' claws. The wicks of these lamps were simply a few twisted threads drawn through a hole in the upper surface of the oil-vessel; and there was nothing analogous to the modern lamp-glass. But the Romans were not ignorant of the structure or use of lanterns. In some of them the light was transmitted through thin plates of horn, or pieces of bladder. The candelabras of the Romans bore the same relations to the lamps, that our candlesticks do to candles; they simply acted as supports, and were independent of the lamps themselves. "They," says the author of "Pompeii," "in their original and simple form, were probably mere reeds or straight sticks, fixed upon a foot by peasants, to raise their light to a con-

venient height; at least such a theory of their origin is agreeable to what we are told of the rustic manners of the early Romans, and it is in some degree countenanced by the fashion in which many of the ancient candelabra are made. Sometimes the stem is represented as throwing out buds; sometimes it is a stick, the side branches of which have been roughly lopped, leaving projects where they grew. Sometimes it is in the likeness of a reed or cane, the stalk being divided into joints. Most of those which have been found in the buried cities are of bronze; some few of iron. In the general plan and appearance, there is a great resemblance, though the details of the ornaments admit of infinite variety. All stand on three feet, usually griffins' or lions' claws, which support a light shaft, plain or fluted, according to the maker's fancy. Many of these lamp-stands were four feet and over in height, of marble, and richly carved. As to the



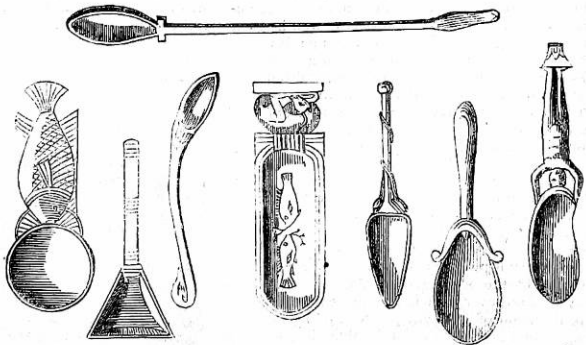
Ancient Egyptian Snuffers.

and cressets of various kinds. We have added to our pictures of lamps a pair of Egyptian Snuffers, or rather a cutting implement to trim the wicks of lamps, for candles were little, if at all, used in ancient Egypt. The various lanterns delineated in the second engraving on this page, were those used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of England. As a specimen of the domestic articles of the ancient Egyptians, we give a number of their spoons, some of which are very curious and fanciful, like that which has a fish for a handle, and another, a full length figure of a man. On the next page will be found a picture of an Egyptian musician playing on a double-stringed viol with a bow. It is a singular shaped instrument, very little calculated, apparently, to produce anything like a body of sound. It is noticeable, that the modern Egyptians possess many of the different kinds of instruments which are met with in Europe, the same at least in respect to the general principles on which they are planned. An instrument like the lute, common among the ancient Egyptians, undoubtedly led to the guitar of modern Europe. A spirit of fanciful ornamentation is manifested in the Bone Sword and Helmet from Pompeii, shown in the last engraving on the next page. There seems to be pretty good evidence that in almost all rude countries, cutting tools were made of bone, of flint, or of stone, before iron or steel tools were known. And the reason for this is plain enough; since the fashioning of a rude kind of knife out of a bone or stone is simply a mechanical operation, whereas the possession of a piece of iron depends on a previous process of smelting. Most of the early navigators, in their ac-



Lanterns—Shakspeare's Time.

adaptation of candelabra for particular purposes, it has been found that those used in public edifices were usually of considerable size, and made with a large cup at the top to receive a lamp, or sufficiently unctuous material to feed a large flame, as were also those employed for burning incense in the temple. Those, on the other hand, which have been discovered in the private dwellings of the ruined cities, consist generally of tall, slender bronze stands, having at the top a flat circular tablet to hold a lamp, or a vase-like projection fitted to contain oil, and having also projecting feet at the bottom of the long stem. But lamps were only one form of the ancient means of illumination. There were torches, flambeaux, lanterns



Ancient Egyptian Spoons.

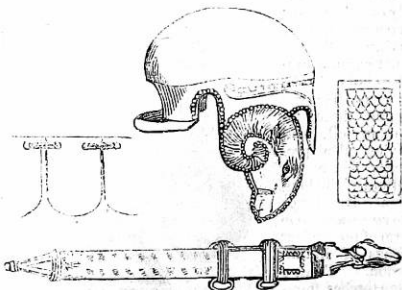


Egyptian Double-Stringed Viol.

counts of the new islands and countries which they discovered, speak of the use of such cutting tools. The New Zealanders, for instance, have been accustomed to make saws and various kinds of tools of bone. A few pages further on will be found pictures of a curious and elaborately carved New Zealand Saw, of Pick-Axes, Fish-Hooks, Clubs, Pestles, and a Chopping-Knife, all made of bone. Flint knives were used among the ancient Egyptians, and many other countries present specimens of a similar kind. With regard to the knives and other cutting instruments made and used by the nations of the East in past times, Dr. Kitto, in the notes to the "Pictorial Bible," observes:—"They (*i. e.*, swords, knives and cutting instruments generally) were successively, and afterwards simultaneously, of flint, bone, copper, iron and steel." The two engravings on the opposite page represent ancient sun-dials, one in the form of a circle, and the other in the form of a shell. One of the modes adopted by rude nations, both in past times and present, has been to measure the length and direction of the shadow which the sun's light causes when an opaque object is interposed. The sun, as is well known, reaches its greatest height on any one day at twelve at noon. Consequently, if a stick of any given length were employed, and the length of the shadow derived from it on each of the successive hours noted, it might furnish a rough means of determining the hour of the day at any subsequent period; provided some mode were adopted of making allowance for the varying elevation of the sun at different seasons of the year—a matter, however, of considerable difficulty in such rough observation. So far as it went, this mode of determining the lapse of time was, and probably is, followed by many nations of the East, and of Africa. The sun-dial, however, which measures time by the direction of a shadow, instead of by its length, is a much more serviceable piece of apparatus. In this there is always a "style,"

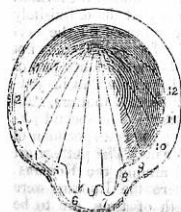
or "gnomon," or straight rod, so fixed as to maintain a position pretty nearly parallel with the axis of the earth. Besides this gnomon, there is always a surface more or less flat, on which graduated marks are engraved. These afford the means of obtaining the desired indication, for the gnomon is so fixed as to throw its shadow successively on all the lines; and the construction of the instrument is so managed that these conjunctions of the shadow with the lines shall take place at regular hours every day—subject to that correction which is known as the "equation of time." Provided the gnomon be parallel with the earth's axis, it matters little what the shape of the dial or graduated circle may be. The manner of graduating the surface must depend on this shape; but this being attended to, there is room for wide diversity in the form of the instrument. Sometimes there is no separate piece of wood, or metal, or stone, to form a gnomon; but one of the edges of the instrument is so contrived as to throw the requisite

shadow. This is the case in the shell-shaped dial we have delineated. In the ring dial, the centre-piece, throwing its shadow on the circumference, indicates the hour. Besides this method of adopting the sun's shadow as a time-measurer, many others have been partially used, depending on principles having very little mutual relation. In the time of Alfred the Great, time was often measured in England by the burning of candles—a custom which has been handed down in an altered form in certain sales at auction "by the candle," in which each bidding must be made by the time a certain length of candle has been burned out. In Japan, they formerly used to burn matches made of plaited rope, which burned from knot to knot in one hour. Among the ancient Greeks, a time-measurer was in use called the "clepsydra," or water-clock. They were, in general, so arranged, that a given quantity of water would flow out of a vessel in exactly half a day, or in exactly a whole day; and the aperture by which the water escaped was so placed, that the quantity which flowed in sixty minutes was always equal, whether the vessel were nearly full or nearly empty. This being the principle,



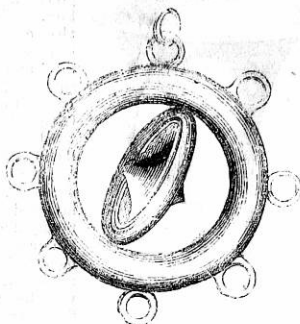
Bone Sword and Armor, from Pompell.

the modes of carrying it out were varied according to the ingenuity of the workmen. Among the clepsydre, of which descriptions have been handed down to modern times, one made by Ctesibius had a little model of a human figure, whose head was dejected and drooping; out of the eyes came tears of water, which fell into a vessel beneath, and on the water in this vessel gradually rose a second figure, which floated on it, and pointed with a wand to the days and hours marked on a vertical pillar in front of him. All this was brought about by syphon tubes and small water-wheels within the machine, and by filling a small cistern with water every twenty-four hours. Other clepsydre had such an elaborate combination of wheelwork added to the mere hydraulic part of the apparatus, that the machine would not only indicate the division of the day into hours, but also the age of the moon, and the position of the sun in the ecliptic. In Rome, the use of clepsydre became very common, and was made the subject of singular customs. Some of them were so large, that one of them was considered sufficient for the smaller provincial towns of the empire. It was generally situated in an open place or square, where it was attended or guarded by a slave. The wealthy classes used to employ servants, generally young boys or girls, to go to the spot when necessary, in order to bring word as to the hour of the day. At regular intervals, the attendant of the clepsydre, when the water reached certain graduated marks, blew a horn as a signal for changing the guard, and the horn being heard pretty well throughout the town, served to notify the hour to the inhabitants generally. In the senate and Roman courts the speeches of the senators and advocates were limited in length according to certain rules, and a clepsydre was kept to measure the time correctly. So jealous were the speakers of their right to the full time allowed, that if any interruption of their speech occurred, they would stop the flow of water in the clepsydre until the interruption had passed; and if any one of them had ended his speech before the prescribed time, he was permitted to lend the remaining water to any other speaker who might in turn do him a similar favor on any other occasion. Following our sketches of sun-dials, will be found, on page 410, a curious Pompeian Drinking-Vessel, the bottom and handle being formed by the head and horns of a stag. This is a specimen of the pottery of the ancients, so celebrated for its beauty. On the same page will be found representations of Egyptian Sherbet Cups, graceful in form and highly ornamented. The manufacture



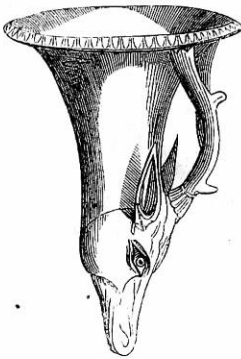
Ancient Sun-Dial.

of pottery has always occupied a very large space in the industrial achievements of mankind. In reference to chemical constitution, there are only two kinds of baked stoneware. The first consists of a fusible, earthy matter, along with an infusible, which, when combined, are capable of becoming semi-bitrified



Ancient Sun-Dial.

and translucent in the kiln. This constitutes porcelain or china ware, which is either hard and genuine, or tender and spurious, according to the quality and quantity of the fusible ingredient. The second kind consists of an infusible mixture of earths, which is refractory in the kiln, and continues opaque. This is pottery, properly so called; but it comprehends several sub-species, which graduate into each other by imperceptible shades of difference. To this head belong earthen ware, stone ware, flint ware, fayence, delft ware, iron stone, china, etc. The earliest attempts to make a compact stone ware, with a painted glaze, seems to have originated with the Arabians, in Spain, about the 9th century, and to have passed from thence into Majorca, in which island they were carried on with no little success. In the 14th century, these articles, and the art of imitating them, were highly prized by the Italians under the name of majolica, and *porcelana*, from the Portuguese word for a cup. The first fabric for stone ware possessed by them was erected at Fayenza, in the ecclesiastical state, whence the French term *fayence* is derived. The body of the ware was usually a red clay, and the glaze was opaque, being formed of the oxides of lead and tin, along with potash and sand. Bernhard de Pelissey, about the middle of the 16th century, first manufactured white fayence at Saintes, in France; and not long afterwards the Dutch produced a similar article, of substantial make, under the name of delft ware and delft porcelain, but destitute of those graceful forms and paintings for which the Fayenza ware was distinguished, and which characterized the classical and oriental specimens we have shown in our engravings. Common fayence may, therefore, be regarded, as a strong, well burned, but rather coarse-grained kind of stone ware. It was in the 17th century, that a small workshop for making earthen ware of a coarse description, coated with a common lead glaze, was built at Burslem, in Staffordshire, England, which may be considered as the germ of the vast potteries now established in that county. The manufacture was improved about the year 1690, by two Dutchmen, the brothers Elers, who introduced the mode of glazing ware by the vapor of salt, which they threw by handfuls, at a certain period, among the ignited



Pompeian Drinking-Vessel.

goods in the kiln. But these were rude, unscientific and desultory efforts. It is to the late Josiah Wedgwood, that England, and the world at large, are indebted for the great modern advancement of the ceramic art. It was he who first erected large factories, where every resource of mechanical and chemical science was made to co-operate with the arts of painting, sculpture and statuary, in perfecting this valuable department of the industry of nations. So sound were his principles, so judicious his plans of procedure, and so ably have they been prosecuted by his successors in Staffordshire, that a population of upwards of 100,000 operatives now derives a comfortable subsistence within a district formerly bleak and barren, of eight miles long by six broad, which contains two hundred and fifty kilns, and is significantly called "The Potteries." Mr. Wedgwood, in his works, re-produced the classic forms of the Greeks and Romans, so endless in their variety, and striking in their beauty. The best English porcelain is made from a mixture of the Cornish kaolin (called China clay), ground flints, ground Cornish stone, and calcined bones in powder, or bone ash, besides some other materials, according to the fancy of the manufacturers. A liquid pap is made of these materials, compounded in certain proportions, and diluted with water. The fluid part is then withdrawn by the absorbent action of dry stucco basins or pans. The dough, brought to a proper stiffness, and perfectly worked and kneaded, is fashioned on a lathe by the hands of modellers, or by pressure in moulds. The baking and glazing processes then follow. The French manufacture very beautiful ware, and the Serres porcelain is renowned the world over. Specimens of Egyptian jewelry are given on this and on the opposite page. These articles, both the Nose-Rings and the heavy Necklace, are such as are worn by the

Egyptian women of the present day. The fabrication of personal ornaments and luxury, principally from gold, has been carried on from the remotest date to the present day. Many such articles are made of solid gold, whereas others are formed mainly of some cheaper material, coated on the surface with gold. Gold-lace may be regarded as a striking example of the latter kind; since it is very beautiful in appearance, and yet consists really of gold only to an extent so minute as almost to surpass belief. This can only be understood by describing briefly how gold-lace is made. Gold-lace consists of threads of silk; these threads being twisted and woven together in a peculiar manner. Every thread is bound round from end to end with a coil of gold wire; and even this wire, so far from being pure gold, is merely an exceedingly thin layer of gold placed upon a centre or core of silver wire. In the first place, a rod of silver is prepared about two feet long by one inch in thickness; this is heated over a charcoal fire, and is then covered with a coating of leaf gold, which is burnished down securely upon it. Upon this a similar coating is applied, and so on until five or six thicknesses of leaf gold have been used, by which a thickness is obtained sufficient for the object in view. The quantity of gold thus applied is not much more than a hundred grains to a pound of silver. The silver is annealed, and is then



Egyptian Sherbet-Cups.

brought into the state of fine wire by a wire-drawing process. It is first reduced by successive gradations from the thickness of an inch to that of one fifth of an inch; and is then worked through holes smaller and smaller in diameter until it becomes as fine as a hair, which hair-like filament is bound round the silken thread to make gold-lace. Now this wire, no thicker than a hair, is made mainly of silver, the thickness of which is enormously greater than that of the gold that envelops it; for it will be remembered that there was in the first instance only a hundred grains of the latter to a pound of the former. It has been calculated that the exquisitely fine film of gold thus obtained on the surface of the silver wire for gold-lace, is not thicker than one third of a millionth part of an inch. Thus it will be seen that in jewelry, as in some other worldly matters, "all is not gold that glitters." The second picture on the opposite page is a specimen of the famous Roman Vases. The pottery art was largely practised among the Romans. In every country where the Romans were settled for any length of time, are to be found specimens of pottery evidently manu-



Egyptian Nose-Rings.

factured by them. England is particularly rich in such specimens. Scarcely a year passes without bringing such to light, in the case of excavations going on at any spot where the Romans once had a city or an encampment. Vases and urns formed part of the sepulchral and funereal apparatus among many ancient nations; and a reason is thus found for the existence of so many vessels whose uses might otherwise appear to us difficult to understand. During many of the improvements which have taken place in London within the last few years, Roman pottery has been dug up in considerable quantity. Such pottery comprised vases, urns, small statues, lamps, wine vessels and cups, and other articles of varied form. The greater part of the vessels which have come down to us are



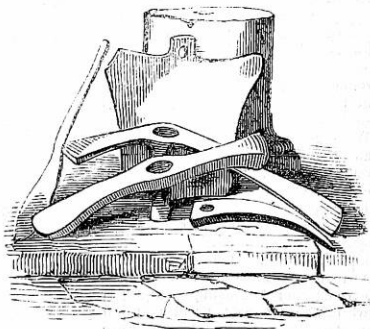
Roman Urn.

graceful in form, though the Greeks far surpassed the Romans in this respect, their vases and urns being remarkably elegant. The last picture on the opposite page gives a collection of Building Tools found at Pompeii, consisting of a spade, adze, and so forth, resting against the base of a column. The excavations at Pompeii have been exceedingly valuable in showing us in perfection the houses and domestic implements of the ancient Romans. It was in the year 79 A.D., that Pompeii was overwhelmed, together with Herculaneum and some other towns, by an eruption of Vesuvius, from the crater of which it is situated about five miles. For the long period of some sixteen centuries its existence seems to have been unknown, and even its name almost forgotten. But in 1748, some peasants employed in cutting a ditch, met with the ruins of Pompeii, which soon became an object of interest and attention. Excavations were commenced in 1755, and have been continued up to the present time, uncovering some two fifths of the buried town, by which it is discovered that the place was enclosed by walls, and entered by several gates, six of which are already exposed. Its numerous streets were finely paved, and lined with low-terraced houses, of one story, with shops and shop-signs still plainly visible, also showing the remains of temples, theatres, baths, and some large mansions. Everything seems to be in an extraordinary state of preservation—statues, medals, jewels, household furniture, and even pictures being found perfect in all respects. The

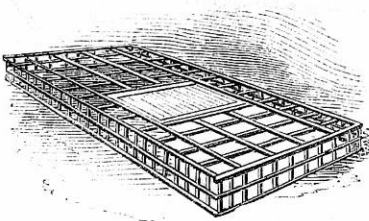


Egyptian Jewelry.

spot is one of vast interest to antiquarians and students of history all over the wide world. The Museum at Naples contains a very large number of the relics dug up from Pompeii, which form its greatest source of attraction. No traveller from this country ever fails to visit, and carefully examine and study the remarkable story of this spot, which forms a mysterious link between the past and present, captivating and instructing in every feature in which it can be viewed. It is a subject indeed with which most of our readers are already well read and familiar. The Oriental Palm-Branch Bedstead, of which an engraving will be found on the next page, is one used for repose in the open air of a garden—a locality much more conducive to repose than a close room in a tropical climate. It is a very simply-constructed frame. On page 414 of this article, the reader will find sketches of some of the vehicles used for conveying passengers in ancient and modern times. First, we have the Sedan, in use in the time of Charles I., of England, a little sort of watch-box, with windows and doors, fastened to two parallel poles, and borne by two porters. The men in the sketch are waiting for customers—one of them is hailing a passenger as a modern hackney-coachman hails an anticipated fare. These sedans continued in use in England until late in the past century, and were also introduced into this country. They were convenient. A lady, in full dress, in a rainy night, going to a ball or party, could be carried into the house of her entertainer, and be sure to emerge without a fold of her dress being disarranged or



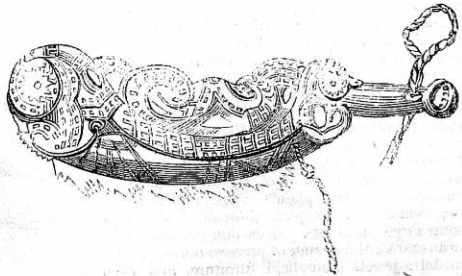
Building Tools found at Pompeii.



Oriental Palm-Branch Bedstead.

soiled. The idea of the sedan was probably borrowed from the Eastern palanquin, still used, and the antiquity of which is very great. Our picture of an Egyptian Palanquin is from a sculpture some centuries old. The pictures of carriages presented in this article naturally suggest a consideration of the various modes of locomotion used at different times and in different countries, a very interesting subject of study. The war-chariots of early times are among the very earliest kinds of vehicles of which we find any mention; and there is reason to think that riding, in distinction from driving, was the earlier mode of travelling. The horse and the camel, properly so called—two of the most precious and indispensable animals that nature ever placed at the disposal of man—are found abundantly in those regions which were first peopled; and as both animals, from their physical conformation, are capable of bearing burdens on the back, the use of them in rapid travelling could scarcely escape the notice of tribes who were placed under the necessity of emigrating in search of new pastures, or new centres of intercourse with other tribes. There are many countries in which travelling, understood in the usual sense, is rather an incidental circumstance than a custom, since the inhabitants are too poor and too rude to have established any system of such a kind. Not only have they made no progress in the construction of vehicles, but the training of animals to purposes of docile industry is almost unknown by them. Many tribes in the heart of Africa, for instance, and in the Polynesian Islands, are so situated. For the most part, however, the art of applying animal power in this way is known and practised under one or the other of its several forms. The horse, the mule, the ox, the camel, the dromedary, the reindeer, the dog, are all employed in this way. Even the ostrich is sometimes applied to a similar use. With respect to this latter-named and remarkable animal, its natural rate of motion, when at the swiftest, is said to exceed that of the fleetest horse; and the Africans can only run them down by a combined system of operations lasting from two to three days together. Occasionally the Africans journey on the back of an ostrich; and Adamson, speaking of two tame ostriches kept at a station on the Niger, says:—"They were so tame, that two little blacks mount-

ed together on the back of the largest; no sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as ever he could, till he carried them several times round the village, and it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so well that I would have it repeated; and to try their strength, I made a full grown negro man mount upon the smallest, and two others the largest—this burden did not seem to me at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went a moderate gallop; when they were heated a little, they expanded their wings as if to catch the wind, and they moved with such fleetness that they seemed to be off the ground." In the northern parts of Europe and America, where snow rests for so large a portion of the year, dogs, reindeer and horses attached to sledges and sleighs afford a more agreeable mode of locomotion than wheeled carriages. At the Cape of Good Hope, clumsy wagons drawn by oxen are used from one place to another. Latrobe says, "The wagons in use at the Cape are still very heavy. The oxen draw by a wooden yoke, consisting of a strong bar laid across their necks, to which are fixed in right angles downwards four short pieces, so as to admit the neck of each animal between two of them. These are kept in their places by being tied together below the neck with a small thong. A strongly-plaited leather thong runs from the ring at the end of the pole to the yoke of the first pair of oxen, being fastened, in passing, to the middle rings of each yoke. The bullocks, by pushing, seem to draw with ease. The Hottentot driver has a whip, the stick of which is a strong bamboo, twelve or more feet long, and the lash a plaited thong of equal or greater length. With this, to European grasp, unwieldy instrument, he not only cracks very loud, but hits any one of the bullocks with the greatest surety. But the chief engine of his government is his tongue; and he continually calls to his cattle by their names, directing them to the right or left by the addition of the exclamations *pat* and *haar*, occasionally forcing obedience to his commands by a lash, or by whisking or cracking his whip over their heads. A boy leads the foremost oxen by a thong fastened about their horns, and they seem to follow him willingly." It will suffice to give one more example of this mode of travelling from an account of an emigrant party at Algoa Bay: "Our travelling train consisted of seven wagons, hired from Dutch-African colonists, and driven



New Zealand Saw, made of Bone.

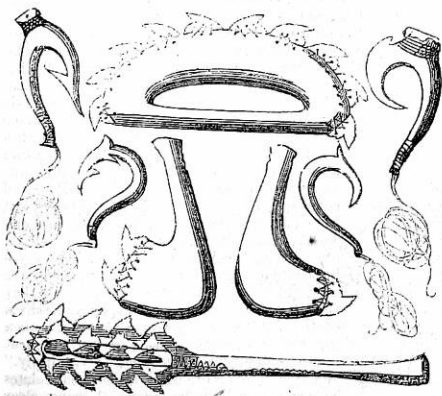


by the owners, or their native servants, slaves and Hottentots. These vehicles appear to be admirably adapted for the country, which is rugged and mountainous, and generally destitute of any other roads than the rude tracks originally struck across the wilderness by the first European adventurers. Each wagon was provided with a raised canvass, to protect the traveller from sun and rain, and was drawn by a team of ten or twelve oxen, fastened with wooden yokes to a strong central trace, or *trek-ton*, formed of twisted thongs of bullock or buffalo hide. The driver sat in front, to guide and stimulate the oxen, armed with a whip of enormous length; while a Hottentot or Bushman boy, running before, led the team by a thong attached to the horns of the foremost pair of bullocks. Where the road was bad and crooked, or when we travelled at a rapid rate, as we frequently did on more favorable ground, these leaders had a very toilsome task; and if they made any mistake, the lordly boor (who sat behind) not unfrequently applied his formidable lash to their naked limbs." A glance at the picture of our sedan chair, already noticed, reminds us that it is not very unlike the palanquin used so extensively in the East. Of palanquin travelling, Captain Saris, who visited Japan two centuries ago, thus speaks: "I had a palanquin, or one of their sedans, provided for me, and a fresh supply of men drawn out at every place successively, for the office of carrying me therein when I was tired of my horse; and for the greater state, a slave appointed to run with a pike before the palanquin. The king's harbingers also went before, and took up our lodgings on the road. This part of the journey was very pleasant and easy; the way for the most part was exceedingly even and plain, and wherever there was any rugged, mountainous ground, a smooth level passage was cut through it. This road (one of the great roads through the island of Nippon) is all along good gravel



New Zealand Tools, made of Bone.

and sand; it is divided into leagues for the benefit of travellers, and at every league of road are two small hills raised, on either side one, and upon each of them a fair tree planted, the design of which marks is, to make travellers competent judges of the length of their own journeys, just so they may not be abused by the hackney men and those that let out horses, and pay for a greater number of miles than they have ridden." Mr. Adams, in his very valuable "Treatise on Pleasure-Carriages," traces the steps by which a rude country would probably arrive at the use of vehicles for land travelling. The first and most simple form of it would naturally be a land-raft or sledge, which, if not heavily loaded, would move in favorable localities with considerable facility, as over dried grass, or green turf, or ice, or on the surface of hardened snow. In the northern countries, both of Europe and America, the sledge is constantly used upon the snow at the present day; for which purpose it is better adapted than wheel vehicles, the great length of the two bearers preventing them from sinking in the snow as wheels would do. In the island of Madeira the heavy pipes of wine are drawn on sledges from the mountain-vineyards to the seaports; and part of the driver's business is to walk by the side of them with a kind of rock, to keep the surface of the bare rock on which they run constantly wetted, to diminish friction. Another instance is the sledge used by the London brewers, and drawn by a single horse, to convey barrels of light weight. But it is evident that, except under peculiar circumstances, the friction of sledges is so great as to cause a great loss of animal power; and, therefore, better vehicles must have been objects of desire at a very early period. In mountainous countries, sledges could scarcely be used, except down hills, and accordingly in mountainous countries the next stage of improvement must have been first adopted. The next stage was, probably, the ele-



Fishing Implements, New Zealand.

vation of the sledge from the ground, and its suspension from the backs of two or four oxen or horses, by means of pack-saddles and lashings. Such an arrangement, under the name of a *litter*, has been adopted in many countries, and differs from the sedan or palanquin chiefly in being borne by mules, horses, or oxen, instead of by men. But, in all arrangements of this kind, the whole weight of the vehicle has to be borne, in addition to the drawing or pulling. To remedy this, wheels were introduced, by the action of which the weight is borne chiefly by the ground, while the onward movement is not much affected by friction. Following out the mode of improvement sketched by Mr. Adams, the next step would be to place a frame on the rounded axle of the wheels, capable of bearing burdens; the axle being confined to perform its revolutions at or near the centre of gravity of the frame by thole pins or guides, similar to the row-locks of a boat. The form of the frame would be a central pile or beam, sufficiently long to bear the bulk or volume of the load, and also to project forward between the two draught-horses or oxen. Parallel with the central beam would be ranged two side-bearers, and these would be connected together by cross-framings or diagonal bearings. This would then be a car or cart, the simplest possible form of wheel-carriage. As a further step, means would be adopted for enabling the cart to turn in a circle or curve, without such an immense loss of power by friction as would otherwise occur. To effect this, each wheel would be made to revolve on its own centre; instead of fixing the cross-beam or axle in a square hole, it would be made to play easily in a round one of a conical form. After all, a machine made in this manner would not be well adapted for rapid motion, without a great expenditure of power; the axle, being of wood, must necessarily be of considerable size; and, working in wood also, a rapid motion would cause so much friction that it would soon be cut through, though the hardest wood might be sought. The wheels, too, being heavy and solid, would add much to the weight; and the invention of spoked wheels would be a notable step in advance. The history of the various elements of civilization is certainly an interesting study. The English carriages of the time of King John, as shown by our engraving on the opposite page, were clumsy, two-wheeled affairs, drawn by one horse ridden by a postilion. In



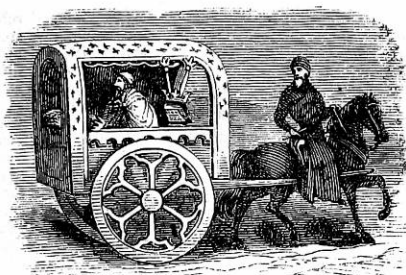
Sedan, Time of Charles I.

the time of the Norman conquerors of England, the "horse-litter" was much used, but chiefly for ladies. It was a kind of sedan with double shafts, having two horses instead of two men to bear it, one before and the other behind. During the feudal times which followed, the knight scorned the effeminacy of such modes of conveyance, and thought the saddle the only worthy mode of travelling. Both the country in which, and the time when, carriages were first used, have been much disputed—France, Italy, Spain and Germany all laying claim to the honor. Whatever may be the correct determination of these points, it is known that some sort of carriage, called a "caretta," was used in the 13th century, and that citizens' wives were wont to indulge in the use of such kinds of luxury more frequently than was deemed proper by their liege lords. Mr. Adams describes an illuminated MS. of the date of 1347, in which a lady is shown seated in a carriage richly colored; the outer edges of the wheels are colored gray to represent an iron tire; the horses are harnessed very much in the present fashion; the body of the vehicle is of carved wood, and the hangings of purple and crimson, turned up in the centre; the lady is seated inside, with an attendant behind, and her fool or jester in front; the carriage, which seems to be shaped more like a cart than a coach, is drawn by two horses, the charioteer sitting upon the left horse. It is said by Stow, that coaches were not used in England till the year 1555, when Walter Rippon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland. This differs slightly from the account given by Taylor, the "Water-Poet," for he mentions the year 1564 as that when a coach was first seen in England. The curious writer here named was a Thames waterman in the early part of the 17th century; and he committed to paper a long string of lamentations concerning the decay of his trade by the introduction of coaches. He says that Queen Elizabeth "had been seven years a queen before she had any coach; since when they have increased with a mischief, and ruined all the best housekeeping, to the undoing of the watermen, by the multitudes of hackney-coaches. But they never swarmed so much to pester the streets as they do now, till the year 1605; and then was the gunpowder treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply." Whether one or the other of the above dates be correct, or both be wrong, it seems clear



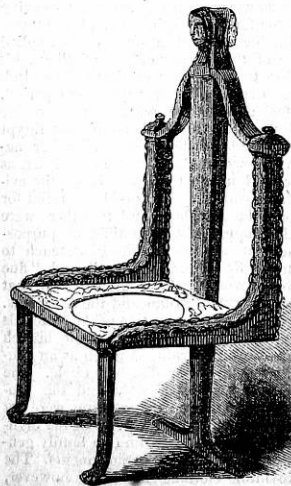
Ancient Egyptian Palanquin.

that the use of coaches spread very fast. Spencer speaks of "wagons," "coaches" and "chariots." Private families had their vehicles, and the taste for this luxury extended so far and wide, that a proposition was more than once made to prohibit their use, on the plea that government would be at a loss to mount their cavalry, by reason of the great demand for horses. From the time of Elizabeth onward throughout successive reigns, the allusions to coaches and carriages by various writers are frequent. Our last three engravings represent different varieties of Shoes—an important part of the costume. The Chinese Shoes encase a pair of feet belonging to a Chinese beauty, and cramped to the standard size of deformity which suits the taste of the Orientals. The High-Heeled Italian Shoe, precisely like that worn by our great-grandmothers, is still worn in some parts of the continent of Europe. The group of Choppines, or High Shoes, the last picture, is faithfully drawn from specimens of a most ridiculous fashion followed in Italy a couple of centuries ago. Coryat, in his "Crudities," thus spoke of them:—"There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and towns subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I think) amongst any other women in Christendom, which is so common in Venice that no one whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad—a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted. Some also of them I have seen fairly gilt. So uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pity this foolish custom is not clean banished and exterminated out of the city. There



Carriages, Time of King John.

are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seem much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Evelyn, too, speaking of the same custom, says:—"When they walk abroad, they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants, or old women, to support them." We can scarcely conceive that so ridiculous a custom was of long continuance, though knowing how completely Fashion stultifies her votaries. The curious shoes, of which we have given a delineation, suggest instructive reflections on the importance to the world of the various lines of business brought into activity by the necessity of supplying clothing, and ministering to the caprices of fashion. With the single exception of aliment, in its countless and ever-varying forms, there is no one subject which occupies an equal amount of human thought, skill, invention, industry and capital, with that of clothing. It is not improbable that the correctness of this assertion may, by some, be doubted; yet a little steady consideration of what is going on around us, will show that the importance of the matter is not exaggerated. How endless are the ramifications which spring from the main system itself! The transit from place to place gives activity, and a means of support to carriers, coach-proprietors, canal and railway proprietors; coach, and cart, and wagon, and boat builders. The large undertakings of the manufacturers call for the services of bankers, agents, brokers, engineers, solicitors, clerks, and others whose services are rather professional than mechanical; while the emolument earned by them, and the wages earned by workmen, give rise to a demand for the daily necessities of life sufficient to maintain thousands of shopkeepers and dealers, both wholesale and retail—and it is in this way that we find how the population of such a district form an endless chain among them. It is true that, making an analysis in this way, it might be possible to show that a pin, a button, a hook, or any other



Roman Chair.



Chinese Shoes.

cy to all the links of the chain is the production of clothing. When we come to the metropolis, we find that the industrial arrangements relating to clothing apply rather to the making of garments from the woven and otherwise prepared materials, than in the manufacture of these materials themselves; and to the trading consequent on the actual sale of the garments to the wearers. To follow out this matter to its fullest extent is, of course, impossible here; but sufficient has perhaps been said to show how enormously the subject of clothing absorbs the attention of the people of every country. The ships that bring over the raw materials of manufacture; the workmen who build those ships; the machinists who give the means of working, and the men who do the work; the forming of garments from the prepared materials, and the sale of the garments so formed; the transit from one part of the country to another, and the shipment to foreign countries; together with the commercial, the financial, the professional and the legislative arrangements arising immediately from these employments—form a whole which has no parallel, except as relates to the article of food; and even this exception only applies under certain points of view. There have been many attempts to establish rules of *taste* as to dress; but the strange diversity of opinion which everywhere prevails, significantly shown by that which is called "fashion," is enough to prove that the attempts have not been very successful. The flowing and easy

article, when its manufacturing history is traced, gives support to a large number of persons; but it is equally easy to see that, in the manufacturing districts, the main-spring which gives efficiency

robes of the inhabitants of ancient Greece and Rome have often been alluded to as the nearest approach to the perfect in respect to form of dress. But this is after all mere opinion; for when we come to consider how much *climate* has to do with the comfort of dress, we see proof that that which may be easy and elegant in one country may be insufficient in another. There is this source of connexion or similarity between the Greeks and Romans as to attire, that the latter adopted the chief habits of the former, with such variations only as appear to have depended rather on fashion than on utility. If we could trace the proceedings of every nation up to its earliest origin, we should find the first attempts to provide clothing pretty much alike in all. The skins of animals, or the wool or hair forming the external envelope, form the first, as they are the most natural source; the interweaving of textile fibres being obviously a later step. The records of travellers and voyagers afford abundant evidence that the skins of animals precede textile fibres as a material for dress; and the history of the early nations corroborates this opinion. The art, likewise, of converting these skins into leather was very early known; for the outer coverings of the Tabernacle are said to have been made from rams' skins and the skins of badgers; and as these are also spoken of as being dyed, some kind of tanning or dressing must have been carried on. Shoes and girdles, too, are often alluded to as having been made of leather. The nations of whose early history we have any authentic account soon, however, acquired the art of weaving fibres into the form of cloth. The phrase "vestures of fine linen," used in Genesis as applied to the dress of the superior officers of Pharaoh's court, shows that weaving of fibres into cloth must have been known at a very early period. All the allusions to woven textures as worn by the Israelites seem to afford proof that Egypt took precedence of Judea, and of all other nations then known, in that department of art, as indeed they did in most others. It is quite evident that linen constituted a notable material for dress among the Israelites, and that there were different kinds appropriated to different purposes; for there are allusions in the Pentateuch to "fine linen," "fine trimmed linen," and "fine linen of woven work." It is known also that linen was worn by the Syrians and the Assyrians. In the early times the preparation of the materials for clothing was not, as now, a separate branch of trade carried on for profit, so much as an employment for females in the domestic circle. The dressing of flax, carding of wool, and the processes incident to spinning and weaving, were not considered unworthy of the attention of the high-born and wealthy. The matron of a family generally superintended all such arrangements. The task of providing clothing has now, however, passed into the hands of those who make a special business of it.

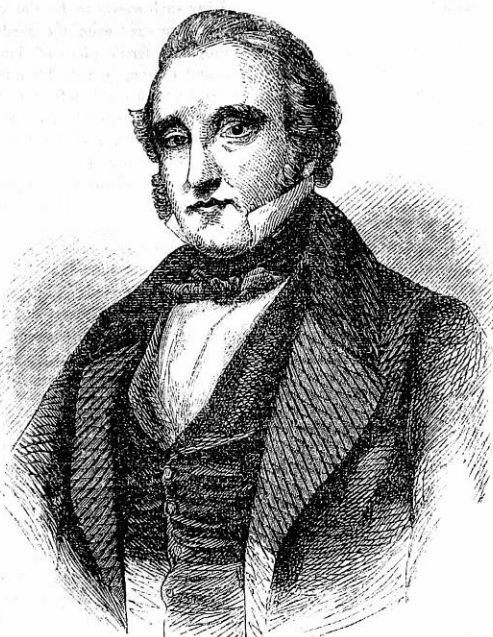


High-Heeled Shoe.



Choppines, or High Shoes.

The accompanying portrait is a good likeness of one of the most distinguished literary men of the day, whose fame as a writer of history eclipses that he has achieved as a poet, and throws into the shade his reputation as a political writer. He is the son of Zachary Macaulay, Esq., a wealthy British merchant, who made a large fortune in the African trade, and was born at Rothly Temple, Leicestershire, in 1800. He was educated at Trinity College, at Cambridge,



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

and distinguished himself there by fairly winning some of the highest honors in the gift of the university. In 1821, he was elected to the Craven scholarship. He graduated as Bachelor of Arts, in 1822, and received the degree of Master of Arts in 1825. On leaving Cambridge, he entered as a student of law in Lincoln Inn, London, and was called to the bar in 1826. In that year he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his essay on Milton, one of the most brilliant papers ever contributed to its pages. It at once gave reputation to the author, evincing a thorough acquaintance with literature and literary history, a great analytical and critical power, and an extraordinary command of language. The rhetorical passages in this essay are absolutely dazzling, and there are many such which impress the memory without an effort. This was the forerunner of a long series of essays on a variety of subjects, continued through a succession of years, and forming a principal feature of the *Review*. In a collected form they fill many volumes, and are probably more read than the productions of any living essayist. A liberal in politics, Macaulay was not unnoticed by the Whig government when in power, but received the appointment of commissioner of bankrupts. In 1830, he was elected member of the House of Commons from Calne, and did good service to his party in the session of 1832. In 1834, he was elected member from Leeds, at which time he was secretary of the India

board. In the same year he resigned his appointment and his seat in the house, and went to India as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, a very lucrative post, which he retained for three years. In 1838, he left for England, and was shortly after elected a member from Edinburgh. On the general election of 1847, he was rejected by his constituents, his opponent, Mr. Cowan, receiving a large majority. Mr. Macaulay, as we have already said,

evinced high literary talent at a very early age. During his collegiate days, he wrote his ballad, "The Battle of Ivry," and, if we remember rightly, his "Lays of Ancient Rome," founded on the heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy, remarkable for their striking pictures of life and manners, the abrupt energy of their style, and the rapid progress of their narrative, were written at this period. Some of Macaulay's ballads will last as long as the language in which they are written; and all his poems are sufficiently stamped with genius to warrant us in the belief that, had he chosen, he might have taken a front rank among the poets of the 19th century. His poetic studies and practice, however, were not fruitless exercises; they helped give him that mastery of language, which renders his prose so vivid, copious and fascinating. The highest exhibition of his powers was reserved for his "History of England," now in progress, a work on which he even proposes to rest his fame. Who can forget the sensation caused by the appearance of the first volumes of this extraordinary work? It commanded an instant popularity, far exceeding that of any publication of modern times, and only equalled by that of the *Waverley Novels*. It was immediately in the hands of all classes of readers. Men and women, who had never perused anything but the most exciting romances, were as much fascinated by this as by any work of fiction. It was different from any history ever before written.

## MUSIC.

BY BEYBURN.

What like Music has the power  
Of soothing rage or easing pain?  
Natures fierce, in Music's bower  
Soften, through her magic strain.

When the trumpet, stern and deep,  
Sounds the charge in fiery notes;  
Eager warriors forward leap,  
As its music o'er them floats.

How the bugle's silvery tones,  
Gliding o'er a lake's expanse,  
Melt the heart to sighs and moans,  
Or wake, in memory's mind, the dance.

The violin, in master hands,  
Pours out the soul of melody;  
The traveller lists in foreign lands,  
And thinks of dear ones far away.

The "tinkle of the light guitar"  
Transports the mind to "sunny Spain;"  
The soft piano's notes will bar  
Moroseness out, and love enchain.

But who of mortals e'er can write  
The magic spell which holds the flute,  
As, on the silence of the night,  
Its breathings keep the listener mute.

When pierced by death's unerring shaft,  
Let me not hear the gladsome lute;  
May angels up my spirit waft,  
To the soft murmurs of the flute.

## THE SERENADE.

## A TALE OF REVENGE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

BRILLIANT lights were beaming from the windows of Squire Tompson's magnificent country house, sweet strains of music filled the calm night air with melody, and light and joyous laughter echoed through the open windows of the ample parlors. Within, jocund mirth and glad eyed happiness ruled the hour. That evening the Squire's only daughter, the prettiest girl in the village, had been wedded to the man of her heart, Ned Rivers, the handsomest man and best catch in the county, and it was to celebrate this happy event that all this delightful rumpus was going on—that lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen galloped round the room to the scrapings of fiddles and the brayings of clarinets, that young men and maidens, old men and matrons crowded round the interesting couple, shaking hands, grinning and congratulating in such sort that it really seemed as though all the world united in calling down blessings and happiness upon the heads of the newly married pair.

I say such *seemed* to be the case. But alas! and O dear suz! even the garden of Eden, that tip-top and fertile piece of land, that number one and extremely valuable quarter section was infested with a real hateful breed of snakes! In view of this deplorable fact, why should we expect the little town of Pokunk to be free from treachery, deceit and crime. In the embrasure of one of the windows, and partially hidden by the voluminous damask and lace drapery curtains, stood two young men of promising and even noble bearing, who were conversing in low and earnest tones.

"I tell you it shall be done," said the eldest of the two, in an accent of unwavering determination, while at the same time he cast a glance of peculiar meaning toward the unsuspecting bride and bridegroom who were standing at the opposite side of the room.

"Perhaps, even now, it were better to give up the project," half pleaded his companion.

"Give it up!" echoed the first speaker, with a glance of contempt. "May Satan catch me if I'll give it up. Why, you chicken-hearted nobody, hasn't Mary Tompson jilted both of us, and hasn't that outrageously irresistible Rivers crossed our path more than once? Talk of giving it up, indeed! If your conscience troubles you so much, perhaps *you* had better give it up. I can get some one else to assist me, or, if need be, do the deed alone, but at all risks it shall be done, and this very night, too."

"Very well, then; if you are determined, so be it. I will interpose no further objections, but will stand by you to the end."

"Good," responded his companion, "let us go out into the room; we may attract attention, standing so long apart."

The two young men joined the throng that were congratulating the happy pair, proving to a demonstration the saying, that a man may "smile and smile and be a villain."

It may be that the lovely bride would have smiled less sweetly, and that the gallant bridegroom would have shaken hands less heartily with them could they have read their thoughts; but a smiling face oft hides a frowning heart, and in their happiness they expected nought of evil.

Several hours have elapsed; the mansion lately so brilliantly illuminated is now dark and silent; not a step is heard upon the floors, not a solitary light glimmers from the windows. The night without is dark also; thin and vapory scud floating slowly westward from the ocean obscures the stars, save here and there a patch about as big as a grocery store, and all nature seems in a

profound snooze. The clock in the church tower has just chimed the solemn and easily counted hour of one, and almost upon the stroke two figures emerge from the thicket by the roadside and enter into a whispered but animated argument. They are the young men we have noticed at the wedding party. Their conference ended, one of them conceals himself behind a low stone wall, while the other advances with stealthy tread and reconnoitres the house, particularly the west wing, in which they have ascertained the young couple alone lodge. Having completed his survey, he returns to his comrade behind the wall.

"'Tis all right, Bob; there's not a mouse afoot in the entire institution," he says, in a stage whisper.

"Well, then we may as well go to work at once, Dick," responded his companion, rising from a crouching position behind the wall, and hoisting a large bag upon his shoulder. The two conspirators now approach the house with cautious tread, and endeavor to make their way to the rear of the building. The night, as I have before mentioned, is dark, and they do not observe a new Manilla clothes line stretched tightly across the lawn, until Bob, who has his head raised to watch the second story windows, is, as he approaches obliquely, sawed smartly across the neck.

"Heavens to Betsy!" he exclaims, clapping his hand to his throat, "I've cut my head off!"

"Not quite, or you wouldn't yell loud enough to wake the dead," replied Dick. "But I snore to beans, chummy, this is just what we want; it's right under their window; it couldn't be bettered at any price."

"Fact," responded Bob, surveying at one glance the line and the window, and untying the neck of the sack which he had carried upon his shoulder. "Now stand by to leave suddenly."

"All right, fire away," says Dick, putting his best foot forward.

"Well, here goes, then," replied Bob, and he drew from the sack a span of exaggerated T cats, securely bound together by the tail, and slung them over the line. "Run," he exclaimed, setting a vigorous example.

"Not till I have stirred them up a bit," returned Dick, bestowing an assortment of buffets upon the unfortunate animals, which caused them to lift up their voices in awful remonstrance; then, as it were, taking the wings of the morning, he flew to the uttermost parts of the doorway and stowed himself away with his companion behind the low stone wall before mentioned.

Perhaps some of my readers have been in

Bedlam; or if not, the fact of their having read thus far shows that they soon will, or ought to be there. But let that be as it may, the uproar popularly supposed to reign in that celebrated institution was as nothing at all to the unearthly duet that followed the "stirring up."

Scott, in describing some tremendous row, says:

"Then rose the cry of women, shrill  
Like goshawks whistling on the hill;"

and Moore, hard pushed for something unto which to liken a jolly rumpus, breaks forth:

"So loud and terrible the shout,  
As all the fiends from heaven that fell  
Had pealed the banner cry of—" etc., etc.

We all know the quotation. But though Scott may have known not a little about women, who, it must be owned, make their share of noise in the world, and though Moore was, doubtless, on intimate terms with "all the fiends from heaven that fell," it is evident they were not posted in the matter of cats, or they would not have gone so far for a simile. Words cannot give an idea of the tremendous melody: such a squealing and squalling and squalking, such a howling and growling and spitting and fighting never was heard before. Not all the bulls of Bashan,—all the many and great bulls of Bashan that beset and compassed poor Mr. Psalms round about, though, without doubt, they roared right lustily, could so much as hold a candle, as the saying is, to the turbulent pussies; even the originators of the disturbance, behind the wall, were fain to put their fingers to their ears. Not many minutes elapsed before a second story window was raised, and a thinly clad gentleman poked forth his head into the night.

"That's him—that's Rivers," whispered Bob, fetching his companion a dig in the ribs.

"Shoo, scat, get out!" shouted the white-robed individual, impatiently. But the furry vocalists did not seem disposed either to shoo, scat, or get out at the first invitation, and the words were repeated, much more vehemently than before. This time with more effect, for the hideous roaring subsided into long low growls. The gentleman appeared satisfied with this state of things, for the window was closed, the curtain dropped, and all was still.

"You are not done with them yet, my noble bridegroom," said Bob, leaving his covert to inflict divers smart kicks upon the suspended cats, and immediately rushing back to his hiding place.

The effect was instantaneous and terrific:

"In the startled ear of night  
They screamed out their affright,  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They could only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune."

Again the window went up, this time with a bang; amid a torrent of vituperative epithets; and chunk, chunk, came various missiles upon the sod; now a blacking bottle, now a boot-jack, and again a piece of soap. Louder and louder squalled the cats, as they furiously dug their claws into each other's hide. With a sinful exclamation the persecuted gentleman vanished, and a light began to glimmer in the room. Approaching the window he thrust the lamp out at arm's length and took a deliberate survey of the premises. But the rays were not sufficiently powerful to penetrate the gloom, and the feeble light only showed him a dark, moving, howling object, without revealing the fact that it was made fast to the clothes line. Seizing the water pitcher by the handle, he discharged it with great force at his tormentors. The accuracy of his aim was beyond all praise; the heavy vessel striking the cats heavily in the flank, drove them round and round upon the line at a wonderful rate, while their vehement squalls kept awful time to the rapid rotary motion:

"How they clang and clash and roar  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!"

Their continued yowling and growling and howling was too much even for a newly made bridegroom's patience, and the window having come down with a slam, the indistinct figure of some one moving about the apartment was dimly seen through the curtain. Presently the back door opened and a gentleman clad only in shirt, boots and breeches advanced with wide, rapid and angry strides towards the obnoxious voices of the night. Grabbing them by the loop formed by their united narratives and twitching them spitefully from the line, he slung them several times round his head, as a boy would whirl a sling, and projected them bomb shell fashion into the road, where they fell amid a cloud of dust, an eternity of spitting, and no end of savage yells.

"There," he ejaculated, "I hope that is the last of you." But his hope was like Wordsworth's hope, "Beads of morning, strung on slender blades of grass," that vanished ere the wish could be expressed. No sooner had the wretched felines struck the bosom of old mother earth than each started in contrary directions for its home and abiding city. Now one gained a few feet, dragging the other after it, then the other, gathering strength from despair, retrieved the loss, and perhaps added a few feet of gain, which, harrowing the very soul of its companion in suffering, caused him to slew round and pitch in tooth and nail, with even deeper howls than had characterized their performance on the tight rope.

It was evident the trouble was not yet removed, and the unlucky bridegroom on homicidal thoughts intent, seized a sled stake and plunged towards the unlovely quadrupeds. But they, forgetting their private quarrel in the common danger that impended, turned tail and fled across the yard with the speed of frightened cats. Round and round the house, the stable and the out buildings the indignant bridegroom pursued them, puffing and blowing with heat and indignation. At length, after a good half hour of active exercise, he succeeded in heading them as they turned a corner of the house. A dull, heavy blow with the sled stake, two loud squalls, one big swear, and he placed his foot upon their united stems, then drawing a knife from his pocket he quickly severed "the electric chain wherewith they were darkly bound." With the velocity and silence of a summer breeze the liberated animals darted across the fields in opposite directions, and the much abused gentleman took up his line of march for the house, conversing earnestly with himself as he went. It may be that he was praying, I have certainly heard words similar to those he employed, made use of in prayer, though from his excited manner, it is possible that devotion formed no part of his thoughts.

Having waited until the door was slammed violently to, and the bolts rammed angrily into their sockets, the two wretched conspirators emerged from their hiding place, chuckling fiendishly, then sinking into the shadow of the hedge they departed from that coast and all the region round about.

#### A HARD CASE IN LAW.

Mr. G——, a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of Merrick, who had a difficulty with a cabinet-maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a great deal of interest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals effected a compromise, by which Merrick was to take, in full of all demands, the cabinet-maker's note for \$40 at six months, *payable in cabinet ware.*"

Lawyer G—— was called upon to draft the necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which, having been duly executed and delivered, the client was apprised that the matter was fully and amicably arranged. G—— saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. Merrick rode furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming:

"I say, Squire, am I bound to *take coffins?*"

It seems on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet-maker had refused to pay him in any other way.—*Olive Branch.*



## BE STRONG.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

It was a man who, growing weary-hearted,  
Would fain have fallen by the way;  
Weak with the memories of the departed,  
Who saw "the shadow" on the "noon of day."

The flowers he touched, were in his fingers faded—  
Just like the hopes he cherished with the years;  
And few could tell that on his forehead shaded  
Were lines that only come because of tears.

And from his lips there came a whisper slowly,  
As if his heart ebbed out with every word;  
"O for a grave rest with those lying lowly,  
Who hear no more the song of breeze or bird."

But just then manhood saw white wings before him,  
And faces, as to angel ones belong;  
And one—the fairest one—bent kindly o'er him,  
And whispered to his sinking heart, "Be strong!"

"Be strong! the wind to the shorn lamb is tempered;  
The way, though weary, leadeth to repose;  
Life, though with bitter memories hampered,  
Will yet outblossom as the summer rose."

And with the words, the man grew stronger-hearted;  
His pulse was quickened as by angel touch;  
Again upon the race of life he started,  
Content, if there were need, to suffer much.

## HEART CHANGES.

BY SUSAN HOLMES BLAISDELL.

A HIGH, hedge-bordered wall separated the field from the village street, and within, leaning upon a gate in the centre, through which a common pathway ran from the field to the road, stood, at sunset, two young girls, in conversation. Two girls, both fair, and young, and graceful; neither of them more than seventeen. One with a round, laughing face, and merry dark eyes, that were soft and kindly withal; the other with eyes of deep blue, and a countenance somewhat more quiet and thoughtful than that of her companion, and yet no less cheerful, especially as she smiled now, in speaking.

"So you were not sorry to bid Master Rodwell good-by, Mary?" she was saying.

Mary Burton shook head laughingly. "No, not at all, Elsie, nor, I am sure, were you yourself. I only hope his successor may please us better."

"That is, I interpret it, that he may be more merciful to you, when you take it into your head to play the mischief, and make the girls laugh in school, dear. Well, I confess I hope so too, for indeed he was a great deal too severe. But I don't think we need have any fear of the new

teacher. Master Rodwell was old, and cross, and pompous. Mr. Delavan, if I may judge from what papa says, is the very reverse. Amy Bruce, too, who has seen him, gives a glowing account of him. She described him as being young, handsome, gentlemanly, and, though somewhat quiet, of a cheerful and open disposition, and the kindest manner in the world. But the point on which Amy dwells particularly," and Elsie Mayhew smiled, "is his fine personal appearance, and the beauty of his countenance, which she declares is perfectly captivating."

"O, that will make it all the worse!" laughed Mary Burton, "the recitations are bad enough now. There will be no end of blushing and blundering. We shall wish him out of the school in two hours after he comes into it."

"Not when we think of cross Master Rodwell, Mary. And we shall soon get accustomed to Mr. Delavan."

The speaker paused a moment, looking down on the grass, with a musing look in her blue eyes, when she said, with a brighter smile than her pretty face had worn before. "Papa says he isn't married, this young Mr. Delavan; and according to all the romances I ever read, it is his bounden duty to fall in love with one of the girls in the school—there are a dozen pretty ones among them—and suppose it should be you! Would you have him, Mary?" And the blue eyes sparkled with sudden merriment.

"A school teacher, Elsie? No, you may pick out some one else for him if you like," answered Mary Burton, with a careless laugh, and a slight touch of contempt in voice and manner, though her cheek reddened a little at her companion's words. "School teachers," she added, "should not be presumptuous."

Elsie Mayhew colored too, and very quickly. "O, I forgot how proud you are, Mary," she said, in an altered and somewhat constrained tone.

"Young ladies, will you allow me to pass?" said a clear and quiet voice behind them, as the footstep of the speaker was arrested in the path.

Both the girls turned hastily, and simultaneously stepped aside, while the gentleman who had spoken, and who had come up unperceived by them, lifted his hat with a slight, but courteous salutation, and passing the gateway, walked rapidly up the village street. Elsie blushed, wondering whether he had heard much of the last part of their conversation; and Mary, with her sense of the ludicrous, as usual, uppermost, laughed outright.

"Interesting colloquy for a gentleman to hear," she said, gaily. "I hope he found it edifying. But come, Elsie!" and she took her friend's arm

caressingly, "we won't talk nonsense about our new teacher. It is time for me to be at home. Will you go up and spend the evening with me? and leave Mr. Delavan for somebody else."

"But, Mary, stop a moment," said Elsie, seriously and earnestly. "I want you to tell me honestly—though I asked you in sport, at first—wouldn't you marry a school-teacher?"

"No!" said Mary Burton, briefly. And the two walked homeward in silence.

Mary Burton's parents were both dead. Her father was an old Virginia gentleman, of good family, of great wealth, and of great pride; and these two last Mary fully inherited. She was merry, good-tempered, kind-hearted and affectionate and proud, though one would have thought pride the trait most remote from such a character as hers, and few, excepting her most intimate friends, would have guessed its existence.

Since the death of her father, she had resided in New England, with her uncle, Colonel Walton, in one of the prettiest of its pretty country districts; and it was here, at the neighboring academy, that she was finishing her education, where she was a favorite with all, and where, among her classmates, Elsie Mayhew was her favorite and confidant.

The summer vacation was over, and the conversation which we have recorded, occurred on the afternoon of the day previous to that which called them once more to their studies. Their former instructor had resigned the duties of his office to another, and the morrow was to introduce them to him. He had arrived at the village that morning, and the pupils generally were eager to welcome his advent. Only one or two of them had seen him yet.

The morning of the next day dawned clear and bright, and at the accustomed hour, Mary Burton and Elsie Mayhew took their way schoolward. As they went, the mellow, musical chime of the academy bell floated out on the morning air.

"Already!" said Mary. "We must have lingered. See, there is Ellen Wilber, who is usually among the last. Let us hasten."

They quickened their steps. Both thought of the new teacher whom they were to meet, both thought of the conversation which had passed between them on the evening of the previous day; but neither spoke a word touching the one subject or the other. But each knew what the other must be thinking of; especially when, at the wicket of a little cottage by the way, they beheld, talking with an old woman, the stranger who had passed them at the stile the evening before. This encounter gave both rather an uncomfortable sensation, and Mary blushed, spite

of herself, as, glancing towards them, he lifted his hat in courteous recognition, and his glance, resting for an instant upon her face, was withdrawn again. She tried to shake off the confusion she felt, however, and as they passed out of hearing distance, said to Elsie:

"He has splendid eyes, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but I wish he hadn't heard what we said yesterday," was Elsie's half-laughing, half-serious answer.

Down a lane close by, they saw a little lame girl hurrying up to school. They went down to help her along, and in five minutes were on their way; but they had only a few seconds to spare, when they reached the academy. Nearly all the scholars were assembled. A group of the girls were gathered about the master's desk, talking with him, for he had already taken his seat. Mary and Elsie could not see him; but as they approached their old seats, which were near the platform, the little crowd separated, and Mr. Delavan, reaching out his hand, touched the bell. Mary Burton started. In that slight, graceful figure clad in black; in the fine head; in the quiet, earnest countenance, so noble, so full of dignity; more than all, in the glance of those beautiful, serious dark eyes whose full glance she met now for the third time, she recognized the form and features of the stranger whom she had seen at the stile, the evening before!

For a moment, as their eyes met, her cheek was warm with blushes, and her heart beat fast and tumultuously, as the thought of all that he must have heard flashed through her mind. Before she had time to collect herself, the morning services had commenced.

Elsie Mayhew had started and colored as this discovery greeted her. But she could only hurriedly touch Mary's hand, in lieu of words to convey her feelings, as she took out her Bible.

Mr. Delavan commenced reading, and while his clear, distinct flexible tones, beautiful as the echoes of some sweet-voiced bell, rose and filled the silent morning air, Mary had leisure to regain some degree of composure. In those few moments her pride asserted its sway.

"What if he did hear?" she said to herself. "It was the truth. I have no reason to be ashamed."

Still, when the morning services were concluded, and the arrangement of the classes commenced, and, after he had examined a few others, the teacher called up Mary Burton, she felt a slight tremor of renewed agitation. She was glad, when she approached the desk, that he did not look up, but merely glancing towards the chair beside him, requested her to be seated, and im-

mediately commenced the usual inquiries with regard to the studies she wished to pursue. He went through the list briefly, his eyes on the paper he held, and his pencil busy with its notes; while Mary Burton, wishing herself a thousand miles away, answered his questions with all the indifference she could muster, and rose the moment he had finished, without waiting for the words that released her. Elsie Mayhew was called up next. She went up, blushing violently, but reassured by Mr. Delavan's seeming utter obliviousness to everything unconnected with the immediate business in hand, came back, looking a little relieved. So one by one the classes were arranged, and the morning's work was over.

But at its conclusion, before dismissing the pupils, Mr. Delavan spoke some words to them concerning their new mutual relations to each other. His remarks were few and brief, and to the purpose; but invested with a spirit of kindly good will, that won his hearers' hearts. Mary Burton's mingled pride, and anger, and shame, were all forgotten while he spoke. She listened, and forgot everything that had passed, in the dawning feeling of admiration. But memory returned with his concluding words.

"I trust and believe," they were, as he looked about him at his pupils, "that you will perform patiently and diligently your portion of the work here. I, on my part, shall never think that I can labor too diligently for your improvement. My greatest anxiety will be lest I should not fully meet my duty. Believe me, *I shall never be in the least apprehensive of exceeding it.*"

Quiet as they were, there was a gentle emphasis on the words, that with the full, direct glance of his fine dark eyes towards Mary Burton, gave those words a double meaning. Elsie Mayhew's cheeks were instantly covered with blushes again. But Mr. Delavan's look and tone had roused Mary's pride again with tenfold strength, and though her cheek, too, slightly reddened, it was with the same feeling that caused her lip to curl as she turned her head aside.

Mary Burton anticipated now, a display of coldness on his side, towards her. She looked for a distant, perhaps haughty demeanor, as the natural effect of what had passed, and not without reason, perhaps; as she knew so little of his nature, for not one out of ten would have heard himself spoken of with contempt, as she had spoken, without betraying feelings of either pique or of scorn. The words so significantly addressed to her: "*I shall never be in the least apprehensive of exceeding my duty,*" she interpreted as a commencement of hostilities between them, and her pride was up in arms.

But there were no hostilities commenced. He neither avoided nor treated her with coldness. He spoke to her courteously, when he had occasion to address her; he listened to her recitations with an attention and interest, and explained to her whatever required explanation in her lessons, with a care equal to that, and as kindly as that which he awarded her companions. But he made no advances towards a better acquaintance. If she needed his assistance, he was ready to give it, if not, he never intruded his notice upon her. In short, she felt that while he treated her with perfect courtesy, she was an object of utter indifference to him.

She was at a stand. She had taken the weapons of pride in her hand, and now she gradually found them blunted, dull, powerless. His calm, self-reliant dignity was so different from the display of resentful feeling she had anticipated, that she suddenly found herself disarmed. It had its effect upon her feelings. Almost before she was aware of it, it had shown her his superiority—a superiority that she could not but acknowledge. She felt that he was the more worthy, that she had lost her ground.

It was a little after the time of the commencement—but let us explain a little.

Among Mary Burton's classmates, was Jane Eltham—or Jennie, as she called herself, and wrote on her visiting cards—the only daughter of one of the "great men" of the place. Jane had a brother George, a young man of very good personal appearance, but excessively vain, who greatly admired Mary. His chief ambition was to make an impression on her heart. His sister, who was not at all averse to have him marry the heiress, in the very face of half-a-dozen other admirers, who all declared themselves dying for Mary, went heart and hand with him in his views. She called Mary her "dearest friend," flattered, caressed, and hung about her, and was always unhappy when Mary was out of her sight; formed no plan of amusement without including her, and felt deeply hurt if Mary ever seemed to forget her. A little time, then, after the school recommenced, George Eltham returned home, from the completion of his college studies. His first inquiry was for Mary, and Jane was ready to answer all his questions; to dilate upon Mary's personal appearance, to tell how much prettier, if possible, she had grown since he had seen her last, and to enlarge upon their natural affection; for, as she told everybody how much she loved Mary, and everybody knew what she loved her for, she also affirmed to them how deeply Mary loved her in return.

George, very much elated, went to see their

pretty neighbor directly; planned sleigh-rides and suppers, dinners and balls for the ensuing winter, and confided to Jane his intention of giving Mary a moonlight serenade; perhaps several of them, for being a good singer, he liked nothing better than the exercise of his own vocal powers, especially in so romantic a case as that of a serenade.

He proceeded to establish himself as Mary's cavalier at once. Whenever he was in her company, his aim was to place himself at her side. At parties, meetings, walks and rides, she was signalized as the especial object of his attentions. Particularly was he sure, as often as he had an opportunity, to be ready to walk with her to school in the morning, and back again in the afternoon.

Mary, for her part, had a very slight opinion of him; and though she endured his attentions now and then, not wishing to offend either him or his sister, she deliberately put them aside when they became troublesome. His vanity amused her occasionally, occasionally vexed her, and often she laughed at, rather than with him; often grew impatient without laughing at all.

George Eltham had heard on every hand, unbounded praises of Mr. Delavan, whom everybody liked—with the exception of Jane and himself. For George admired himself very much, and the praises of another's virtues and appearance were not so pleasant to him as those of his own. While Jane, unduly proud of her brother, could not bear to hear people prefer the new comer before him.

"By-the-by," George said, one morning, as meeting Mary on her way to school, he turned back with her, "by-the-by, Mary (he always called her 'Mary'), I saw your teacher yesterday—what's his name?"

"Delavan," said Mary.

"O, yes, Jane told me. I was walking with your friend, Elsie Mayhew, when I saw him. Pretty girl, by-the-by, isn't she? though not to be compared with *some* I know. Isn't *quite* lively enough. Very charming though."

"I should certainly take occasion to repeat your compliment to her," said Mary, smiling, "but unfortunately she left this morning, for a season in the city, with her uncle's family."

"Did? 'O well, I was speaking about your teacher. Don't go about much, I hear? that is, in society."

"No," said Mary, which was true, for Mr. Delavan, boarding at the cottage of an old widow lady in the vicinity, seldom left it, out of school hours, except for an occasional lonely ramble about the place, though it was not for want

of invitations to all the tea-drinkings and merry-makings in the neighborhood. He was so generally and thoroughly liked by all, however, that the most urgent failed to be offended by his declining their invitation, so gently and courteously he did it. But George Eltham made it a serious matter, for the sake of exalting himself.

"Deuced churlish, I declare—aint he now, Mary? I hate a fellow who shuts himself up so, and looks dignified, and evidently feels above associating with common people! I like to make myself agreeable, for my part;" here he twisted his yellow moustache, and spoke with a very earnest and conscientious air. "I like to make myself agreeable, for my part. I think it's the duty of every man to make himself agreeable to people. Suppose I were to seclude myself, and play the hermit in that way?"

"O, don't!" ejaculated Mary, with an irrepressible dash of sarcasm, "don't, pray! You can't conceive how society would suffer!"

But he took it all in earnest, smiled killingly, and raised his hat with a profound bow of acknowledgement. Then declared:

"Well, I wouldn't do such a shabby thing—wouldn't, 'pon my word! I should never expect a lady to smile on me again! No, I've always studied to make myself agreeable—thrown my whole heart into it, in fact, because it's a duty a gentleman owes to society in general, and the ladies in particular. And I flatter myself I haven't entirely failed." Here he bowed again with execruciating gallantry, and looked tenderly at Mary.

She felt inclined to laugh outright. "O, no, not by any means!" she affirmed, without looking at him.

"You are kind to say so!" Here he bowed again. "I can't sufficiently congratulate myself that my disposition is constituted differently from Mr. Delavan's. I wouldn't be in his case for something—declare I wouldn't! I wish such people could know what the ladies think of them! Perfect bears, aint they, Mary? So unsociable, you know!"

Mary scarcely knew now whether to laugh or be angry. She could not deny that his impertinence to Mr. Delavan annoyed her. "Insufferable vanity!" she muttered.

"Vanity!" echoed her companion, thinking the remark applied to Mr. Delavan, "yes, so it is. I wish the person knew how we look down on him, Mary! 'Twould maybe—"

"Good morning, Mr. Eltham!" broke in Mary, abruptly. "Here we are at the door."

She left him unceremoniously, and went into the school-room. But a few of the girls were

assembled, and they had scattered here and there in groups, talking. Mr. Delavan stood alone by the window, his arms folded on his chest, and his head turned slightly aside, as his clear glance was fixed on the distant hills that towered over the quiet morning landscape. For a moment, with arrested steps, she paused involuntarily just inside the doorway, her attention riveted by the calm and noble intellect enthroned upon that fine countenance; by the air of blended repose, refinement, and unconscious dignity that so distinguished him. Fresh from the rapid silliness, the weak vanity of young Eltham, how the contrast struck her, despite herself!

Mr. Delavan moved—turned his head—saw her. With cheeks flushing scarlet, she started from her statue-like position, and hastened on to the dressing-room, untying her hat as she went. When he came back, he was reading in his desk. She went to her own and commenced studying. He never looked up. It was as if she had not been in the room. His arm rested on the desk, and his head leaning upon his hand, he perused the page before him with undivided attention. She saw it, raising her eyes with an irresistible impulse, once or twice, to fix them on that calm, unmoved countenance. She was satisfied that he gave no thought to her. How quiet he was! how silent and pre-occupied! She returned to her book, and studied till the bell rang for morning services.

Her first recitation was just after prayers, then her class was not called up again for more than an hour. The first recess, which occurred during the interval, found her puzzling over a difficult passage in her lesson. She had been at work over it for the last half hour, and the longer she worked, the more obscure it seemed to become. Resisting the attempts of her companions to coax her out of doors, she applied herself yet more closely to her task.

But in vain. The meaning became more and more involved, with every fresh trial, and finally but only five minutes of recess-time remained. She must either have an imperfect lesson, or have recourse to assistance, and from Mr. Delavan. For a moment, necessity and disinclination had a hard struggle of it, but necessity had the victory, and finally, with her heart beating a great deal faster than usual, the color coming and going on her cheek, and her voice hasty and perceptibly agitated, though she tried hard enough to appear indifferent, she went up to the desk and asked him to help her; feeling, as he raised his eyes to her face, that her cheek was rapidly growing scarlet again.

He bowed. "Certainly, Miss Burton, be seat-

ed, if you please." And drawing a chair beside his own, he laid the book she gave him on the desk in front of them. He glanced over the passage for a moment before speaking, and discovered where her difficulty lay; then, instead of explaining it for her, he proceeded to ask her two or three questions concerning its construction, which she had failed to put to herself, and which led her to a track by which she gradually unravelled the difficulty for herself. Throughout all this, his manner was filled with interest, with a plainly evident interest in the subject, and her full comprehension of it. The moment it was over, he seemed, as usual, to retire within himself. With a slight inclination of the head, without raising his eyes to hers again, he courteously acknowledged her thanks, and was about to touch the bell to call in the scholars. But a sudden thought seemed to arrest his hand. Mary saw that it was already a moment past the usual time allotted for the recess, yet he put the bell down again, without ringing it, saying quietly, as he did so:

"Perhaps you had better take a few moments' exercise, before we re-commence recitations. I wish every pupil, as far as possible, to avail herself of the time set apart for it."

And Mary went out among her companions.

"You don't look so pale as you did, Mary," said one of them, coming up to her.

"Why, did I look pale, Ellen?"

"Yes, when you were studying so hard. I saw Mr. Delavan looking at you. I was coming to call you out, but somebody came up and I forgot it. I thought he was just on the point of coming himself to send you away from your book."

Mary's lip did not curl when she heard this. She stood a moment in unusual thoughtfulness and silence, and then went away out of the throng, and walked up and down by herself. It was not a trivial circumstance to her, or an indifferent one, that Mr. Delavan noticed that she looked pale. But as far as her knowledge went, thenceforth, it was an isolated instance of other than absolutely requisite interest. It was not repeated. He was a good and faithful teacher; he never showed himself other than kind and courteous towards her; but he would not trespass a single inch upon the distance that kept them asunder. And thus it was, that day by day, while maintaining his own self-respect, he won the respect of Mary Burton also.

"Splendid sleigh-ride, Mary! Going to beat everything we've ever had. Twenty miles out—a grand supper at Western's, and back by moon-

light. Finest time of the season, I'll wager! And I know who'll be the belle!"

It was thus that Jane Eltham's brother expressed himself one morning in February. A heavy snow had fallen, and all the young people, far and near, had agreed to make the most of it, since winter was almost on the point of breaking up, and its opportunities for enjoyment were so soon to vanish. There was to be a general gathering of youths and maidens from every corner of the place, to make the party as large and gay as it might be. Everybody was looking forward with animated expectation, and particularly George Eltham, who talked of nothing else. He was to have his father's new cutter—a dainty little affair—out on the occasion; for besides the large sleigh, which had been obtained from a neighboring town for the accommodation of the bulk of the party, at least a dozen small ones were to be filled; and with himself, his new sleigh, and the beautiful companion whom he counted upon securing, he looked forward to the felicity of creating a decided sensation. He was more talkative than ever, and in his best mood.

"You know who'll be the belle?" echoed Mary, knowing very well whom he meant, but pretending utter ignorance, "so do I, and everybody else who has seen that pretty cousin of yours, who has come from the city. You will have the prettiest girl in the company in your sleigh, Mr. Eltham."

"O, hang it, I don't mean *her*, Mary—of course I meant you. I'm not going to take Margaret Winslow, she and Jane will go with somebody else. I want you, Mary."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Eltham," answered Mary, drily, "but you can't have me. It is your place to ask your cousin; I wish you wouldn't oblige me remind you of it."

He looked a little vexed—chagrined.

"Then you won't go with me, Mary?" he said. "When you've known all along that I expected you to. I settled to have you before ever Margaret Winslow came. Besides, Tom Maxwell is going to ask her—I know he is."

"That doesn't affect the case, Mr. Eltham. Your place is to invite your cousin," said Mary, quietly, "and I cannot infringe on her right."

George Eltham's brow looked cloudy for a moment, but he could say nothing against this.

"Well, I'll ask her," he said, reluctantly, at length; "but if she don't go with me, then you will go, I hope?"

"I can't say," said Mary, shaking her head. "Go and ask her first, and don't think about me." And he went.

That morning, during recess, while Mr. Dela-

van was out of the school-room, a knot of girls stood talking in one of the aisles.

"Mary!" ejaculated Jane Eltham, "George says you're not going with him to-morrow evening! That you refused this very day. I wish you hadn't! With whom are you going, then?"

"I don't know," said Mary.

"Don't know? I'm sure you ought to. I know as many as three or four have asked you already; but you might have gone with George."

Here her attention was attracted in a different direction, and another of the girls broke in:

"I wish Mr. Delavan would go! Wouldn't it be perfectly splendid? But he never goes anywhere!"

"Yes, I wish he would!" said another. "But then," she added, laughingly, in a lower tone, "George Eltham wouldn't like that a bit. Mr. Delavan would put him quite in the shade. And you know George always thinks himself the finest man in the party. He wouldn't bear a rival!"

"George Eltham!" said a third, with a slight curl of the lip, "don't mention him in the same breath with Mr. Delavan! Jane don't relish it, I know, that people like Mr. Delavan a great deal the best; and she always set her brother up above him; but though George is rolling in money, and Mr. Delavan a school teacher, 'for a' that, and a' that,' I guess we know whom we'd just like to put up for president of these United States!"

"Yes, that we do!" chimed in another. "I only wish Mr. Delavan were president!"

"Hush!" laughed the one who had preceded her. "Jane hears you."

"What is it, girls?" said Jane Eltham.

"O, only discussing the respective merits of Mr. Delavan and your brother, that's all!" answered the last speaker, nonchalantly.

Mr. Delavan!" exclaimed Jane Eltham, with a slightly supercilious accent, "I don't compare Mr. Delavan and my brother George."

"Well," laughed Lucy Evans, turning to Mary, "do you compare them, Mary Burton?"

"No, indeed!" said Mary, quietly, but with an irresistible impulse, "no indeed! *There is no comparison between them!*"

"Bravo!" uttered Lucy Evans, delightedly. "There's a delicate compliment for you! I never guessed you thought so highly of Mr. Delavan, Mary. I wish he could have heard and seen you then. What—blushing? And now crying, I declare. Why, Mary!"

"Don't, Lucy!" entreated Mary Burton, turning away to hide her glowing cheek, and the impulsive tears that rushed to her eyes; while Lucy Evans threw her arms about her and kissed her.

There was a shadow on the door-sill, that lingered there an instant, and was gone again, unnoticed by any. The shadow of some one who had approached, about to enter, and had gone away without entering. And Mary did not know how near Mr. Delavan had been. He was out there, pacing thoughtfully up and down, under the trees, for a long time afterwards.

That day, among the majority of the girls, nothing was talked of but the enjoyment of the morrow. Mary left them discussing the matter in the dressing-room, at the close of the lesson-hours; and tying on her hat, took up her books to go. Mr. Delavan was standing near the door, talking with one of the pupils, and simply bowing to her, as she passed, continued his conversation. Some words of what he was saying, reached her ear.

"I shall be very sorry to bid you all good-by, but I trust—"

That was all, but it rung in her ear long after it was uttered. She stood quite still, for an instant, after she had passed him, the words fascinated her so. Then recovering her presence of mind, she went on, out into the open air. But a strange sensation assailed her as she went. She felt cold—there was a weight, as it were, on her limbs—she could not see well.

Just reaching the outer entrance, she stopped, and held by one of the pillars, her head resting against the cold stone. There was a step near her. Some one paused and looked at her, and spoke her name with a frightened accent; and then, with a cold shiver running through her frame, she found herself seated in a chair close by, supported by Lucy Evans, with her head pillowed on Lucy's shoulder.

"Mary, you are sick, faint!" Lucy ejaculated, in alarm. "Mr. Delavan—some water!" she added, raising her voice.

"No, no!" Mary struggled to articulate; "I shall be better presently. Don't call any one."

The dread of meeting Mr. Delavan now, nerved her. Fortunately, the door at the end of the passage being closed, he had not heard the call, and as no one else came out, they were left alone for several minutes, during which, Mary gradually revived. But she was still very pale indeed; her lips regained but little of their natural color, while the look of pain and languor in her eyes did not go away. Lucy wished to get some water for her, but Mary refused, fearing to attract notice.

The moment that she could walk, she proceeded homeward, leaning on Lucy's arm; thanking her for her kindness, and asking her to say nothing about her illness, which Lucy herself attributed to over-application in the heated school-room.

That evening Mary learned from one of the committee, that Mr. Delavan was called away by the severe illness of a friend, from his school; and, as it was so near the spring vacation, that he would not return! They all felt his projected departure severely; but it was impossible for them to keep him. What were the emotions with which she heard all this?

It was early the next morning when she reached the academy, but Mr. Delavan was seated at his desk, as usual. He did not look up. He sat reading, with his head resting on his hand, which shaded his countenance. She went silently down the aisle, put her books on her desk, and entered the dressing-room. Many of the girls were assembled there, talking in subdued tones, and Mary knew it was not about the sleighing party.

They all looked serious, many of them sorrowful. She looked at them in silence, as she entered, feeling what their first words would be. The girls broke up their groups, and came to meet her.

"O, Mary, Mr. Delavan is going to leave us!"

"He is?" said Mary.

She hung up her bonnet and shawl, and without saying more, went back to her seat and opened her book. She was followed by one pertinacious little girl.

"Yes, Mary, and only think, this is his last day!"

His last day!

Mary kept apart from her companions that morning. At recess, they all gathered about Mr. Delavan. She remained at her desk, bending over her book—alone.

More than once he looked towards her, from the throng gathered about him; feeling then—he could not disguise it from himself—an earnest, unconquerable wish that she would look up at him. But she never raised her eyes, and he could only see that she was very pale.

The morning sped on. Lessons were resumed, closed—books put up, and then, in the silence that followed, Mr. Delavan spoke to them his parting words.

He spoke kindly—affectionately—with deep feeling, as he assured his pupils of the unqualified satisfaction and pleasure they had given him; of the good will he bore them, and of the pleasure with which he should remember them, one and all. His voice slightly wavered once or twice, as he went on, and strangely unsteady as he closed.

The girls gathered again in the dressing-room, talking regretfully of Mr. Delavan's departure, most of them; some mingling their regrets with anticipations of the evening's enjoyment. Two or three asked Mary with whom she was going.

"I am not going."

It was all she said, and went out into the school-room. Slowly she went up the aisle. One of the scholars had just taken leave of Mr. Delavan, and gone. He stood by the door, and Mary approached with downcast eyes. They met silently; Mary could not speak as she offered him her hand;

He took it, clasping it slightly at first, then, as it lingered in his, with an increasing pressure.

"Good-by, Miss Burton," he said, in a subdued voice, at length. There was a shadow of deep, earnest heart-feeling now, in his eyes, as they rested on her pale countenance; but it was blended still with one of pain and uncertainty.

"Good-by!" The words sounded now, as they had never sounded before, to Mary Burton's ears, but she forced herself to answer them; and slowly withdrawing her hand, passed on, without the courage to raise her eyes to his face.

And that evening, when all the rest had departed on their errand of pleasure, Mary sat alone by the hearth at home, and Mr. Delavan, mounting to the stage-box, was borne far away from all that had been. \* \* \* \*

February—March—April—May! Slowly, very slowly the months rolled away, the earth had grown green again in the warm sunshine of the opening season. A new teacher had taken Mr. Delavan's place in the old school-house, little to the satisfaction of parents or children, for every one, old and young, in the village and out, had become strongly attached to Mr. Delavan; and deep as their regret had been when he left them, time rendered that regret deeper still. School was closed now for the holidays; and the new teacher had received his dismissal, while the committee assembled for new arrangements.

The young people, generally, were enjoying themselves. Elsie Mayhew had come back from the city. George Eltham, notwithstanding Mary Burton's blunt treatment, had offered himself, and been refused. Jane's indignation at this knew no bounds; she cut Mary point-blank now. But George's heart was one of the kind that never breaks, and he had consoled himself with the reflection that if Miss Mary Burton, the simple thing! was insensible to his merits, he knew plenty of girls who were not. But nevertheless, he had some difficulty in finding one.

With the beginning of the warm and sunshiny days, there was an unusual commotion in the village. Stone-cutters, masons, carpenters, painters and whitewashers were called into sudden and combined activity. On the hillside opposite the village, a new academy-building was in process of erection, much larger and finer than the old one, which stood just on the left; and which was,

in its turn, being rapidly altered into an elegant and spacious dwelling-house. Meanwhile, the school-committee were in a state of mysterious restlessness. There was literally no end to the conferences between them; the results of which were religiously guarded even from their wives; so nobody knew or could even guess what it was all going to amount to finally.

The building went on, day after day, more and more rapidly verging, towards completion; and finally, one August afternoon, it was finished. And there they stood on the hillside—the new academy, large, and pleasant, and cheerful; with its simple but beautiful and tasteful exterior, its wide, well laid out grounds, and its graceful trees; and just beyond, the handsome, new, red-brick dwelling-house, with its glittering windows of plate-glass flashing back the sunshine through the green foliage on the slope.

It was that afternoon, that Mary Burton went up to inspect the new academy, with a number of her old classmates. As they examined it, exclamations of pleasure echoed on every side, and then the little party adjourned to the new house on the slope, which they had obtained leave to visit.

All but Mary Burton. She lingered behind the rest, and closing the door, turned back with a slow, sad step. Pausing in the aisle, she looked lingeringly, thoughtfully around, on every object in the new hall, bringing up to memory, as she did so, all that had been in the old. And lastly, her eyes rested on the teacher's desk.

For many a moment it rested there, and then, with a deep sigh, she sat down in the seat near her, and leaned forward upon the desk before her, with her head bowed upon her clasped hands.

The door opened behind her. A step sounded upon the threshold and paused there. Rising hastily, she brushed away a tear that had fallen on her cheek, and turned round.

She started—every pulse in her frame bounded—thrilled as with an electric shock.

"Mr. Delavan!" she uttered, impulsively, the faint color wavering on her cheek.

"Miss Burton!" was his answering exclamation of surprise, as he advanced. "I did not expect to find any one here. I thought you were with your companions whom I observed to enter, and afterwards leave here a little while ago."

She had left her position, and they met now, in the aisle.

"No, I stayed behind a few moments," she said, and then paused.

For a single instant, her hand rested in his. "You have been well?" he said, as he held it.

"Very well, I thank you. And you?"



"As well as I could wish. But I have been confined in the dusty city all summer, and it is sweet to find myself in the country once more."

His quiet, collected manner communicated some degree of self-possession to his companion.

"I had no—expectation of seeing you again," she said, trying to speak calmly.

"No—I had not fully decided, before the last day I was here, upon returning, and then I thought it best not to say anything, lest—I should have occasion to revoke my decision. I find the aspect of things somewhat altered here." And he looked about him.

"Yes—we have no longer the old school-room," she answered, with a touch of sadness—almost of melancholy in her tones.

He was silent a moment.

"But we have the old pupils, I trust," he said, at length.

The words brought an eager flush to Mary's face. She looked at him inquiringly for an instant, with a half-uttered question trembling on her lips, but she suppressed the impulse.

"Do you design to attend the academy this winter?" Mr. Delavan asked, breaking the silence.

"I think I shall—we do not know yet who is to be the principal."

He regarded her questioningly.

"Then they have not mentioned my—they have not told you?"

"No. Do you know, Mr. Delavan?—is it?" She paused.

"I am to take charge here. I thought they had told you," was his answer.

"You, Mr. Delavan?"

An irrepresible look of gladness filled her eyes with a soft light—a quick flush mantled in her varying cheek. She averted her face for an instant, that he might not see the effect of his words. But he had seen it. A strong—an irresistible impulse actuated him.

"Miss Burton," he said, with a subdued, but hasty and almost passionate tone, "is it a matter of the slightest consequence to you? Do you care who takes it—I or another?"

She did not answer; but with that faint flush covering her face—her forehead—she lifted her eyes to his, and then veiled them again.

He looked at her earnestly—eagerly—a moment; his heart throbbed quick and deep; his hand touched hers. Then it was hastily withdrawn. Some hateful memory seemed to chill him—to freeze the warm impulses that had moved him. He drew back.

"I ask your pardon, Miss Burton. I find I

am forgetting the constraint I have put upon myself hitherto. I have detained you here too long, perhaps; you must think it presumption—in a school-teacher."

"Mr. Delavan!" Her voice trembled—the quick, hot tears rushed to her eyes. "Mr. Delavan—is this generous? Is not my shame—my repentance—my humiliation—yet sufficient? Must I humble myself still more deeply, and ask you to forget my impertinence?" And the passionate utterance ended in unrestrained weeping, as she hid her face in her hands.

"Miss Burton! No—it is not generous—it is not manly! A thousand—thousand times I ask you to forgive me!" ejaculated Mr. Delavan, earnestly.

There was silence, while Mary, weeping still, answered no word.

"Mary!" Mr. Delavan's voice was very grave, full of pain, and yet of tenderness. "Mary—listen to me!" He drew one of her hands away, and held it clasped in his own. "Listen to me!" he said gently again. "Mary, I did not think that I should to-day break through the restraint which has held me so long. I did not dream that I should betray to you the true character of the feeling with which I have learned, despite my own pride, to regard you—the love that has filled my breast, day by day, for you, even while I dwelt bitterly and sternly on the memory of those light words you spoke so long ago. But I cannot—I will not conceal it, now. In a hasty moment, I have wounded you—and now I put my fate in your hands. Rebuke me—punish me, if you will—if you can; or tell me that Mary Burton's love is more merciful than her pride!"

Still, the bright tears fell from Mary's eyes; but they were happy ones, as the beautiful light in those soft eyes bore witness, while she raised them for one instant timidly to his, and then hid them on the breast to which her lover drew her, murmuring: "Mr. Delavan, I am not worthy of you!"

And lovely was the sunset light, rose-hued and cloudless, that shone in upon them both through the windows of the new academy.

What more remains to be said? And yet we must tell how the committee were forced to divulge, that evening, their long-guarded secret—and it was known all about that Mr. Delavan was to be established as principal of the school. And how Mary and Mr. Delavan were married that fall, and the new house on the hillside—Mr. Delavan's house—received them. Mary is very happy, in her home by the new academy—very happy, as Mr. Delavan's bride.

## FAME AND FRIENDS.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

This thy craving, thy hope—"There's in store for us fame!"

Companions in labor, for separate ends;  
I give you my chances—if greater the same—  
For only the praises of kindred and friends.

The trumpet of fame may be tuned to your ear,—  
Welcome then to its blast, and the pleasure it lends;  
My wishes are compassed when simply I hear  
That æolian harping—the praises of friends.

Light may be to the feet, but not warmth to the heart,  
In the northern aurora of fame that ascends;  
Take joy in that light as you can—be my part  
By the home-hearth a-glow with the praises of friends.

A Psyche pursuing the long, weary way,  
While to one soft enchantment her every thought tends,  
I would earn the world's plaudits, if haply I may,  
Then forget all the due in the praises of friends.

## THE GREEK FISHER GIRL.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

ONONA! What a sea of beautiful memories expands as I remember that name! What a world full of rainbows and iridescent foam, of bubbles and great salt sea waves, of sunny basking in old Grecian bays, through livelong summer days, and scudding along terrible lee-shores under gray skies and driving storm! I heard of her in Greece, in those wild islands of the Adriatic. Many years ago she shared the exposed life of those amphibian sailors, and to this day they treasure the traditions that tell of her. Old Lassa, the most expert fisherman of the isles, had started one morning in his boat and had just cleared the land, when among the reeds in a cleft of the rocks a singular sound caught his attention. At first he thought it the waves gurgling in and out, then, some of the children of the tribe, but the neighboring people were too few for him not to know every child among them, and this was a softer, different sound from that made by them in their play. Reaching the spot, he looked into the little hollow. A small, lined basket, such as he knew were used from their elasticity to dandle high-born babies in on the opposite coast, lay high among the weeds, thrown there by the waves, and among heaps of light, floating clothes, as if just awakened from sleep, playing with its fists and singing a tuneless song to itself, lay the happiest, prettiest baby the fisherman had ever seen. It might be between two and three years old, for it had already clusters of gold-colored hair that promised to be darker, and

it must certainly be of wealthy parents, thought Lassa, for not only were its clothes soft and rich, but it wore little gold chains of curious workmanship, here and there disposed in the mass of wet drapery, which, together with the basket, had probably buoyed it up in its passage across the sea. Once or twice, the fisherman, more adventurous than his mates, had dared the open main and made that opposite coast. Palaces, he knew, stood close upon the sea, with their balconies overhanging the water's edge, and he at once conjectured that the babe, danced in this basket by a careless nurse, had fallen into the sea. If this was the case, a great reward would of course be paid for her; meantime, he would carry her home to Grill, his wife, and till he could discover whose she was, they would keep her. But then on the other hand, as Grill suggested when this additional care was bestowed on her, it might have been thrown away purposely,—and then? "Well, then," said Lassa, "she can help fish." And so, with her fine clothes laid away, the little child who in her broken talk called herself Onona, grew and flourished. No clue did the fisherman ever obtain of her identity; yet, still led away by this bright illusion, he believed in it, and resolved that she should one day marry his son Leppo, hoping that by-and-by such a connection would make a gentleman of the rough lump of humanity, scrambling at present among the fishes and tumbling round the shore. To this plan, Grill was nowise averse, especially since "she would have her bringing up," as she said, and having great honor in the community, of course all the other fishers of the Reggio were ready to enforce their wishes.

Time passed on, some fifteen years. Leppo had attained the perfection of his manhood, at best, a disgusting, lazy creature, the greatest stretch of whose intellect was the device of a cunning theft, and of whose bodily powers a wrestle with some one a little smaller. The girls of Reggio were a corresponding set, although it must be confessed that they far excelled the men, who were generally inferior to Leppo, if that were possible. From these it could hardly be expected that Onona would gather any good. Indeed, she went little among them, for Grill, who was not an islander, but had been a maid in some great family on the main land, taught her many milder things at home in the cottage, and with some natural instinct, she seldom consorted with them in her rambles, but spent long, solitary days in the wood on the mountain, returning at nightfall to be scolded by all three of this royal family of Reggio.

An Italian ship had been wrecked on the

island, some years before, and a box of books had been Onona's share of the spoil; these, the priest of a neighboring island, to which she frequently rowed alone, taught her at odd moments to read, and thus when she might have attained her seventeenth year, she had a store of learning, incongruous and unconnected, to be sure, but infinitely more than was known by any around her; and while eclipsing the fishers and their wives in intellect, she cultivated different tastes and had become an altogether different being from them.

At dusk, when having set torches in the niches of the rocks, these wild girls and their tatterdemalion lovers danced rudely on the shore, the waves breaking round their feet and the winds tossing their long, coarse, black hair, Onona sat on a cliff above, alternately watching their fiery, half-savage movements, and the dark, restless sea hurrying in long swells from the distant lights of the fishing boats glancing up and down on the horizon. Their glee fell strangely on her ear; she had become disgusted with them and thoroughly hated them. Of all the girls, she alone was without a lover, for since all knew of Lassa's designs for his son, no others would presume to approach her; Leppo, feeling secure, did not urge his claims, and from her haughty distance being unfamiliar with the Reggio damsels, they none of them dared hint that Leppo was her destined husband, and she still remained ignorant of it.

Restless and dissatisfied, she launched her boat in the wildest tempests and disappeared across the gray waste, amid the white wreaths of foam that hurtled over her, always returning drenched and safe at unexpected moments. Sometimes for days and nights together in warm, unclouded weather, she put forth and staid rocking on the sea; sometimes, they said, reaching the main land and mooring her boat there, she wandered up and down the shore, seeking some clues of her parentage, but if she met with any success, she kept it utterly to herself and endured the taunts at home with equanimity. The only thing she had condescended to learn of the fisher girls was the touch of the rude ghittern that they played, and disdaining that made for her by Leppo, she herself constructed one of finer shape and neater instrumentation, to which she sang the wild seacoast songs with a strong, mellow voice whose sweetness and compass fully compensated for its want of cultivation, and this ghittern had become her constant companion.

One day, having been long at sea, she touched the main land and drew her skiff up a cove where no spray might touch the slender store of oat-

cakes, and departed on fresh wanderings along the Italian shores. It grew night while she walked, not the soft, lustrous night of the climate, but clouded over with the fierce *ponente* winds, which blew the sea up in gusty arches round her path. Battling with the elements she ran on, laughing and singing to herself, till at last, more and more weary, she hardly dragged herself along, still thinking to find some sheltered spot where she might pass the night and at dawn regain her boat.

The darkness had been impenetrable; all at once, turning an angle of the beach, she came upon a stack of buildings raised close at the water's edge, though, as she afterwards found, running back into woods and gardens. Other palaces she had skirted, their basements extending only into shallow water; this water she knew by its quiet, was too deep. Something also attracted her to the place; the great floods of light streaming out directly on her path, and the fragrance of the garden behind. She wandered up a sandy avenue, gaining the ilex trees and the great myrtles swaying in the wind; some sweet influence seemed to be at work at her heart, taming her into peace; the spray of a fountain, tossed out in a stream by the *ponente*, struck across her face, and at last she sat wearily down on a moss-bed at the feet of a marble Silence and unconsciously sunk asleep.

The wind had fallen when she awoke. A nightingale trilled from some thick shade; the fountain fell with a peaceful splash into the basin hard by; the roar of the sea was slumberous and sweet. A silver lamp shed its light into her eyes, and half rising, she saw a gentleman somewhat past the prime of life, gazing at her with a pitying, curious look, while a little in the rear, standing with folded arms, was a younger man, dark and handsome, smiling incredulously.

"Poor child!" said the elder, "in such a wind as this has been!"

"Your excellency will find her nothing but some Zingara," said the younger man, checking himself as he caught her large eyes fixed on him.

"Ah, well," was the response, "we'll have her taken care of to-night. I'm not often at home. When I am, I wish those more unfortunate than I to feel it. Besides, besides, Victor!" said he, with a sorrowful accent, as if the young man understood what he did not add.

"Yes, yes, indeed, my uncle," said Victor. "Truly, prince, Nanna will make her comfortable."

All this Onona heard as if in a dream, glancing from one to the other; something very natural struck her in the elder, but rising with dignity,

she reverentially kissed his hand and turned away. As she went, Victor caught her hand and detained her; her eyes flashed instantly upon him, and she endeavored to snatch it away.

"Nay, signorina—" began he.

"Signor mocks me! Let me go!"

"It is his excellency's wish that you go to the house yonder with him."

"It is not my wish."

"But to please him, signorina—"

"Signorina again? You know I am no signorina—nothing but the friendless fisher-girl, Onona. You laugh at my misfortune!"

"Not I, in very truth! Onona? There is music in it. Prythee gratify an old man's wish; he fancies you like his young wife, the Princess Varazzo, who died of grief.

A different light sprung into Onona's face, and turning quickly, with her hand still in his, they followed the prince up the avenue, into the lofty entrance, where he consigned her into the house-keeping hands of Nanna, whence she shortly emerged, having undergone a bath and a change of raiment. Very well pleased with herself, but not liking the restraint, in a yellow silk gown and a wreath of scarlet honeysuckles, although her heavy hair had half fallen from its silver bodkin, rolling in auburn length over her white shoulders—she stepped along.

"The young lady," said Nanna, at the door of the drawing room, and there left her.

Onona entered at her ease, and advanced to the prince.

"You are very kind," said she, "but I do not desire this dress, and I wish to go back."

Victor was looking at her in astonished admiration as she spoke.

"O my God!" said the prince, "how like—how like! Is it possible there can be such another? Tell me, child—who are you?"

"No one. My name is Onona. I have lived with the fishers of Reggio fifteen years, but I am no child of theirs."

The old man sprang up.

"And have you nothing by which you may be recognized?" cried he.

"Nothing but the clothes which I wore when found."

"Fifteen years ago?" said he. "Victor—fifteen years ago we lost my child; if I found her you would lose much, my nephew—you would be no longer my sole heir."

"My uncle, I should lose all, with joy, in that event!" said the young man, with eager eyes.

"Onona, too. The very baby name of our own little Elena. Child, sit here by me and tell me all your life."

Onona did as she was bidden, and having concluded, the prince took her hand and conducted her to her chamber without a word, and then paced the floor restlessly the few hours that remained till daylight.

The next day, when Onona would have gone, she found it impossible, for both the prince and his nephew, Signor Victor, quietly forbade it; and for two weeks she staid with them in the palace, delighted and delighting, the old Nanna, who firmly believed what the prince hardly dared yet eagerly desired to hope.

Callers, dropping in at luncheon, beheld this beautiful girl, and saw with what deference both Varazzo and his nephew treated her, and it was singular to see with what graceful ease and becoming assurance she received them. The education, which she might be said to have given herself, now advantageously sat on her; she found her knowledge quite equal to that of most Italian ladies, and her freedom from the coarse vulgarity of the Reggio girls at once placed her on an equality with the prince's visitors. The fortnight lengthened to a month, and at last she authoritatively declared that she must leave them.

"But, my child," still urged the prince, whose parental fondness could not bear to lose her, "even if not by blood, I can make you so by law; I must allow me to adopt you?"

"I must go, your highness. Let me obtain the clothing that I wore, and then I will return."

"My own little Elena," said the prince, "wore some white garment, wrought with gay-colored flosses, I think—did she not, Nanna?"

"O most certainly, blessed mother!" cried Nanna, who was passing through the room, "that ever I suffered her—"

"Hush!—hush! There were several gold chains here and there about her dress, and the basket in which Nanna dandled her was of elastic cords and crimson wool. And my sweet wife died with grief at the loss of her!" he added, bitterly.

"Signor, I have never seen those articles. I will bring them back with me, if they answer your description."

"And if not, Onona?"

"Then, signor, I am not your child, and shall never come here again."

"And can you desert us thus, when you see how I love you as my own daughter?"

"No, no!" said she, with tears. "But you may find your own, and I cannot infringe another's rights; and I cannot rob Signor Victor!"

"I shall accompany you!" said Victor, in short, quick sentences. "You shall not escape

us thus. Then you *must* return. You must return with *me*, Onona!"

"By no means. I had best go alone. They may resist, and I can get them easily alone."

As she ceased speaking, a dark face flashed across the lattice where she stood, and very plainly she saw Leppo's evil bulk vanishing away in the darkness.

"Nevertheless, most peerless fisher-girl, I shall be there!" whispered Victor.

Nothing caring that Leppo had seen her there, and not thinking that he might have heard her words, Onona went away to don her old Reggio costume, and soon re-appeared with streaming hair, short skirt and sandalled feet, and her glittering hanging on her shoulder; taking it off gaily, she touched the chords and sung her sweetest, airiest melody, kissed her hand to them and ran down the steps. They both followed her as quickly, and when she reached the cove into which she had drawn her skiff, they were both beside her. To her dismay, it lay shattered and broken by the storms that had intervened, or by the malice of some of the smugglers who infested the coast. The spirit that had never broken before, for a moment quailed, and with tears welling into the large, dark eyes, she stood disconsolate.

"Now it is impossible for you to go!" said Victor, triumphantly.

"O then I could never prove it!" she said.

"Prince Varazzo," returned Victor, gaily, "how much nearer is a daughter than a niece?"

It being however finally settled that Victor should row Onona over in the barge and await her desires there, they retraced their steps. What words passed on the barge, which certainly was a longer time than necessary in crossing, or with what conversation the hours were beguiled, it is not necessary for the historian to state; enough that the reddest roses were pale beside Onona's cheeks, and a strange, new happiness dwelt in her eye. The keel touched the sand.

"Farewell!" said Victor, detaining her a moment in his arms as he lifted her out; "I shall wait daily here at this sunset hour, for the miracle that transforms my fisher-girl into a princess! Light-fingered Zingara who stole spoons, as I thought you at first, I find you even more adroit than are your confreres, for you have stolen my heart!"

"Signor Victor may have it back when he wants it."

"Is it then of no value to you?"

Her lip quivered; he repeated the question.

"O cruel! how many times must I tell you!" she responded.

"Only once more, darling Onona!"

She was standing a step above him, on a stone; turning, she put both her little hands on his shoulder; a moment passed so quickly that I cannot really tell whether it was filled by an embrace or not, and she fled up the rocks and out of sight.

"Why, Onona, where hast been?" was the pleasanter greeting than usual from Grill, as she entered after over a month's absence.

Old Lassa made room for her beside him, while Leppo relieved her of her glittering.

"Leppo has already told you," said she, nonchalantly, thinking there was some meaning in this extraordinary kindness.

Various things having been said and done, Grill took a gold coin from her pocket and showed it to Onona.

"See it well, girl!" said she. "It is thy happiness."

"Did I have," began Onona, looking up at her.

"Didst thou have?" laughed Grill. "Have this? When, pray! No, no, my pretty lady, Leppo earned it at his fish, and to-morrow he goes to buy a table and chairs with it, and then thou wilt commence housekeeping."

"I?"

"Yes, thou—thou and Leppo," renewed Grill, chucking her under the chin.

"I and Leppo?"

"I and Leppo?" mocked Grill. "I should think thou'dst never heard of it before! Bless me, what innocence! But, then, it's good for a girl to be modest. Why, yes—thou and Leppo, when you are married, as you will be to-morrow evening, and the company are already bidden to dance on the sands by the shore, since there's not room in the house."

"I—married to Leppo? You are mistaken. I have no such intention. I am not going to marry Leppo."

"You are *not* going to marry Leppo, eh?" said Grill, with fiery eyes, placing her arms akimbo. "I should like to know *why* you are not. Let me tell you, young woman, you *are* going to, and that to-morrow evening, by the blessed virgin! You'll be made to, and help yourself if you can! You're too grand for us poor folk, are you, with your airs? We'll see—we'll see!"

And she lifted her hand to strike her, but Onona stepping back, surveyed her a moment with her dark, unshrinking eyes, and then turning on her heel, with a contemptuous laugh, she walked from the cottage. Leppo sprang to pull her back, but turning round the corner in the darkness, she eluded his observation, while he ran on hallooing and seeking her at a distance. Quietly composing herself in a bundle of straw lying there, she drew it over her, and when Lep-

po returned, after a vain search, she sunk to sleep.

In the morning, early awake, she saw Leppo and his father, in smarter dress than ordinary, row away to the town for their purchases of chairs and tables, evidently believing that she, not daring to thwart them any more, would return; and Grill, having finished her household tasks, seek the fields to pick berries for the evening's entertainment. Rising cautiously, Onona entered the cottage and straightway sought the place where she knew Grill had her first garments carefully laid away. Her heart throbbed with expectation, and with difficulty in this moment of suspense could she command her trembling movements. There was not the least vestige of these things to be seen; neither in Grill's work-basket, nor in the chest of drawers, nor in any of the closets, nor behind the dresser; vainly she sought them throughout the whole house—they were not to be found. Standing full of amazement and despair, (for why, she thought instantaneously, should the prince believe that she was anything but an ambitious Reggio girl, if she failed to prove it otherwise, why should Victor honor her with the affluence of his love, if born vulgar and obscure?) a glitter beside the straw bed in the corner caught her eye. It might be straw; she stooped and pulled it out—it was a little gold chain. With vehement haste she opened the bed; the little basket described by the prince, lay folded, or rather crushed in among the straw, but the robes were not with them. A desperate thought seized her; if they hid the basket thus, why not the little robes in more unthought-of places? Grill's old red cloak, stuffed and lined, hung from a peg. Taking a pin, she unripped the lining; neatly laid and caught between was the white frock with its gaily wrought edge, and on one lappel was the delicately embroidered name, "*Elena da Varazzo*." Securing it triumphantly, Onona pinned it round her waist beneath her bodice, then sewed up the bed and the cloak, and taking the basket, went down and hid it among the rocks.

When Grill came home, Onona sat playing with the pigeons on the doorstep, for she knew very well that should she attempt to hide, the whole community would turn out and find her. Evening came, and with it Leppo and Lassa; the latter smoothed her hair down with his rough palm, glad of the prospect of a princess for his daughter-in-law, and informed her of the difficulty they had encountered in bringing home her household furniture, on account of the smugglers in the bay, who, they feared, would seize them.

"I thought she'd come to her stomach," said

Leppo, who was rather angry at the desertion on the previous night.

"Nonsense!" said Grill; "all girls are a little shy at first. I'm thinking it's time to go down; the room isn't big enough for all the folk here. Come, Onona, thou hast no trinkets on. Hasten, child!"

"You may go along," said Onona, rising; "I'll follow directly."

And having made a few preparations, they departed for the scene of the wedding. As soon as they were out of sight, Onona darted from the cottage, taking an opposite direction, and gaining the shore at another quarter, where she had hidden the basket, and where a barge, with its due complement of oarsmen, and with Victor in her stern, awaited her. The fishers had all assembled on the sand; the priest was there with his missal; the piper sat aloft; Leppo awaited his bride; the old folk leaned against the rocks, and the young men and maidens stood in laughing, expectant groups in the red light. All at once, the great barge, with its oars flashing and dripping gold, shot from the angles of the coast, swam an instant in their ken, and then silently floated away into the west.

That night, countless gold coins found on Lassa's table, placed him above want and labor, and in the situation of a millionaire to the rest of his fellows. But sailing steadily away into the heart of the red sunset, Onona had disappeared from their sight, whither they knew not. But Lassa was a rich man, and Onona was nevermore seen at Reggio.

#### A MONOMANIAC.

It is very well known that, by the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hands, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his lordship. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the chancellor, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you know him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!"—*London Leader*.

## REMEMBER ME!

BY T. S. WINTER.

Remember me! remember me!  
 When day in dawning crowns the East,  
 And Nature spreads her morning feast;  
 When first the birds sing forth in glee,  
 Though far I roam from home and thee,  
 The boon I ask, remember me!

Remember me! remember me!  
 When Eve her dusky mantle spreads,  
 And folds its shadows round our beds;  
 When low in prayer you bend the knee,  
 Though lone I wander far from thee,  
 The boon I claim, remember me!

## GRANDPAPA'S BEGGAR BOY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Do but hear me, papa,—do but have patience with me a few short moments, while I tell you exactly how I found them. In a cellar, papa, a dark, gloomy, musty cellar in a narrow lane, where the sunshine never beams, where the birds never sing, where flowers never grow, where all is filth and rottenness; and he lay, yes, our darling Charlie lay upon a few bundles of damp straw, with only a thin sheet to cover him, and so pale, wan and emaciated—"

"Mary, I command you to cease," and the old man's voice fairly trembled with anger. "He made his own bed—let him lie in it!"

"But, papa, the veriest sinner in the world would gain your pity did he suffer as now does your only son. And then his wife, so careworn, yet so saintly, and his two sweet babes—"

"Hearken to me, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Somers, in a vehement tone; "if you stop not this instant, further pleading for—" in spite of his anger his voice grew husky here, "that infatuated boy, that unfilial son, that rebel to home; if you ever speak again of him to me or any other friend, I'll cut you off with but one shilling. I will, ay, by all the saints in the calendar, I will. Go to your room, before—" I curse you, too, he was going to say, but then she glided softly to his knee, nestled upon it as in olden time, wound her fair arms about his neck, and hushed his voice with kisses.

"Go to, sis, you are but a foolish girl after all, and mean well enough," said he gently, as one and another sweet caress melted upon his lips and cheeks, but as you love me, and as you value your inheritance, never again allude to this subject. I interdict it henceforth and forever." And the old man, gently touching her pale forehead with his lips, and gazing a moment in her dark, blue eyes, brimful of tears, turned abruptly from

her, put on his overcoat, gloves and hat, took up his golden-headed cane and walked away.

It was a bright, beautiful winter's morning. A light snow had fallen the night before, and now every dingy roof sparkled like a marble terrace, while the streets and by-ways seemed lined with swan's down, so feathery were the pure drifting flakes that had whitened their dark pathways. It was yet early, and but few were abroad. Mr. Somers's footstep was the first that imprinted itself on the yielding snow, and childlike, he pleased himself with marking how straight was the path he made, and how regular the fall of his foot. But the long avenue was paced at length, and then he came to a crowded thoroughfare, and was jostled about as all the rest. He went to the market, the grocery, and the coal-yard, for the wants of his household reached to all three that morning, and then turned his steps once more towards home. The walks were not yet swept, and as he again traversed the noble street, at whose farther end stood his princely home, he saw with pleasure his own footprints yet fresh in the snow, and carefully followed the track. He had walked half the distance, when a slight, hoarse cough arrested his attention. The sound came from behind him, and looking back, he saw a little fellow but four or five years old, only a few yards distant, and was amused to see the efforts he made to follow in his own broad steps. "Now I go up, now I go down," would he say to himself, as he raised and let fall his tiny feet, and then, when they dropped in the right place, he would clap his little red hands and shout a loud hurra. But in the midst of his glee, his foot slipped and down he went. But he lay only a moment, and then was gently raised by Mr. Somers, who exclaimed as he held him in his arms, "now you are up."

"Yes, sir, and now I am down," and he slid from the arms and stood proudly alone. "It didn't hurt me, sir."

"You are a brave boy not to cry over a fall like that. Who are you, and where do you live?"

"O, I am only a little beggar now, and I live in a little cellar too. Please, sir, did you ever beg, and will you tell me how, 'cause mother sent me out to beg some breakfast, for us all, and I don't know what to say, only I'm very hungry and so is little sis and poor mother, and sick father too. Are people good to little beggars, sir?"

There was a naivete about the little one, so earnest and so true, that it melted the old man's heart entirely, and too full of tears to speak, he only took the child's hand in his own and led him to his own warm breakfast room. Softly did Harrie, for such he told them was his name, soft-

ly did he nestle in the velvet chair that was drawn close to the glowing grate, and with wondering eyes did he look about him, while Mr. Somers and the maid rubbed his red palms and feet.

"And now that you are warmed, young Harrie, what would you like to eat?"

"Buckwheat cakes and honey, sir. I used to love them dearly, and we used to have them 'fore papa grew sick and poor." And it did the old man's heart good to see the little beggar eat.

"Why, you were half-starved," said he.

"O, yes, sir, we've been starving for a week, but mother couldn't bear to own we were beggars till to-day. Please sir, you've got so much to eat, wont you let me bring her and little sis to get their breakfast, and give us some for father. He's too sick to walk so far."

"Ay," said the host, "that will I. Fix up a basket, Susan, and bid Thomas bring the carriage. I am too tired to walk again. How would you like a ride, my little man?"

"A ride, and will you be so good? O, I should love it dearly, and you'll take mother and little sis along, and father too, wont you, 'cause he's so sick?" And the tears stood in his pleading eyes.

"Ay, ay. And little fellow, let me tell you, you know how to beg as do but few, for your words drop clean into the heart. You are a wondrous little beggar boy."

"And do I know how to beg? O, I'm so glad, sir, 'cause now I'll keep them all in victuals every day, and maybe somebody'll give me wood and coal, 'cause it's so cold to be without a fire."

"Now we will ride," said Mr. Somers, in a husky tone, and taking up the heavy basket and bidding Harrie follow, he walked to the front door. While his hand was on the knob, Mary came gliding down the stair-way.

"Pray, who is this," said she, "and where are you going, father?"

"O, I'm a little beggar boy, and this good old man is going to take some victuals to my home, and then give us all a ride. My name is Harrie—but you, lady, who are you? Why—you are—yes, yes—you are the same sweet one that came to our cellar once, and cried so over us. What did you tell me then to call you?—O, I know; it was Aunt Mary, and you said you'd tell my grandpa what a fine little grandson was growing up for him to love. Please, lady, tell me, is this my grandpa?"

"Yes, Harrie."

"Stoop down, sir, if you please, for mother always told me, when I saw my grandpa, I must put my arms around his neck and kiss him, O, so sweetly, and you're so big, sir, I can't reach you, unless you stoop! But what makes you

cry, sir? Aint you glad that I'm your little grandson? I wont have to beg my bread any longer; you'll give it to me, after this, if I don't ask, say, wont you?"

The lion in the old man's heart was tamed, and a little child now led him. The soft white arms were folded about his neck, the down-like cheeks pressed to his own, while lips met lips in kisses of love. \* \* \* \*

"Harrie stays very long," whispered a low, faint voice from one corner of the cellar. "Do you not fear for him, dear wife? He is very young to wander alone over this great city."

"God will care for him, my husband. His artless, winning ways and his sweet voice will make him friends. Yet it is hard that he, our darling, first born one, should be a beggar boy."

"My father, O, my father," moaned the sick man. "If he would only but see me once again."

There was a slight bustle at the door, and then it was pushed wide open. There was a pattering of two feet, and then a curly head rested upon the mother's knee. There was a firm, broad footfall, and a manly form bent over the sufferer.

"You called me, Charlie, a moment since," murmured the voice of the new-comer. "What would you have?"

"My father, O, my father," burst from the white lips in impassioned tones, "give me your blessing ere I die, and for my mother's sake love these, so dear to him who was so dear to her."

Words trembled on the old man's lips, but he dared not trust himself to speak. His knees grew weak beneath him, and he sank beside the bed of straw and hid his face. \* \* \*

In a luxuriantly furnished chamber were assembled a beauteous family group. There were a gray haired sire, a blooming maiden, a saintly looking woman, a pale sick man, and two lovely little children, a noble boy of four, and a tiny girl of some few months. A couch, silken and soft, was drawn close to the blazing grate, and on it rested the weak invalid, while beside him, on a velvet cushion, so near that she could hold his hand, sat the gentle lady. The fair young girl was toying with the babe before a splendid mirror, the boy building castles with some fairy blocks, the old man leaning against the mantel.

"A tableau, worthy to be wrought in goblin tapestry, or drawn on canvass by a master-hand," exclaimed a rich yet mellow voice. They started, one and all, and the maiden blushed.

"It is now complete,—the picture, I mean," said Mr. Somers, as he grasped the manly hand. "We are all here—thanks," and he clasped the child close to his heart, "thanks to my little beggar boy."



## ALICE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

A song for the ear of my Alice,  
A melody fragrant with rhyme!  
O bring me the Helicon chime,  
And chant me some musical chime,  
And then, for my beautiful Alice  
I'll gather the blossoms of rhyme.

The meadow is fragrant of clover,  
The woodland is vocal with birds;  
Each valley has many a lover,  
Saying over the sweetest of words;  
And I?—I no more am a rover,  
Any more than the dove is—of birds.

I have gathered the pearl shells of ocean;  
But never could win me a pearl  
More worthy of lover devotion  
Than Alice, the beautiful girl;  
Who kindles such wondrous emotion,  
And sets many hearts in a whirl.

On the portcullis guarding love's place  
For a season of doubt I must wait;  
But meanwhile I sip from love's chalice  
With spirit by hope made elate;  
For soon, hand-in-hand with sweet Alice  
I will walk through love's magical gate.

## HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"How poor and contemptible everything looks here!" said Mrs. Aldrich, as she entered the parlor just as Margaret had lit the small astral and placed it on the centre-table amid her husband's evening papers; and the wife untied her fashionable little hat, composed of lace, ribbon, feathers and flowers, and gave it a nervous toss upon the plain sofa in the back part of the room. Then laying off her furs and cape in much the same manner, she drew a little nearer her husband and stood looking at him fixedly, with an expression it were hard for a stranger to define.

Mr. Aldrich had not yet looked up or spoken since the entrance of his wife, but he felt the red tide ebbing and flowing from his temples downward, and then speedily returning.

"Have you lost your tongue, Cyrus?" said his wife, pettishly after a pause.

Another pause, and then Mr. Aldrich said in a similar tone: "You have been to call on Mrs. Garland, I suppose."

"Yes, I have," returned the wife, without abating anything of her unhappy manner.

"And I suppose she has got some new article of furniture in her parlor, or maybe, a new pair of Congress boots," continued the husband, sar-

castically, and crumpling his paper in his hand, and then throwing it upon the table.

"You are the most provoking man I ever saw," said Mrs. Aldrich, with a defiant air, crushing back her tears. "You not only keep your family cooped up here in this little house, furnished almost as cheap as a day laborer's; but if I ever try to remonstrate with you, or wish to convince you that we ought to live in more style in order to be respected; why, you always insult me by some such provoking manners. I declare I do think it is too bad. You wouldn't catch Mr. Garland to do so, no, not he; he always buys his wife and children everything they ask for. Why, since I was in there before, which was only a little over a week, he has bought her a new pair of candelabras worth fifty dollars, and a pair of pictures for the parlor that cost one hundred dollars each. I declare I do think it is a shame that I can never have anything like other folks. If I want a picture, I have to get a plain pine frame, and have it covered with pine cones or shells, or else the walls would have to go bare till doomsday!"

Mr. Aldrich sprang from his chair, as if aroused by the buzzing of hornets in his vicinity, and with a nervous toss he sent it against the wall with such force that it brought a large, shell-decorated picture to the floor, and the fragile ornaments lay in every direction about the carpet. Mrs. Aldrich could restrain her tears no longer, but they were tears of passion; although she well knew that her husband did not intend to destroy the frame, she wished to make him believe she thought so, and the scene ended by the husband grasping his hat and rushing from the house to his counting-room.

"Don't cry, ma," said little Newell, a boy of seven years, now for the first time leaving his ottoman, and coming forward and putting his arms around her neck; "father did not mean to do it. I will pick up all the shells, and to-morrow I will go to the store and get you some glue, and then you can mend it as nice as ever."

At first Mrs. Aldrich half pushed the child from her, and the order nearly escaped her lips for him to go to bed; but his words of sympathy were spoken so unobtrusively, and his little dimpled cheek seemed to cool the fever of her own, that she hesitated a moment, and then drew him nearer, saying:

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," answered the child.

"And do you love pa?"

"Yes."

"Just as much as you do me?"

For a moment he hesitated, and then turning

his mild, but firm blue eyes full into her face, he answered :

"Yes, ma, for I think pa is a good man. Before you came in to-night, he took me and sister Emma on his knees and trotted us, and said that to-morrow afternoon he was going to take you and us to the Museum, and I was just going to tell you when you came in, but I didn't have a chance ; and besides, pa looked so different from what he did when he was talking to us, that I didn't feel like saying anything."

A sudden change seemed to come over Mrs. Aldrich's thoughts and feelings, for she almost immediately dried her tears, gave the little soother a kiss on each cheek, and then gave a gentle ring to the little bell on the table for Margaret to go with the children to their chamber.

When the wife and mother was alone, she sat some time absorbed in thought. Her reflections were not the most pleasant, if her face was a true index to her heart, for it changed alternately from white to red with no smile to enliven it. Then rising, she gathered up the shells that had escaped from the frame, laid them away, and closed and locked the door that led from the parlor. Half reclining upon the sofa, she glanced around the room and scanned the carpet and each piece of furniture within that pleasant little domestic resort. She compared the small plain but pliantly cushioned sofa, on which she was sitting, with Mrs. Garland's large and elaborately carved one, and her plain, ingrain carpet to her rich acquaintance's tapestry, and her little astral to the new fifty-dollar candelabra—and then she broke into this soliloquy :

"I wish Cyrus were rich, and then I could live in a brick block, and have a silk velvet cloak and my house furnished to my mind ; for husband is always generous when he has money to spare, I know. But half the time, when I ask him for money now, he says : 'Why, Delia, I should be glad to let you have money, but you know that I must look out for my business ; it costs a great deal to live, even if we do live plain, and if I should let my notes go over to furnish you with luxuries now, by-and-by you and the children would have to lack for the necessaries of life.' I suppose this is all true, but it makes me mad to think we are not as well off as Mr. Garland's family. I know we are not poor—absolutely *poor*—but that is not enough for me ; I want to be rich, live in a large brick block, and have my house furnished with velvet carpets, hundred-dollar pictures, and carved rosewood furniture, with marble-topped tables and mantels. Heigho ! I begin to believe that Cyrus is not my affinity, as the spiritualists say ; but after

all, I am sorry I entered in such a bluster, but I couldn't help it, for when I opened the door, there was such a contrast between Mrs. Garland's great palace of a parlor, all lit up with gas, and this with just that astral burning !"

And then the discontented wife relapsed into thought again, but in a few moments added :

"I believe it was unfortunate that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Garland's family, for somehow I never do feel so happy after visiting her as I do after calling on or passing an afternoon with Mrs. Drury. To be sure, she is furnished rather better than I am, but she don't try to display everything as Mrs. Garland does ; and if I look sad, or speak of the contrast between us, she has such a way of saying—'Why, la, Mrs. Aldrich, when I had been married no longer than you have, if my husband had been able to live in his own house, supposing it was small or built of wood, and in the fall of the year laid in stores by the barrel, and had the coal bin heaped, I guess there would have been no complaint from me. You must recollect that we are older than you are, and it is only a few years since we have been able to indulge in luxuries !' Somehow or other I never feel cross when I come home from there.

"Well, I guess I will not call on Mrs. Garland again ; but if she asks me what excuse can I make, I should be ashamed to tell her the real one—and besides, it is pleasant to have rich acquaintances to walk with in public. It gives you an air of respectability that makes the more common people feel that you don't reckon yourself one of them. But O dear ! I am very unhappy. I wish Cyrus would come ; I don't believe I will ever talk to him again as I did this evening."

Another hour passed away, and still Mrs. Aldrich sat in her parlor alone. Yes, another and another, till the astral began to burn dim, and the fire in the grate died out. The book trembled in the wife's hand ; she could no longer read, and going to the window, she looked out into the frosty air and thick darkness. But she saw no familiar form approaching, nor heard the wished-for step on the pavement. Her heart almost died within her, and most bitterly did she reproach herself for having said so many words that ought never to have been spoken ; but it was too late to recall them, and for this reason, she had spent the evening—ay, almost the night—alone. But the room was getting too chilly to remain longer in it without a fire ; so the lonely wife took her way silently to her chamber.

"I never knew Cyrus to stay out so late without giving me warning of it before he went,"

said Mrs. Aldrich. "I don't think that business can detain him, for it is plain by the pile of papers that lie on the table, that he intended to remain at home this evening. It seems to me that the older he grows, the more easily he is irritated. Why, once I might have said more than I did to-night, and in a few moments after, he would be as pleasant as ever and stay at home all the evening with me."

Could it be possible that Mrs. Aldrich's insight was so defective that she could not comprehend the cause of that change?—that being constantly irritated will ruin the most pliant temper, especially if that source of unhappiness comes from one who should love and encourage us in our efforts?

The Old South clock rang out the hour of midnight, and still the wife was alone! She sprang from her couch, and once more peered from the window into the darkness without; but the muffled forms of the watchmen were all of life that met her gaze, and returning to her bed, she buried her face in the pillows and wept. They were not tears of pride or anger now, but of remorse! A moment more, and the night-key clicked in the lock and Mrs. Aldrich heard the well-known step of her husband. A thrill of joy gushed up from the depths of her heart, and her first impulse was to rush to the door to meet him; but her unhappy pride was paramount again, now that she knew he had returned safe, though for a few hours back it had remained dormant, so when he opened the chamber-door, she smothered her kindlier feelings and pretended to be sleeping. Mr. Aldrich silently prepared himself for his couch, and then pressed his head to his pillow—but not to sleep! No, he was thinking of the change that had come over her who was lying by his side so soundly sleeping now, for he did not imagine that her sleep was feigned.

"Yes," he said, mentally, "it is plain that Delia no longer loves me as of old, when I brought her to the city a bride; she has transferred that love to other objects—to wealth and show. I indulge her all I am able to, but I must not make myself bankrupt and ruin my reputation by gratifying her in extravagance that I am not able to maintain. I have often tried to reason with her, to urge her to be contented to live within our income, but it is all to no purpose; she only charges me with being parsimonious and points out the great indulgencies of other men to their families. I can stand it no longer; I must have a happy home or none. To me the spot where dwell my wife and children must be a heaven or its opposite. I do not believe in a

medium of happiness in domestic life between two who have sworn at the altar to love and cherish each other as long as life shall remain. There must be one of two things between Delia and me—love or hate; I sometimes fear the latter is just approaching, for I cannot endure these daily bickerings. I must love or hate—it is my nature."

And then the husband tried to compose his mind to sleep; but it seemed as if his brain were on fire, as thought after thought rushed through it.

"Poor children!" he mentally uttered; "it will be a bitter lesson to them, but still it shall be done. There is no greater boon to man on this wide earth than a happy home; to win it, some have faced even death; so I will not falter in the plan I have marked out to-night. If I succeed, she shall see me again; but if I fail, she shall—I must not speak it—it would unman me."

Could the wife have read the thoughts of the husband, as he pressed the heated pillow, how quickly would she have acknowledged that she had been in the wrong, and henceforth no love of idle show should make her forget the love she owed to him. But she could not; so she judged that the morrow would make all calm again, as it had often done before, and in the future she would be more guarded in her speech. She still feigned sleep, as he tossed from side to side; sometimes she half unclosed her lips to speak, but then she recollected how abruptly he left her in the evening, and how long he stayed away; so she continued silent.

Scarcely had gray morning dawned, when Mr. Aldrich arose and again sought his counting-room, from which he did not return until after the children had gone to school. Delia had spent the morning very unhappily, and more than once she half resolved to tell her husband of her decision; but when he entered, her thoughts died away.

"Delia," said Mr. Aldrich, pleasantly, and approaching the side of his wife as she sat on the sofa, "you know that you have often spoken of my going to California, and thought I would do a great deal better there than here."

"Yes," returned the wife, with surprise pictured in every feature; but you—you—"

"Well, I have been thinking it all over, and I have made up my mind to go. I am not able to enlarge my business here, and with my present income, I cannot live in the style you wish; so perhaps if I spend a few years there, I shall have plenty to meet your every want."

Mrs. Aldrich felt a chill creeping through every vein, and it seemed to half congeal her life-blood; and yet she had not the courage to

firmly oppose her husband's going, for in her anxiety to obtain wealth, she had often urged him to do so—yes, and when he spoke discouragingly, she had taunted him with his lack of fortitude as the cause of his not succeeding more rapidly in his efforts to make a fortune; but now what would she not have given if she could but recall the past! And yet she was too proud or stubborn to say so, for she feared that if he should not succeed in the future, he would remind her of his present intentions, and that she thwarted him when he would have sought for gold where she had previously begged him to go.

The husband did not appear to notice his wife's confused manner, but told her that the evening previous he had arranged his business by selling out to his partner, Mr. Noyes.

"You will have no rent to pay, Delia," said he, "nor furniture to buy; therefore, as your expenses will not be very great, I have deposited five hundred dollars in the ——— Bank for your immediate wants, and of course before that is gone, I shall be able to send you more."

Mrs. Aldrich could not speak; there was a choking sensation about her throat that prevented her utterance. So her husband went on stating that he should have been able to let her have more, but that he had drawn largely on the firm within a few months, to make the last payment on his house, and that in selling out, his partner had assumed all the debts and allowed him a certain sum, from which he had extracted five hundred dollars for her. The rest was to defray his own expenses on his journey, and support him when arrived in California until he could determine in what manner he could best turn his time into gold.

From that hour there seemed to steal over the ambitious Mrs. Aldrich a kind of apathy; she wandered from room to room, collecting various articles of apparel that her husband wished to take with him, and said but little to any one.

The husband did not wait for great preparations, and in twenty-four hours after he informed his wife of his determination, he pressed his children to his bosom, while he with difficulty restrained the tears that dimmed his vision.

"Take good care of the children, Delia, and of yourself too," he said, as with a blanched cheek he extended his hand, and touched his lips to her forehead. It was an icy cold hand that the husband grasped, and the pallor of death rested on her features for a moment; she could not speak, but with a groan she sank back on the sofa,—present objects became indistinct, and when she was once more conscious, the room was vacant save the forms of her children.

"O, my God!" she half shrieked, "what have I done?" Then snatching her bonnet and shawl from the table, she rushed from the house in search of the absent one; but she was too late, for she was informed by his former partner that a half hour previous he had left his native city, and by the aid of steam he would in a few hours take the steamer at New York for the land of shining ore.

We will not attempt to portray the remorse and misery of that unhappy wife, nor how the splendor of Mrs. Garland's parlor and all the ostentation of wealth faded away into nothingness when compared with the worth and society of him who had gone, perhaps forever; for, thought Mrs. Aldrich, there are a hundred ways in which death may overtake him, and he die far away from those who should watch over him in the hour of peril.

It was many weeks ere the wife and mother gained sufficient composure to take cognizance of her household duties, and when she did, the thought was prominent that she must economize all in her power, as it might be long before her husband would be able to send her money, or perhaps never, and with agony of mind too deep for expression, the thought intruded itself—the time may yet come when the children will be dependent on my daily exertions for bread;—and now commenced a rigid economy in the once happy home of the merchant. If such frugality as that had been practised a few years back, the industrious business man might now have owned a large house, and been happy and prosperous in his affairs.

Among the first acts of economizing, was the dismissal of Margaret, and the keeping of but one fire during the inclement season. When spring came, various garments which would have been cast aside had the husband been at home, were now remodelled for the children, and *retrench the expenses* was the motto at all times. But in spite of all, the five hundred dollars rapidly diminished, and Mrs. Aldrich began to look about her for some means of industry, whereby its spending might be prolonged, but every avenue to labor seemed to be choked with applicants. As time passed, the wife's cares increased as her means diminished. Bitter were the tears of contrition she shed, and most solemnly but silently did she vow that if he ever returned, that no murmur should ever escape her lips in future.

Six months sped by, and once only had she heard from her husband, and then the letter came sealed, but in a package directed to Mr. Noyes, by whom she was informed that he would see to

forwarding her letters to her husband. Eagerly did the wife break the seal, but she met with nothing to encourage her; he had been sick, business was very dull, and he was not able to go to the mines. The wife no longer cared for gold, and when she answered that letter, and told him so, begging him to return, from her heart she felt what she wrote; but her words did not bring back her husband. He wrote to her, saying that as he had left home for the purpose of amassing wealth, he could not bear to return without it, especially as he had no business to come to, having sold out at a sacrifice; enclosed was a small amount of money, which he requested her to do the best she could with, and hope on, while he would do the same.

Nearly two years went by, during which time Mrs. Aldrich's means were all exhausted, and unceasing care and anxiety had begun to make inroads on her health. Never since her husband's departure, had she exchanged calls with Mrs. Garland, for she feared to do so, lest it should bring to her mind too vividly that last fatal call. And now came a letter that her husband was about to return immediately, but he stated he had been disappointed in his search for gold, and that if he came, she must receive him penniless. Mrs. Aldrich's heart was too full of joy at the prospect that he whom she loved was about to return, to give a thought to gold, for she knew that while her husband had health, and was near her, she nor the children would ever again know want.

A month more, and the arms of the pale, careworn wife were clasped around the neck of her husband, but how changed was the once proud, ambitious man! All the love of her bridal days returned to the fond heart that was ready to receive her.

"The fault was mine," said the wife, "I see it all now; for your protracted absence and my sufferings have made me look upon life as it is, not as I would have it."

"And can you be happy now, Delia," said the husband, clasping her in his arms, "in the humble home that I must from necessity provide for you?"

"Home is where the heart is," replied the wife. "I can be happy anywhere now, give me but you and the children."

"God bless you, dearest!" answered the husband; and from that time there was no more repining in the home of the returned merchant.

For several days Mr. Aldrich remained within his home, and then he said to his wife:

"I must not be idle any longer, and yet I hardly know what to do, unless Mr. Noyes, my

former partner, will admit me again as one of the firm."

"I would ask him," replied Mrs. Aldrich.

"But what can I do without capital?"

"True," said the wife, despondingly.

A few days later, the husband returned after a short absence, and told his wife that he was again the partner of Mr. Noyes, but on such terms that he should still have to live very economically. To this she made no objection, and thus another year rolled by, each day seeming to bring new joys to the united family.

"Delia," said Mr. Aldrich one day, entering his home hurriedly, "I have business at the south end in the suburbs of the city, would you like to take a ride with me?"

"I should," replied the wife, every feature lit up with joy; and soon a carriage was at the door, into which the family entered, and the spirited animal attached soon bore them rapidly away.

"How do you like that gothic cottage, with its extensive garden and front yard, Delia?" said the husband, as they came opposite a large and handsome modern building of ancient architecture.

"O, it is beautiful," Mrs. Aldrich answered.

"Well, let us stop and make a call; I am acquainted with the owner of this place."

The wife made no objection, and in answer to the merchant's summons, Margaret, Mrs. Aldrich's former servant, came to the door.

"I'm right glad to see ye, ma'am," said she to her previous mistress, "and it's a fine place ye have here."

As Mrs. Aldrich entered the large parlor, and saw the rich drapery at the windows, the velvet carpet on the floor, and the elegantly carved cabinet ware all looking so new, and no mistress to receive her, she drew nearer her husband's side, saying, "There is something strange in this; you never told me before that you were acquainted with a family in this vicinity. But where is the mistress of this splendid home?"

"Here," said Mr. Aldrich, encircling her waist; and then bidding Margaret show the children the chambers, he requested her to be seated. But the wife stood in silence like one trying to awake from a dream.

Had the sea yielded its treasures from its unfathomed depths, she could scarcely have been more surprised, and it was some time ere her husband could make her comprehend that he was the owner of the cottage and adjacent grounds. We will not stop to depict her surprise, or repeat the words she spoke when she learned the particulars of the purchase.

A few evenings later, when the plainer goods

had been removed to their new home, the husband and wife were seated in their parlor alone.

"You have told me," said she to him, "that this estate is yours; but I cannot comprehend where you got the money to purchase it. Did you obtain it in California and kept it a secret to surprise me?"

"I never saw California," answered the husband.

"Am I dreaming?" said Mrs. Aldrich; "surely these events cannot be real."

Then in a few words he related to her that for a long time previous to that fatal evening he had observed with pain her increasing love of show, and he knew that bankruptcy must follow, unless he devised some means to cause her to reflect. He knew that Mr. Noyes was a friend to both, and could be relied on, so on the night he remained away so late, he explained to his partner how he was situated. For several months previous they had talked of establishing a branch house in the South, and now it was agreed that Mr. Aldrich should go there and attend to it, the wife in the meantime believing that he had gone to California, and their letters which were to be few, passing and repassing through the partner's hands. "I have deceived you, Delia," said the husband affectionately; "but I meant it for the good of all; so pardon me now, dearest, and you shall have nothing to complain of in future."

"I have nothing to forgive," said the wife, laying her hand in his; "for those years of strict economy and labor will better enable me to enjoy my present happy home, and teach me to prize your society now as I never should have done if I had never experienced adversity, nor you been absent."

#### VENDETTA IN CORSICA.

Our readers are aware of a kind of social scourge which has existed from time immemorial in the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, under the name of *vendetta*, (vengeance). A remarkable case of this kind has just been amicably settled at Agius, near Tempio, (Sardinia) between two powerful families, named Mamio and Vasa. It had originated in the breaking off of a marriage, and in the course of a few years seventy-one persons had fallen victims to private vengeance on either side. The present Intendent of Tempio, M. Orru, has at length succeeded in bringing about an arrangement, and on the 29th of May last, 324 men of the Mamio family, and 573 of the Vasa met in a plain near Tempio, and abjured their reciprocal hatred before a crucifix, one of the Vasas going up to the chief of the Mamios and embracing him, after which a general greeting took place amid tears of friendship.—*Herald*.

Any truthful examination into our actions must be good; but we ought not to be satisfied with it, until it becomes both searching and progressive.

#### DISCOVERY OF WINE.

Wine was first discovered by Jemsheed, one of the earliest monarchs of Persia, by the following accident: He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened the grapes had fermented; the juice was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous; he had some bottles filled with it, and poison written upon each; these he placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite wives was affected with nervous headaches; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death; observing a bottle with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often that the king's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made, and Jemsheed and all his court drank of this new beverage, which, from the manner of its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of *zeher-e-khoosh*, or the delightful poison.—*Vox Populi*.

#### THE CHINESE.

It has been considered that the Chinese were not an inventive people—but this was a mistake. The art of printing was known in China nine hundred years before any knowledge of it prevailed in England. Printing was first introduced into Europe early in the fifteenth century. The Chinese printers were generally itinerants. They discovered the magnetic needle; this took place in the traditory period when the Yellow Emperor, having missed his way, a little carriage was built, on the top of which was a figure, which always pointed to the north and thus the route was discovered. The effects of the loadstone were also mentioned in their dictionary. We were also probably indebted to the Chinese for the mariner's compass—for it had been long known to them before it was to us, and Marco Polo made a visit to China, and no doubt communicated it from them to his countrymen. Gunpowder was invented there many centuries before it was known in England—but it was only used for fire-works; and, strange to say, the component parts were nearly the same as the European mixture.—*Portland Transcript*.

#### A SHARP VICAR.

A well-authenticated story has been told of a certain vicar, who, several years ago, lived a few miles from Loughborough. He was rather eccentric, but not easily imposed upon. On a particular occasion he and several of the principal inhabitants dined together at one of the inns in the village, and one of the company, thinking that the affair would not be remunerative to the landlord, suggested that he might charge an extra bottle of wine or two in the bill, by way of making it up. "That," said the landlord, "might be done, but the vicar put every cork into his pocket, as a check to the account!"—*Leicester Mercury*.

## STANZAS.

BY OPHELLA M. CLOUTMAN.

They tell me that I'm always gay,  
That my heart is ever light,  
That nought of sorrow clouds my way,  
Or dims life's roses bright.

But O, they do not read aright,  
The lore of my soul profound,  
Whose buried griefs, obscured from sight,  
Not even the plummet can sound.

The thoughts which sadly crowd my brain,  
No human mind can know;  
This heart shall never more complain,  
Though crushed to earth by woe!

Within the smiles of life I'll bask,  
A slave to joy and mirth,  
Till death shall cast aside the mask  
I wore while on the earth.

## CHESTER JENKS AND HIS TROUBLES.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

"COME, Chester," said his friend Tom Whiting, "get your duds together and go out to B. to-morrow. I've got plenty of friends there, you know, and I want you to enjoy some of them with me; especially Miss Mary Maxwell."

"O, *pho!*" answered Chester Jenks, sticking his heels up on the window-sill.

"I tell you there's no '*pho*' about it. Mary is a beautiful girl. She's in the way of a handsome inheritance, too. And I think, what's more, that you would like her, and she would like you. Come, now; she'd like an author, and you might not dislike an heiress. I insist upon it that you shall go!"

"If you were only going too," said Chester.

"That's just the reason why I want you to start off ahead of me, you see. I'd rather you would be there alone and study character a little for yourself, and then I shall come along and look over your conclusions. The fact is, if you get acquainted with Mary Maxwell without any interference of *mine*, it may be a great deal better for you, and for her, too."

Chester Jenks began to think seriously of it.

"You need fresh air and a change of scene," urged his friend Tom, "and B. is exactly the place for you. Go right off to-morrow, I tell you, and not say another word about it. I shall be there as soon as you will care about seeing me. The fact is, I've a wonderful fancy that you and my friend Mary are going to just suit one another. At any rate, I want to be satisfied about it whether I am right or wrong."

Chester Jenks was over-persuaded. It was a

lovely day in late June; summer was throwing her charms around everything. And the image of beautiful Mary Maxwell danced through his thoughts. Next morning he set out bright and early for the cars, carpet-bag in hand. His spirits were high, and all things promised happiness.

It was late in the afternoon before he reached B., and the last part of his journey he was obliged to perform by stagecoach. As he drove up under the great elm tree that shadowed the roof of the village tavern, he thought the spot the most inviting and rural he had ever seen. B. was entitled to a fixed place in his heart already, for nothing but the promises it seemed to hold out.

Having placed his carpet-bag in safe keeping, he found it would be some time yet before supper; so, on consultation with his feelings, he concluded that he would find his way down to the river's bank below the village street, and indulge in a democratic wash; in other words, a good plunge and swim. Tired and dusty as he was, he started off on his hygienic errand, hoping to feel in excellent trim for his supper.

Perhaps a half mile or more from the street he saw a beautiful little nook, bending in from the river's bank, where he thought his good luck invited him. He turned down to it, and found himself wholly concealed from the road, and from every ordinary chance of detection and disturbance. Disrobing himself as quick as he could, he laid his clothes in a secure place and plunged in.

Just about the same instant that he took his delicious plunge in the July waters of the little river, a stranger of about his own size had been caught filching sundry articles of household economy from the dwellings of the good housewives in the village, and had started off in heedless haste down the street, at the cry which was set up of "*Stop thief!*" He darted away at such speed that no one thought there was much use in pursuing him, though they had so carefully marked his dress and appearance that they knew they would recognize him should he turn up again.

The fellow was frightened nearly to death. He felt certain he should be caught, and knew already that people must have started across the country to head him off by the route he had taken. Trembling and uncertain what to do, he plunged into the thicket by the roadside, and came pat upon the heap of clothes only a few minutes before vacated by our friend, Chester Jenks.

"Well, if here aint a prize!" he exclaimed to himself, lifting both hands. "I couldn't ask anything more to my mind!"

And without a single moment's delay, he proceeded to put off his own clothes, and to put on the respectable suit he found lying near him. Of

course his next move was one as far distant as possible from that locality. He struck out a path across the fields, unwilling to trust his person on the highway until night should kindly come down and throw her protecting mantle over him.

In due time, Mr. Chester Jenks had completed his tumbblings and curvettings, his swashings and washings in the river, and took himself out of the current to the privacy of his chosen boudoir in the bushes. He dried off carefully, and he rubbed himself vigorously with the crash-towel he had brought in his carpet-bag. "Ah," said he aloud, when he was wholly through, "now I feel like another person! I feel clean! I feel fresh and new! If I could only have the good luck to see Mary Maxwell as soon as I get through my supper, 'twill be as near what I should like as anything could be!"

Thereupon he fell to, to dress himself again. He picked up his shirt; yes, *that* was still there, and it fitted him. No suspicions excited yet. He seized his drawers. *They* were all right. And still no misgiving. He grabbed at his trousers, and had fairly poked into one leg of them, when a cry of dismay escaped him.

"Great George of Oxford!" he called. "What is all this?"

Quicker than a wink, he had drawn off the trousers' leg, and was holding up the entire article for inspection! His face was a long picture of despair without a frame.

He reached down and poked over the remaining items of his wardrobe; they were no more his than the trousers were his that he held in his hand. They looked thoroughly dingy, cheap, uninviting, and unclean. They were not the clothes of a decent gentleman at all, but rather the rig of some villainous pack-pedler.

What to do,—was the momentous question. The conclusion was very plain, stern as it was, likewise. There was no possible alternative but for him to put on these clothes at his hand, and temporarily make the best of it. Perhaps there was a clothing-store in the village, and he would shed his skin there as soon as he could find it. But it was with a sickening qualm at his stomach that he slipped the garments on so gingerly. He thought he should have preferred to wash them out in the river first, but how could he wait for them to dry?

On they went, therefore, and on he went by a back and unfrequented way to the village again. He looked and acted guilty enough. Even a child might have suspected him to be a thief.

He climbed over garden walls, crept through barn-yards and cattle-lanes, sneaked round the shortest corners he could turn, and arrived at

the hotel where the stagecoach originally landed him. The moment he made his appearance in the hall, the landlord, who had first espied him from the next room, sprang up from the knot of men he was chatting with on the subject of the thief, and rushed upon him.

"I've got you *now*, you villain!" he cried. "I *knew* you'd be crawling back after your carpet-bag, and here you are! Come into the other room here!"

Before he could recover from his surprise, Chester Jenks found himself suddenly dragged into the midst of a party of excited men, every one of whom loudly charged him with being a *thief*. He was so confused at first, that he could not speak. And this they considered a certain symptom of his guilt. If the rascal were really innocent, he would out with it, fair and square. But how could such a guilty *looking* fellow help being really *guilty*?

"I am no *thief*, gentlemen," said he; "I am no more a thief than any of you are."

"Who be you, then?" asked several at once.

Chester Jenks did not care to tell them that he was an industrious, hopeful, and aspiring young author; very few really promising young authors would have chosen to do so. He therefore only told them what his name was, where he came from, and what he came out to B. for,—without mentioning the name of Mary Maxwell.

"Aha!" said they, "you needn't think to cheat us in *that* way! We've caught you, old feller, and we believe we've caught a *thief*! You'll know more about it pretty soon!"

Met by such a torrent of accusation, the poor fellow thought it best to say as little as possible at present, and to await events.

Presently a justice of the peace entered, and at his back a couple of ladies, residents in the village. What was Chester Jenks's first great mortification, to hear the justice accosted on all sides as Squire Maxwell! It took the courage out of his heart in an instant.

"Look here, sir," said Squire M., to begin with, "you are charged by these women with entering their houses and taking goods of such and such a description. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Chester began a long speech, but was cut short at the outset. They did not come there to hear long speeches, or any sort of speeches; but to see justice measured out to a rogue and robber.

While this was going forward, a constable had the thought to examine his coat pockets; and, sure enough, from one of them he fished up four silver spoons, with the initials of one of his female accusers quite legibly engraven upon them! They were held up as proof that he was the thief.



Whereupon Chester commenced an explanation of the manner in which he came not only by the stolen spoons, but by the clothes also.

"A very likely story!" they all murmured, with a sneer, in his ears, "a likely story!"

The women testified both to the property as theirs, and to the identity of the prisoner. The landlord identified him as the same fellow who had come in the stagecoach only the same afternoon; and the few men who had vainly chased after him freely offered their testimony that this was the same fellow they had run out of town, and wore precisely the same clothes.

Could proof be more to the point? Chester Jenks continued to protest. He was laboring under a mingled sense of mortification and confusion, at finding himself arraigned as a criminal, and especially at having his case tried before the father of the very girl he had been so anxious to see. He thought of mentioning to Squire Maxwell the name of his friend Tom Whiting; but then, on second thought, why need he make himself known at all? It was already bad enough; could he hope to better it in this way? Still he did not cease for a moment to protest against the proceedings with all his present vigor; to declare himself an innocent person, and the victim of a foul conspiracy; and to insist that the very clothes he wore were not his own, but had been left him in exchange for those he laid on the river's bank while bathing. All, however, to worse than no purpose; for now they thought him not only an out-and-out thief, but a consummate liar in the bargain.

Esquire Maxwell, the father of the beautiful Mary, found him guilty in due course of law; and sentenced him to a fine of seven dollars, with costs, together with imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days. If he could not raise the amount of the fine, he was at perfect liberty to remain in limbo until he had worked it out.

A constable rode up with a smart horse to drive him off some six good miles to the place of his more permanent destination. Chester Jenks got into the wagon with an odd combination of feelings, with which the ludicrous was just beginning to get mixed up. He arrived at his quarters in safety, passed a sleepless night, and awoke in the morning with a determination to sit down and do something about it. Early in the forenoon, however, who should make his appearance in the county institution, but the man with his clothes on his back! The scamp had been pursuing his proclivities in another place, and at this early hour in the day had managed to get his deserts. Before the face and eyes of the officer, Chester Jenks stood up and charged the

vagabond with stealing his clothes while he was bathing. He appealed to him, now that he was caught at last, to tell the truth about the affair in B., and to secure his own release forthwith.

"O, that would be mighty nice, now, John, wouldn't it? Indeed it would, when we started on shares, you know, to begin with, and have both of us got to the same stopping place so early! O, no, my friend," said he, "you wouldn't desert a body in such a strait as *this*, I hope. We began together; let's carry it out to the end!"

Chester was stupefied with the presumption of the scoundrel. It was of no profit for him to bandy words with such a fellow; he merely assured him that he should have a "bone to pick with him" in a few days, and relapsed into quietness. The first thing and the only thing for him to do, was to sit down and write a letter to his friend Tom Whiting in Boston. He told him what trouble he was in, and how he wanted him to come and help him. "Come on without an hour's delay," said he, "and bring Esquire Maxwell over to the jail with you!"

Tom was thunderstruck with the news; and when he had recovered from his surprise a little, he broke out into one of the heartiest laughs he ever enjoyed. Off he posted at full speed, and, on the evening of the same day that he started, he was at the doors of the county jail. As soon as Chester had regained his liberty, he was introduced to Miss Mary Maxwell! Tom had whispered the secret of our friend's visit to B. in her ear, and insisted that she should accompany her father and himself over to the county-house to welcome the prisoner back to freedom again. Chester was covered with confusion, but not so much so that he could not discern through it all the rare beauty and grace of the Squire's daughter Mary. He was a slave, the moment he was free!

The real thief's clothes were tried on him, in the presence of the Squire, the jailor, and others, and the fit was complete. He was tried again, for theft, and was sentenced for a respectable time—not to the county jail, simply, but to the State prison.

Thus sadly was the acquaintance of Chester Jenks with Mary Maxwell begun, in a jail; but it proved, after all, the most efficient introduction he could have had. Her father, having already done him such injustice ignorantly, hastened to show him friendship of no ordinary kind. Mary first pitied, and next admired—no, admired isn't the word—him. And the result was, that he took up his residence in B. before long, and devoted all his time to the pursuit of his profession, and the happiness of his wife.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY WILLIS WARE.

It is the twilight hour,  
The hour for peaceful rest;  
The sun is fast receding,  
In the far and distant west.

The stars are shining brightly,  
The moon is full and clear,  
But my heart is sad and dreary,  
For thou, love, art not near.

The scenes of mirth and pleasure  
Are all forgot by me,  
While in this hour of tranquil rest,  
My thoughts they turn to thee.

## THE WEDDING AT GLEN CARROL.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I STOPPED my horse in one of the loveliest yet wildest places in which the foot of man or animal had ever trodden. Long tangles of rich grass, growing rank and luxuriant, which the mower's scythe had never kissed, divided my admiration with the soft brown mosses that lovingly encircled the craggy rocks, or had lingered around the silvery brooks until they had become green. Little rivulets were sparkling up whenever a sunbeam came athwart the space between the huge pine trees, whose huge cones lie dry and crackling beneath them; and beyond lay the river, into which these little streams all ran and mingled their bright waters. Above the river, a mountain whose rocky sides were dripping with coolness from the fresh springs that gushed out from its sides, invited the foot passengers to ascend, but was inaccessible to a horse's feet. Wild vines, on which the grapes had not yet begun to grow purple, lay matted over the stunted trees that grew around; and within the depths of the forest, I could see the opening of a little cave, wherein one man might safely be hidden, if but a single branch of pine were thrown across its entrance.

I had seen all this before. Far back in my childhood's early days, I had gathered the purple grapes, and shook down the chestnut burrs in this very wood; had scrambled for the crimson, winter-green berry, and had drunk sweet water that was gushing from these very rocks. And the remembrance of dear and beloved companions rushed with tender force upon my mind, bringing to my view their forms and features, distinct as though only a day had intervened between our meeting and parting.

One memory, still tenderer and more beautiful

than the rest, rested deepest in my heart. I looked across the little expanse of water that lay at my feet, and could almost see the tiny boat rocking like an egg shell upon its bosom, while the image of a little maiden in a blue frock seemed to stand on the opposite bank and call to me to come round and give her a sail under the soft moonlight.

For so had Miriam Vane stood and called, not a week before I had bidden a farewell to this sweet vale of Glen Carrol, and I had not waited for her bidding a second time. Once upon the water, I had sung to the little fairy the sweetest songs I knew, until the tears trembled in her blue eye, and she besought me to change the too tender strain.

And then she would sit down with me quietly on the bank, when we returned, and watch "the moon walking in brightness," until the evening dews fell too heavily on her sweet head, and I would walk with her to the little cottage where she dwelt alone with her old father.

Mr. Vane was a gentleman in the best sense of the word. In former days, he had been wealthy and prosperous; but one of those terrible reverses so common in our country, shattered his fortune, and threw him into a state of health that required the utmost care and freedom from excitement. From the wreck of his fortunes, he had saved enough honestly, to keep himself and child above want, and he chose this sequestered spot, where Nature showered her sweetest smiles in summer, and where he could gather enough to keep the wolf from the door in winter.

Mrs. Vané, haughty and sensitive, fell a sacrifice to the first rude blow over their home; and Miriam, scarcely above the age of childhood, with a delicate, yet not unhealthy organization, played the part of little housekeeper to her father, and performed nearly the whole of his household work. But it was work that seemed like mere pastime in her hands. She would drive home their only cow from the pasture, stopping at the roadside to gather wild flowers, and then make the golden butter into balls of waxen hardness; while Miriam's cream cheeses and bright, clear preserves were the admiration of all the country round. So dearly was she loved by all for her gentle ways, that the farmers' wives would gladly leave their own work, and come to assist in the regular fall and spring avocations of Miriam Vane.

To repay this, she would instruct their little ones in studies best suited to their mode of life. Altogether the girl's sweet youth was passing a thousand times happier than it would have done in the marble halls of her father's prosperous days.

Of a slight stature, with feet and hands like those of a fairy, soft blue eyes that beamed light and gladness upon all around them, hair like floss silk of a golden brown, and a complexion which the sun could not darken nor stain with a single freckle, Miriam Vane was the sweetest little maiden at sixteen that ever hung to the altered fortunes of a father.

In whatever the world might fail in esteem for Mr. Vane when he lost his abundant wealth, it was more than a thousand times repaid by the beautiful devotion of his daughter; and the still happy father gratefully acknowledged that Providence, in withdrawing *some* blessings, had mercifully left the last and best.

But the time had come when I must go out into the great world, to make, if possible, my mark among its dwellers. It needed a brave heart to go forth into its rocky pathways, and to keep the innocence for which, in those quiet dells, there was no temptation to meet. My father laid his hand gently upon my head, and besought me to keep the integrity which he had trusted I had as yet sustained, and my good mother wept long and bitterly upon my neck, and then bade me go in God's name, and return to her safe from the world's defacing stains.

And Miriam Vane! There was a parting too sacred for mortal ears to hear, a pressing of hands, and one long, lingering embrace, and ere I recovered from the painful thought that it might be our last parting, as it was our first, I found myself many miles on my journey.

It boots not now to tell how often the temptations which my father so feelingly deprecated were laid before me, nor how nearly I came to giving way before them. From all grossly sinful acts, my own sense quickly revolted, and from minor faults, the remembrance of an aged pair, and the sweet image of the loveliest maiden in the world, had power sufficient to deter me.

Still, as with Burns, it might have been said :

"We partly know what has been done,  
But know not what's resisted."

Sweet Miriam Vane! I look back to those days, and think how my soul ever turned to thee pilgrim to his shrine—how often I have said of thee :

"The dreams of other days depart,  
Thou shalt not be forgot;  
And never in the suppliant sigh  
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky,  
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,  
And thine remembered not!"

All my thoughts were directed to one point of time—that in which I should return, free from poverty and embarrassment, to spend a happy and cheerful life in my own dear native land,

and with Miriam Vane as my guide, and making the downward path of our aged parents easy and lightly trodden.

Foot-sore and weary, I wandered through many lands. I trod the burning sands of India, and the rough mountains of northern climes; and ever as I trod, my spirit was in the vale of Glen Carrol, listening to music from the lips of sweet Miriam Vane.

I had few friends and no enemies that I knew of, save one, and he came to me at first in the guise of a friend. Aubyn St. Luke was my companion for months. He proved my worst foe; for, under false pretences of my death, he wooed and won my own Miriam.

And this was how the hateful deed was done. I had staid longer in Elsinore than I intended, and finding my business still unsettled, I concluded to remain a short time longer, rather than lose the vantage ground which I had already obtained. But a ship was sailing direct for home, and St. Luke was anxious to go. I gave him ample directions to find my people, and charged him to make the acquaintance of Miriam, and to tell her the thousand and one things which we always forget to write, because we have no questioner near to stir up remembrance within us.

The traitor to my friendship went—saw—and was conquered. He saw—not the timid, pensive, blushing maiden whom I had described, but a woman, noble, regal, a queen among the simple country people among whom her lot seemed so strangely cast, yet wearing her superiority so gently that all acknowledged her sway. He saw, and loved her so far as love could enter into such a treacherous heart, and before many weeks had gone by, he had invented the story of my death. My business dragged slowly, but as it was my last and forlorn hope of making the competence I desired, I still staid on.

And Miriam—in despair at my death, and agonized by her father's continual demands upon her strength and her nerves, was yielding to the vain hope that she might be happy once more; and in the anguish of a restless and disturbed spirit, had already accepted him who passed as mourning friend of the deceased Arthur Leigh.

And this was while I stood on the opposite bank of that same river where we had played in our childhood, and were betrothed in our youth. No doubt or misgiving of evil had come into my heart. I looked down the sunny slope that parted me from my queen, and fancied our meeting with emotion too big for tears.

I walked over the little bridge that spanned the distance. Mr. Vane's quiet and modest home lay nestled in among the pines, and I hastened

towards it. I dared not go home first. I felt that Miriam's young life was almost secure from the approach of sickness and death, but who could count upon that of my aged parents?

I met one of those officious and news-loving beings of which there is one, at least, in every village, and, after the first surprise of seeing me—a surprise for which I could not in any degree account—was over, he sat down by the wayside, and wrung my soul with the miserable tale of St. Luke's double treachery, and Miriam's approaching marriage. I need not say that I was stung to the quick. I could not speak, but I motioned him to go on with his story.

A floating report of my death, of which no one seemed to know how it originated, had been borne to Miriam, through my perfidious friend. She had mourned and pined for months, and even now, was in a state little better. The news of her approaching marriage was also circulated by St. Luke, and my father and mother were so disgusted by her thus forgetting me, that they did not notice her at all.

I raved and fumed wildly, until my courteous informant besought me to remember that it would do no good, and offered to assist me in any plan I might think of to punish the offending St. Luke, towards whom he professed to have taken a most unaccountable dislike.

Even while we were talking, we saw a carriage driven towards the picturesque little church that stood midway on the hill opposite. The white horses, the floating ends of white ribbons that I could distinctly see from where we sat, the remembrance of the necessity for St. Luke to hasten in this matter before I could appear, all gave confirmation to my suspicions that this was the bridal cortege; and my officious, but well-meaning friend suggesting the same idea, we made a short cut across a corn-field, and arrived there before the carriage had begun to ascend the hill.

My old friend, the sexton of the church, was there, waiting for the bridal train. A few words in answer to his joyful surprise at seeing me, put him in full possession of the whole case, and he offered to delay proceedings as long as possible. By this time the minister had also arrived, and was led into our story.

Our good old minister had passed away in my absence, and his place was supplied by a young man whom I felt instinctively, as soon as I looked at his face, that I could trust; and I had just time to say a few words, as the carriage had finished toiling up the painful ascent.

What was to be done? Should I plant myself in the doorway, and face the entire party? or should I meet St. Luke in the vestry, to which

the sexton agreed to conduct him, tax him with his treachery, and expose his baseness before the crowd which had now assembled to witness the ceremony?

Fortunately the village clerk was present, and a new certificate was instantly filled out by him, of his own accord. He was a mirthful, laughter-loving man, and with a suppressed chuckle at his own forethought, he whispered me that it would probably be wanted, and bade me put it in my own pocket for future use.

By this time, the bride's people had begun to walk up the aisle. The minister had taken his place behind the altar, and the assembly were rapidly finding seats. The sexton opened the doors of the little room behind the chancel, and beckoned in the bridal pair. I was sitting quietly opposite the entrance. I think St. Luke was somewhat surprised, but believing it to belong to the ceremony, he made no resistance.

But what a face met my view, as he turned his wild and distended eyes upon my own! The paleness—nay the absolute greyness of the death shadow seemed to steal over his whole countenance. I never saw a man look thus before. He staggered and would have fallen, had not the sexton caught him and forcibly placed him in a chair. He tried to make a rush towards me, with his hand uplifted as if to strike; but he let it fall powerless by his side on seeing my grave and unterrified look.

An officer of justice had been pointed out to me in the assembly, and I had secured his services also. He immediately took charge of St. Luke, who now sat writhing under the grasp of the man's hand upon his shoulder.

And how was Miriam all this time, which, however, was not half so long as I have been writing it? Standing by my side, holding her father's hand, and half leaning over me with a gleam of joy lighting up her pale, emaciated face and repeating constantly:

"I told you so, father! I told you that Arthur could not die and leave me to the mercy of that man! Arthur, he swore to me that he was with you when you died, and that your last words were for me to marry him."

"She speaks truly," said Mr. Vane, "believe me, dear Arthur, Miriam disliked this man, and it was with difficulty that she could be prevailed on to enter the carriage."

I looked at the old man, as he faltered out these words. The light of truth and sincerity was on his face, and the tears were in his aged eyes. He had loved me from a boy, and it was only because he had deemed it my dying wish, and because he feared that Miriam's life was fast

dying out, that he had urged this sacrifice upon her, hoping that the new scenes to which St. Luke had promised to bear her, would restore her shattered health. No wonder that the villain had determined to leave Glen Carrol, before I could make my appearance!

Believing that St. Luke's deepest punishment would be to see me take the part in the bridal group which he expected to occupy himself, I directed the officer to bring him round where he could witness the ceremony, and feeling that there was no time like the present, to take Miriam under my protection, I produced the certificate, and after a few whispered words, in which she willingly acceded to my plan, I led her to the altar, where the young minister, his whole face beaming with the excitement which the affair had given him, seemed very happy to make us twain one.

Miriam was the bravest, most collected of the whole group, to outward appearance. Her emotions were too deep for show. She had been hunted—baited, to become the wife of St. Luke, while her whole soul was with me in death as in life—and had only passively yielded to the entreaties of her father, who believed her dying, and longed to have her leave Glen Carrol, as his last hope for her recovery.

She had gone through so much, that even the sight of me, sitting there, did not surprise nor agitate her. It had been impressed upon her, until within a few days, that I was still living; but as day wore on after day, and she heard nothing from me, she settled into the calmness of despair.

Words are inadequate to describe the expression of St. Luke's face, as we emerged from the vestry room, and took our place at the altar. I caught only a brief glimpse of it, and then my whole soul was absorbed in the sacred ceremony in which I was bearing so unexpected a part.

A strange-looking, travel-stained bridegroom I was, by the side of the pure looking being who stood there in the identical white dress which I had so often admired, and which she had no heart to replace by new bridal robes. But the look of fond reliance which she gave me, and the glad pressure with which she clung to my side, as I supported her through the ceremony, were proofs that she had not at least abandoned affection towards me, and that thought repaid me for the sufferings of the last few hours.

"Drive to Mr. Leigh's," I said, as I entered the carriage after Miriam and her father; for I was impatient to see my dear old parents.

We found them sitting in gloom and despondency, for they, too, had mourned their only son

as no longer in the land of the living. We saw them through the window as we drove up, and I accepted Mr. Vane's considerate offer of going in and breaking the joyful news that I was alive, and that they should see me soon. I saw their clasped hands, and heard their exclamations of thankfulness. They had felt rather hard towards Miriam and her father, on account of this marriage, and at first were rather cool when Mr. Vane entered the room, but now their arms were alternately about the neck of their dear old friend, for whom, previous to this unfortunate matter, they had entertained a sincere affection.

Gradually he unfolded to them the whole history of that eventful morning. Then there was a scene! one in which smiles, and tears, and embraces mingled together, and on which the angels might have looked with joy and gladness. For had not each of these aged ones found a son and a daughter at once? It seemed as if a whole lifetime of happiness had been crowded into this brief hour's space; and as if the three oldest actors in this short drama had suddenly taken out a new lease of life, so complete was the transformation from grief to happiness.

The next week I set seriously to work, to refit, enlarge and beautify the Gothic cottage at Glen Carrol, adding more rooms for the accommodation of my own parents. It is a little paradise now; and my Eve walks in beauty through its quiet woods, with a happy smile upon her face that tells of a joy that the world cannot give nor take away.

St. Luke escaped from duress by means of his servant. What country or clime maintains him and his villainies, we neither know nor care, satisfied that he will hardly deem it worth his while to practise them again at Glen Carrol.

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#### USE OF SALT ON THE FARM.

A practical farmer of twenty years' experience informs us that it has been his plan for many years to use salt with the turnips which he feeds to his milch cows, and that by it he is enabled to have the best of butter in winter, without the least disagreeable taste. His method is to cut his turnips in the root cutter at least twelve hours before he intends to feed them. They are then thoroughly salted and allowed to stand until fed out. In this way and by never milking the cows immediately after feeding, he is never troubled with any taste either in the milk or butter. We have tried a similar plan, and have fed out a large crop of turnips to milch cows with great advantage, at a time when turnips were selling at a price which would have hardly paid for their transportation to market.—*Lowell Courier*.

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Honest loss is preferable to dishonorable gain, for by the one a man suffers but once, by the other his suffering is lasting.

## COME, LADY, COME!

BY "OLD PRECIOUS"

In the morning's fresh light,  
Come, lady, come!  
When the dew sparkles bright,  
Come, lady, come!  
The sunbeams are glancing from leaflet and spray,  
Like airy forms dancing, both fairy and fay.  
Nature revels in gladness—  
Come, lady, come!  
Then away with all sadness—  
Come, lady, come!  
The wild birds are singing,  
Come, lady, come!  
From their leafy bowers springing—  
Come, lady, come!  
The flowerets are gleaming through woodland and lea,  
With rare beauty teeming, then come rove with me.  
We'll pass the gay hours—  
Come, lady, come!  
Plucking life's flowers—  
Come, lady, come!

## THE SKELETON FRIEND.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

THE traveller who proceeds directly from Paris to Antwerp, cannot help remarking the vast difference in every feature of the two cities. Instead of the numerous and brilliant palaces which abound in the French metropolis, you see at Antwerp the quaint and venerable old mansions which have perhaps been occupied by ancestors of whom the present dwellers have never heard. As great a difference is seen in the inhabitants. Staid and profound-looking burghers take the place of gay Parisians, and while the latter are engaged in promenading the streets of their city, the former are seated before their doors emitting huge clouds of smoke drawn from capacious pipes, and engaged in cogitations best known to themselves. And although a lifetime might be spent in Paris without a person's seeing all the attractions which it offers, the very quaintness and mystery presiding over the good old city of Antwerp had more interest for me. Day after day found me strolling in various parts of it, and becoming more and more interested with the different phases of character which I chanced to see.

Upon one occasion, I was standing at the meeting of two streets and observing the difference in the manner and dress of those who passed. Being much interested in my occupation, it was some time before I was aware that a hand had been laid upon my shoulder, and that its owner was endeavoring to attract my atten-

tion to himself. When at last I turned around, I saw a person whom I judged to be a student—tall and spare in body, and much emaciated in appearance. His eyes were of that kind which seem to pierce like arrows; they were so in a remarkable degree, but they possessed a kind of wandering and dreamy expression, which ever and anon changed to a kind of fierceness and suggested the thought of insanity. But his glance towards me was one of affection and interest, and at the same time one of fascination. He spoke with no apology for what might be deemed an intrusion, but said:

"Are you a stranger in this city?"

"I am," I replied; "although I have sojourned here so long that it seems much like home."

"Have you made any acquaintances during your stay?"

"None beyond the people who dwell in the same house with me, and I rarely see them."

"That being the case, I can readily suppose that you wish for a friendship with somebody. You are not a misanthrope?"

I smiled at the earnest manner in which the question was propounded, and answered in the negative.

"I needed not to have asked the question, for your countenance is proof positive that you are not. I thought for a moment that I had discovered a kindred spirit; but perhaps it is as well for me, and certainly better for you as it is. Now can you put trust enough in a stranger, like me, to come to a place which I shall name, and meet me this evening? I tell you frankly that I, being a man-hater, would not do it; but with you, the case is different. Will you come?"

The frankness of his speech disarmed any suspicion which I may have entertained, and without any reflection I gave him my promise.

"That is well," said he; and placing a card in my hand, he walked away with a hasty and nervous step, stopping at the street-corner to nod to me, and then disappeared, leaving me to reflect upon the adventure which this meeting promised.

Although I walked much more than usual that day, my mind was not bent as usual upon seeing and hearing everything new. The recollection of the strange interview which I had held with this unknown kept occurring to me, and the recollection of his strange and ghastly appearance haunted me like an ill-omened dream. In my unusual absence of mind, I had forgotten to read what was written upon the card which I still held in my hand. I looked at it and read "Gustave Liemann, opposite the old cathedral."

The name was unfamiliar to me, and afforded no clue to any certainty. An undefinable idea had taken possession of me that this Liemann was in some way connected with my destiny. It did not seem like the offspring of a speculating brain, but a true presentiment—vague and uncertain, but coming with such force that I doubted not for an instant that his being was to affect mine in some way yet to be disclosed.

The history of my life seemed to confirm this belief. My native village was Cannes, in France. Of my parents, I had not the slightest recollection, for they were carried off by a prevailing epidemic when I was but two years of age. I was then adopted by an uncle, the richest person in the vicinity, who had conceived a strong attachment for me, and who, I remember it distinctly, often told me that I should be his heir. His affection for me increased as I advanced in age, and I being the only person upon the earth for whom he had any great regard, I soon came to a proper knowledge of his kindness. His domains were vast in extent, stretching over many leagues of forest and meadow, besides which it was commonly reported that his wealth in solid coin was great. My education was carefully attended to, and everything was done for me by him. He had but one relation beside myself; he was also his nephew, and my cousin, although I had never seen him. My uncle said very little concerning him, but I well knew that for some crime he was banished from the house, and that he was often supplied with money by my benefactor. He was spoken of as about ten years my elder, and possessing an evil disposition.

Very pleasant were the eighteen years that I lived with my uncle at his country-seat in Cannes, seeing little of the world and caring less. For what had I to gain by wandering, while such content was mine beneath his roof-tree? My highest desire was to stay with him and be the comfort of his declining years; but this was denied. One pleasant spring morning, he was found dead in his bed. His appearance was awful, for his features were contracted with an expression of agony, and a white froth had issued from his mouth. I knew instantly that he had been poisoned, and though shocked beyond measure, I set earnestly to work to find the assassin. But it was in vain; not the least trace could be discovered. True, the servants had heard unusual noises the night before in his room, and I myself had heard a horse galloping away down the road at midnight, but the rest was all conjecture. My suspicions rested on the unknown cousin, but it was only suspicion, unsupported by proof.

I performed the last offices of love to my uncle, and many were the friends from all quarters that gathered about his last home on earth, for he was widely known and loved. His mysterious fate was the subject of general horror and surprise; but, as I have said, no traces of his murderer were discovered. His body had laid in the tomb several days before I thought of looking for a will. I had never mentioned the subject to him, but I had no doubt that he had made his last will in favor of me; indeed, I had no suspicion otherwise after he had said so many times that I should be his heir. What was my surprise, upon looking over his private papers, to find no such instrument whatever! My astonishment was increased, as I looked further, for I found that the lock to a certain drawer had been forcibly burst off, and its contents were scattered about in confusion.

My thoughts instinctively wandered back to that fatal night when the noise had been heard in my uncle's room, succeeded by the galloping away of a horse. Then I saw the whole; the villain nephew in the dead of night had entered the house, killed its owner, stolen his will, and made his escape. The magnitude of the discovery overwhelmed me. That this unknown cousin had formed a plot to wrest from me the wealth which was rightfully mine, I had no doubt; but I could not see how it was to be done, unless by a forged will, and if any such scheme should be started, I resolved to do my utmost to frustrate it. But my doubts were all solved in a few days after, for a notary called upon me and displayed a document, headed, "The last will and testament of Jaques Delcroix, made April 21st, 182—," in which all his property, both landed and personal, was bequeathed to his nephew, Wilhelm Strauss.

I knew that this will was no forgery; I could have sworn to the signature of my uncle which was attached to it. Besides which, were the autographs of several witnesses whom I knew to be persons of honor, all of whom were still living, and it was executed one year before I was adopted by my uncle. I now saw everything clearly. My cousin (how I hated the name!) had discovered the existence of a subsequent will made in my favor, and had taken a favorable opportunity to steal it. The notary informed me that he was vested with full power to take possession of the domain immediately, and that the owner intended to enter into possession in person in about a week. I determined never to look upon his hateful face, and if I could not visit him with the punishment he so richly deserved, I would at least disappoint him in the pleasure

which he doubtless anticipated in turning me from the roof which was so dear to me. I bade a hasty adieu to the many old haunts, and taking my little property with me, I departed from my native Cannes for Paris.

I was fortunate in meeting an old friend of my uncle's in Paris, who immediately placed me in a position where I received a good salary, and was enabled to save a considerable sum yearly. This I resolved to lay by till it should amount to sufficient to allow of my travelling and seeing with my own eyes various parts of Europe, of which I had read. And it was not merely the desire of travelling for its pleasure that impelled me—it was a kind of second nature which had grown upon me, and I was somehow possessed with the idea that my wrongs were to be righted soon, and that I should make some discovery tending to that result. At all events, five years after the death of my uncle found me in Antwerp. I was then twenty-five years of age; the day that I met the stranger was my birthday.

An hour after sunset, I took my way in the direction of the old cathedral. It was in a very handsome quarter of the town, and I wondered that the stranger's residence should be located there, when his appearance indicated poverty. I thought I had made a mistake when I arrived at the handsomest house in the vicinity and saw that it was opposite the cathedral. A servant waiting at the door, asked me to follow him, and he conducted me to an apartment on the second floor, where he left me. The room was almost dark; the little light in it was shed by the fire in the grate, which threw its radiance on the walls in fantastic figures. Seated by it was the stranger, his head buried in his hands. The furniture was of the costliest kind, and the whole aspect of the room was one of cheerfulness. But its effect was certainly lost upon Liemann, as I remembered his name to be, for his appearance was much more strange than when I had met him in the morning. As he rose to meet me, I was startled by the wan and haggard look of his countenance. He welcomed me with a few words, and handing me a chair, he resumed his attitude of thought, while ever and anon his frame shook as if in pain.

He at length broke the somewhat painful silence which had ensued, and said:

"My friend, did you ever read the old story of the Venetian mother, who, when her son had fallen sick and was at the point of death, was informed in a vision that his cure depended upon a garment being wrought for him by a happy and virtuous woman?—and how, when she went forth to seek such a one, she found in one house

the skeleton of a lover whom a jealous husband had slain, and in every house where she sought was found the shadow of some woe which had fallen upon it? Is there a skeleton in your own house?"

This question took me by surprise, but I answered:

"Alas, yes! I have a dreadful skeleton in my home—a monstrous dread and sorrow to me!"

"But is yours a real skeleton?—is it the fabric of a former being whose bones rattle in echo to your sorrowful thoughts, or is it only the remembrance of some former sorrow?"

He fixed his piercing eyes upon me as he spoke, and kept his gaze fastened upon me. A nameless dread seized me, and I forgot to answer his question.

"I ask you," he continued, "because I have resolved to partially unbosom myself to you. I have a skeleton—I call him my friend, and perhaps he is, for I commune with no other object. But his presence brings perpetual horror to my soul and fosters the worm which is gnawing at my breast. It is *remorse*—the upbraidings of an outraged conscience are killing me—my punishment is truly greater than I can bear!"

He covered his face with both his hands, and I thought that he wept; but when he raised his face again, I saw that his eyes were dry. After a short silence, he spoke:

"I will show you my skeleton, and perhaps it may relieve my pain if you can afford to pity my miserable condition."

He went to the side of the mantel and pressed a spring in the wall. A long panel raised up and disclosed a narrow closet. And there, hung to the wall and vibrating and grinning with a terrifying effect, was a skeleton! My heart sickened at the sight, and I turned away, wondering more and more at the strangeness of the being who stood by my side.

"It is more like a dream than a reality," he continued, "that for the last four years I have lived constantly with a skeleton. I have plunged into the wildest dissipation, in the vain endeavor to shake off the consciousness of my terrible guilt, but the skeleton is always present. Sometimes I have endeavored to gain courage to destroy it, but the form of him whom this lot of rattling bones once was would rise before me, and my purpose would be destroyed. You are the only person whose sympathy I have ever sought, and heartily do I thank you for it. Will you tell me your name?"

"Certainly—I should have told you before. It is Philip Delcroix."



He stood for a moment like one petrified: his face assumed an ashen hue and his frame quivered and shook. He leaned against the mantel for support, and before I could offer him any assistance he exclaimed:

"It is a judgment from Heaven! my cup is indeed full—it cannot be."

His strength seemed to have returned, for he started up and gazed steadfastly into my face. Then, as if assured, he groaned in the anguish of his spirit, and said:

"Explanation would be useless now, and I wish to be alone. Will you come to-morrow, and if I am not at home will you open this closet? believe me, it is for your good."

Bewildered by what I had seen and heard, I could do no less than promise. He rung for a servant to show me to the street, and said as I passed from the room:

"Remember! in that closet."

I reached my house, and threw myself upon my bed. My thoughts were mixed up in an inextricable whirl. What was the strange interest that this mysterious Liemann took in me? what did it portend—and his skeleton friend, too; what had I to find in that closet? I could settle nothing definite in my mind. Wearied with unavailing thought I fell into a troubled sleep which lasted through the day, and tossed on a sleepless couch all night. I had indeed fallen into a strange mystery. I awoke early after a slight sleep, and paced my apartment until the sun arose. Then I sallied out towards the house of Liemann, for my suspense was like a dagger in my breast. The servant did not think that his master had arisen, but he admitted me to his chamber. As the servant closed the door behind him I glanced at the couch and saw that it had not been occupied. I sat down for a moment and then walked to the corner of the mantel. I hesitated for an instant and then pressed the spring. The panel flew and the closet was revealed. My head swam with dizziness, and I almost fainted. Recovering in a moment I opened my closed eyes and looked again. There, stretched out at the feet of his skeleton lay Gustave Liemann, his face turned upward, and the damp of death gathered on his brow. A knife lying on the floor showed the manner of his death, and he grasped a folded paper in his hand. I know not how I summoned sufficient resolution to unclothe the rigid grasp of death and take the paper, but when I did so I saw that it was directed to myself. Unmindful of the place, or the terrible spectacle before me I sat down to obtain a knowledge of the mystery in which I was so strangely involved. The manuscript read:

"At length the moment has arrived when I am compelled to make confession of my crimes and give up my ill-gotten wealth to its rightful owner. You, Philip Delcroix, are my cousin! Yes—the poor mass of miserable clay which now lies at your feet is all that remains of Wilhelm Strauss, known to you as Gustave Liemann. Can you pardon the crimes of one who has already suffered the torments of a second hell, and who is willing to make the reparation which lies in his power? believing that you can and will, one pang at least is spared me in my last moments. You have conjectured how I murdered our uncle, and the base artifice that I used to obtain his wealth. Alas! you have yet to learn the sequel. You can imagine that the stings of conscience tormented me. I was a restless and unhappy being, the prey of every roving fancy of the brain. I was suddenly seized with an intense desire to possess the *skeleton of the murdered uncle*. It amounted to a kind of insanity, and day and night I was followed by this desire. I was compelled to gratify it. I caused the coffin to be taken from the tomb, and with my own hands opened the lid. I found therein the ghastly phantom which has since then almost driven me mad. I was not myself—I was controlled and urged on by some invisible power. I was forced to look many times a day upon my skeleton friend, as I bitterly said to you, and the poisoned arrows of remorse and conscience worked deeper and deeper. I left my home—I came to Antwerp—but the mighty power that controlled me compelled me to take the skeleton. Five horrible years have I passed in this manner. I saw you: the same spirit drove me to make your acquaintance. The agony of a lifetime seemed concentrated in that awful moment when I first discovered your identity. Pardon me Philip, if you can, and pray for me. The will which your uncle made for you is in the drawer of the large book-case; I could not destroy it. Farewell—let my fate warn you! I must die—O, conscience, cease thy pains!"

Here the writing ceased. The events of two days had crowded upon me so rapidly, that my brain seemed boiling with emotion. What thoughts were mine as I stood in the presence of those strange dead! The last scene in the strange drama was completed, and the skeleton grinned as if in triumph over the form of his destroyer. But gentler feelings took possession of my mind—I thought of the miserable Strauss, pursued through long years of suffering by the consciousness of his terrible guilt, and the dreadful expiation which he had made, and feelings of pity predominated in my breast.

I found the will in the place directed by the dying confession. Again I lived in the old mansion at Cannes, and once more called the dear old place my own. The ashes of Wilhelm Strauss and my uncle repose in the old tomb, and let us hope that the former is truly at rest. And if my life has thus far had the appearance of sadness, the remembrance of the story which I have related must be the excuse.

## LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY J. H. DAILEY.

Dear lady, would to me were given  
The skill to weave in form complete,  
A sweet bouquet of fancy's flowers,  
One meet to lay at beauty's feet;

Or could I wake, in numbers true,  
A lay of love to fill thine ear,  
To make thee feel as I have felt,  
The loneliness of being here.

The ring-dove mourns its absent mate  
Far in the deep and silent woods;  
Sings plaintively a mournful song,  
And pines away in solitude.

With me, nor hope nor wish to soar,  
With Moore, or Scott, or Byron's power,  
I touch the lyre with trembling hands,  
To while away an idle hour;

And if, perchance, one ray divine  
Of true poetic fervor beam,  
Along my unambitious line,  
Thyself hath been th' inspiring theme.

No other ear but thine shall hear,  
No other eye but thine shall see;  
No other voice but thine shall wake,  
My simple, untaught minstrelsy.

Then let me hope to win a smile  
Of kind approval from thine eye,  
Or wake a tone within thy heart  
Attuned to kindest sympathy.

## THE TROUBLESOME NIECE:

— OR, —

## THE OPENING OF A HARDENED HEART.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"AND so Kate Owen is coming here!" said Absalom Burr to himself, as he paced to and fro in his small, dingy apartment. "Why don't she get married and go about her business? A plague on her, I say. Just because my sister chose to marry Jim Owen, and then die, and leave this girl behind, I must take the thing and provide for it. What a fool I was ever to tell my sister I'd see to her child. Why, here'll be my house turned topsy-turvy, and everything like peace fly out of the windows. And then I suppose the flirt thinks that I'll find her in spending money. But she'll soon find out her mistake there. Not a penny—no—not one. She says she can sew, and she shall. By the host, she don't touch a penny of mine. And if she stays here she shall do my sewing to pay for house room, and do my cooking and washing to pay for her victuals. A plague on the poor nieces!"

Thus spoke Absalom, and then he sat down and stuck his feet close up to the fire. Absalom Burr was a perfect miser. He had seen his sixtieth birthday, and his hair was sparse and white. His form was short and spare, and somewhat bent. His face was deeply furrowed by the hand of passing time, and its lines were hard and cold. His clothes were old and patched, and his shoes, even, were sadly in want of mending. The cold breath of winter was close at hand, and yet the only fuel he had was such as he had been able to pick up by the roadside, and at the edge of the pond. The house in which he lived was but a poor hovel, with only two rooms, and with furniture more fit for fire-wood than for anything else. There were four windows in the house, and every spare rag of clothing he owned was in use for the replacing of broken panes.

And yet Absalom Burr was worth fifty thousand dollars, though he contrived to be taxed for only about ten thousand, which was invested in houses that he rented in the town. He was never known to bestow a penny in charity, though many a poor and suffering fellow-creature had begged for assistance at his hands. Alone had he lived for many a long year, and his heart was all hardened and closed up against every kindly feeling. He spent his time in attending to his rents, picking up wood and rags by the wayside, and in counting his money at home.

One Monday evening, near the last of November, the stage stopped in front of Absalom's hut, and a young female was helped out by the driver, and a trunk and bandbox put down after her. It was Kate Owen. The old man had not seen her for ten years, but he remembered well how his sister had looked when she was a girl, and here was her exact image. Kate's mother was the only sister he ever had, and he was the only brother she ever had, and thus Kate was the only near relative he had living. The girl helped carry her own trunk in, and as soon as she had removed her bonnet, she threw her arms about her uncle's neck and kissed him. He started back, at this, and a severe look passed over his face.

Kate Owen was a pretty girl, and she had left behind her not one acquaintance who did not love her. She was a short, plump, laughter-loving being, with brown hair and hazel eyes, and when she laughed, the dimples deepened in her cheeks and chin, and the dark curls shook about her fair temples. In fact, one look at her happy face was as good as medicine for the blues, and the ring of her rich and merry laugh was contagious.

"My dear uncle," she said, after she had seated

herself at the fire, "are you not glad I've come?"

"Well—yes; I shouldn't want you to be without a home. But mind—you are to help me. You won't be an expense to me."

"Of course I won't. Why, I'll return you ten-fold. How snug and happy we will be this winter? You won't be here all alone to hear the wind blow, and the hail thump and rattle against the windows. And I shall feel better, too, than I should if I was away among strangers."

"But you've got to go among strangers sometime. You can't expect that you are going to find a home here always."

"O, no, uncle, of course not. But then while I do stay here we'll enjoy ourselves, won't we?"

"I enjoy myself very well at any time."

Kate understood all this. She knew just what her uncle was, and she had come prepared to meet all his peculiarities. She kept the same happy smile upon her face, and in the same sweet tones did she address the old miser under all circumstances. Ere long she asked her uncle where she could find the materials for supper, for she confessed that she was hungry.

"I eat some bread and cheese when I am hungry," he told her.

"But haven't you any tea? or any flour? or any butter?"

"There may be a little butter," said the old man, reluctantly; "but I don't think there's any flour, and tea is something I don't use."

"But you love it, uncle?"

"Why, yes—but it costs too much."

"And sugar—have you any of that?"

"No. I get along very well without it."

"Then you wait a few minutes, and I'll run out and get some. I saw a store as I came by, only a few rods back from here." And as she spoke she put on her bonnet and shawl.

"But I don't have any account at the store," uttered the old man, fearfully. "They won't trust me."

"Never mind. I have the money. Just you see to the fire, and mind that the tea-kettle boils."

And thus speaking Kate ran out. In about fifteen minutes she returned, and in her arms she bore quite a little heap of packages. A little bundle of flour, a package of tea, some sugar, a small, new tin pail full of milk, and so on. Her next movement was to hunt up the bread. She found a loaf of baker's bread, and having cut it up into slices, she placed it near the fire to toast. Then she moved out the old table, and after the leaves were raised she inquired for the table-cloth, but the old man had none. But she was prepared for this, and for more too. In her trunk she not only found the cloth, but also a cream-pitcher,

sugar-bowl, and a few other articles of like description, which she kept as remembrancers of her mother. The snow-white cloth was spread, the dishes put on, and then Kate hunted up the stew-pan. This she cleaned, and having fixed it on the fire, she proceeded to prepare a dip for the toast, which she made of butter, milk and water, thickened with a little flour. She found Absalom's dishes hidden away in various places, as though stuck away from the sight of assessors and tax-gatherers. But there were more of them than she had imagined, though they all had to undergo a sort of washing process before they were put upon the table. Finally the toast was done, the tea made, and then Uncle Absalom was informed that supper was ready.

So intent had he been upon watching the light, noiseless movements of the fairy that he did not notice the first call, and it was not until he had been spoken to the second time that he fairly understood. He sat up to the table, and a softer shade rested upon his features as he cast his eyes over the board. The snowy cloth, the clean dishes, the steaming tea-pot, the light, rich-looking toast, and, above all, the lovely presence that presided over the scene, were new things in that heretofore cheerless home. Kate helped him to a plate of toast, and to a cup of tea, and the shade upon his face grew softer, as he tasted the well prepared food.

"Don't you remember this cream-pitcher, and this sugar-bowl, Uncle Absalom?" Kate asked, as she helped him to a second plate of toast.

He looked at them, and after a while he said:

"They do look familiar, Kate."

"Ay, uncle, you have seen them often before. Your kind old mother always used them while she lived, and when she died she gave them to my mother. I love them now, for they are doubly dear to me, bringing back to my mind one of the best of grandmothers, and one of the most true and faithful mothers."

Absalom Burr gazed upon the mementoes, and a moisture gathered in his eyes, but 'twas not quite enough to form a tear.

"Now, uncle," spoke Kate, as they were about to arise from the table, isn't this better than cold bread and water?"

"Why, yes, it tastes a little better, but it costs more, Kate."

"No, no, my uncle, it doesn't cost so much. It may take a little more money, but look at the comfort and satisfaction which it affords, and which would be lost without it. What is money good for, if we cannot purchase comfort with it? Who so poor as he who has no comfort and no joys? But I know what you mean. You would

be prudent and saving—and so we will be; and yet we will have some comfort, too.”

The table was soon cleared away, and then Kate proceeded to wash her dishes. After this she sat down and conversed with her uncle, and for two hours she entertained him with accounts of her own and her parents' experience. When bed-time came, she found her cot ready for her, and though she saw plainly how she could better it, yet she said nothing. She put her arms about her uncle's neck, and having kissed him, she said:

“Good night, uncle. God bless and keep you.” And then she took her candle and went away to bed, leaving the old man to find his way by the light of the fire.

How those words hung in the old man's mind.

How strange and sweet they were, and how many long years had passed since he had heard such words before. His thoughts went back to the time when his mother used to kiss him at bed-time, and for the while he forgot the long, dark years that had passed away since these boyhood days. The old man went to his bed and dreamed. He dreamed that he was a boy once more, and that his mother was with him, to care for and to love him.

In the morning he was aroused by the notes of a sweet, blithe song. He started up and listened, and he heard the same beautiful song which his mother used to sing in her happiest moments. He arose and dressed himself, and shortly afterwards Kate came in. She had built a fire in the old fire-place out in the porch, and the coffee was already made. She greeted the old man with a happy smile, and another kiss. Her cheeks were all aglow, and her face presented the very picture of health and happiness.

A breakfast of dry toast and butter, coffee and a few warm biscuit, was soon on the table, and as the old man sat down, that shade upon his face grew softer still. After breakfast Kate came and put her arms about his neck, and said:

“Now, uncle, that you have a female in the house, you ought surely to slick up a little—enough for comfort, at any rate. In the first place, we want just seven panes of glass set. Now go to the glazier and have this done at once; for you know your own health and comfort will be enhanced thereby.”

“Yes—well—I have been thinking of this sometime, Kate; but it costs so much.”

“Never mind that, Uncle Absalom. Let us first have those things which are absolutely necessary to our health and comfort, and then we will examine our funds, and if we are likely to fall short, we can economize in something else.”

“So we can,” said the old man; and thus speaking he left the house. In half an hour afterwards the glazier came, and before noon the windows were perfect.

And all that forenoon Kate worked briskly about the house with mop, and soap, and water, so that when Absalom came home he was astonished. The floor was clean and white, the fire-place neat, and the new windows let in such an extra quantity of light, that it seemed like a new room. Kate got such a dinner as she was able to pick up, and the afternoon she spent in mending some of her uncle's old clothes. He came in towards the middle of the forenoon, and she told him that she was out of flour. He proposed getting two pounds, but she finally made him see that 'twould be for his interest to get a barrel. It came hard to pay out six dollars for a barrel of flour, but he did it; and while he was about it he got a pound of tea, a pound of coffee, a dollar's worth of sugar, and some other little things. These he had sent home, and when he came to sit down to his supper of light, warm biscuit, and taste the fragrant tea, he really confessed to himself that he was a gainer by the money thus far expended.

Thus matters moved on for a week. The old man watched his niece's every movement, but he could see nothing wasted. Every crumb was cared for and saved, and he was surprised to see what excellent dishes she prepared for almost nothing. One afternoon, when the wind blew cold, and the snow was falling fast, a poor girl rapped at the door, and Kate let her in. Her name was Martha Allen, and her father was a poor day-laborer who had been confined to his bed for several months, having been severely injured while blasting rocks. Martha was only fifteen, and was a mild, blue-eyed, pretty girl. She had come to see if Mr. Burr could not help her father.

“Why should he send to me?” the old man asked, nervously.

“O, sir, he does not know that I have gone out to beg for him,” returned the girl; “but I could not bear to see him suffering so, in body and mind, without trying to help him. For three long months he has lain in his bed, and now he is kept back by the fearful thought of the debt he will have upon his shoulders when he gets up. But thus far I have not run him in debt, though he thinks I have, and I dare not wholly undeceive him, for fear that I must do so. We have spent every cent he had laid up, and I have worked hard and sold many of my things; but I have nothing more to sell, and all my time must be spent with him. O, sir! for this

love of mercy, give me something. If we ever can pay you we will."

"But what would you have, girl?" the old man asked, moving uneasily in his chair.

"A dollar, sir, or two dollars. You would not miss it, while—"

"Not miss it! And do you think I am made of money?"

At this moment Kate left the room, and in a moment more she opened the door and called for her uncle to come out.

"What is it?" he asked, as he came into the back room, leaving the poor girl alone.

"Uncle Absalom, you must not send that poor child away empty-handed," she said, placing both hands upon his shoulders. "Just think of her poor father, and of how much she suffers for him. You are able, and as sure as you give in charity to her, so sure shall your reward be."

"And who's to reward me, child?"

"Your own thoughts and feelings, uncle."

"But I haven't the money to spare."

"Then give her ten dollars—"

"Ten dollars! Mercy, Kate, would you ruin me?"

"Hear me out. Give her ten dollars, and if, at the end of six months, you want it back I will pledge myself to see it paid."

"You see it paid? And where will you get it?"

"I have more than that—money which I have laid up to buy me clothes with."

"Then you cannot spare it."

"I can go without clothes easier than I can see a poor, honest man suffering, when by my means he may be blessed. O, I would rather have the free, heart-felt blessing of one honest soul than all the dresses in the world. To walk forth and feel that I am loved for the good I do were better far than millions of money piled away in dark corners. Go and give her ten dollars, and keep me to my promise, for I will not break it. But mind you—my name must not be mentioned. Give it to her as your own gift."

"But you will pay me?"

"When you ask for it."

"I think it's foolish for you to throw away your money so, and yet I'll give it to her. You want come to me for dresses though."

"No, sir."

The old man returned, and having pulled out his pocket-book, he drew out ten dollars and handed it to Martha Allen.

"Here," he said; "take this, and see that you make a good use of it."

The poor girl took the money with a trembling hand, and as she looked at the bills—two fives—she was startled.

"You have made a mistake, sir," she said.

"How so?"

"You have given me ten dollars."

"So I meant, girl."

A moment the child gazed into the old man's face, and then she burst into tears.

"O, sir!" she uttered, catching his hands and pressing her lips upon them. "God bless you for this! You know not what joy will illumine my poor father's heart when he knows of this. God bless you, now and forever!"

When Martha Allen was gone, Absalom Burr wiped a tear from his eye. Kate looked up through her own tears and saw him. She moved quietly to his side, and putting her soft arm about his neck, she kissed him upon the cheek. But she did not speak.

An excellent supper was partaken of, and in the evening Kate sang some of her sweetest songs to her uncle, and more than once while she sang she saw tears in his eyes.

That night, when Absalom Burr laid his head upon his pillow, he had a new emotion, and it was a strange one to him—yet it was a sweet and blessed one. He had done a deed of charity, and the blessing of that poor but noble girl yet rung in his ears and dropped upon his soul; and he imagined he could hear the prayers of Mark Allen ascending to heaven in his behalf. He knew Mark Allen for an honest, industrious, steady, hard-working man, and he felt sure that Mark would pray for him. Surely the thought was a blessed one.

But stop! Who gave that saving gift? Who was it did that deed of charity?

"By the saints," murmured the old man, starting half up in bed, "I did it! Kate shan't pay me one cent! She shan't! Bless me if she shall!"

And Absalom lay back upon his pillow, and in the night he dreamed that Martha Allen was an angel, and that she came to bless him. It was a sweet, cheering dream.

Two days afterwards Kate proposed that they should go and visit Mark Allen. "For," said she, "our presence may cheer him."

And the old man finally consented to go. They reached the humble cot, and were welcomed in by Martha. They found old Mark sitting in a great, stuffed chair which a neighbor had sent in, and though he looked pale and wan, yet a warm smile suffused his face, as he saw the visitors.

"Mr. Burr," he said, while big tears stood in his eyes, "I can never pay you for the noble kindness you have shown me. I may at some time pay you the money, but I cannot pay you all, for the bare money is as nothing compared

with the knowledge that I have such a generous friend to stretch out his saving hand in the hour of gloom and misery."

"Talk not of money to me," returned Uncle Absalom, earnestly and warmly. "If it served you, I am already more than repaid. The blessings of man are cheaply purchased when so slight a sum can do it; and, moreover, I have been more than repaid in the very knowledge that I have been of service to a suffering fellow."

Even Kate was surprised by this; but she knew that 'twas real, and she was glad.

When they arose to depart, at the end of nearly an hour, Martha followed them to the door, and here she blessed the old man again. He was moved by a generous impulse, and he took a golden half-eagle from his pocket and handed it to her.

"No, no," she said, drawing her hand back. "What you have already given us will suffice until my father gets out. But there is one who would be blessed with the gift, and if you will permit me I will relinquish the gift in her behalf. The poor Widow Wildredge is very low, and her daughter is sick. I carried them over some food this morning, and found them quite destitute."

But Uncle Absalom was a stubborn man, and he would have his own way.

"Take this," he said, "and I may find another for Mrs. Wildredge. Your father will not be able to work for some time yet; so take it. If you will, I will call on the widow—but if you refuse me, I wont move a step only towards home."

Martha took the money with tearful eyes, and Mr. Burr heard more blessings as he turned away. Widow Wildredge's dwelling was not far off, and thither the uncle and niece turned their steps. They found the mother, a woman of some fifty years, sitting by the bedside of her sick daughter. She arose as the visitors came in, and her countenance plainly showed that she wondered why Absalom Burr had called. But she saw an angel in Kate's mild blue eyes.

Absalom and the widow were playmates once, and the ice was soon broken. Gradually the uncle and niece drew forth the story of the woman's sufferings, and then the old man took out his pocket-book, and took therefrom fifteen dollars.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the widow, "this may serve to lighten your burden some. I am able, while you are needy. Take it, and remember that you may look to me again when need comes upon you."

Mechanically the woman took the money, and having gazed first upon the charmed notes, and then upon the donor, she bowed her head and

thanked God for the blessing. And then, while the warm tears gushed forth, she caught the old man by the hand, and poured forth her thanks.

When Absalom Burr sat down to his supper that night, that shade upon his face was as soft as the radiance of the setting sun. His food was eaten with a keen relish, and he could now return Kate's smile. And on that night, too, his dreams were more pleasant than ever.

Some time during the next day Kate came up from the cellar, and asked her uncle what that dark vault was for.

"How did you find it?" he cried, in quick alarm.

"The door was partly open."

"I did forget to lock it. I remember now."

"But what is it, uncle?"

The old man finally confessed to Kate that he had over twenty thousand dollars stowed away there.

"Why, uncle! Is it possible? And you let it lie there in the dark, without use?"

"But if the assessors knew it they'd make me pay taxes on it."

Kate was about to give utterance to a very indignant response, but she held it back, and went and sat down by the old man's side.

"Now look here, Uncle Absalom: How much would you be taxed for that money?"

"Over a hundred dollars a year. Just think of it."

"Yes, and think of this: Here is the railroad company have just advertised for a loan of twenty-five thousand at five per cent. You can make up the five thousand and let them have it. Have you not five thousand more lying idle somewhere?"

"Perhaps so," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"Then look at it. Thus you would not only be helping community, and assisting a great public good, but you would at the same time be realizing twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year where you do not now get a cent. And again. When the company have done with the money, you can build houses here in this town, every one of which will let as soon as finished, and at fair rents. Think how you will thus be benefiting community, and at the same time rendering yourself more able to bestow in charity such sums as your own good judgment shall dictate. And then think again," resumed Kate, as she noticed the doubting look upon her uncle's face, "how much easier you would feel to know that your money was safe, than to be worrying all the while for fear some one will come in the night and rob you."

This last hit touched a vulnerable point, and

Absalom said he would think of it. And he did think of it to some purpose, for on the very next morning he started off for P—, and having found the proper officers, he told them that he could accommodate them with the desired loan. They were much pleased, and in a short time they had the money in gold and current bills, and Absalom had the notes and good security. He went home with a better opinion of his fellow-men, and of himself, than he ever had before, for he had been thanked by noble gentlemen for his kindness, and his opinion had been asked on various important matters, and he had partly promised, too, that if the new road wanted more help he would give it.

Six months passed away, from this period, and the troublesome niece still lived with her uncle. They also still inhabited the same little house into which Kate had first come. On the morning of the day which saw the sixth month from the time of giving the ten dollars to Martha Allen pass away, Kate came into the room where her uncle sat, and in her hand she held a ten-dollar note.

"Uncle Absalom," she said, "you remember what I told you when you gave that ten dollars to Martha Allen. The six months are up, and I have come to redeem my promise. Here is the money."

"Thank you," said the old man, as he took the bill and put it in his pocket. "I am glad you are so punctual." That was all he said, and then he took his hat and went out. Kate was puzzled, but not astonished, for she noticed a twinkle in the old man's eye which meant more than that ten dollars amounted to.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when Uncle Absalom returned, and under his arm he carried a small box which he gave to Kate, saying, as he did so:

"Here, Kate, that is for you—the first present from your uncle." Here was a tear in his eye, and his voice trembled; and when the bright-eyed girl kissed him he wept outright.

She hurried away to her little room and opened the box. The first thing she saw was a letter directed to herself, and in her uncle's handwriting. The next was a neatly embossed ebony casket, within which she found a gold watch and chain, with a small locket attached, within which was a miniature of Uncle Absalom. Below this was a small book which she found to be a bank-book, and by looking into it she discovered that on that very day the sum of ten thousand dollars had been deposited in her name, at six per cent. interest, to be drawn by her in whole or in part at will. As soon as she could see clearly

enough through her tears she opened her uncle's letter, and read as follows:

"June 18th, 18—.

"MY DEAR KATE,—Six months ago my heart was all cold and hard, and closed to every kindly emotion. I distrusted all my fellows, and saw no good in humanity. My life-path was dark and gloomy, and a chill night was upon my soul. But you came to me with sunlight and joy, and by your sweet music and gentle persuasions my heart was opened, and the warm light of love entered, and since then some good has escaped from that opened heart. And now to you, who performed the happy work, I give the accompanying as a slight token of my love for you, and my appreciation of your many virtues. But you will not leave me. Perhaps at some time you may be called upon to enter into a new and holier partnership, but I beg of you to forget not me. Tell the happy, blessed man who may claim you, that you cannot go without me; for my life would be but a living death without you.

Your uncle,

ABSALOM BURR."

When Kate next met her uncle, her eyes were red with weeping, and her cheeks were wet. She moved to his side, and as she kissed him, she simply whispered, "God bless you! I will never own a home where you may not go."

When the warm breath of summer came, the old man moved into a good house, and ere long afterwards Kate gave her hand to an honest, industrious mechanic—a carpenter by trade. And then came the business. Absalom found money, and Kate's husband found the skill, and new houses went up in the thriving village. The old man was busy now, and as his simple, abstemious life had left him with a noble constitution, he was spry and strong.

And Absalom Burr and his niece were not the only ones who were blessed by the opening of that hardened heart. No—far from it. Hundreds there were who basked in the warm sunlight of the noble charity that flowed from the ample source which Kate's gentle wand had opened.

#### THE AMERICAN CHINA TRADE.

This trade shows a large increase from 1849, when we imported from China 18,000,000 lbs. tea. This year we have imported about 40,000,000 lbs. The annual import has varied since 1849 from 18 to 40 millions lbs.; some years, as in 1853, having 40,000,000, and 1855, 31,000,000. The India trade to Calcutta, Manilla, Batavia, Pedang, etc., increases at a very rapid rate, and is perhaps more than any other business, conducing to the wealth, prosperity and importance of Boston.—*Boston Transcript.*

Alphonse Karr, the French author, has this singular yet truthful motto upon his signet ring: "I fear only those I love."

## THE REQUEST....TO —.

BY MILLIE AUGUSTE.

There's a favor I would ask of thee,  
Dear friend, on this bright day;  
For Madame Rumor says that thou  
Art going far away.

That the sunny "West" hath charms for thee,  
And lures thee to her home—  
She holds out prospects bright and fair,  
And whispers, "Will you come?"

Her mighty waters, broad and deep,  
I know you'll love full well,  
And mid the shades that round them creep,  
We'll build a fairy dell.

And now a simple boon I crave,  
O, will you grant it me?  
When you are roaming far from hence,  
In land beyond the sea?

'Tis but a thought, a single thought,  
A small and tiny thing;  
Say, will you, can you, give it,  
Where the birds are corolling?

And she who writes will thank thee,  
And wish that you may be  
As happy as the angels are—  
As gulleless, bright and free.

IVANOVNA :

—OR,—

## THE RUSSIAN SORCERESS.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

THE ninth year of the reign of the Empress Catherine II., 1771, is the date of that memorable plague which ravaged the interior of Russia, and which, owing to the singular ignorance of the Russian physicians and to the proportionate fanaticism of a superstitious people, desolated whole provinces, before its dread effects were stayed. The army of Catherine, triumphant over the Turks, had quailed, alone, before the plague which assailed them from its birthplace, in the land of the unclean Ottoman; and, returning from their wonderful victories, carried sadness, as much as gladness, into the bosom of their country—for they carried the pesthouse with them. The physicians of the empire were unacquainted with the scourge, and mistook it for an epidemical fever; and hence hundreds of the cities and towns of Russia were rapidly depopulated. But of this hereafter.

Some ten years previous to the advent of this plague, there dwelt, in the suburbs of Moscow, the family of a merchant named Yaro Tarrak,

consisting of himself, his wife, Moika, of Georgian origin, their son, Oran, twelve years of age, and their daughter Yara, aged ten.

Associated with Tarrak, in an extensive inland trade, was his brother Paul, a man devoid of enterprise as of principle, and in mental and moral attributes the reverse of Yaro. The tie of blood alone had induced Yaro to make a partner of his brother, whose inferiority, as well as perfidy in their transactions, often threatened their business with shame and ruin, only averted by the talents, integrity and popularity of the younger brother, with great loss to himself. Quarrels were the natural result, and Paul each day increased in his hate and envy of Yaro, the contrast of whose character made his own deficiencies the more palpable and hideous.

"I am no brother, I am like no brother," he might have said, with Richard of Gloucester, and in time he resolved, like the "crook-backed tyrant," to wade to fortune through his brother's blood.

"His own misdeeds have made his means smaller than mine," said Yaro to his wife, one day, "and for this he appears to hate me. Gladly would I share with him, though he has no wife nor children, were he honest, though incapable; it was solely from fraternal feeling that I made him a partner. But time and again he has been near ruining me by his corrupt dealings, worthy only of those dogs, the Turks, and he may, indeed, thank me that his throat, as well as back, has been preserved from just punishment by indignant victims. No. Henceforth he must be content to have but a small share in our business, and for our Oran and sweet Yara, my dear Moika, we will hoard those fruits of fortune which a favoring God has sent us."

It was a pleasant dream for the worthy Muscovite; but one day it was broken.

His brother's artifices had succeeded in creating a belief in the minds of some of the creditors of the firm, that Moika had been instrumental in deceiving them, by corrupting the mind of her husband, Yaro, inspiring him with the thought of getting largely in their debt, and then suddenly departing for Georgia, her native land. That the expenses of Yaro were made vainly extravagant by this ambitious woman, an upstart foreigner, and that her wily intrigues had been the chief reason why himself, Paul, had been suspected of dishonesty, "a trait so utterly absent from our family," he asserted.

"This interloper hath poisoned my brother's mind against me, and I have been made the scapegoat of his blind love and her ruthless extravagance. My poor brother! I pity him—for



as yet he knows not that she is the very queen of perfidy, nor should I wonder at any time to hear of his death by poison or the dagger, through her means. She hates Russia and the Russians, and in her arch-dissimulation, while she professes to be a devout worshiper of our holy church, she is in truth a follower of the creed of accursed Mohammed, having apostatized in the day of her captivity among the Turks. Would that my infatuated brother had never brought her from the land of the heathen. Would she had never borne him children!"

The insidious Paul, working by degrees upon the prejudices of others, gradually attained his end with the influential, and also with the throng of serfs, whose religious superstition, in that benighted country, when aroused, has often burst forth in acts of frightful and irresistible fury upon its victims, regardless of rank, age, sex or opposing numbers.

The unconscious Moika was one day surprised, on her return homeward with her children from a drive through Moscow, to find that her carriage was followed by a crowd of the citizens, who saluted her with cries of:

"A plague upon the apostate Georgian! A curse upon the enemies of St. Vladimir and St. Nicholas! Let them be torn to pieces!" Missiles were thrown after the vehicle, and Moika, pallid with terror, alighted at the door of her residence, and escaped into it with the children, barely in time before the arrival of the pursuers. They paused awhile before the door, murmuring that for him alone they refrained from sacrificing the enemy of their country and their faith.

On the arrival of her husband home, his indignant inquiries and expostulations about the outrage were fruitless. The origin of the public tumult was not discoverable. The stubborn neighbors would not listen to Yaro, and Paul exulted in secret. He continued to foment in private the mischievous sentiment which had been excited, and having brought his plans to a focus, within a week he staked them all upon a blow. That blow was given at midnight in the house of his brother, and aimed at that brother's life. While Yaro was sleeping, after the cares of a useful day, Paul stole into the chamber and buried a knife in the bosom of his brother. The victim woke no more. The murderer stole from the apartment and returned home—unmarked save by the two children, Oran and Yara, through whose room he passed with heavy foot in his hurried exit.

"It was uncle!" said Yara, trembling. "Did you know he was here, Oran?"

"No. When did he come? Call mother."

The wife answered the call, and learning the cause, hastened in surprise to her husband's couch—and there she fell and fainted on the bloody body, instinct with love and life no longer.

The sun had not shone two hours on the morning spires and domes of holy Moscow, ere Paul Tarrak had filled the street before the house of his brother with an infuriated mob of the lowest order.

"Vengeance!" he cried. "My brother's murderer must expiate her guilt at once. Enter and do as you will!"

The brutal and ignorant herd did not slowly execute his request. They rushed into the mansion with hideous yells, and with merciless force seized the defenceless Moika, who, with her weeping children by her side, was bowing in agony over her husband's corse, and wrenching her from their embrace, hurried her down into the street, and with shouts of:

"Death to the Georgian—the murderer of Tarrak, our beloved neighbor!" dragged the hapless woman to the river and cast her in.

"Save my mother!" cried the children, with imploring hands, as she rose to the surface.

"Death to my brother's assassin!" shouted Paul, hurling a huge stone at Moika.

It struck her fair head, and the waves closed over it forever. A wild roar of exultation burst from the fierce, fanatical wretches, as they strolled away from the water's side, with boasting.

"All is mine!" muttered Paul. "I am avenged, now—but what shall be done with the children?"

The children saved him the trouble of guiding their young destinies for weal or woe. They had fled and were not to be found.

We will advance to the year of the plague again—the year of which we have previously spoken. That year of popular excesses, of medical ignorance, of rapid depopulation, was the year in which, to the wonder of the Russian rabble and the distrust of the officers of the empire, Ivanovna, the sorceress, was destined to appear.

All Moscow was pale at the presence of the plague. Hundreds upon hundreds died helpless every day, in that city, as throughout the neighboring provinces. The physicians, powerless to arrest the destruction of life, became the objects of popular fury, and many were sacrificed by the despairing mobs who roamed the city. Numbers lay dead where they fell, the survivors fearing to approach them, even in the street. Moscow was mourning the loss of her most use-

ful citizens, and the measures devised for the crisis, by the solicitous genius of Catherine, who truly deplored the affliction of her subjects, and which were commanded to be observed as precautions, by Gregory Orlof, were utterly disregarded by the masses—they preferred to rely upon the prayers of saints and images, and the consequence was that the dead lay in heaps. One day of unusual horror, when a conflict had occurred between the populace and a small body of the troops of the empress, who had been sent to prevent their violence towards the physicians, and the plunder of their dwellings, a cry went through the city, of :

"Ivanovna! Ivanovna! The great sorceress has come for our deliverance! Great is Catherine, but greater is Ivanovna!" And a general rush of the multitude was made towards a temple, where an immense crowd had already assembled, and were kneeling before an inscription in gold,—placed upon a column—which ran in Arabic, as follows :

"O, great Mohammed, have pity for once, upon these dogs of Christians, for the sake of our deliverance from captivity; and free them soon from the pestilence!"

A Turkish captive had so far imposed upon the authorities and the people, as to induce their belief in his power to work a miracle by this means, and neglecting all other, they bowed in blind superstition before it—though meanwhile one fourth of the city had become victims to the plague.

It was at this juncture that the sudden arrival of Ivanovna was announced.

She stood upon the steps of the temple, surrounded by adherents who had faith in her supernatural wisdom, and harangued the mob. She was dressed in a wild attire, a woman with fair but strangely painted features, holding a white wand surmounted by a crucifix.

"I have come from far provinces to save you, O my people!" she exclaimed, "not only from the scourge, but from other consequences of your sins against Heaven. Kneel not, but rise and calmly listen."

Her voice was loud and melodious, and its tone of command enforced them to do as they were bidden.

"What shall we do, great Ivanovna?" asked one of the foremost, clinging reverently to the hem of her flowing mantle. "We have heard of your miracles and prophecies in other provinces, and will do as you command us."

"Cast down that vile deceit!" she replied, pointing to the inscription in Arabic.

"Wherefore," cried many, horrified at the idea.

"They are the words of a captive, an infidel, a vile slave of a Mussulman, who would have you waste your time in unmeaning worship, and perish while you pray. Act for yourselves."

"And what can we do?" cried the mob.

"What else but what loyalty should prompt you to do? Obey the directions of your empress. Obey the advice of the mighty Prince Orlof. Purify your bodies, your garments, your dwellings and your streets. The mighty Catherine, your sovereign mother and mistress, has told you to do this, but you have chosen to disregard her, and would rather butcher your own countrymen and die by plague, and dying, pay homage to the cheating words of a Turk. Tear down the blasphemous sign. Christians of Muscovy! trample in the dust the lying words of the treacherous Ottoman, who exults to see you perish!"

"Ay! down with it!" cried many.

Others opposed the proceeding as an offence to Heaven; but the believers in the sorceress prevailed, after much commotion, and the golden letters were torn from their conspicuous position and hurled into the street, many who still believed in them, struggling to gain possession of the fragments, and, if successful, hurrying away, kissing them. Some fell, in the act of pressing them to their lips, overtaken by the plague, and others snatched the pieces from their spotted hands, in turn, deeming the relics would save them from the spreading destruction.

"Way there! seize the sorceress!" was the command of the captain of a troop of horse, sent from a citadel to arrest Ivanovna, who had been represented as designing ultimately to overthrow the power of the empress, and as inciting the people to violence.

The appearance of the soldiers infuriated the stubborn masses. Their religious frenzies were aroused. They believed that Ivanovna must be an agent of the Most High, and now, with united and discordant yells, they threw themselves upon the troopers, tore many of them from their horses, and slew them, and so affrighted the steeds by their cries, that the cavalry fled in dismay.

"To your homes, now, my people, my good Russians, and do as I, as Catherine, as Orlof, have commanded; become cleanly in body and soul, and God will listen to your prayers. Let those, who would molest and disobey me, tremble lest a greater curse befall them. I will appear to you ere long, again."

The mob were obedient, and Ivanovna, after traversing several streets, suddenly disappeared.

"We are forbidden by the sorceress to worship

the inscription of the infidel," was the saying of many, "but at the Carvartskoi gate is the picture of the Mother of God. We have neglected our duties to our faith. Let us go thither. Let us go!"

Bound to worship something, in that half-superstitious belief which requires something visible to adore, the masses of Moscow repaired to the public picture of St. Mary, where a mercenary enthusiast levied alms while pointing to the representation of the Virgin Mary. The result was such a neglect of what they should have done, in a sanitary way, that the Archbishop Ambrose, Primate of Moscow, on the second night sent soldiers who seized the picture to bear it away from sight.

The imagined sacrilege caused the mob to denounce the good archbishop as a heretic. The soldiers were driven away, the church bells rang, all Moscow was aroused, the intended crime proclaimed, and the venerable primate, alarmed, sought refuge in a suburban church.

"They will not dare, the madmen! to enter here," thought he. A mistake. Delirious, in their fears and woes and exasperated fanaticism, the holy sanctuary was invaded by the murderous rabble, and they assassinated their intended benefactor on the very steps of the altar.

Increased excesses, murders, robberies and intoxication followed, throughout the city, despite the harangues of Ivanovna, and the proclamations of the commandant, General Terapkin. And the scourge still spread its spotted wings over the doomed city.

In the midst of these terrible commotions, there was one wretch, wealthy, but more miserable than all, in that plague-assaulted city. That man was Paul Tarrak, the fratricide.

He was known now, not as a merchant, but as a recluse and a miser. Remorse had settled on his guilty soul, and all the treasure he had won by blood weighed like a mountain on his heart; and he crept through the streets, an emaciated, shrinking, suspicious creature, feeling that the angry eye of God was ever on him, and hourly apprehensive of some sudden retribution from the hands of men.

One day he bethought him of the sorceress, and had just resolved to ask her information of the future, when he received a summons to appear before her, in the humble hovel where she chose to dwell.

"I but thought of her, and lo! she sends for me. She knows my very thoughts. She must have miraculous knowledge. I dread to go now, but I dare not disobey."

"Art thou Paul Tarrak?" asked Ivanovna, as

he stood with obsequiously bowed head and folded hands before the sorceress, who received him alone.

"The all-wise Ivanovna knows it."

"Your thoughts are troubled, Paul," said she, fixing a glance upon him that seemed to search his very soul.

"They are, great mysterious mistress of all wisdom, and I would fain know if life to me is ever to be happier, and what will be my end."

"It was for that I called you hither. I know your thoughts and will answer them truly. Remorse is the constant curse of your soul. Is it not?"

Paul hesitated, but a glance at Ivanovna cowed him into confession.

"It is," he faltered.

"Look on high, Paul Tarrak, and tell me what you see."

"Nothing," said the trembling wretch, looking upwards, "but the dingy roof of this hut."

"See you not the spirits of your murdered brother Yaro, and Moika, his wife?"

The guilty man started back, aghast, and looked towards the door.

"Pause, man, and listen. Think you that that doubly accursed murder will go unavenged? Think you that when Heaven commissioned Ivanovna to heal the wounds and punish the sins of Russia, Ivanovna's eyes were not fixed on you? Fratricide! what excuse hast thou for that two-fold murder—four-fold, perhaps, for where are the flying children, whom you stripped at once of parents and a home?"

"I know not, nor have I ever heard. I would have cherished them, in atonement, had they stayed."

"Ay, Paul Tarrak, even as you cherished your brother's life and love. Tremble! for the last sun of thy pernicious life has shone upon thee."

She stamped her foot and four men suddenly emerged from a closet, where they had listened to Paul's confession.

"You have heard the murderer. Bind his arms and bear him forth to the suburbs. There, even before the door of his dead brother's house, let him be stoned to death."

"Mercy, great sorceress!" pleaded Paul.

"Mercy is for the merciful. Does the wild beast, with bloody claws, ask pardon of his hunters?"

The man was bound, and Ivanovna, followed by the rest, strode forth to the place she had designated, calling on the people, as she passed, to come and witness the work of justice.

"By suffering such as he to live, has the plague come amongst us!" exclaimed the sorcer-

ess, as she related to the credulous rabble, with eloquent condemnation, the story of the sins of Tarrak.

"Men of Muscovy, here in the sight of his mother's house, hurl your rocks upon the viper whose merciless ingratitude destroyed a family. Immolate him here, and let the story of retribution ascend to God in your shouts."

A shower of missiles assailed the victim's quivering form, and he fell, a mutilated corpse, to the earth, amid the furious curses and clamors of the multitude.

"So perish all causes of the plague, and all enemies of Heaven and mankind!" exclaimed the sorceress, holding on high her white crucifix.

"The garrison! the garrison!" at this moment resounded through the crowded street, and looking toward the city proper, all beheld the hasty approach of the main body of troops quartered in Moscow advancing upon them, under the lead of one of the trustiest officers of the empress, the commandant, General Terapkin. By his side rode a female in glittering costume, white plumes floating from a diadem around her brow.

As they neared the mob, the latter prepared to resist them, but Ivanovna, advancing, adjured them to desist:

"Disperse to your homes, in quiet, men of Moscow. The mission of Ivanovna is ended."

The rude adherents hesitated to obey, but remained passive by her side, when the troops came to a halt among them, and Terapkin, riding towards the sorceress, commanded two of his men to seize and put her to death upon the spot.

The soldiers who were hardy enough to attempt obedience to the order, were themselves seized by the mob, and a bloody conflict would have resulted, had not the empress, for she it was, who rode by the general's side, pressed forward and interposed.

"Stay your bloody hands, infatuated beings! Know that you stand in the presence of your sovereign. I am Catherine, your empress!"

The announcement astonished all, and the awed throng flung themselves on their knees before that being whom their fealty taught to worship next to the Deity.

"No harm shall come to our holy friend, my children," said Catherine, her beautiful face illuminated with a calm smile. "She will repair with us to our palace, where she shall have fitting quarters for the future. Meanwhile, my loyal subjects, receive largesses at our hands, and henceforth do as we have so long bid you, to rid yourselves of the plague."

Shouts rose for the empress and Ivanovna, as the latter mounted a gallant steed by her side, while an abundance of gold and silver coin was showered among the people.

The imperial escort retraced their way, and the disturbance of that day was ended.

There was no superstition in the enlightened mind of the great Catherine, and she soon drew from Ivanovna the secret of her birth and her actions, that day for the first time stained with blood.

The history of the murder of Yara and Moika, and the flight of the two children were related by Ivanovna, who declared that to avenge the atrocity had been the chief object of her life.

"And how did you know the real murderer?" asked the empress.

"I am the daughter of the murdered merchant," replied the pretended sorceress; "my name is Yara Tarrak! The way of life I have adopted has gained me, not only bread, but the power over the hearts of the people, by which alone I had hope of revenge."

"And your brother, Oran, who fled with you?"

"Alas, we parted by chance, five years ago," sighed Yara, "and now I am in the world alone."

"Not so," replied a guard in attendance on the empress, stepping forward and embracing Yara, "for I am your brother Oran. I enlisted in the service of the camp, my sister, and God and the empress have brought us together again in this marvellous manner!"

This unexpected addition to the romantic history of Yara greatly delighted their imperial mistress, and tears of mingled joy and sympathy were seen to fill hereyes; while the heart, whose throbbings decided the fate of nations, heaved high, in confirmed friendship for them, from that hour.

Their before sorrowful lives thenceforth passed in rank and joy and splendor, and the descendants of the sorceress and her brother are now among the most loyal and powerful subjects of Alexander the Second.

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#### "I CAN'T DO IT."

Yes, you can. Try—try hard—try often—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I can't" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will try," be your motto in whatever you undertake; and if you press onward steadily, you will accomplish your object, and come off victorious.—*Amherst Cabinet.*

## MY BROTHER.

BY E. H. GOULD.

I grieve that death should bid thee lle  
 In grave so lone, so cold, so drear,  
 That none were near when thou didst die,  
 Away from home, my brother dear.  
 No hand could smooth thy aching brow,  
 No lips could speak thee kindly word,  
 Nor mourner o'er thy grave can bow,  
 And nought but winds to chant thy dirge.

That forest wild must be thy bed,  
 And distant far must ever be,  
 Where friendly feet may never tread,  
 And tear dimmed eyes can never see;  
 Yet, while my heart clings to thy grave,  
 I hear thee whisper from above,  
 "On wings of light my spirit waved,  
 And bends to hear a sister's love."

And still we mourn thy vacant seat,  
 And miss thy cheerful look and tone,  
 Yet sometimes feel thee with us meet,  
 At twilight hour in thy old home.  
 For musing then, when quiet all,  
 We feel an angel hovering near,  
 And listening, words of comfort fall  
 With soothing sweetness on the ear.

## UNCLE MORTIMER.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

"IDA," said papa, one morning, "your Uncle Mortimer and Zeb are coming to Philadelphia to pay us a visit. There's the letter I've just received!" And he tossed it over to me.

I eagerly read it, and found that he and his confidential man would be with us in less than a week. So I had to make immediate preparations for their reception. I received no small amount of teasing from my brother John respecting my old beau Zeb, and he mostly finished by saying that it was very well a certain young gentleman of my acquaintance was out of the way, as he might be inclined to be jealous. I knew he would tease till he was tired, so put up with it as well as I could.

Everything was ready—the spare rooms properly fixed up for our visitors, an immense fire burning in the grate, and the supper table laid out—when a carriage stopped at the door, and my uncle and Zeb alighted. Uncle Mortimer greeted me very cordially, and then turned to converse with my father and brother. Zeb made a very low bow, and I perceived that he was much improved in his appearance. I had acquainted my father with Uncle Mortimer's eccentricities—so he was not disconcerted when he found the confidential man seated at the same table with us. He behaved pretty well—though

he had an awkward habit of coloring up to the ears whenever I looked at him. Once he handed me a plate of biscuits—a most courageous thing for him to do.

John watched the proceedings quietly, though his eyes gleamed with suppressed merriment. Supper passed over pretty well—the only mistake Zeb made was in tossing the contents of his tea-cup over my papa, at which Uncle Mortimer was very angry.

"You scoundrel, sir!" said he; "you'll never be fit for respectable society."

After supper, my uncle despatched his managing man on some errand, and turning to me, said:

"Do you know, Ida, I came down here expressly to please Zeb? Don't you think he's very much improved? He's been studying Chesterfield some, I can tell you! Well, he wanted to come to the city and visit the theatres, and such like—but I think his principal reason for wishing to come was to see again a certain young lady, who once paid a visit to Cow Farm—(There, now," said he, laughing and drawing back, "don't touch my ears! they're half an inch longer from the pull you gave them last year.) I thought that I, too, would like to see the lady—so we packed up and started. In reward for this, we find our fair demoiselle offended, because a gentleman dares to admire her in the distance."

"The worst of it is, uncle," chimed in John, "he did not succeed in making a favorable impression when Ida was at the farm. It's too late now, for she's going to be married next fall."

"My dear little niece going to be married? You don't say!" said he, delightedly. "Who is the favored gentleman?"

"Mr. Cornelius Brown, attorney at law, etc., of New York city," replied John, laughing. I was now thoroughly vexed with him.

"Really, papa, I wonder that you will sit there and allow John to plague me so!"

"What is it, my love?" he inquired, as he laid down the paper and wiped his spectacles. "John, you surprise me! You ought to be ashamed!"

He looked very penitent—the sly rascal—now that he had told all he had to tell, and there my uncle sat for an hour by the fire, laughing and rubbing his hands, till at last he signified his desire to retire to rest.

The next morning I was preparing to go on a shopping expedition, when Uncle Mortimer offered himself as an escort.

"Well, Ida, so you're going to be married! I hope you'll be more fortunate in your matrimonial speculations than I was."

"No indeed, sir," I replied. "You must not believe all that John says. He knew papa was not noticing our conversation."

"Then it is not the case," he said, in a disappointed tone. "How is it? Tell me all about it."

"Well, I met Mr. Brown at a party in this city, soon after our arrival. He paid me great attention, and was a constant visitor at the house for six months. John liked him very much, and papa didn't discourage his visits. He used to hope Mr. Brown would come in every evening, and we thought everything was progressing favorably for our wishes; but when he asked papa's consent to our marriage, he was met with a stern and decided refusal—was told to discontinue his visits—and I was ordered to think no more of him, as it was impossible for me ever to marry him."

"My dear niece, what could be your father's objection to him as a suitor?"

"Mr. Brown is poor, uncle, and his future prospects are not very bright; but still he has talents and energy. I don't see why he should not rise in the world."

"Then he is in New York, at present?"

"Yes, he went there to try and get a start."

"Does he correspond with you?"

"I have letters occasionally from him. Of course, papa is not aware of the fact. I have no intention of marrying against his wishes, Uncle Mortimer; but Cornelius may rise in his profession—do you not think so?"

"Certainly, my dear—certainly. You may feel perfectly easy in making a confidant of me. I assure you, I'll be very discreet. Cornelius Brown!" said he, musingly; "I once knew a gentleman of that name; he was an old man; I expect he has been dead for some time."

I made the requisite purchases, and we then slowly returned home. It was dinner-time, and our gentlemen were waiting for us. Zeb had gone out—so we sat down to dinner without him. Papa was in excellent spirits, and John tossed me a nice selection of music, to make up for his bad behaviour the night before. So all passed on agreeably.

Zeb was an enterprising man, and as soon as his master was out of sight, he proceeded on a tour of inspection through the streets of Philadelphia—determined upon buying something, now that he was in the city—something in the first fashion. What should it be? After some consideration, he decided upon purchasing a new suit of clothes; accordingly he entered a clothing establishment.

"Look here, mister, I want to buy a new suit of clothes—in the very first fashion, mind! Now

don't play any of your tricks, for I'm no chicken, I tell you!"

The proprietor looked at him attentively, and then retired to the other end of the store. He had a fanciful suit of clothes in the store that had been made for a clown. They had never been called for, and had been on the shelf for the last twelve months. He despaired of ever selling them, and thought if he could make the countryman believe that they were the latest fashion, he would probably get rid of them. "I'll try, at any rate," thought he, as he came forward and threw the parcel down before Zeb.

"Now, sir, I'll show you something entirely new. This is a style that will be very much worn, the coming season. I've sold dozens and dozens of suits similar to these that I'm going to show you, sir. The fashion is not going to come out yet for six weeks. We have fifty hands constantly engaged in making up these suits, ready against the rush there will be for them when they do come out; and if I sell these to you, I must exact the promise that you'll lock them up and not show them to anybody. If you do, you'll get me in trouble, for it's a made up thing amongst the fashionables that the costume is not to be seen about town for six weeks."

"Well, let's see them, old chap," said Zeb, who was getting out of patience.

"Promise first," replied the dealer, solemnly.

"I promise. Now open them quick, I say."

He slowly untied the parcel, and gravely produced a most singular looking pair of pants. The entire back of them—right down to the heels—was of a dark crimson color, and the front a light green. Coming down each leg to the knee, was a ferocious looking lion; coming to meet it from the foot, was a tiger. On the crimson background, were monkeys in all attitudes. Zeb stared in astonishment, as he turned them over.

"And so this is to be the fashion, eh? Mighty showy, anyhow! Where's the vest?"

The vest was produced. It was a bright cherry color, bound round with white ribbon. The buttons were five-cent pieces, with shanks to them. On one half there was beautifully embroidered a ship in full sail, and on the other the Broadway theatre.

"What do you say to that?" said the tailor, triumphantly. "Guess you never saw anything in the way of design to come up to that!"

"Never did, for certain. Now where's the coat, old fellow."

A light blue, swallow-tailed coat, perfectly plain, was placed before him, and that, he was told, completed this aristocratic dress.

Zeb gazed at the suit before him in complete wonderment, and thought how much he should like to surprise the folks at home by letting them see that he was almost in advance of the fashion.

"Well, mister, how much do you ask for these things?"

"Thirty-five dollars, sir."

"Thirty-five? Come, now, that's too much by a long pull."

"Can't take anything less, sir. I can sell that suit in less than half an hour; there's two or three gentlemen want it badly, and will give me my own price."

"I'll give you thirty," said Zeb, drawing out his buckskin purse.

"No indeed, sir."

"Thirty-three?"

"No, sir; I'm determined not to sell them under price."

"Well, put them up—here's the money."

"You remember the conditions, sir. You promise not to wear them, or let anybody see them for six weeks."

"I promise—all right!" And away he went with his fashionable clothes.

The store-keeper rubbed his hands after the countryman had gone, and exclaimed, "not a bad day's work!"

"Well, Zeb, you scoundrel, where have you been? We've finished dinner. What have you got in that parcel, sir?" said Uncle Mortimer.

"O, nothing particular, sir," replied Zeb, as he hastened up stairs. "Been walking along the streets and looking about me, that's all."

"Well, you can go down in the kitchen and get your dinner."

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"Ida! Ida! where are you? The sleigh is at the door, waiting."

"Here I am, uncle. Where's papa?" I inquired. "Ah, here he comes!"

Jingle, jingle, rang the merry bells, and on we went, leaving the city far behind us.

"I wonder what Zeb's been after?" said Uncle Mortimer, as we were returning home. "He's been up to mischief of some kind, I believe. It will all come out, after a while."

Three or four weeks passed on very pleasantly, and then our visitors began to think of returning home.

"Charles," said my uncle suddenly one evening to papa, "you must let Ida go home with me, and spend five or six weeks at the farm. You can spare her for that time very well."

"I don't know," said papa. "I think not. Perhaps in the summer time she may come."

"No, she must come now. You would like to come with me—would you not, Ida?"

"I should, very much indeed, if I can be spared," was my answer.

"Charles, you must consent to my arrangements. I give you my word that she shall return in six weeks—that's reasonable, I'm sure. Come, John, haven't you a word to say in favor of my proposal?"

"I have not the slightest objection to her departure—am only too glad to be rid of her—sha'n't miss her in the least," returned John, mischievously.

"Well, I suppose I must agree to it. But you are not going for a week or two yet, I expect?" said papa.

"On Tuesday next, brother, we shall start, if all's well. When will you and John pay me a visit?"

"Next year, perhaps. Business keeps us so engaged, it's almost impossible to get away."

In a few days after this, we were seated in the cars, travelling at a rapid rate towards Cow Farm. The housekeeper met us at the gate. Zeb started on a tour of inspection through the farm-yard, and I went up to my own old room to change my travelling-dress.

When I returned to the parlor, the table was set out very invitingly. Hot rolls, ham and eggs, and smoking hot coffee, were very welcome after our long ride. Zeb ate as if he hadn't had a bit of anything eatable for a month. The cream was something like—the butter was something like—and so were the ham and eggs. He said they were very different to those in Philadelphia, and so they were.

"I'm afraid you'll be very lonely here, Ida," said my uncle, when we were again alone; "you will almost wish yourself at home again. I'm but a poor hand at entertaining a young lady like you, but you know you must just amuse yourself as if you were at home. Go to the library, when you feel inclined for reading; if you are in a musical mood, then you can play for me; and I am your willing escort, whenever you feel inclined for a walk or drive."

"Indeed, uncle, I'm very well satisfied with your company, and shall not be in any hurry to leave for home, I assure you."

"Have you heard anything, lately, from Mr. Cornelius Brown, Ida?"

"I had a letter the day before yesterday, sir."

"Well, how does he get on? Business improving—eh?"

"A little, sir. He has a few clients, he tells me; but you see he's a stranger—it takes so long to get a connection!"

"O, that's nothing! He'll get on after awhile—there's no fear of that. I rather think I used to know his father; I'm almost sure of it, for the gentleman had the same name. We were very great friends at one time. By the by, Ida, give me his address; I should very much like to inquire into it further. Don't be afraid, my dear—you will not be compromised in the least."

I gave him the address, and that evening he wrote a long letter, but did not acquaint me with its contents.

The next day we visited our neighbors. How different is a friendly visit in the country to one in the city! In the country, you are received with such unaffected cordiality—in the city, with such stiff formality!

A few days after this, our portly housekeeper was in a terrible fluster, making great preparations for something or other. I ventured to inquire what was the meaning of this, and was told that Mr. Mortimer had that morning informed her that a visitor was coming to the farm to stay several weeks, and he wished everything to be arranged for his reception. I felt surprised that my uncle had not mentioned it to me, but did not say anything, though I wondered who the guest could be, and watched with interest the preparations made for his comfort.

I was in my own little room early on the following morning, preparing for a ride on horseback, when the housekeeper entered and said that the visitor had arrived, and Mr. Mortimer wished me to excuse him and take Zeb for a protector, as he would be engaged in the library till dinner-time. Accordingly Zeb and I departed, and after a long ride, returned home just as the dinner-bell was ringing. I ran up stairs to change my dress and arrange my hair—inwardly wondering who the visitor was—and then repaired to the dining-room. My uncle met me at the door, and leading me up to a gentleman who was standing by the window, said:

"I think I need not introduce my niece Ida to the son of my oldest friend!"

Could it be possible! There stood Cornelius Brown, the old smile of love lighting up his handsome countenance as he advanced to greet me.

"My dear Ida," he said, "this pleasure is quite as unexpected to me as it is to you. I had not any idea that you were visiting here. My kind friend, Mr. Mortimer, did not mention it, in his letter to me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Uncle Mortimer. "Nothing like pleasant surprises for young people! You'll have a more agreeable escort in your walks and drives, now, Ida, you gipsy!

Guess you wont care much for my company now!"

"O, uncle, how can you say so!"

"Well, never mind, we'll go to dinner now, and talk over little affairs after."

The housekeeper told Zeb that his master said he was to wait at table that day, to help her a little, as she had so many things to attend to. Zeb thought this would be an excellent opportunity for showing off his fashionable clothes to advantage—so he hurried off and arrayed himself.

We were seated round the table when Zeb entered, bringing in the decanter of wine. I looked up and saw Cornelius with his white handkerchief to his mouth, vainly endeavoring to stifle his laughter. I looked round, and there stood Zeb in all his glory—lions, tigers, monkeys, ship and theatre. My uncle's attention was here attracted, and he laughed so long and heartily, that I began to feel alarmed—while before us stood Zeb, the very picture of astonishment. At last my uncle recovered himself, and greeted Zeb after this fashion:

"Leave the room, you scoundrel! How dare you appear before me in such a costume as that? Are you crazy, sir? So that was the bundle you were sneaking into the house with in Philadelphia! You ridiculous thing, you never will have any sense!"

"Look here, Mr. Mortimer," said the crest-fallen Zeb; "it's a new fashion! It was not to come out till now! All the gentlemen will be wearing it this season, I tell you!"

"Leave the room, sir!" vociferated my uncle; "and never let me see you in such plight again."

This little incident passed over, and then followed delightful walks and rides, and one morning Cornelius again begged of me to name the day for our wedding.

"Dear Ida," he said, "your uncle has given his consent, and says he will bear all the brunt of your father's displeasure."

"Yes, that I will!" said Uncle Mortimer, as he joined us. "You two get married, and I'll manage all the rest."

I felt rather uneasy, but finally gave in to their solicitations, and we were quietly married. My uncle wrote to papa, informing him what had occurred, and I was astonished when I received an affectionate letter from him, inviting us home. Upon our arrival there, however, the mystery was solved; my kind uncle had settled upon me the sum of ten thousand dollars.

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Put not thy secret into the mouth of the Bosphorus, lest it whisper it into the ears of the Black Sea.



## TO AN AUTUMN FLOWER.

BY JOHN CARTER.

Just at my feet there lies so sweet  
A lonely floweret blue,  
Its sheltering leaves are stripped away—  
The bee has left it too.

And field and dell have bid farewell  
To summer's peaceful smile—  
Yet on the breast of yonder lake,  
It seems to rest awhile.

O, floweret fair, I cannot tear  
Thy shivering stem away!  
It minds me yet how sweetly here  
My lover sang one day.

Devoid of care, we wandered here,  
With many a song and vow—  
Of all the flowers that bloomed for me,  
Thou art the sweetest now!

## THE INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

A DYING woman lay on a mean, straw pallet, in a low, attic room, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Beautiful and bright, as the meek eyes had once been, trouble and sickness had long dimmed their lustre; and the pale, sunken cheek and brow round which the dark hair clung, moist with the dew of death, all spoke too plainly to her son, as he bent above her pillow, of approaching dissolution.

Very touching is the death-bed of humble piety, where the spectral king, shorn of his terrors by the patient resignation of the pure in heart, comes as a friend, to bear them to a better world than ours.

Waking from a short sleep, Mary Volkenhoff laid her emaciated hand on her son's head, as she said: "I believe I am dying, Henri, my poor boy; and it grieves me to know that none are near to care for you, when I shall be gone."

"Mother! Mother!" was the agonized cry of the youth, fast ripening into early manhood, as he pressed the thin, wasted fingers in his own. His dark, luxuriant hair fell in wavy curls across his face, but his brow was square and massive, while his slight form, though habited in a painter's coarse frock, was strikingly fine and graceful.

"While I have strength, I would speak to thee, Henri, of the inheritance that will soon be yours."

"O, my mother, when your proud family drove you, a poor painter's bride, forth from their castle halls, used as you had been to luxury, dooming you to labor for your own and child's sub-

sistence, they raised within me a resolve to live and die in the name you bear, my poor father's. No, let my uncle make Robert d'Etamps his heir. A revolution is brewing in France; the rich inheritance of my uncle Etienne may yet belong to the plebeian Volkenhoff."

"Henri, my son, be less bitter. My brother Etienne has the antipathies born of a lordly line, but is else a good and a kind-hearted—"

"Mother, I cannot argue at such a time of his antipathies or feelings; I make no accusations. You, who have suffered most, cannot defend them. I care not for lordships or estates; a reign of terror is at hand; hark to the shout! The long down-trodden people are even now on their way to storm the Bastille!"

"Henri, do not leave me; throw up the sash for air. O, that shout! Come nearer; do not leave me!"

"No, my mother, I will never leave thee!" And re-seating himself, the youth bent down to catch the murmured words, now inarticulate. Frightened, he started and looked long and wistfully into the sweet face, over which still lay the tranquillized beauty of affection. Long he gazed on the countenance that had ever beamed with love and gentleness for him, till convinced that the pure spirit of his mother had fled. Then he bowed his young head down on the humble pallet, and wept aloud.

On the entrance of the landlady, Henri Volkenhoff raised his flushed face, which, bearing unmistakable traits of his German origin, wore now only the expression of his heart's great grief. Still was his countenance prepossessing; the massive brow and flashing eyes now dimmed with tears, told of a young and manly heart, but ill-fitted, with its unmaturing, yet noble energies, to struggle against poverty alone. *Alone* and poor! O, fearful the agony must have been, that flung its premature strength of character on the fair brow and beardless lip of the young painter, as he knelt in that sad attic—*alone*.

Mary Volkenhoff had described her brother Etienne d'Etamps rightly, when she said his antipathies were born of the *ancient regime*, yet apart from his pride of class, a kind and just man. Of a temperament reserved and haughty, the count had never, even in youth, the air of gaiety affected by the young nobles of the French court, and now, in middle life, when sadness and disappointment had fallen as a blight on his soul, his deportment was distant and forbidding. To those who saw only the surface, marking only the even tenor of his way, it was a matter of marvel, this chilling *froidueur*, in one who had never engaged in court intrigues, or set his mind

on state policy, or the craft of warfare. His disappointment was not the baffled weariness of these; but that he had seen the household gods reared round the altar of his home overturned one by one; his lofty hopes, his entreaties, his threats treated as a mere jest.

No shock falls so painfully on a haughty nature, as finding the affections it has lavished, flung coldly or unthinkingly back, and he had lavished his all of hope and love, first on his young sister Mary, who fled during his temporary absence with one to whom he had objected as a suitor, a poor, though talented young artist. Mary was many years younger than the count, and by the sweet promises of her gentle girlhood, seemed destined to repay richly, by her sisterly sympathy and companionship, the generous care that had trained up her orphan childhood into the lovely and accomplished maiden. His lofty nature could ill brook the blank indifference to his hopes shown in his sister's choice. Of a noble race, his pride was sensitive in the extreme, and he resented the humiliation he felt, by returning, unopened, the letter penned praying to be received back to his affections.

Meantime the young artist with his high-born bride removed to Paris, where for many years he struggled hard to keep want from their humble hearth, till health failing, he sold out the few pictures left, to enable them to remove from the lodgings hitherto occupied, to the attic room in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where his faithful wife labored with her soft, white hands, at the most humble drudgery, to procure means to alleviate his last hours.

The count had, on the marriage of his sister, brought home to his chateau, the son of his younger brother, Robert, now deceased, hoping to rear him to be the prop and pride of an ancient house. But here again he was doomed to disappointment. The young Robert d'Etamps, from very boyhood, was of a nature so grovelling as to be incapable of appreciating the care and kindness of his indulgent uncle. Selfish and ungrateful, not even his indolence and overbearing assumption surprised or shocked the count so much as the low tastes and habits of his degenerate nephew.

Nor did he amend as he grew to manhood. The watchful care he had despised as a boy, was equally the object of his levity when years might be supposed to have exchanged the petulant caprices of the sulky, headstrong boy into the grateful, sympathizing friend and relative. Herding with the vile and mean, his dissipations and pleasures were alike ignoble, and his name a jest and jeer, on lips that never spoke his unele's

name, save with the respect due the worthy representative of an honorable and honored house.

All his own feelings of a kind and domestic nature, the count's inclination to marry had he in very love for this graceless scion, the last born of an ancient line, determined to forego, till shocked at his depravity, he abandoned the resolution, when in this last, all-venturing trust, he met a worthier fortune. The beautiful girl he selected, Agliade Duval, in point of years would have been a more fitting match for his nephew than himself; but in the finer sympathies that make the soul of love, the entire confidence, the esteem, she was well fitted to be the wife of a man, such as we have shown d'Etamps to have been; tempering the warmer love of the bride, in her own sweet and winning way, with the submission and reverence of a devoted daughter. Years passed, and the count grew only the colder, haughtier. The wife he loved, and whose all of devotion was his, was not yet a mother; his ancient home was childless, and the thought chilled his soul, that when he died the fertile fields and grand old woods that called him lord, would descend to a worthless inheritor, poorer in spirit than the meanest hind on his vast estates.

From the window of his chateau, in the beautiful suburban quarter, where the old noblesse had congregated, overlooking the broad and sweeping Vienne, bordered in the distance with forest trees, and hills rich with verdure, the count looked out upon his broad, cultured fields, and sighing wearily, turned to his wife saying:

"Come with me, Agliade, for a walk; I leave thee too often alone, forgetting the solitude I create for thee, love, when I go selfishly out to seek it for myself."

"And why seek it?" asked the fair, young countess, as approaching and laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder, she looked into his eyes with a playful witchery of guileless youth, that chased even the gloomy shadows from his brow. "Why will my dear lord seek solitude? or why leave me alone so often, to the companionship of thoughts I dare not even breathe lest I arouse your displeasure?"

The count released her from the circling arm that had drawn her to his side, but looking into her sweet face, on which every thought was written legibly as on a book, he again drew her near, and parting the glossy curls from her sunny brow, asked: "And what may the thoughts be that my Aggie thinks more hurtful than solitude?"

"Hurtful! O no, my lord. I go ever when alone, to a little cabinet into which I removed the picture you condemned to removal from the

picture gallery; I mean the portrait the young travelling artist painted of your sister."

"I charged the servants to place it in its covering among the lumber in the old turret, and they knew the penalty of disobeying me," was the stern reply.

Still the sweet pleader, undaunted, looked lovingly up in his flashing eyes, as she said:

"Nor have they. When Robert, in his vagaries, once absented himself, I thought he might be lurking there, to increase your anxiety, and, accompanied by my brother, climbed the decaying stairs of the old turret, and there found poor Mary's portrait. I only removed it to a safer place, and whenever sad or lonely, betake me there, to think on her, perhaps poor, at least, an outcast from her home."

"She made her fate, and must abide the consequences," he replied, with increased anger on his brow, and a colder reserve.

Still undaunted, the compassionate pleader urged: "Mary is a widow; my confessor told me so. She has a son called Henri Etienne, for his father and you. The young Volkenhoff is said to be a noble boy, his young life blood flows from the same spring as yours."

"You say she is a widow; if poor, I will send her a liberal portion, but no son of the plebeian Volkenhoff shall ever tread in my father's halls."

In vain the fair countess would have urged the noble struggles of the gentle-hearted boy, toiling in a mean attic at his easel to support his dying mother, while the other nephew, whose boyhood had been a terror, and his after years a disgrace, still revelled in uncurbed expenditure, lording it bravely in the halls of his ancestors; but the lowering cloud darkening on the count's brow forbade the attempt, nor was it renewed, as the birth of an infant daughter some months after divided her cares with the anxieties growing out of the storm now apparent on the political horizon; the storm whose first earthquake voice, as the infuriate mob went forth to storm the Bastille, mingled its discordant bray with the last word and farewell sigh of Mary Volkenhoff.

A disbanded officer from a disaffected corps of Bonille's army, addressed the infuriate throng. He was not destitute of the daring assumption of manner that turns all meaner spirits to its own wild purpose, fitting its possessor to take a prominent part in a tumult like the present. "To the Bastille!" he shouted, and the words of doom were caught up by the mob, who, maddened by his address, rushed wildly on, repeating the denunciatory words, with frantic eagerness, as they followed their reeling leader, *Robert d'Etamps*.

As the frenzied throng passed by, Henri Vol-

kenhoff paced the floor of his now lonely attic as one walking in a vision, utterly unconscious of all that passed around him. Presently a student entered the room, and tossing a purse on the table, said to the young painter: "Come, Volkenhoff, remember your own and your mother's wrongs, and strike a blow for liberty and the people—come!"

It was no time for deliberation. Pointing to the purse, he said huskily to the landlady: "Should I fall, bury my mother." And the next moment, impelled by the pressing crowd, he was on his way to the Bastille.

The crowds had passed over the riven chains and clattering oak of the dilapidated draw-bridge, and the cannon now brought to bear on the inner walls, the storming of the prison had begun in earnest.

"What have you brought me here for?" he asked of the student, as a deafening explosion, added to the raging tumult in the court, seemed to bring him to his senses.

"What for? Why, to bear a-hand and follow our leader there, D'Etamps."

Had an adder stung him, Henri could not have recoiled in greater horror than when shown, in the bloated, furious leader of the mob of St. Antoine, his cousin, Robert d'Etamps.

The Count Etienne d'Etamps, taking the command of a number of volunteers, had immediately hastened to Paris. He had ever been a favorite with the weak and vacillating Louis, as his countess, the most brilliant at court, as she was the most gentle at home, had been a loved and valued friend of the more heroic Antoinette. The generous spirit of the count seemed infused into the ranks he commanded, and amid the contending crash, and until the fall of Louis and his intrepid queen, the humblest of the count's adherents seemed to feel as though armed with invincible power, beneath his command.

But though he had escaped unhurt, where conflicting masses met—yet though he lived to vainly plead the fallen Bourbon's cause, the most gallant among their defenders, still grief and desolation had fallen upon his ancestral home by his death, before the reign of terror ended; a grief too deep to reveal itself in words or outward demonstrations by the countess, as pressing her orphaned daughter to her breast, in a secluded apartment of the chateau, spared thereby the pain of witnessing the rampant pride and riotous exultation with which her late husband's nephew took possession of the broad lands he had so long coveted.

It was night. Four months had passed since Robert d'Etamps had returned to lord it in the

halls of his fathers. He now entered the apartment of the countess, bringing with him a man, simply but handsomely dressed in the fashion of the day, whom he introduced as his friend, *Gabriel Requiti, Count de Mirabeau*.

The countess coldly returned his respectful obeisance, and humbled and annoyed, he turned from the haughty widow to the beautiful child, and inquired her name.

"Gabrielle," said the little one, advancing to meet his proffered caress. And he, the proud, the ambitious, the cold, parting the silken locks on her fair brow, sighed as he pressed his lips on its clear surface.

They wronged Mirabeau, who called him cold. Selfish he was, but not unfeeling. Never broke sunbeam through mist or shadow more joyously, than that child's light laugh dispelled the cloud from his brow. He remembered only the woman he had so wildly loved, who had sacrificed all for his sake, and for whom he had suffered imprisonment and exile, still clinging to her, as such men sometimes will, despite all obstacles. He thought, too, on his own little Gabrielle, whose very memory was so dear, that to recall her, he would have brushed away all the gigantic projects of the present as so many cobwebs. Yes he, the oppressed by paternal tyranny and regal oppression, the vilified and rejected of his caste, the imprisoned and slandered, had, as the noble, climbed alone to the summit-height of political power, shaking off the baying herd, Brissot, Danton, Roland, Condorcet, Marat, accomplishing all by the force of a strong will, to which they bent.

There is no stronger spell than memory. Mirabeau had sought the fair countess with the intention of offering his hand—fortune, he had none—making her the successor of the ill-fated *Sophie de Ruffey*; but that child's smile—the very name of the girl, that of his own lost Gabrielle, turned his course.

"I have a young secretary, somewhat of an artist. I suppose you know, D'Etamps, that I have dispensed with the services of Maximilian?"

"Yes; Robespierre said as much."

"Well, this young secretary of mine is really no mean painter; he would gladly return to his easel and old habits, but painting is an exacting art. Invention, if stopped in its current, dries up; meditation comes, while the art is forgotten. I found the boy ill, in a garret; his mother had just died, and he, young and supremely gifted, alone in the world. I made him my secretary; but with all of the man on his brow, he has all of the girl in his heart, and I see shrinks in abhorrence from the vile herd who frequent my receptions. If madame la comtesse would receive

him into her family as secretary and tutor for her daughter, I shall be most happy to recommend him to her service."

Ten years had passed, and a young man stood by the side of a fair girl of fifteen, looking on a beautiful portrait beneath which was traced the name, "*Mary d'Etamps*."

"And this was my father's work, and this is my mother?" said the elder of the two, standing before it.

"Yes, Henri, mama saved it, long years ago."

"Strange, indeed, are the ways of Providence!—ever going by a different way to achieve the very ends for which we pray. My mother's dying prayer was for this rich inheritance to pass to me, and now see, it comes, my sweet one, through you! Robert d'Etamps's sad end, leagued with that miscreant Robespierre, secured to you the fine lands he would have squandered in his besotted, mad career." And as he still looked in the sweet face, the lips seemed to smile as if in life upon him, and drawing the young girl nearer, he whispered: "My mother's prayer is granted. To-morrow, this rich inheritance is mine!"

The two standing there were Gabrielle d'Etamps and the painter, *Henri Volkenhoff*.

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#### FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

In the reign of the profligate Charles II., it was customary, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, to throw some article of dress into the flames in her honor, and all his companions were obliged to sacrifice a similar article, whatever it might be. One of Sir Charles Sedley's friends, perceiving that he wore a very rich lace cravat, drank to the health of a certain lady, and threw his cravat into the fire. Sir Charles followed the example very good-naturedly, but observed that he would have a joke in his turn. Afterwards, when he dined with the same party, he filled a bumper to some reigning beauty, and called on a dentist to extract an old decayed tooth which had long pained him. Etiquette demanded that every one of the party should have a tooth extracted and thrown into the fire, to which they all yielded after many murmurs about the cruelty of the thing.—*New York Mercury*.

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#### OLD MASSACHUSETTS.

She established the first school in the United States, the first academy and the first college. She set up the first press, printed the first book, and the first newspaper. She planted the first apple-tree, and caught the first whale. She coined the first money, and hoisted the first national flag. She made the first canal, and the first railroad. She invented the first mouse-trap and washing-machine, and sent the first ship to discover islands and continents in the South Sea. She produced the first philosopher, and made the first pin. She fired the first gun in the revolution, gave John Bull his first beating, and put her hand first to the Declaration of Independence.

## DIRGE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

Mournful shall be the strain  
In memory of the dead;  
The mighty through which ne'er again  
The paths of earth shall tread.

The good, the nobly great,  
Are passing swift away;  
One changeless, one remorseless fate,  
Holds o'er us steadfast sway.

Earth is a burial-place,  
A sepulchre for man—  
And time obliterates each trace,  
Each mound that love may plan.

The dead beneath us are,  
We walk above their clay;  
Each crowded street and meadow fair  
Enwraps the passed away.

Yes, ocean hides their bones,  
The sea-weed shrouds their forms—  
Sad requiems are the tempest means,  
Dirges, the ocean storms.

Then mournful be the strain  
In memory of the dead;  
The mighty through which ne'er again  
Earth's pleasant paths shall tread.

## THE WOMAN WITH A MISSION.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

MRS. SLYMENA TOODLEUM was a woman with a mission. Not finding sufficient latitude in the home-circle for her humanitarian tendencies, Mrs. Toodleum's fertile brain eliminated the momentous undertaking of purifying society and equalizing the elements that make up the general happiness and unhappiness of mankind. True, she had no defined plan by which this certainly very desirable state of things was to be brought about, or even commenced. But on one point she was positive; days and weeks, yea, months of self-communion and solitude, with baths and complete changes of linen, and occasionally a day of mild fasting, had forced the conviction upon her expectant mind that she had a great work to do—a labor of such magnitude that it could not be realized easily by common minds. To be a martyr to public opinion, to suffer persecutions for the sake of the truth, to become dead to the world, to subdue her selfish love for her own family, and love mankind impartially, were some of the most prominent intentions of this self-constituted apostle of social equality.

Mrs. Toodleum's mission was by no means a domestic one; it bore no relation to the kitchen,

or her husband's wardrobe. Women of modest pretensions might have been satisfied with the mission of caring for three small children—the youngest yet in arms—and a connubial partner, whose prospects in life were not of the most dazzling description; women of modest aspirations, we repeat, might have been content with the work of training three little minds and clothing three little bodies, and making life's journey (in doors) smooth and pleasant for a man whose anxious, haggard face showed him weary of the burdens poverty forced him to bear.

But Mrs. Slymena's aims were higher than moulding juvenile minds, or bread, mending frocks or manners, directing infant thoughts or Bridget, sweetening pies or dispositions, coaxing sullenness or the coal-fire, dressing the baby or a pair of chickens. It made no manner of difference whether Mr. Toodleum's buttons were off or on. What was a button compared to Slymena's "experiences?" what were dinners, contrasted with the every-day exertions of that heroic woman? The absence of either were annoyances too trivial to be named to his wife, who, engrossed by the weighty matters that were fast developing her into a miracle of profundity, forgot that empty stomachs needed filling, and that pins were not well adapted to hold shirt-bosoms permanently together.

Mr. Toodleum seldom complained. Good-hearted, but weak-headed, he believed everything that Slymena said was right, everything she did was right. He bowed admiringly at the shrine of her intellect, and marvelled much that men were not dazzled by the brilliant scintillations of her wit, or the glowing fires of her lofty genius. That this uncommon woman should feel small interest in him or his affairs, occasioned him not a regretful thought. In his estimation he was too far below her in the intellectual and humanitarian scale, too incapable of comprehending the problems she was continually working out, to feel any resentment at neglect and indifference. To echo her sentiments, to adopt her views upon all subjects, metaphysical, philosophical, or theological, to listen to her lucid expositions of abstruse themes, was ample compensation for the partial loss of her society and services. That his wife was a model woman, a type of purity and perspicacity, was no doubt a fact. Having her authority on the subject, it did not occur to him to doubt it. Being both text and commentary, he never disputed her conclusions or set aside her judgments.

Quiescent Toodleum! Guileless himself, why should he mistrust that his wife's love of notoriety and inordinate self-esteem were leading her over

the road of disappointment and mortification? A poor reader of character, he saw nothing in her but disinterested benevolence, pure philanthropy, and sublime self-abnegation. And so the proud husband waited upon ladies by day—he was a clerk in a small retail store—and children by night, sitting down contentedly with a tiny Toodleum on each knee, every evening in the dark, dirty kitchen, waiting patiently for the maid-of-all-work—who was her own mistress—to place his sloppy tea and tough, burned bread on the table. Slymena seldom shared these delicacies with him; to use a common form of speech, she had “other fish to fry.” Besides, couldn’t “dear, good Puffer” be trusted with the children? Didn’t they cry to be taken up whenever he came into the house? Wouldn’t he be both father and mother to them? Wasn’t it probable that a kind Providence would bless him in making his Slymena useful? She had said so many times. So Puffer soothed the little ones when they fretted, lugged them about when they were cross, and when the baby cried to be nursed, placed a large black bottle to its mouth, which, at first, it persisted in regarding as a cruel obstacle to its natural rights; but as Mr. Toodleum couldn’t supply all deficiencies, hunger soon reconciled the bottle and the baby.

Mrs. Toodleum talked feelingly of her children; how that she had hoped to give her whole time to them; keep them from kitchen influence; shield their young minds from the insidious approach of evil; mould their plastic natures in the right form, and cultivate the germs of goodness she might find therein; trim the tree of receptivity—cut away the branches of sly selfishness, and ingraft open-handed benevolence, water the tender shoots of love, and guard zealously the green leaves of affection, and, comparatively speaking, merge her whole existence into theirs. Destiny, it seemed, had ordained otherwise. It had been shown her (through much tribulation), that her life and exertions belonged to outside humanity; that it would be a species of desecration to devote them to anything short of the good of the universal world. What was intellect made for, if not to grasp great subjects? What was genius worth, if not harnessed to the immense car of progression? Of what value was a philosophical mind, if its workings were to be limited to making evanescent pies and fleeting shirts? Could mental development and spiritual growth find fit voice in teaching whimpering juveniles the alphabet? Ought *her* nature (which had been subjected to the most trying ordeals, “the most instructive, the most wonderful, the most extraordinary experiences”), to be prostrated to such

ignoble purposes? The answer was a thunderous *no!*

Mrs. Toodleum’s antecedents were not so peculiarly pleasant that she cared to remember them. Of poor parentage, she received for education only such advantages as a common-school afforded, until she was fifteen, when she was placed in a mill to weave cloth for her employer and a living for herself. She was content enough till the gentle Toodleum crossed her path and invited her to share his fortunes. Now it was such a prodigious advance from a poor factory-girl to a clerk’s wife, that Slymena hadn’t the will to refuse. Ambitious beyond her means and station, this was a chance to take an upward step in life, which might not offer again. One round on the ladder gained, the next was easy to secure.

In personal appearance our heroine fell short of a Venus. Unbounded good will could not have pronounced her endowed with the fatal gift of beauty. Her eyes were too gray to be handsome; her nose too sharp to be classic; her lips too thin and blue to be attractive; her skin too red and freckled to be fair; her mouth too extensive to be elegant; her feet and hands too large and coarse to be pretty; her figure too angular to be symmetrical; while her whole body was kept in such a continual twist and writhe, that it was a matter of wonder how the different parts held together. In speech she affected a childlike simplicity, combined with a weak attempt at humor and originality, which excited pity rather than pleasure. Ambitious to be in the front rank of society; eager to be the first to speak and the last to be heard, she unconsciously displayed a lack of that very delicacy and refinement she hoped to display.

If Slymena Toodleum ever made a conquest it was by means of flattery; of that titulating art she was mistress. Not deficient in tact, she knew that that subtle agent penetrates hearts impervious to more common attacks. Unassuming and unexpected people were assured that fame awaited them; modest compounders of innocent doggerel were pleased to know that they ranked with the olden poets; omnibus and sign painters discovered that they were artists of celebrity; second-rate singers and composers were persuaded that their efforts equalled those of the great masters, while fourth of July tyros unexpectedly found themselves classed with ancient orators.

With some exceptions these unctuous efforts were acceptable. They fed pride and ministered to vanity—a pair of worthies that never refuse adulation when administered at the right time and in proper quantities. Though to the superficial observer Mrs. Slymena was apparently sincere,

yet to a student of human nature there was a Heep-like game playing; a plotting and planning on her own account, with something of the humility and self-abasement that characterized the "umble" Uriah. In spite of occasional distracts, she succeeded in gaining a certain amount of credence, which may be ascribed to the seeming ingenuous and honest confidences she was in the habit of giving those who were in any way able to benefit her. With a sisterly friendship beautiful to contemplate, she opened her heart to you, exposing its innermost workings, laying bare its most precious secrets. You were a dear friend and brother—Slymena never made confidants of her own sex—should she not tell her difficulties, her dilemmas, and receive a portion of your sympathy and—though her lips seldom syllabled the word—your money? It was a simple snare, but many fell into it; its very simplicity invited the unwary.

With these qualifications for a leading mind, Mrs. Toodleum was a very suitable person to be at the head of a clique composed of persons who were dissatisfied with the present order of society. They advocated no particular principles, but believed in Slymena. They hoped for something better, and trusted in Slymena. Gathering themselves together in some upper chamber, they listened to Slymena, hanging upon her utterances as a bee hangs upon a flower. Visions fell from the tongue of the oracle—visions of the night, or any hour—from which the entranced auditors learned their duty to mankind, and to—Slymena.

Wriggling this way and that, and displaying a great deal of bodily restlessness, she exhorted her acolytes and neophytes to harmony of action and faith more abiding.

"My dear, how do you prosper?" inquired Mr. Toodleum, as his wife walked into the house and flung down her bonnet with an air of weariness. "Take this chair, my love; you need it more than I," he added, vacating the rockers on which he was tilting the baby in a laudable endeavor to soothe it to sleep.

"Passably, Puffer, passably! I've had a glorious interview with Mrs. Thorne. Such a woman as that is worth knowing. I loved her the moment I saw her. Her sphere, Puffer dear, is delightful; it attracted me at once. I felt as if I had known her for years. She assured me of her sympathy and assistance. Do you know she says she had the strongest desire to make my acquaintance long before she did? Isn't it curious? You remember I had a strong inclination towards her just about the same time. I call it a strange coincidence!"

"My love, *everybody* is attracted towards you.

How could Mrs. Thorne be an exception?" rejoined Mr. Toodleum, warmly.

"I'm sure I don't see how it happens," pursued Slymena, in a musing tone. "I wonder very often what there is attractive about me to gain me so many friends. I wish I knew."

"Inferiors are attracted to superiors," replied Puffer, oraculously, letting the baby slip off his lap in attempting a gesture; "and attraction is the one universal law of all movements, particularly the social. If people do not obey this law, what is law unto them? Nothing, my love, but a dead letter. I wish this child was asleep."

"I've been trying to get some insight into the matter lately, and the impression came to me very vividly that the reason why men and women are as undeveloped as they are, is not because they are not naturally vicious, but simply because the present social order is contrary to Nature. But I shan't confine myself—I shan't restrain myself—I shan't set bounds to my tongue and shackles on my feet. I shall be *myself*, Puffer Toodleum. I shall follow my *highest*!"

"Slymena, my love, you astonish me!" exclaimed the open-mouthed husband. "I am proud of you—I am honored in being the partner of a woman gifted with such a mine of eloquence, such a rich flow of thought, such—"

An outcry in the next room interrupted the mild Toodleum and started him off to see what was the matter. Toodleum number two had fallen from the table and cut his head; an affair so trifling that his talented mother didn't think it necessary to get out of her chair.

"Pick him up, Puffer, and bathe his head in cold water," she languidly advised. "I wish my wounds were as easily cured."

"He seems a good deal bumped, my love. Hadn't you better wait upon him and hush him up a little?" timidly suggested the considerably concerned father.

"I couldn't; I'm tired, and besides I've got my best silk dress on. Sing to him, can't you? He'll tire of screaming, soon."

These words and the sound of rockers in motion were heard simultaneously.

Sing! Puffer's singing was worse than baby's screaming. He never tried to utter sweet sounds, except when he was down cellar or in the woods, for fear of being indicted as a nuisance. Slymena's counsel, for once, wasn't practicable. Bridget stilled the tumult by the timely presentation of candy, which the relieved Puffer fervently pronounced a blessing to the household.

An invitation to share with him the beverage which Bridget denominated tea, Slymena declined. She had taken tea at Mrs. Thorne's. How well

that family lived! What quantities of ham, and tongue, and chicken-salad were put upon the table! What a treat it was to visit that hospitable mansion!

Before the dry meal was despatched, the door-bell rang, and Mrs. Toodleum being summoned away, he was left to feed the tired, hungry children, and propel them up stairs, as best he could, into their cribs. After three successive seasons of lying down with the baby, and a couple of journeys down to the kitchen for "some water," he left his sleeping representatives, and with slippers on entered the parlor. Slymena sat upon the sofa with a congenial brother on each side. Holding a hand of each, she evinced the usual preparatory symptoms of speaking, by first raising one shoulder and then the other, drawing in her breath and expelling it slowly, wriggling about on her seat, stretching her neck quite around, and a few gentle jerks of the whole person. Then, in a thin, wiry voice, and with frequent pauses, Mrs. Toodleum opened her mouth and spake:

"The great era of machinery is dawning upon us. Four-footed animals will be no longer needed; they can be turned out to grass. Machinery, living, breathing, pulsating machinery; machinery with arms, hands, head and brains, is to come thundering into our midst, proclaiming in herculean tones, total exemption from labor! Dear Puffer, am I saying anything?"

"Are you saying anything? My love, you electrify us! you startle us with your burning words! Go on, go on," he pleaded, gazing with wonder and admiration on the prophetess.

"Babies," continued Slymena, with a slow twist of the neck and a tight shutting of the eyes, "will be rocked, fed and educated by machinery. A law will be passed to—declare it the only way, and all others,"—pause and quiver of the body—"will be prohibited under a heavy penalty. No promising boys and girls can be ruined by the ignorance of parents. Immediately after being born, they will be handed over to the Educational Establishment, where a machine constructed on phrenological principles will examine their heads and determine their vocations in life."

Mrs. Toodleum opened her eyes suddenly and looked at the trio who in concert exclaimed: "Most extraordinary!"

"Babies," resumed Mrs. Toodleum, after a pause of some seconds, drawing her fingers solemnly over her face, "will never worry their mortal parents with noise, for the sound will be conducted off in tubes to the open air. It is also shown me that life is to be no longer curtailed by over-indulgence in food. Everybody's stomach

is to be measured with a gauge, and his capacity to eat and drink ascertained. This instrument being correct, nobody will be sick. Automaton will cook the food, and punch one gently in the back when his or her allotted quantity is disposed of. If anybody should chance to be ill, magnetism, odyle, and clairvoyance are all remedial agents. Servants will be dispensed with; zinc and copper wires and springs being the best possible domestics. Puffer Toodleum, do I get along any?"

"Most extraordinary!" said Toodleum.

"It may be wrong, but sometimes I feel so little confidence! I'm very weak of myself, Puffer."

"You will be supported, my love."

"Puffer is so careful of me! I'm afraid he'll spoil me, yet," replied Slymena, in her most languishing manner, smiling with ineffable sweetness. "But then I mustn't look back after putting my hand to the plow. What would the world say? What would the world do?"

"It would collapse, sister Toodleum! It would collapse and tumble back into chaos!" exclaimed the right-hand brother, enthusiastically. "We lean upon you; you are our chart and compass—our guiding star in this unbelieving Bethlehem. Take courage, my sister!"

The left-hand brother held his peace; but his long-drawn sighs, his rolling eyes, and fervent pressure of Slymena's imprisoned fingers, made the presumption probable that he felt more than he could speak.

The door-bell tinkled a second time. Slymena was herself again. Jumping up so suddenly that the idolatrous Toodleum came near being thrown upon his back, she shook out her dress, smoothed her hair, called on one of her most fascinating expressions, and settled herself on the sofa in as graceful an attitude as could be assumed on so short a notice. Three more members of the clique made their entree, when precisely the programme was gone through with, with precisely the same results. And then Mrs. Toodleum desisted from her labors and went up stairs, followed by Toodleum, who commenced his regular routine of duties by taking off Slymena's boots, unhooking her dress, feeding the baby, getting a fresh "drink of water" for his two oldest hopefuls, mixing her a cordial, lighting the night-lamp, locking the doors, laying the fire for morning, ending by depositing his own tired, cold, corporeal substance beside her, to remain until the words, "Puffer dear, doesn't the baby want the bottle?" or, "Puffer love, don't the children need tucking up?" fell on his somnolent ears. Sometimes, in the vicinity of the small hours, he



would be awakened from a refreshing nap, to act as amanuensis for his favored wife, from whom dropped the words of instruction destined for a very wicked world. Occasionally he was duly impressed with this style of manifestation; but oftener his teeth chattered and his limbs shook with nature's more practical demonstration of cold.

Mrs. Toodleum was in the habit of leaving her home very abruptly on long journeys; being "sent," as she confidently affirmed, by the guiding intelligence that ruled her life. *Why* she was "sent," nobody save herself ever knew. Puffer's income was limited; he could ill afford the expenses of a travelling wife; but a few of the "Order of Beneficents" (for thus they christened themselves), with large souls and well-filled pockets, made up the deficiency without grumbling. To be sure, they had families to support, and other claims upon their benevolence; however, Slymena's prerogatives superseded all other family obligations. Eternal principles must prevail. A new divine social order must be established, and Slymena be provided for. She professed an intense love for the beautiful, and jewelry, she impressively declared, exerted a refining influence on the wearer. Should not Mrs. Toodleum wear diamonds? Was it not somebody's duty, if possessed of a diamond ring or pin, to lend or give it to her? Most assuredly! fine feathers make fine birds; and Slymena, it must be acknowledged, resorted to the most ingenious expedient to gain the coveted plumage. A rather faded *personnel* made it expedient, moreover, that Nature should receive some adornment, a piece of policy pursued by more than one Slymena, anxious to offset the work of time.

Mrs. Toodleum affirmed that travelling enlarged the mind, made clearer the perceptions, gave one broader views of life, developed the moral affections, strengthened the understanding, exalted the head, and purified the heart, and perfected the character. This somewhat startling and original information was followed by an announcement that it was imperatively necessary she should visit Europe. To fulfil her mission satisfactorily, she wished to enjoy the "peculiar artistic and historic educational advantages that a foreign tour only affords." She desired to become a student—to gaze on objects and scenes with an eye of artistic culture—to study the effect of light and shade, to investigate causes and results, until the mantle of inspiration should fall upon her. In fine, "she should die—she knew she should die, if she didn't go to Europe!"

Could fatherly old men and gallant young ones, and motherly women resist this appeal?

A subscription paper to obtain the needful funds was immediately drawn up and circulated among the "Order of Beneficents." A few of the brethren made wry faces at this unexpected taxation, though the majority submitted gracefully. Mrs. Toodleum had no scruples about going away. She left her husband to work out his salvation with fear and trembling, and her three baby-children in charge of Bridget, who promised to be a mother to them, but who, really (as the sequel proved), paid so much attention to her legion of "cousins" that she had no time left to look after the little forsaken Toodleums; consequently the neglected trio ran and crept about the house and street at will, presenting dirty specimens of the motherly care of the Irish hand-maid.

Mrs. Toodleum tarried no longer than was necessary to set her "house in order." Our readers will be indulgent enough to receive this as a figure of speech, as Slymena was not much given to a literal interpretation of the words. She experienced no backwardness in accepting the proffered pecuniary aid or determining what was expedient. She had not the nice observance of propriety, or the feminine delicacy which denotes a person of refinement and acute perceptions. She felt no scruples respecting *how* her ambition was gratified, providing it *was* gratified. Ways and means were only servants to results. Her womanly sensibilities were not easy to disarrange. And so the "Projectress"—we beg pardon for neglecting until now, to introduce Mrs. Toodleum by her consecrated name—set sail for Europe, freighted with the usual quantity of luggage, a pile of unpublished manuscript for credentials, and a box of tracts that the "Beneficents" had published exclusively for home circulation, but which it had been deemed wise to send on a mission to the benighted Europeans. These tracts treated of "New Healing Practitioners, New Forms of Government, New Agricultural Methods," and a series of lectures on "the Eyes, Nose and Mouth, the Hand, the Arm, the Food, the Leg and the Trunk; they all being, 'in the language of the author,' of an intensely interesting nature, and of a highly unfolded character." Through these was to begin the "Great Transformation of Materiality and through that, of society, and of Man's Nature."

We do not propose to follow out in detail the movements of the "Projectress." That she reached the land of her hopes in safety, proceeding on her way in the strongest faith that that was to be the turning point in her mission, was evident from an early epistle to the "Beneficents."

"Already," she wrote, "I can see the best of

reasons for my coming to Europe. To-day I received a thought inexpressibly thrilling; it was this: Nature requires negative as well as positive forces whereby to move the globes; so the great movement of humanity requires the negative class of minds. It is the torrid zone of the soul—or perchance its volcanic fire, its eruptions, its thunder and lightnings, its maelstroms of inverted and chaotic passion, which upset and undermine the world's monotony, whirling to destruction worthless laws and institutions crumbling with hoary age. Is it not a stupendous reflection?"

Need it longer be said that the subtle elements of Nature are past finding out? We should think not, judging by the foregoing lucid exposition of her laws and modes of operation.

The "Beneficents" proved to be a scientific class of observers. In Slymena's absence they originated a vast number of principles of the most thorough and scientific character, classifying and analyzing them in an unique and novel manner. Perhaps we shall be pardoned for giving some of the emanations of one of their leading minds, delivered in a distinct and impressive manner, and taken down on the spot by a highly "unfolded recorder."

"Discourse will now be more especially given of contraction and expansion. It is wise to discourse of these in connection. The field is a wide one and has been but little surveyed. A critical examination of the mortal body will plainly show its wonderful expansive and contracting qualities. Faculties of the mind are, so to speak, selected especially to attend to these important branches of service. The arms and the legs are usually engaged in this branch of labor. It is by the aid of the latter that the occupant of the tree (usually termed the mortal body), unlike all other trees, enjoys locomotion. And it is by their aid that he can reach to things that are distant. To facilitate these processes, there are most minute contracting fibres reaching from the faculty of the mind and terminating at the ends of the minor branches. So beautifully are these internals arranged, that one never has nor ever can interfere with another. These fibres of which speech is now made, pervade all parts of the mortal body, and extend outside the mortal body, and when others are in states of peculiar emotion, that affects the occupant of the mortal body. When one in another body is happy, then these fibres do the work of expansion; when another is grieved, they do the work of contraction. Thus, in this remarkable way, the occupant of the mortal body is made to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice! And it is wise here to observe that this is the first revelation made to the inhabitants of our earth, though

the inhabitants of other earths have before been instructed in this particular. All are but parts of one stupendous whole!"

The "harp of a thousand strings," was, apparently touched at last. It promised a great many echoes, too, for the speaker went on with his erudite teachings after a brief pause.

"All things being considered, it will be wisest, at this time, to discourse of those members which more especially connect what is called the feet, with what is generally denominated the body, or which may be here called the trunk. It will be remembered that it has been distinctly affirmed, that, taken as a whole, the mortal body is a tree, possessed of various branches. It may not be out of place here to say that the two members below the trunk of the tree are roots. Let the word *roots* be deeply impressed. It is disagreeable to have listeners perpetually forgetting and confounding important terms. There is, it may be thought, an amount of material in the human body, some of which might with convenience be dispensed with; but it is wise to say that no portions have on one side too much, or on the other side too little. These roots are called upon frequently; it may be said that they are exceedingly industrious. Whether other parts of the tree are at rest or at work, these high members are constantly employed. To perform all this labor they must be taken care of; and there is constantly flowing into them, from the trunk, most useful nourishment, so to speak. The bones connecting the two together are exceedingly well made; and the hinges which join the parts are such admirable specimens of mechanism that they will bear inspection."

This assertion was rather a bold one, but nothing daunted, the approver of Nature's handiwork closed his instructions with the following pertinent paragraph:

"Above the parts just discoursed of, are arrangements for the digestive process, and also apparatus for the breathing process. It is found to be somewhat difficult to speak with much clearness, in words, of these two processes; but to some extent these things are encased within that which reminds the observer of a hooped barrel. But the case differs from a hooped barrel in these particulars: First, in shape; second, it has no top or bottom; and third, they may be expanded or compressed. Thus has discourse been rapidly given of some of the externals, which help so much to make up the mortal body."

Brother Mooney, the author of all this profundity, expelled the air from his lungs very slowly, stretched out his long arm and index

finger impressively, elevated his nose in the air, and sank deliberately into his seat amid a buzz of admiration from the assembled fraternity, who looked upon him as a "Saul among the prophets." They revered his compass of thought, and marvelled at his profound powers of reasoning. The fire of his genius, in their view, was very nearly allied to inspiration.

He was, doubtless, guiltless of any great moral turpitude, simply because mentally incapable of concocting any notable scheme of wrong-doing. He was a harmless, inoffensive member of the human family, afflicted with crochets, perhaps, and shallow-minded, withal, but innocent as a lamb of any symptoms of setting the world on fire. Having thrown the rudder of Reason overboard, his frail vessel ran upon the rocks of Folly, and was in imminent danger of being swallowed up in the deep sea of Error. Solomon Mooney, alias the "Installer," and the "Projectress" were on the best of terms. Co-workers in the great field of social and moral reform, they played into each other's hands with adroit skill, and had the game all their own way. Trumps were shared equally between them, and hands divided in the same proportion. Solomon was as much averse to physical labor as Slymena. It tired and worried him; he didn't like it. Work was well enough for those who fancied such a gross use of the hands and arms. It might do for common minds, who aspired to nothing more elevated; but the elect chose to get their bread and butter in an easier way—by their wits. Solomon had the smallest capital of this kind to commence with, yet by following the lead of his associate, he managed to acquit himself in a manner highly creditable to his exemplary pattern.

Mrs. Toodleum did not make a long sojourn in the land of lords and ladies. Somehow, the sturdy English and the fashionable French scarcely appreciated the "highly developed susceptibilities," the "exquisite sensitiveness," and the "greatly spiritualized" character that she believed herself blessed in possessing. Nobody burned incense on the altar of her vanity, or made an offering to her self-esteem. The order of "Beneficents," with its enlarged plan of operations, was purely a Yankee institution; its attempted inauguration on the other side of the Atlantic proved a failure. Its representative was looked upon as a discontented, ambitious woman, who had mistaken her vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over ordinary ones which doubtless lay directly in the road before her. So the "Projectress," after as

much sight-seeing (we beg pardon; we should have said "enlargement of the mind, strengthening of the understanding, and development of the affectional nature") as limited means and small influence permitted, came home to the bosom of her family, and brought her mission with her.

"When I was in Europe," proved to be a pet phrase of Mrs. Toodleum's. It was the data from which emanated all her conclusions—the great starting point of her reasonings—a grand silencer of doubt, and a poser of an argument in favor of whatever she desired. It wasn't safe to smile when those authoritative words were spoken, nor expedient to demur any longer; they settled the question at issue.

A grand convention of the "Beneficents" was soon announced to take place. The "Projectress" was to relate her "wonderful experience," and this circumstance, of itself, was sufficient to draw together a goodly number of the fraternity, as well as several "outsiders" curious to witness the different phases of human nature that might be presented. Mrs. Toodleum and Mr. Mooney were the last to come in. The former, attired in her best, carried a countenance of much complacency; while the latter, nearly overpowered by the seriousness of the matter in hand, conducted the lady to a low platform prepared for her, and placing himself directly in front, commenced a series of pantomime with the gravity of an owl.

Closing his eyes and elevating his nose, he raised his right arm very slowly, and with index finger pointed at the oracle's head for the space of two minutes; after which, that small but useful member travelled over her forehead carefully, as if to rub off all unfavorable influences and rub on the spirit of eloquence. Then the arm retreated as gradually, the finger fell into place, the eyes flew open, and the "Installer" installed himself in a neighboring chair.

Mrs. Toodleum remained silent for a brief season. When she arose to speak, after a premonitory twist and two or three small spasms, she wore the expression of a wronged and injured woman.

"According to the custom of the world," she said, addressing herself to the listening "Beneficents," a woman is pronounced to be out of her sphere when she attempts to speak in public; but I rejoice to say that custom, with me, is of no account. I shall do my duty; and that duty consists in making known to you, in my feeble way, the wonderful experiences I have been called upon to pass through. Nobody, except my dear husband," she added, glancing patron-

izingly at the innocuous Toodleum, who blushed immediately, as though convicted of a misdemeanor, "can have the faintest conception of the heavy trials I have encountered. The antagonism, the opposition, the rivalry, jealousy and general discouragement that I have met with, would—would—would afford material for a thrilling romance. But I expected the frowns and desertion of friends, and the cold rebuffs of the world. I tried to meet with humility and patience the slights that were put upon me, and meekly and unrepiningly bear the heavy cross of my mission. I reflected—and my dear husband was the first to suggest the thought—that all reformers suffer martyrdom in one way or another, and that tribulation is the common lot of those who aspire to benefit mankind. I am not appreciated—I do not expect to be appreciated in this world. My mental struggles have been intense—I may say excruciating! The storm, the tempest and the whirlwind have passed over my soul, leaving it sorely stricken and bowed to the dust. But, so to speak, the ploughing and harrowing of my inner being have not been in vain: the thorough breaking up and tilling of its soil has resulted in a degree of development that I could not, in my most prophetic moments, have foreshadowed. All this mental suffering and spirit-crucifixion have but facilitated its growth and quickened the receptivity and susceptibility of my nature. I do not complain—I am not here to complain; but, my friends, the agony and anguish of the struggle has been—terrible!"

"Most extraordinary!" murmured the rapt Toodleum.

As if the remembrance of this mental torture was too painful to contemplate, Mrs. Toodleum paused and sat down to recover herself. It was not in Mr. Mooney's nature to remain inactive at such a momentous crisis. Taking a seat very close to Slymena, and clasping the inevitable hand, he spoke the following words of cheer to the distressed sister in the new Israel:

"How beautiful is the influence which this woman exerts! In this particular, she is most fearfully and wonderfully made. There passes from this woman a very marked influence. It is not precisely the religious—it is not precisely the moral—it is not precisely the practical; but it is, so to speak, a *compost* of all, and so charmingly intermingled that they impart a most *adhesive* influence. But this person should be in the region of the tranquillities more: her mind is too much given to the excitements. There is scarcely another so highly exalted among the inhabitants of the earth; it is nearly impossible to find her

equal. But she must not use her mind merely to gratify *other* minds; she must employ it only for lofty purposes. This promises to be a gathering of untold interest; so to speak, there never *was* before on the earth a meeting from which will flow such important results. From this hour, this woman is newly consecrated to her mission. She shall go on her mysterious way known by her flowing speech and cheerful foot. Wisdom shall sit on her beautiful head, and peace adorn her graceful neck."

Solomon ceased, and Slymena, quite restored by these consoling assurances, took up the thread of her narrative.

"My experience has been so strange, so thrilling, so utterly unprecedented, that I have not language to describe it. Eternal principles have been laid open to my view; new and startling developments have had birth in my brain. I have received instructions on the most profound, the most philosophical, the most abstruse subjects, and been qualified, guided and commissioned to be the bearer of good tidings to all men, and *some* women. I think I have received directly, without dilution, quantities of the pure waters of wisdom. An entire change in society is meditated; a new divine social order is being rapidly inaugurated. The moral machinery is undergoing repairs; it will be made to run very smoothly, without any of the disagreeable friction of to-day. My feeble powers have been tasked in working upon this great mechanism, but it has been through much tribulation. My struggles have been without precedent in the world's progress."

The "Projectress" again paused to give her words time to take effect. At this juncture, a gentleman of polite address arose and courteously addressed her. There had been an intimation that any who chose could make remarks.

"What was the nature of the struggle you allude to, madam?—if I may be allowed the liberty of asking a question," he inquired.

"It was dying to the world, sir," replied Slymena, in her usual droning key.

"Dying to the world," continued the gentleman, "if I am not in error, implies, virtually, a renunciation of the duties, responsibilities and fellowship which society imposes upon us, as well as a relinquishment of the pleasures and gratifications this same world affords. The nun hides herself when she renounces the world—you court the public gaze; the nun retires to the seclusion of a convent—you go to Europe to get developed; the nun subdues her pride and selfishness by severe penance and discipline—yours is fostered daily by deplorable credulity and a

lamentable infatuation. The trials and struggles you have so feelingly depicted, I believe to be purely imaginary. Let us reason a little: Have you suffered from hunger and thirst? Has your body shivered with cold? Has disease crossed your threshold or misfortune overtaken you? Have you been made a widow and your children fatherless? Nay, not one of these genuine trials have befallen you, and yet you tell us of grievous sorrows and terrible struggles. The dim eye, the wan cheek, the anxious look, are more eloquent than words; they rarely deceive.

"You speak of the desertion of friends; perhaps, madam, it did not occur to you that though divine forbearance is not limited, human often is. We have been told a great deal about missions. I doubt not that every individual has a mission; but then it is much nearer home than one is apt to imagine. I must be allowed to doubt the wisdom of a mission that takes a woman from her husband and infant children and sends her about the country on quixotic errands. I can reasonably question the soundness of the mind that permits itself to be absorbed in fanciful, air-built theories to the exclusion of the practicabilities of life or the duties of the home circle, and safely distrust that ambition which exalts self and lowers the brother. A good wife, a good mother, and a good friend will find abundant opportunities of being useful. Much visionary enthusiasm and fanaticism passes under the abused name of reform; but the true worker in the field of humanity labors without pretension, or the assumption of being a chosen instrument. Society, no doubt, needs elevation; but pardon me for saying that this must be brought about by individual reform, and not by the limited action of a clique or party of one-idea men and women. I have spoken earnestly; the occasion seemed to demand both earnestness and sincerity. What I have said, you can subject to the criticism of reason and common sense. I do not fear the verdict. Having fulfilled my mission, I wish you success in yours."

The speaker bowed to Mrs. Toodleum and quietly passed out of the room, leaving the "Beneficents" stunned with amazement at his heretical remarks. How such a Judas had crept into their midst, was a marvel; and how he dared give utterance to such unqualified sentiments, was more of a mystery.

"What an eccentric man!" said Slymena, with flushed cheeks.

"Most extraordinary!" murmured Puffer, under his breath.

One by one, the dumb and crest-fallen auditors softly followed the plain-spoken "outsider" from

the hall, until a few only remained to support, by their presence, the second "Pythia," who, silenced by the unexpected rebuke, stood watching the retreating figures of her constituents with an expression of countenance akin to contempt. Solomon spoke of "ignorance and misconception," and Puffer "hoped his dear Slymena wouldn't mind it." Then they all went home—the latter feeling more chagrin and disappointment than she was willing to admit.

This was not the last obstacle that Mrs. Toodleum stumbled against, in her march of improvement; hinderances sprang up at all points. The world kept on very much as usual, jostling her fine-spun theories and laying obstructions on her track of reform. Society refused to be made over in a twinkling; it persisted in gradual improvement, and frowned down all attempts at running when walking was proved the better way. Public opinion did not recognize the claims of her mission. Public opinion is too democratic to uphold chosen instruments; it believes in a grand equality. Mrs. Toodleum's adherents have fallen off in numbers, and reluctantly she has subsided into private life, with the mortifying conviction that her much vaunted mission is still unfulfilled, and her anticipated position and influence not attainable by pretension or self-laudation.

#### A MIRROR FOR LAWYERS.

Barnum once exhibited a lawyer's conscience balanced on the point of a needle. It probably had once belonged to some chief justice. Oxford's opinion of the profession was not more favorable. In a letter to Swift, occurs the following: "I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them; if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands." Bayle asserts that nobody swerves more from the law in practice than a lawyer; and the Abbot Turetierre hits hard, when he says "there are some saints who have been balliffs, nay, even comedians; in fine, there is no profession, how mean soever it be, but there have been saints of it, *except that of an attorney!*" It would be a very funny ceremony—the canonization of a Philadelphia lawyer!—*New York Sun.*

#### FACTS ABOUT FEET.

Some one learned in the comparative size and "getting up" of national "understandings," says that the French foot is meagre, narrow, and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly formed, its Moorish blood corresponding with its Castilian pride, "high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is the description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—the English foot is short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small, and combines the peculiarities of each nation, as the chance may be.

## I SLEPT ON CLOUDS.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
And spangled me o'er with stars,  
And curtained me with the rainbow's wing,  
As it stood on its airy spars.  
'Twas then in beautiful dreams I saw  
The land of ethereal air;  
And heard the sweet song of fairy elves,  
As they played with my golden hair.

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
On clouds of ethereal gold,  
And pillowed my head in crimson red,  
And dreamed of the glories untold.  
I dreamed of the elves and fairies bright,  
That flitted on gossamer wing,—  
Of amber, and rose, and sweet repose,  
And birds that eternally sing.

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
And wrapt me in purple and blue,  
While elves at my head, painted my bed  
With the tints of the rainbow hue.  
I dreamed of the friends of childhood's years,  
Of lovers, and joys that are past,  
And saw them all there, in realms so fair,  
That spring doth eternally last!

I slept in the halls of crystal space,  
And spangled me o'er with stars,  
And covered me with the rainbow's wing,  
As it stood on its airy spars.  
I slept, and I dreamed—joys that will fill  
The soul with great pleasure for years;  
That those whom we love, meet there above,  
And chant with the musical spheres!

## THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

Of all the beautiful girls in Genoa, Olivia di Trevani bore away the palm. Of high rank and superior accomplishments, she had no equal in the city, and her wealth placed her above all necessity for competition with the other belles; with a mild duenna she kept her own establishment and the Grand Duke was her guardian. It was at a ball at the residence of the latter that the County Guido of Livonia first became acquainted with her. He had but lately arrived at Genoa, having been at the wars with General Bonaparte, whom, in common with all his brothers in arms, he adored. His lodgings were not far from her palazzo, and frequently he had seen her beautiful face fresh as morning, gleaming from the windows, or appearing among the green boughs and fragrant blooms on the balconies. Now and then on the crowded parade, at the close of the day, she had flitted by on the arm of some cavalier, with her meek duenna

close behind, but not till he had caught the quick glance of the inquiring eye, and as it were, established an acquaintance; daily at the club and the barracks he had heard her virtue and beauty dilated on, and out of common curiosity an interest had sprung up, increasing every day, till the least flutter of her airy garments, as she floated by, stirred his strong heart to unwonted beating, and many a moonless night found him pacing the fragrant garden alleys of the Palazzo di Trevani. On the other hand, one of the superb bearing and significant martial costume, declaring so high rank for such youth, as the County Guido, could not escape the ever active observation of Olivia, and probably no one could have excelled the unspoken pantomime of her Juliet to his Romeo. On the night, before mentioned, at the Grand Duke's, Olivia was standing with his excellency, a singularly humane and gentle man, talking familiarly, when the County Guido drew near.

"The very man!" said his excellency. "We were but just speaking of the County Guido and his achievements, and how invaluable in a case of siege, his presence among us would be. He must allow me the happiness of inaugurating a friendship between himself and my ward, the lady Olivia di Trevani." Thus leaving them, he sought other groups where he might exercise like kindness, and almost before she was aware of it, Olivia found her arm drawn through the County's, and their steps directed towards the open terrace. Seating her in a garden chair, as if the rest of the evening there were quite a settled thing, he took a lower seat at her feet and continued the lively conversation which had been begun within.

"And what, may I ask, drew the County Guido to Genoa?" said she finally.

"Ah lady, the very catastrophe which his highness mentioned so incredulously, I foresee. There are not too many defenders for this great duchy, and since being here, I have found a more inestimable treasure, than I ever before dreamed of beholding, I cannot regret coming even should it cost me my life."

"Blessed saints! can it come to that? Is it possible that any danger hangs over Genoa?"

"So great, that I could not mention it to one possessing less nerve and courage than the Lady Olivia."

"But when? is it so near?"

"Impossible to tell. Perhaps this week, perhaps three months hence!"

She bent forward, grasping his hand and gazing at him. "One that could in any event rob you of life?" said she.

"That is not worth a thought!" was the reply. "A soldier's life is always held in his hand, the lives of those he loves are his anxiety."

"And you have friends in Genoa, Signor?"

"None, lady, but the one I have made to-night." At this point the gay throngs trooping over the terrace and joining them, broke the conversation into a series of repartees and bon mots till the Lady Olivia retired.

Having thus broken the way, the next morning saw the County Guido in Olivia's drawing-room, and the evening found him floating with her and the duenna, over the peaceful gulf. Day by day they grew more familiar, and spent longer portions of time in each other's society; reading the same books, singing the same songs, glancing over each other's shoulders at their respective sketches, and meeting one another in their city walks, whenever Olivia, whose charity was a proverb, went to relieve destitution. Time thus hastening, Olivia had begun to laugh at the County's prediction of a siege, when suddenly wild rumors filled every one's ears, and Massena having sustained a dreadful rout, threw himself with his French army into Genoa for protection, and the streets were lively with the accoutrements and clatter of French soldiery. The wise, on this account, feared the allies' attacks, the foolish thought themselves safe under such guard. At last, one day, having greatly advanced in their intimacy, Olivia ventured to inquire from what quarter this dreaded bugbear was expected.

"Massena is the magnet," said Guido. "To be frank, three months ago, when the armies lay nearer together, I was out foraging, became separated from my party, and by accident blundered upon the enemy's camp. I speak German, lady," said he, suddenly changing his recital to that language. "Of course there was nothing to do but advance. Accordingly, taking a paper from my knapsack, I wrote in a new cipher with which I was familiar, and which I knew would take some time for them to unravel, a page of instructions, purporting to be from the commander-in-chief, boldly presented myself, surrendered the paper, supped with the officers, and galloped off safely. From their conversation, I learned that expecting Massena's defeat and entrance into Genoa for shelter, this siege was already planned, and also that one General Leopold Von Dressel counted upon the Lady Olivia di Trevani as his share of the spoil. Madam, pardon my abruptness, I had seen your ladyship at Dresden a year ago, and so had he. I am an independent ally, and at once drew off my few men and hastened to Genoa, determined to frustrate the

plans of General Leopold Von Dressel so far as I could by affording aid to Massena."

"You are too noble. Your kindness weighs us down with obligation."

"I cannot, do not claim disinterestedness."

"What then do you claim?"

"You!" he said, gazing into her eyes; but ere she could respond in the least, a page ran in breathlessly and threw into his hands a despatch. He tore it eagerly open. "Even so!" he cried, "I must to the duke. Now, Von Dressel, for the struggle!" His lip, curled as he spoke, as if the rivalry were too contemptible for mention.

At this instant the duke hurried into the drawing-room, having been notified, in his garden adjoining, by Guido's confidential page. "Is it true, County?" he demanded.

"Unfortunately, most true."

"What force?"

"Much larger than all the souls of Genoa."

"They cannot be braver nor more patient. And is Von Dressel among them?"

"Who is Von Dressel?" asked Olivia, interrupting her guardian.

The County paused a moment. "Lady, I will only say," said he, "that not to disparage him, he is the bravest enemy we have. Of his other qualities you shall judge when we see him below the walls."

"I would I had attended more to your advice, Guido," said his highness; "the city is fortified well, and I have strengthened it considerably at your wishes. But I neglected the provisions. They are anything but abundant, and we have not a week to increase the store."

"Not six days."

"And is Massena aware of their approach?"

"My page carried him the despatch at once." And thus deliberating, they left the palazzo.

To Olivia's light heart a siege seemed no such dreadful thing; her own household stores were plentiful, and she quickly despatched her steward and some servants into the country for more to be distributed among those less able; they were to return before the sixth day, but the sixth month had passed before they again entered the city.

Meanwhile, a dogged determination sat on the faces of all the citizens, resolved to endure great extremities ere submitting to the enemy, or refusing protection to Massena, who, in return, though his means were small, would battle for them, and glorying in the sway of France, scorned the idea of yielding to Austria. Constantly busy at the defences, the County Guido, for the space of three or four days, saw but little of Olivia; on the evening of the fifth, everything

possible being done, and the city resting for the attack, he wandered with her up that beautiful mountain enclosed within the walls, on whose sides many of the palace gardens ran, the remainder of the space being open for public promenades. They had gained the summit and were overlooking the scene (as Guido had agreed to give the signal of the enemy's approach by a rocket), still willing the time with conversation as far from the harassing subject as practicable. The sunset had died away across the bay, the twilight was slowly falling, the distant mountains purpling behind them, and above the quiet waters, one star in the southwest stole out into the shadowy sky, a bright courier of advent; but hardly, thought Guido, could those be stars that gathered like a white bank of clouds close at the horizon beneath, increasing, and spreading, and floating warily forward, till the canvass wings of a vast hostile fleet stretched up the beautiful bay.

Waiting till their purpose was evident, the citizens below saw flash up into the air a sudden rocket, blazing over the sea-quarter and falling with a hiss, and knew that the County Guido saw the British fleet lying in their harbor. It was midnight before Guido and Olivia left the hill, and just before their descent, two other rockets, thrown in the opposite direction, had warned Massena and the duke of the Austrians' approach, great bands in a silent night march extending over an almost boundless district; and looking from the ramparts several hours later, they saw the Austrian tents, white as the British sails, encircling the city far and wide, the city that seemed to sleep in the peaceful night, like an easy, bloodless prey,—but perhaps the hardest work the allies of that day ever encountered was the conquest of Genoa, and certainly, in all annals of war, ancient or modern, it is the bitterest, most shameful and most cruel siege.

Through it all Olivia's courage never failed: Perceiving the extremities to which they might be reduced, she had early curtailed the luxuries of her table, and when she knew that others' provisions were gone, shared her own with them till those too were exhausted. Then upon the mountain she dug for endive and ground-nuts with her own tender hands, tore up sorrel leaves, and even boiled the new twigs of young trees, dividing everything with those around her. The duke had long since pleaded to surrender the city, but Massena was inexorable, believing that his general would relieve them soon, and Guido would have been torn to atoms before any word of his should admit the hated enemy, and during this time he had detailed a corps of trusty men and secretly employed them in excavating an

underground passage from the Palazzo di Trevani to the breach which would be made in the walls ere the foe could enter.

The ammunition was exhausted as well as the food, and no word could be made to reach Bonaparte of their desperate condition. All the women of Genoa displayed true heroism, but most of all, the Lady Olivia won the love of the people, not only by her bravery that sent her forth to dress wounds when the balls were whistling around her, but by the self-sacrifice which she constantly displayed. They had given over returning the shot of the bombardment, and awaited death with a sullen silence of their cannon. Truly such heroic fortitude might have won pity even from their besiegers.

One twilight again, the County Guido having crossed the inner barriers, was wandering up and down on a lower rampart, when a slight step arrested his strained attention, and Olivia tossing back the hood of a long black cloak stood before him. The same soft wave of the loose hair, the same curve of the fine lips, the same pensive droop of the lid, but the fires of the eye were languid, the once rosy cheeks hollow and pale, the lips bloodless; still the old bewitching smile, as laying her hand on his arm beseechingly, she said: "County Guido, you must make me a promise. Promise me that you will do what I request!" He hesitated. "You know," she added, "that I shall ask nothing derogatory to your honor."

"Ah, well," he answered gaily, as if there were no siege, no famine, "I promise."

Immediately producing from beneath her cloak, a thin crisp cake, she held it up: "Eat this. You have promised. I baked it myself."

He gently placed her hand aside.

"You have promised!" she exclaimed, again quickly. "You have tasted nothing for two days, I know. Guido, you are perishing! perishing before my eyes!"

He held both her hands tenderly. "Dear, to hear such assurance as your words convey," he said, "I would gladly perish."

The blush that came at once died as soon, while she cried, "Then, then save yourself for life and joy! It is the last—the last! I did not know I had it, but just now in one last dreary search, I came across a little bowl of wheat and a cup of honey, set carelessly aside by some servant when we lavished life. I baked it quickly and brought it here. O, if you love me as I believe you do, though you have never said so, break it!"

"Do not place temptation any longer in my way. Should I eat, and you starve, dearest!"



you are dying of hunger! Let me break it for your mouth!"

She sprung back, holding up this dainty prolongation of life, her eyes sparkling. "Do you refuse it?" she asked; "will you take it yourself?"

"Never!"

With a quick, indignant motion she flung the cake from her hand, and rolling from the platform it fell to the ground some feet below, where, attracted by the savory smell, a famished woman lying in the street crawled up and eagerly seized it.

"Olivia!" said the reproachful tone of the County at this angry action, and turning her hasty glance upon him, she saw the tender sorrow in his face for all the distress he was enduring, while his arms opened to receive her.

"O, you should have taken it!" she cried, throwing herself on his breast with a shower of passionate tears. "Now you will die, and I must endure to see it."

"At least," he replied, "at least we shall die together."

Many silent moments of rapture even while Death looked them triumphantly in the face, they stood folded in one another's arms, and then slowly mounted to the upper ramparts, to behold the scene below. The firing of the enemy had ceased for an hour or so and nothing but shouts of revelry came on the air. The tents were not pitched so far off, though beyond the immediate scene of operations, but that the jovial clinking of glasses and the loud toasts of the drinkers could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night.

"Here's to the Pearl of Genoa, fair Olivia di Trevani, and to the defeat of her defenders!" cried one.

"And may she survive the general death, to fill his glass for Von Dressel!" said another.

Olivia shuddered and felt but little easier when looking up into Guido's face, she saw the vindictive earnestness written there.

"Massena surrenders to-morrow," he murmured at last. "The duke will endure it no longer, and he himself thinks it expedient. But I—think you such words as come yonder, each moment more unbearable, will persuade me to throw you into Von Dressel's arms? I will fight till the last drop of blood, through the last street and behind the last barrier."

"And is not that insubordination?"

"Massena," said he, with a half laugh, "will not so consider it."

At this moment the tent curtains of the nearest revellers parted, and a tall man with an attendant bearing a lantern, issued and drew near

to inspect the arrangements for the morrow's attack. As he advanced, Olivia saw by the feeble light the most important facts of his loathsome appearance; small, twinkling, light-blue eyes, set in the vast desert of countenance, the bushy brows, the red beard covering all the lower part of his face but the thick disgusting lips, the un-neat cloak, the whole brutal aspect and great bulk, shivering as she looked, though shrouded herself in darkness and the protecting embrace of Guido.

"Look well at him, though he cannot deserve it," said he. "That is General Leopold Von Dressel."

"I have seen him before!" she returned. "O cruel wretch, daily have I seen him torment and slay his weak enemies. O, Guido, save me!"

"Death may," he responded.

"Then there is no other hope?"

"One other. One only, and that a most desperate one. It is already arranged. To-morrow, after the surrender, I alone refuse submission, and fall back with some score of men, still contending, upon the Palazzo di Trevani, enter it, the Austrians follow; still falling back and fighting I come upon the lower dining hall and close the entrance; the uproar of fight resounds within; they burst open the doors—no soul is there, I and my twenty men are nowhere to be seen—else why the subterranean passage to the breach? There we wait till dark, then hasten across the fields and up the Alps to summon Bonaparte to wrest this conquest back again."

"And I—"

"I have delayed speaking it lest you should refuse. You have no strength, and no food, you could not endure the fatigue, neither could you climb the icy mountains, nor rough it with my rude men, and every step of the way would expose you to renewed danger of falling into the enemy's hands. You will be, in fact, safest in Genoa. But then, my dearest, you must drink this opium, strong. The Grand Duke will be in your palace; you will be surrounded by mourners; the sleep it induces will be so heavy as to appear like death. Thus Von Dressel will find himself frustrated, and the presence of your guardian and Massena will save you from indignity. When you awake, you will come privately to me. It will all be managed for you. Can you bear it, my love? We can think of nothing safer."

"I will bear anything so that it brings you back to me!"

"Then first you must take some nourishment. I have had it laid by long for such an event, and shall enforce it. I shall soon be myself in a

region of plenty. Then drink the draught, darling, though it be at once death and life!"

On the morrow, the trumpets that sounded to parley, announced the surrender of the city under certain conditions, which having been subscribed to, the triumphant host deployed through the gates into the silent city. On every side the haggard faces of the Genoese peered out on the invaders, who saw how dearly victory had been purchased. But was it victory? Were there traitors who did not agree to the stipulations? Was it true that the martial spirit of Guido di Livonia was still unappeased? For suddenly presenting himself before the advancing legion with impetuous attacks from his little band, he provoked a return from the Austrians, and then pursued the plan he had marked out, till gaining the Palazzo di Trevani, which the enemy had not yet reached, the doors were suddenly flung to, chained and barred, and while his men waited in the hall, he hurried from room to room to that where Olivia lay. A black velvet pall covered the couch, and to present a more real appearance, plaited folds of white lawn swept from her shoulders to her feet, the long, black hair was brought down over the bosom where the hands were folded, the shoulders were white and cold, the head, partially turned on one side, presented the profile sharp and clear on the black ground, and wreaths of myrtle and cypress lay around her. The want and distress she had endured gave her features a sufficiently hollow and sunken look, and the action of the opium completed the ghastliness. The breathing was too slow and silent to be appreciable, and no one would have doubted that it was death, though in the most lovely phase. A moment he lingered, pressed one long kiss on the cold brow, then quickly rejoined his men. The Austrians had just burst open the door and in a moment he was secure in the dining-room. The sound of clamor responsive to the assailants was heard for an instant, and when they gained access, the place was empty, the windows still barred, and whether suddenly annihilated, or vanished through secret places, they were unable to tell, for they did not see the young page, who as they entered, having barred the window behind the County Guido and his men, slipped out among them.

"Whose house is this?" demanded the leader.

"The Palazzo di Trevani, Mein Herr Von Dressel!" was the reply.

The place was directly vacated, and with his spurs clanging at his heels, and his followers close behind, he strode up through the splendid apartments. The duke, Massena, the Austrian

commander and his aids were in the saloon.

"Escaped!" said Von Dressel, significantly shrugging his shoulders.

"And your other bird has flown too, general!" said one of the officers with a smothered laugh and sneer.

He looked up angrily.

"Too true, Von Dressel!" said his commander. "The Lady Olivia is dead!" and he glanced at the inner apartment.

Von Dressel strode forward, followed by his comrades. The heavy purple curtains cast a dark shadow through the room, and a perfumed gum burning there sent a sluggish, deodorizing smoke curling up the ceiling, and in utter stillness the dead lady lay before him, the most heavenly and beautiful image of death he had ever seen. Bloody and painful death, besmeared and contorted he had engendered in plenty, but this peaceful quiet he had never before met.

A week the lady was supposed to be lying in state and then committed to burial, but waking long before this time had elapsed, she partook the food now common to all, and being carefully tended through the indisposition consequent on the use of opium, was soon secretly able to join the party that waited without the gates to convey her to the County Guido. Now at last, behind her, the double headed eagle floated out on the stiff folds of the Austrian banner waving above the captured city, and Massena and the Grand Duke were prisoners of war.

But strange as the sights and sounds she left behind her were, stranger were those she now met stealing at first indistinctly down the sunny side of the Alps, then sweeping and booming onward as all the lightnings of war, grasped in the First Consul's Jove-like hand, dashed down into Italy, and at Marengo wrested from Austria the sceptre thus wrongfully gained. With him was the County Guido, and when once more she entered Genoa, again a free city, with not a fortnight intervening, it was by the side of her husband.

It was Von Dressel's turn now, for having surrendered his sword, he stood unarmed as the magnificent pageant coiled up the streets. Behind the First Consul rode the County Guido. But a dismal pallor overshot the Austrian general's face, the eyes protruded in dreadful attention, the lips parted, as if to utter words that would not come, for radiant in her pristine beauty, in joy and health, he saw the woman whose funeral obsequies he had undoubtedly attended, but who now, it would seem, as if to complete his defeat and crown his rival's success, had risen resplendent as the Countess di Livonia.

## ALMOST LOST.

BY R. G. MIDGLEY.

CHARLES GORDON was a gay-hearted, handsome, generous fellow, and a favorite with the whole corps, from the bluff old commandant to Meer Ali, the Hindoo servant; though in truth, he was apt in the exuberant hilarity of youth, to commit actions serious to himself, and liable to compromise the credit of our regiment which was at the time stationed in India. Complaints were constantly being brought in against him by the inhabitants of the towns around; now the house of a surly Mussulman had been forcibly entered, now a sacred pigeon had been shot at while roosting on the very pinnacle of a pagoda; while once upon a time he was likely to have fared still worse for having dared to pursue one of the dancing-girls belonging to the temple, into the very precincts of that prohibited edifice. He was passionately fond of field-sports, and often his fowling-piece made welcome additions to our common-place fare, and led him into scenes that at the time, were anything but agreeable to those that were necessarily his companions.

On one occasion, allured by the news of much game, we obtained a month's leave of absence, intending to roam the jungles, until time was up, and duty again called us. Attended by three servants and a sepoy, we commenced our knight-errantry. After a glorious week's sport we found ourselves nearly used up, and decided to rest a week, at a town with a jaw-breaking name. Our sepoy was a fine, intelligent fellow, and by him we were informed that he had made friends with an old man whose only child, a young and lovely girl, had lately been dragged from their cottage during his temporary absence, the only person that was with her at the time being a decrepid old woman, their servant. That plunder was not the object sought, was not the object of her abduction, was evident, for nothing was touched in the house or garden, and the old woman, who had fainted in her terror, could only recollect that amongst the party who tore the poor girl from her arms, was one in the garb of a Hindoo mendicant. Interested by Ali's recital, at my desire he introduced me to his new acquaintance. He was a fine, venerable, old man on the verge of eighty; and in answer to our inquiries, declared that he was convinced his daughter—his sweet Azeta—had been carried off by the Goands for their annual human sacrifice.

"But can nothing be done to save her?" we both exclaimed, indignant at his passive submission to what he called destiny. But the only

answer was that in three days, at the new moon, the sacrifice took place. "And then," exclaimed he, with a gush of anguish, "I shall be childless."

"Nay," returned Charles, "lead me to the spot, or the one you suspect, provide us and our attendants with disguises as you may deem most likely to favor such an enterprise, and let me try what can be done."

The old Mussulman clutched at the unexpected hope conveyed in these words, with desperate joy; but I, knowing his rashness, vainly endeavored to dissuade him from such an undertaking; but his eloquence, and the strong desire I had to fathom the whole affair, to satisfy my doubts regarding human sacrifices, and to restore a child to her father's arms, caused me to lay aside my scruples and join my friend in his undertaking.

Disguised as native soldiers we commenced our search, and it was not long before we had discovered the principal pagoda of the place, situated in a thick grove. We felt assured that the interior of this temple was the place allotted for the sacrifices, nor was it with any difficulty we learned, by mingling with the crowds that attended a fair in the town that a great festival was to be solemnized at midnight.

The pagoda was so strongly built that we despaired at once of gaining entrance, and but for a providential accident, should have failed in gaining access to the building. While crawling carefully round the building, reconnoitering, a large snake issued from a heap of stones, passed rapidly towards the temple, and entered a crevice in the wall, and glided away out of our sight. Charles seized the stick, and immediately commenced a pursuit, until its disappearance, when he strove to dislodge the reptile, by thrusting his weapon into the aperture. The stick struck against something that emitted a metallic sound, and on approaching to examine it, he found it was a small door imbedded in the stone-work of the wall. Digging away the mortar and rubbish that almost concealed it from sight, with his sword, until he was able to drag it open, and gain admittance to a small cell, then returning, he related to us his discovery, and with our swords and pistols near at hand, and a torch, in case of need, we returned to the search.

On entering the cell, a gleam of light shining through a crevice in one corner, warned us that neighbors were at hand, and that all must be done as silently as possible if we hoped to succeed. A groan from the bereaved parent, and his fall, as he glanced through the crevice, proved that his shattered nerves had received an additional shock. Seizing him, I commenced dragging him into the open air, while my companion, following

the old man's example, saw through the orifice a most lovely creature. A young and graceful girl, whose beauty shone in the glance of many torches stuck in the wall, as she lay bound hand and foot. In each corner of the room was an image, hideous and frightful as ever heathen bowed down to, and ornamented with garlands of skulls and forms of hideous snakes. In the centre of the room blazed a large fire, round which, slowly danced and horribly sang a band of native devotees, until a huge gong struck up its discordant sounds, when they withdrew.

Passing his hands over the wall, searching every crevice and cranny with his fingers, in the dark, regardless of the hiss of the startled snake, he sought an entrance to the prisoner; at length a spring or bolt was touched, the door opened, and in five minutes, free from cord or chain, she lay motionless in the arms of her overjoyed parent, and after a successful retreat, was at last placed in safety, but not until a dart from Cupid's bow and Azeeta's bright eyes had pierced my young friend's heart.

Soon they were united, and on the death of his loved one's father, Charles Gordon found himself worth a few lac of rupees, and with a wife whose clinging affection rewarded him for all dangers incurred for her sake. But sickness seized him, and as the heavy damp hung on the brow that Azeeta pressed to her bosom, and so tearfully kissed, she seemed unconscious that they were the damps of death, or that the dread silence told that he breathed no more, and that life with it had fled. Slowly came the conviction to her mind, and with a shriek that echoed in my ears for years, so embodied was it with unutterable woe, she fled to her own apartment, and was comfortless. His body was prepared for the grave, but so life-like it seemed, that I felt overwhelmed with grief, as I lighted the torches around his bier, and locking the door, withdrew.

As I passed a thick and almost impassable hedge, I heard a whispering, and dropping to the ground, listened to the quarrel of two natives on the other side of the leafy wall.

"If you lead me into trouble, I'll kill you with my dirk," said one whose dialect proved him to be a mendicant.

"Idiot," answered the other, "the potion I placed in the water he drank was sure, and he died; when was the sheeza moss known to fail? Did he not rob us of our sacrifice? and now within our reach is the only article wanting to make the holy unguent that shall appease the goddess for the loss of her sacrifice. My knife is keen, and you have but to remain silent while I repeat the incantations, and to hold the body

firmly while I cut the heart from the cursed Saib's bosom.

Creeping back through the door I had just left, I crouched down behind the bier, over which the pall had been thrown to conceal it from sight and be in readiness for the mournful scene on the morrow, and was at once effectually concealed; loosening my sword and grasping my pistols, I resolved to immolate the miscreants who had wed my friend to the worm, and torn the hearts of the entire regiment. I was scarcely ensconced in my hiding-place, before stealthily in crept the squalid figures of the two devotees.

The eyes of the foremost glared like a tiger-cat's, as with fiendish delight they rested on the lonely corpse of my friend. Giving a quick glance around, he muttered: "When I have summoned the spirits of the air, the demons of the earth, and our immortal goddess, seize the hound's body and hold it firmly."

Drawing a large knife from his belt, he knelt down and commenced a low chant; then as he motioned to his companion to advance towards the body, and prepared to rise, knife in hand, I fired. Shot through the heart he sprang up, throwing his arms wildly aloft, then with scarcely a groan he fell dead across the corpse he profaned by his touch, while his hot blood spurting in streams, crimsoned the snowy habiliments of death. Involuntarily I sprang forward to remove him, while his comrade moved off. I seized him as he fled past, but being naked, he slipped through my arms like an eel. At the same moment I felt his dirk-like knife in my arm, as he felt for my heart. Drawing my other pistol, there was a report, and he stumbled and fell over the threshold with a bullet through his brain, just as my servants, alarmed by the firing, came rushing in, with haste.

On lifting the miscreant first killed from the body of poor Charles, I started back as the light was reflected in something on the face of my friend. A second glance convinced me that his eyes were open, and this certainly flashed across my mind, the head was slowly moved round. The Hindoo servants fled in terror, while I was staggered; fear was, however, only momentary, and having procured restoratives they were applied with effect, and he slowly revived and shook off the torpor induced by the poison, and before many days was out of danger. It seemed that the loud report, sudden blow and warmth, had aroused nature to renewed action, and restored suspended animation. It is needless to tell the joy of the whole regiment, and happiness of Azeeta, as her husband was restored to her arms, and a companion to us.

## Curious Matters.

### Strange Power of Photography.

A successful application of photography, in the reproduction of copies of the old Gothic manuscripts, much of the text of which was blurred from age, has been made in Germany. What is most singular, the duplicates were more perfect than the original. Words, and even whole sentences, which were totally illegible in the manuscripts, came out with the utmost distinctness on the glass plates on which the writings were photographically impressed.

### Remarkable Discovery.

A discovery which will not be the least remarkable one of the age, has recently been announced by several scientific journals. M. Steck, a chemist of Stuttgart, has found a vegetable substance endowed with surprising properties, for reviving the bulbs of the capillary tubes. Experiments in Paris on a number of persons who had been bald for years, and whose heads have now a fair growth of hair, leave no doubt as to the manifest action of this new conquest of science.

### Every Scotchman a Frenchman.

It is said that by an existing law of France, every native born Scotchman is a French citizen; the law to that effect, made by Francis II., when husband of Mary Queen of Scots, being still unrepealed. Scotchmen are also citizens of Dantzic, in consequence of a statute made in honor of a party of Scotch exiles, who vigorously defended the city from an attack by the king of Poland.

### Strange Fact.

The Baraboo Republican states that a man named Geo. S. Handy, of Freedom, Sauk county, Wisconsin, in cutting down an oak tree found an elk's antlers thoroughly embedded in the solid wood. They had been hung in the crotch of the tree by a hunter a long time ago. The tree had grown up and encased them there forever.

### A Singular Discovery.

A party of miners at work near Stanhope's Ferry, California, discovered the fossil remains of a large rattlesnake. He was found embedded in the centre of a large boulder, which had been broken. The form of the snake was perfect, even down to the rattles, of which there were nine.

### Unprecedented.

A mother and four daughters, all of whom reside in Northampton, Mass., have, collectively, been married seventeen times. The mother has had four husbands, one of her daughters four, and the others three each.

### Marvellous Longevity.

Henry Jenkins, who died at Ellerton, Eng., Dec. 8, 1870, lived 169 years. In the last century of his life he was a fisherman and used to wade in the stream. He frequently swam in the rivers after he was a hundred.

### Extraordinary Case.

A young woman in Otto county, N. Y., has recently had three hundred and eighty-three needles extracted from her flesh, which she had swallowed, as she says, unconsciously, and survived the operations.

### A Living Skeleton.

A man born at Goffstown, N. H., a shoemaker by trade, has wasted away so much that he now weighs only 88 1-2 pounds, whereas at eighteen he weighed 180.

### A Miracle turned to account.

Dr. Duff states that, a few years ago, a company of ascetics having lighted their sacks of dried cow-dung where veins of coal were out cropping, the black stone caught fire, at which they were greatly astonished, and circulated the report of a new miracle, which was the special manifestation of their god of fire, who had caused the very stones to burn. Multitudes flocked to the spot, a new shrine was erected, and worship paid to the god of fire. Some Europeans hearing of it, went to the place, and soon ascertained the real nature of the miracle, which they turned to profitable account by digging and working a mine that has since supplied the Ganges steamers in upper India with coal.

### Curious Fact.

At the scientific convention at Albany, Prof. Gibson remarked upon a curious connection of geometry and language. Three letters occur in almost all primitive languages. They are a line, an angle, and a circle—thus: I, A, O. In almost all languages these letters are used in the word expressing Divinity. In Hebrew, IOA is a name of Divinity. Greek AIO, the root of aionis, the eternal. In Hindoo, Japanese, and other Asiatic tongues, the same letters are used similarly. In Indian, these letters occur in "Manitou," the word for Spirit. These letters in the old Greek or Phœnician alphabet, are the first, last and middle letters, signifying the beginning, middle and end—Alpha, Iota and Omega.

### Scientific Prophecy fulfilled.

Roger Bacon announced to the world, six hundred years ago, that machinery could be constructed, and ultimately would be, that ships could be propelled with a greater velocity than if driven by a whole galley of rowers; also, that only a pilot would be needed to steer them. Of carriages, he prophesied that they would be made to move at an incredible speed, and without the aid of any animal whatever. Finally, the prophet argued that machines might be invented which would fly through the air with untold swiftness, after the manner of birds.

### "Round Robin."

It was customary among the ancients to write names, whether of the gods or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. Sailors are the only people who preserve this very ancient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot among them, they sign it in a circle and call it a "round robin."

### Ancient Ring.

A Roman ring was lately found by a laborer while at work in Auxbridge churchyard, England. It is supposed to be of the period of Julius Cæsar, and the metal is of a composition now unknown.

### Singular Names.

Formerly there were many persons surnamed Devil. In an old book, the title of which does not recur, mention is made of one Rogerius Diabolus, son of Montessor.

### Enormous Ruffs.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the ladies wore ruffs of such an enormous size that in full dress one was obliged to feed herself with a spoon two feet long.

## The Florist.

Narcissi, the fairest of them all,  
Who gaze on thine eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.—SHELLEY.

### Vermin on Flowers.

Vermin, of whatever kind, are troublesome pests among flower-plants, often injuring the choicest specimens, besides being otherwise disagreeable. To get rid of them, scatter a little oatmeal where they abound, about sundown; and, by making a survey an hour later, a multitude of them will be found congregated together, when they may be gathered up and destroyed.

### Hedge Plants.

For an ornamental hedge, the American arbor-vitæ is one of the most beautiful, as well as suitable plants, as it is comparatively easy to be transplanted, and bears shearing in any form. The hemlock, however, makes a handsomer screen, from its lively green, but the plants are harder to procure, and more difficult to transplant.

### Strawberries.

This fruit requires a large quantity of water; and the great success of the London gardeners in raising such large strawberries, is mainly due to their system of irrigation. A moist soil is unquestionably best adapted to the cultivation of strawberries; but it is equally certain that stagnant water will injure or destroy the crop.

### Hot-beds.

If you have a convenient place, you can make a small hot-bed; and when the first fermentation of the manure is over, and a regular, steady heat established, you may sow different varieties of plants such as you desire to bring forward early—auricula, polyanthus, mignonette, ten week stock, dahlia seed, etc.

### Seedlings.

The very finest seedlings are, after all, those which spring near the mother plant from self-sown seed; therefore, when you weed or dig your flower borders, be careful not to disturb any seedlings which may have sprung up. They always make strong, fine blooming plants.

### Flowers in Rooms.

At this season of the year, and before fires are dispensed with, parlors are apt to be heated at least twenty degrees hotter than is necessary for the preservation of parlor plants, and as the heat decreases in the night, plants often get injured unless a fire is kept up.

### Dry Bulbs.

Roots of Amaryllis, Gladiolus, Tuberoses and such other bulbs as may have been preserved dry through the winter, may now be planted in pots, and kept in a green-house or light room, or else plunged in a hot-bed.

### Out-door Planting.

Persons who have no hot-beds, may delay the planting of sound bulbs until the weather will admit of their being planted in warm borders, on the south side of a house well supplied with manure.

### Seeds.

If you grow your own seed, change every other year with your neighbors; flower seeds love change of soil, and will otherwise degenerate.

### Curious Experiment.

Very fine hyacinths have been grown in a drawing-room in the following novel manner:—A quantity of moss, classically called *hymnum*, and popularly, "fog," was placed in a water-tight box about eight or nine inches deep, into which the bulbs were placed without mould, and duly watered, they flowered finely.

### The Tiger-Flower.

A bed of these flowers would afford as much gratification to some as a bed of tulips. The *Trigridia conchiflora* is of a rich yellow color, tinged and spotted with white and crimson; the colors are very vivid and finely contrasted. The *Tigridia pavonia* is of the highest scarlet, tinged with brilliant yellow.

### Outdoor Work.

The ground will soon be open enough—even here in 42° north latitude—to begin gardening, clear away stones, remove, if any, the dry stalks and debris of the past season, to spread on and dig in manure, that it may be amalgamated thoroughly with the earth before planting.

### Cut Flowers.

Cut Flowers should have the water in which their ends are inserted changed, on the same principle as bulbous roots; and a much faded nosegay, or one dried up, may often be recovered for a time, by covering it with a large bell or cup, or by substituting warm water for cold.

### Tuberoses.

This fragrant and delightful flower has been cultivated in England for upwards of two centuries. It is very tender, and must not be set out till settled warm weather. The flowers are pure white and very fragrant, growing on stems from three to four feet high.

### Jonquils.

The fragrance of the jonquil is very grateful, being similar to that of jasmines. There are different varieties, some of which are single, and others double flowering. They blossom early in May, and are quite hardy.

### Airing House-Plants.

House-plants are greatly benefited by being placed out of doors in the summer months, especially during gentle showers; and such as have no other convenience, may advantageously place them outside the windows.

### Tulips.

Good fresh loam, taken from under healthy grass sods, is the most suitable soil for tulips to grow in—and under it should be a layer of well-rotted stable manure about two inches thick.

### Bulbs in Glasses.

Hyacinths, narcissuses, etc., must have the water shifted every week, and the glasses should be thoroughly washed every two or three weeks.

### Monthly Strawberry.

The monthly strawberry makes a very pretty edging for garden beds. It has a constant succession of flower and fruit.

## The Housewife.

### To cure a Cough.

The following old prescription for a dry cough is worth trying: Take of powdered gum arabic half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paregoric two drachms, syrup of squills one drachm. Cork all in a bottle and shake well. Take one teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

### Boiled Bread Pudding.

Soak the pieces in milk or water; mash fine, and stir in a little flour, salt and two or three eggs. Wet a large brown linen cloth, and flour it well; lay it in a basin, and pour in the mixture: tie it securely, and drop into boiling water—which must be kept boiling; sauce according to fancy.

### For the Lungs.

A small piece of rosin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the rosin.

### Camphor Soap.

Beat together in a mortar two ounces of bitter almonds, blanched, and half an ounce of camphor. When thoroughly incorporated, add one pound of the hardest white soap, grated fine. Mix the whole with two ounces of tincture of benzoin, and form it into small cakes.

### Rice Cakes.

Take one-quarter wheat to three-quarters rice flour, mix, raise and bake as buckwheat. It does not affect the skin or sour the stomach, as buckwheat cakes sometimes do. A table-spoonful of molasses added just before baking causes them to brown nicely.

### Rice Flour.

Rice flour, when fresh and pure, is very much better for infants and invalids than corn starch or arrow-root; both of which contain principles of acidity. Rice flour admits of every variety of form in bread, cakes, puddings, blanc-mange, etc.

### Hint to Housekeepers.

Put a few oyster shells occasionally in your stoves when hot, and you will find those disagreeable customers known as "clinkers" entirely disappear. If one trial is not sufficient, repeat the remedy.

### Rice Griddle Cakes.

Boil a large cup of rice quite soft, in milk; while hot, stir in a little flour, Indian meal, or rice flour. When cold, add two or three eggs, and salt. Bake in small, thin cakes.

### Fumigator.

Fresh-ground coffee may be used with advantage in a sick-room; a few spoonful spread and exposed on a plate, burned by a red-hot iron, is a safe and pleasant fumigator.

### To clean Kid Gloves.

Wash them in a mixture of equal quantities of ammonia and alcohol. Then rub them dry. The above solution will also remove stains and grease from silk and cloth.

### Floating Island.

This is a very easily prepared dish for dessert. Beat up the white of half a dozen eggs with two table-spoonful of white sugar, adding a table-spoonful of currant jelly, and mix until they form a stiff froth. Place a pint of sweet cream in a deep dish, and pile on the froth lightly. Serve at once.

### Herbs.

Motherwort tea is beyond doubt a harmless and effective tonic, and thoroughwort a wholesome purgative. Camomile is also justly in great favor as a tonic. These three herbs should be in every good housewife's possession, for immediate use in case of necessity.

### Chilblains.

To cure chilblains, bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes are boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords relief.

### To kill Rats.

Take common cork and slice it as thin as a wafer, and fry it in the gravy of meat, but be careful not to burn it, and place it where it may be eaten, and rats will soon disappear. The cork on being swallowed swells, and thus destroys them.

### A Breakfast Dish.

Melt a couple of ounces of butter in a frying pan; as soon as it gets quite hot put in half a dozen eggs, previously broken in a basin, seasoning with pepper and salt. On sending to table, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over all.

### Fruit Cake.

One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, two eggs, one cup of sour milk or cream, a teaspoonful of cloves, table-spoonful of cinnamon, a nutmeg, one pound of fruit, and a teaspoonful of soda.

### Yankee Pudding.

One pint scalded milk, one-half pint Indian meal, one tea-cup molasses, six sweet apples cut in small pieces; bake three hours. A delicious pudding is this.

### Poppy Leaves.

An infusion of white poppy leaves for bathing weak eyes is excellent. Poppy leaves are also excellent to lay on the surface of poultices for healing purposes.

### Sponge Cakes.

Twelve eggs, one pound of flour, one of sugar, essence of lemon. Beat the sugar and yolks together, and the whites alone, and add the flour gradually.

### Cottage Cake.

Half a cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, one of thick sour cream, a small teaspoonful of dissolved soda, the last thing; bake rather quickly.

### Soft Gingerbread.

One cup of butter, two of molasses, one of milk, three and a half of flour, table-spoonful of ginger, teaspoonful of soda and salt.

### Fritters.

One pint of milk, three eggs, teaspoonful of soda and salt; made rather thicker than griddle cakes.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### GREAT CITIES.

There is an old saying—"God made the country and man made the town;" and many who are in the enjoyment of a country residence are apt to proceed further and to say, that since cities are the handiwork of man, they must be all evil. This, of course, is both puerile and irreverent. We cannot all live in the country—we cannot all be farmers, no matter how high and elevated agriculture is. Unless we are willing to ignore civilization, we accept these great gatherings of men in builded marts as conditions and incidents of progress. And without these great centres of trade and commerce, what would a country life be?—a mere existence, bereft of refinement, elegance and comfort. Town and country are mutually dependent on each other—the very blood of life circulates through the veins and arteries of both. The great cities supply the wealth of the country; the country supplies the life of the city. And if the country improves the physical and moral character of the city by sending, from time to time, its hardy representatives to embark in trade or the professions, the city returns the compliment by despatching to country residences wealthy, refined and intelligent people, to disseminate the fruits of that high culture for which the city affords so many facilities.

Of course, city life has its dangers and its evils, the magnitude of which depends on the size of the locality. Great cities present the most amazing contrasts. If there are hundreds of churches, there are thousands of dens of infamy; if there are multitudes of high-toned people, there are enough, too, of the dregs of humanity; if there are boundless purses, there are also depths of poverty that no plummet-line can sound. Now and then the perpetration of a series of crimes, occurring in some great city like New York, and spread abroad on the countless wings of the press, produces a general cry of horror; the infected locality is pointed out as a modern Sodom, and every man whose next neighbor is a rifle shot off, is foolishly severe on cities in general, as if they were, in Dogberry's words, "tolerable and not to be endured."

But this is idle talk. On this continent, at least, even in the most densely-populated cities,

the good outnumber the bad in the proportion of about twenty to one, and there is no reason why crime and rowdiness should get the upper hand. This can never be done, if good citizens unite with the single purpose of managing their affairs in the best possible manner. Party politics ought never to be introduced into the local affairs of a great city. For the head of its government the best man should be sought, and when that man is found, he should be heartily and zealously supported by all good citizens. What is done in small towns can be accomplished in great cities by the application of the same principles, as a well-trained battalion can be manoeuvred as easily as a single company. We shall never believe that a great city must necessarily, from the very fact of its size, be a sink of iniquity.

### IMITATIONS.

Imitations are always dangerous. The donkey who had seen the dog caressed for jumping up on his master, was soundly cudgelled for doing the same thing. It is related of a supernumerary in the time of Garrick, the actor, that on one occasion of the latter's appearance as King Lear, the "supe" fainted away from the effect. Garrick, like other spoiled favorites of the public, was gratified at this, and gave the man five guineas. On the next representation of the tragedy, a fellow auxiliary pretended to be struck all of a heap; but he managed the affair so awkwardly, that Garrick ordered his immediate discharge.

MARINE LOSSES.—Lieut. Maury states that the average number of American vessels wrecked during the stormy month of March, is one for every eight hours.

POLITE PHRASE.—"Constitutionally tired," is now the polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy.

CURIOUS.—The original MS. of Hood's Song of the Shirt is now in the autograph collection of a New York gentleman.

MALDEN.—A town hall, of large proportions, is shortly to be erected in this flourishing place.



## NINE YEARS AGO.

The memory of 1848—a memorable year for Europe—was called to our mind, lately, by reading an account of a celebration of the anniversary of the French revolution of that year by a body of exiles in New York. The American flag sheltered many of the luckless men who participated in the events of the "Battle Summer." Many others have died in exile, or languish in chains, or sadly pine under the continental despots they sought to overthrow. How vividly present, as we write, seem the emotions called up by the news that Paris had risen in arms, that cannon and muskets had rang along the Seine, that the citizen king had fled, that the revolutionists were in possession of the Hotel de Ville and the Arsenal, and that the republic had been proclaimed! We seem to see Lamartine, in whom we thought we beheld a second Washington, standing in the balcony of the hotel, with ten thousand muskets levelled at his breast by the ruffians of the Faubourgs, and yet refusing to give them the red flag which they demanded, and which had been "trailed in the blood of Frenchmen through the Champ de Mars," insisting on the adoption of the tricolor which had made the tour of the world in a halo of glory. And then we behold all Paris—all France—rejoicing in the restoration of a republic.

Other nations catch the fiery impulse. Germany shakes off her fetters—Italy is alive—Poland breathes once more—and gallant Hungary arises against the despot. Alas, the hopes awakened by that brief period of convulsion are withered! The folly and incompetence of revolutionists, the might and union of despots prevailed over the good cause. The fetters were re-locked on the limbs that had spurned them from one end of the continent to the other. Yet we do not despair. As soon should we think, because the sun set in clouds, that he will never rise again, glorious and effulgent. The daystar of liberty in Europe cannot be quenched. The funeral pall that hides it will once again be drawn, and its light shine upon the dark places of the earth. More resolute champions of liberty yet will arise—other leaders, including all of the past who were true in the hour of trial, like Kosuth and Garibaldi, will take the field, and the victory they achieve will be decisive.

**SPECIAL REFERENCE.**—In Worcester, the reports of the liquor agents were referred to the committee on water.

**UNDOUBTED FACT.**—The most dangerous kind of a bat that flies in the night is a brick-bat.

## OVER-WORK OF BRAIN.

We are glad to see that this theme is engaging public attention, with especial reference to the treatment of children, and the management of our schools. The fast spirit of the age has certainly not avoided the schoolroom and the academy, and the forcing of the mind has in too many cases kept pace with the forcing of flowers and grapes in our conservatories. If a school were a mental hot-house and children were expected to produce one or two harvests of accomplishments, and then be thrown aside, this would be well enough; but the boys and girls of to-day are the fathers and mothers of to-morrow, and we must be careful, in our desire to appear the smartest nation of all creation, that we do not prematurely exhaust the living proofs of it. E. E. Bradshaw, Esq., of this city, lately delivered at Charlestown a powerful lecture on this topic. He said, while arguing against the practice, that over-working of the brain was a common thing in our schools. The most trifling strain on a child's brain is apt to produce nervous disorders. Dr. Jackson's rule was that one third of a child's time should be spent in the play-ground. Precocious children, it is well known, rarely become distinguished in after life. On the other hand there are numerous examples of dull boys turning out the most shining lights of literature and science. Sheridan, Sir Isaac Newton, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Dryden, Milton, Swift, Sir Walter Scott, and many others, were not forward in youth, and yet became the glories of the world. Parents should look to it that the minds of their children are not developed at the expense of their bodies.

**LONG LIFE.**—People live longer now-a-days than they used to do. Professor Buchanan, in a recent lecture, stated that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life was eighteen years, whereas at present it is forty-three years. And then, with increased life, we are more industrious, which accounts for the immense strides of civilization in the nineteenth century.

**GETTING HIGH.**—Chimborazo, in Ecuador, South America, has been ascended by an Englishman and a Frenchman. They make it out to be 21,466 feet, and declare that it is easy both to ascend and descend—the latter particularly.

**APHORISM.**—He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

**WORTH KNOWING.**—Take away discretion, and virtue will become vice.

## A GIGANTIC JOKE.

Theodore Hook was famous for his practical jokes on a large scale, but one that happened lately at Versailles, France, throws all his mystifications into the shade. A rich English bachelor has been for years residing in that historical town. Well, the other day, precisely at the hour of noon, a splendid hearse, preceded by mutes, and followed by mourning coaches, drew up at the door of the boarding-house where the single gentleman resides. When the ministers of death presented themselves to bear out the body to its last home, all was horror and astonishment, nor would the grim undertaker be convinced of his mistake till the persecuted victim gave ocular testimony of his being alive and well. In the meanwhile twelve coaches appeared, six of them intended for a funeral procession, and the other half for a bridal, the coachmen of the latter wearing white gloves and white favors in their hats—a most ludicrous contrast. A troop of donkeys and half-starved ponies, arrayed for a picnic in the woods, next made their appearance; and, to add to the confusion, tradesmen of all kinds were pouring in with goods ordered for the occasion—hairdressers with wigs, tailors with samples, shoemakers and hatters ready to take orders, the stonecutter with designs for the ornamental tomb, and jewellers with ornaments for the bride. The myrmidons of the police were seen insinuating themselves among the crowd, sent by the authorities of the town to investigate a reported plot against Louis Napoleon's government. It was a scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth or of Darley.

Some of the persons duped were irritated beyond measure, while others seemed delighted at the fun, though disappointed at not selling their goods. It appeared, however, that the merry wag who was the author of all this mischief, was not yet satisfied, for he had despatched by post and railroad, invitations for a ball that night on a grand scale. The consequence was that, in the evening, there arrived at the place of rendezvous men bearing on long poles lustres and variegated lamps, and juvenile cooks were seen flocking on all sides, laden with pastry, ices, punch, and all kinds of refreshments.

In this manner ended this curious scene, which, like all the events of this sublunary life, was checkered with pain and pleasure. The object of this mystification bore it in the most philosophical manner, more particularly as he entertained his friends without incurring any personal expense. The author of the hoax was however rich and generous enough to defray all the costs.

## BOSTON MARKETS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It is rather tantalizing for housekeepers, now that the established rates of provision are so high that it is difficult for a man of moderate means to make both ends *meat* (and if he tries to make one end *fish*, he is about as badly off), to read about the old times in Boston, when one could live on the fat of the land for almost nothing. Yet "G. M. F.," a pleasant, gossiping correspondent of the Boston Journal, tells us a story that really makes us envious of our grandfathers. He says: "Wild pigeons had become so plenty that Dock Square was full of them. The selectmen of the town warned the sellers to take what they could not sell home with them, fearing they would breed disease. A man had brought in a *load* and unloaded them on this spot. Sales were dull, and it getting late, he became uneasy about re-loading, and hit upon a plan to save him the trouble. So he left his pigeons and took a walk, hoping some one would *steal* them before he returned. But it happened that one of his neighbor sellers of pigeons was in the same predicament. The neighbor, finding the owner gone, thought he might as well add to his heap. So he deposited his lot with his neighbor, and left for home. When the man returned who had presumed upon the dishonesty of Bostonians, he found, instead of being stolen, his stock had *gained*, and he was obliged to cart off the *whole lot*. I do not think pigeons would go begging now."

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—If the multitude of unfortunate beings who are travelling the road to ruin, answered truly to the question what sent them there, they would reply: "Idleness, late hours, disregard of the Sabbath, drinking and the perusal of immoral books."

THE FINE ARTS.—A correspondent of the Transcript suggests the establishment of a free picture gallery in this city, and the idea is an excellent one.

GENEALOGY.—Thomas Moore's grandfather's name was Thomas Codd. There is a numerous family of tom-cods scattered along our coast.

REFLECTED GLORY.—Two nieces of Eugene Sue, the great French novelist, recently attracted much attention in society at Washington, D. C.

RICH ATTIRE.—A beautiful lady recently appeared at a ball in Washington, D. C., attired in a dazzling dress of Mexican cloth of gold.

## THE BEAUX OF OLD.

The race of beaux is utterly extinct, and perhaps the world is none the worse off for the circumstance. We have Shanghai fops in plenty still, but no men who rise into fame by exquisite dress, accompanied by elegant manners and wit, like Beau Nash, the "King of Bath," and Beau Brummell, the famous English *arbitrator elegantiarum*. Perhaps we are not wrong in saying that Count d'Orsay was the last of the beaux, and he outlived the palmy days of the race. Beau Brummell was a fine specimen of his class—an oracle in dress, and, moreover, in spite of his frequent follies, a man of wit. "He played the balls of wit and folly so rapidly about his head, that they lost their distinction in one crowning and brilliant halo." Many of his sayings were quite too good to be lost, and they were nearly all richly characteristic. Bulwer's sketch of the man in "Pelham" was a gross caricature.

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said: "Yes, madam; I once ate a pea." "You have a cold, Mr. Brummell," observed a sympathizing group. "Why, do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel Weston (his valet) put me into a room with a damp stranger?" Being asked how he liked port wine, he said, with an air of difficult recollection: "Port? port? O port! Ay—the hot intoxicating liquor so largely drunk by the lower orders." A beggar petitioned him for charity, "even if it was only a farthing." "Fellow," said Mr. Brummell, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin." Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said: "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody condoled with him; upon which he smiled with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth: "Why, sir, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage." But as we said before, the race of elegant and useless idlers is extinct, and as the beaux are no more, we will say no more about the beaux.

AT WAR WITH HIGH PRICES!—Mr. Ballou, the extensive Boston publisher, offers the public a three dollar magazine for one dollar, and a charming work he gives us in *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*. One hundred pages in each number, and numerous illustrations;—twelve hundred pages a year for one dollar!—*Trenton Egit.*

## WIVES BY ADVERTISEMENT.

Several cases have occurred, lately, where the peace of mind of confiding young girls has been destroyed, and their prospects blighted, by their being decoyed into correspondence with strangers advertising through newspapers for help-mates. It may be set down that no man worth having will resort to advertising for a wife. In Paris and Genoa in Europe, there are regular marriage-brokers. They have descriptions of marriageable girls, the amount of their property, etc., and go about to arrange connections. When they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. on the portion, thus degrading matrimony into a matter of money. Marriage in Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen each other; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or experience, he may break off the match on condition of defraying the brokerage and other incidental expenses. We hope never to see such mercenary arrangements foisted on our social system.

EDUCATION.—The means for classical education are amply provided for in this country. There are 144 colleges in the United States. The oldest are Harvard and William and Mary. In addition to these, there are 46 theological seminaries. Texas has prospectively the largest educational fund of any State in the Union.

HOME.—It is at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or his happiness; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This remarkably cheap and acceptable Magazine, advertised in another column, has met with an extraordinary popularity. One secret of which is, its purely moral tone, and the wonderfully low rate at which it is offered to the public. Mr. Ballou now claims for it a circulation nearly reaching 80,000!—*Trumpet and Universalist Magazine.*

APPROPRIATION FOR BOSTON.—Among the appropriations by Congress for public buildings, was one of \$1,000,000 for a Court House in Boston.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The Rhode Island Senate has refused to restore capital punishment, except for murder committed in the State Prison.

## TELEGRAPHIC WONDERS.

We live in an age of wonders. The realities by which we are surrounded surpass the magical feats which, in past centuries, the most vivid imaginations of the fervent poets of the East were tortured to invent. California represents the cave of Aladdin; the balloon answers the purpose of the famous bronze horse by means of which the Eastern carried off the Indian princess, while the palace, transported from point to point with marvellous celerity, is daily realized in the speed and splendor of our railroad cars. The Orientals never dream of describing a man totally insensible during a cruel surgical operation, and even enjoying pleasant dreams while his body was being mutilated by the merciless knife. Yet chloroform and ether have accomplished this. And perhaps the most wonderful achievement of all, the instantaneous transmission of thought between the remotest points, is the child of our own days. To annihilate space, and to render a subtle current a medium of communicating thought, is an achievement, it has been well remarked, which elevates man as an intellectual being and endows him with a god-like attribute; and it needs good philosophy to keep in due check the feelings of self-sufficiency and vanity which may naturally arise in contemplating what he has accomplished. Yet the powers of the hurricane and the earthquake, mocking the mightiest efforts of man, stifle the feeling of pride that rises at his highest achievements in science and art.

It remains for the coming year to demonstrate the wonderful power of the electric telegraph. Then the old and the new world, already made near neighbors by steam, will be able to converse daily with each other. The intellectual communication will be more rapid than that between a man living at Roxbury and one at the north end of our city. The social, political and important result of this rapidity of inter-communication can scarcely be exaggerated. Suppose a misunderstanding occurs between the two countries—long before the flame of hostility can be kindled in either nation, an explanation will make all matters straight. If we remember rightly, the battle of New Orleans was fought after the treaty of peace was signed; with the transatlantic telegraph in operation, no such occurrence can happen. But the more we know of each other, the more unlikely will it be that England and America, whose principal interests are in common, will ever quarrel. The establishment of this telegraph line will be a great step towards the realization of the hope of all true Christians—the reign of peace and good will on earth.

## LAUGHABLE MISTAKES.

Franklin was present at the meeting of some literary society in Paris, where many pieces were read, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, but wishing to appear polite, resolved to applaud when he should see a lady of his acquaintance, Madame de Bouffiers, express satisfaction. After the reading was over, his grandson said to him: "Why, grandpapa, you always applauded and louder than anybody else when they were praising you." The good man laughed, and explained the matter to the company. This reminds us of a mistake that the famous General Moreau made when in this country. He attended Commencement at Cambridge, and a musical society among the students sang a song, the chorus of which was "to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow." Imperfectly acquainted with English, the French officer fancied it was a poetical tribute, and that the stanzas closed with a mention of his name—"To Moreau—to Moreau—to Moreau," so that every time the phrase occurred, he rose and bowed to the singers, to the infinite amusement of those who saw into the cause of the general's mistake.

RECORDING BIRTHS.—The local editor of the Buffalo Commercial (who is a physician, by the way) is advocating the publication of births in the newspapers. He thinks them of more importance than deaths, for the reason that when a man is dead he is done with, but when he is born he is only begun with. In England, the practice of publishing births is universal.

BALLOON'S MAGAZINE.—This cheapest of all the monthlies, comes to us for April with new attractions, beautifully illustrated. This magazine has long been set down as the cheapest publication of the kind in America, and how the proprietor can afford to illustrate it, as the present number comes to us, and still furnish it for the original subscription price (\$1), is past our comprehension. But he does it.—*Brazil (Ind.) Weekly News.*

TEMPER AND HEALTH.—If you inquire about persons who have attained a great age, you will find that they are invariably good tempered. Nothing so tends to shorten life as fits of ungovernable passion.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A western editor inserted the following in the columns of his "valuable paper": "The gentleman who borrowed our umbrella is requested not to return it, as we have hooked a better."

AN ODD FISH.—Fishes are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes—two of them on horns which grow on the top of their heads.

## GILDED CRIMES.

Shakspeare says :

"Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

This is no longer true of any portion of the civilized world—much less of any portion of this country. Nowhere with us is the ermine sullied by corruption, and the wealthy criminal stands no better chance of escape from the penalty of crime than the poor man. But while we show neither partiality nor sympathy for an offender against the laws of the land because he is rich, it must be confessed that the world does treat with unjustifiable lenity crimes against property, provided they are of sufficient magnitude. A stupendous swindler, whose frauds may have impoverished hundreds, is far more pitied than the poor wretch driven by desperation to snatch at a few dollars. The forger of notes to half a million is, we are afraid, the recipient of a little of that respect which is paid to the legitimate owner of half a million. We are rather more apt to style him an "unfortunate financier," or an "unlucky speculator," than to brand him with the blank epithet "thief!" We are rather inclined to rack our brains for excuses for the misconduct of a man who grasps at gold, as if the pursuit of pelf were so praiseworthy an aim that the end almost justified the means.

When Mr. Fagin's favorite pupil, Mr. John Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger," was finally arrested, the intense grief of his "pal," Charley Bates, arose not so much from the fact that he was in the hands of the law, as that he was about to be transported to the penal colonies for stealing a snuff-box of trifling value. "To think," says Mr. Bates, "of Jack Dawkins—lummy Jack—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common two-penny—half-penny sneeze-box! I never thought he'd a done it under a gold watch, chains and seals, at the lowest. O, why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his walables, and go out *as* a gentleman—not like a common prig, without no honor nor glory! How will he stand in Newgate Calendar? P'r'aps not be there at all. O, my eye! my eye! wot a blow it is!"

There are many people in a higher sphere of life, and surrounded by more moral influences, who measure the magnitude of crime by Mr. Bates's standard.

**MARINE DISASTERS.**—Eleven New York pilot boats have been lost since 1852, with a loss of \$70,000 to the pilots and twenty or more lives.

**A LARGE DOMAIN.**—There are 112,000 square miles in Kansas—in Illinois, 52,000.

## A NEW ENGLAND SPRING.

It is not safe to trust a New England spring—there is no knowing what may happen before the vernal months run out. Even the blue-birds are often taken in by false appearances and come out in their azure jackets, when the poor little fellows ought to be lying up in lavender in some snug corner. A stupid sectional pride keeps us from telling the truth. We hear of green peas and strawberries in Richmond, and, dying with envy, we, poor literary slaves, draw our tables nearer to our rusty grates, blow our noses, wipe our eyes, give a wheeze or two, and then write mendacious paragraphs about the forwardness of the season. An April ramble is a forlorn affair. It isn't safe to venture out without being fully equipped as for a January excursion. But nobody gets any credit for telling the truth about the spring, and we believe we forever forfeited the good graces of a sentimental damsel, who asked us, once upon a time, to write her some verses referring to the spring, by sending her the following :

The spring has come—the lovely spring—  
Come, lady, wander forth with me;  
We'll go where blossoms do not hang  
Upon the sere and threadbare tree.

We'll try to find some hardy flower,  
Or some ambitious blade of grass;  
But wear your India rubber shoes—  
The ice is slippery as glass.

Put on, I pray, your quilted hood,  
Warm furs around your shoulders fling;  
With cloak, umbrella and surtout  
We're fitly dressed to meet the spring.

We'll try to fancy that it's fine  
While stalking o'er the pastures bare;  
We'll say the snowflakes falling fast  
Are blossomed petals in the air.

Then home returning from our walk  
With noses blue, and spirits light,  
How gladly will we hover o'er  
The glaring fire of anthracite!

Then hasten, while the sidewalk's clear,  
Soon will the snow obstruct the way;  
But if this weather only holds,  
We'll go a-Maying in a sleigh.

**LENGTH OF LIFE.**—The official reports of mortality for Massachusetts state that the average length of life for "editors" is forty, and for "gentlemen" sixty-eight years. Do they mean that editors are not gentlemen?

**A DIFFERENCE.**—It's very good to be short in speech; but to be "short" on 'change is a different affair.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The American residents at Constantinople are estimated at 410 souls.

The Porte is about to take formal possession of the Delta of the Danube.

The Bank of England is about to allow interest on cash balances.

A newspaper has been commenced in Egypt, intended for Syrian circulation.

In the government of Livonia, Poland, 130 wolves were destroyed in the year 1855, principally in the district around Dorpat.

The diocese of Paris is believed to be the most populous in the world of the Romish Church. It contains 1,700,000 souls.

The British government have arranged to despatch annually, for five years, a small steamer to explore the Niger river, for scientific and commercial purposes.

Apprehensions are entertained in France and Italy that the disease which damaged the last silk crop will again make its appearance this year.

A new school of art has been built in Sheffield at a cost of £7100. Towards this sum £5500 has been raised by subscription and in other modes.

A comical story comes from Berlin. Two ladies went to the Royal ball at the Opera-house in a furniture-van; no ordinary carriage could contain the immense dresses they wore.

At an auction sale in Paris last month, a diminutive coffee cup of old and rare China porcelain was sold for \$450, and a violin of Amati at \$3800.

Miss Catherine Hayes gave a gratuitous concert at Belfast, Ireland, for the benefit of the hospital there, presenting them with the magnificent sum of £132 16s. 7d.

The inhabitants of Lapland and Finland, bordering on the North Cape of Norway, owing to a failure of the crops, are in a state of starvation. Hundreds are dying daily.

The Marquise Dowager of La Rochejaquein, the celebrated lady who rode on horseback by the side of her husband in the war of La Vendee, has just died at Orleans, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

A Paris banker recently gave a magnificent entertainment to one hundred and fifty journalists and literary men, which of course confers a great deal of honor on himself, and begets a good sort of feeling in them.

The Emperor Napoleon has ordered twenty-five magnificent opera-glasses (some of them to be ornamented with 2000*l.* worth of diamonds), which he intends to offer as a present to the Grand Duke Constantine when he arrives.

According to the latest census of France, the sexes are thus divided: Men, 17,870,169; women, 13,009,195. Total, 36,039,364. During the quinquennial period from 1851 to 1856, the number of men increased 75,210; the number of women, 180,984. Total augmentation of population, 256,194.

The inhabitants of Lapland and Finland are suffering from a scarcity of provisions.

The Protestants in Havre, France, now number about three thousand communicants.

There are seventy-eight Wesleyan preachers in France.

The British army in Hindostan numbers, it is said, 215,000 men.

The salary of the Lord High Chancellor of England, is £10,000.

It is said the Swiss can muster an army of 230,000.

The Persians have been much excited by the English invasion.

Arsinoe, the first English opera in the Italian style, was produced in 1705.

The performance of Schiller's drama of "William Tell," has been prohibited, for the present, at Munich.

The King of the Corea has opened all the ports of his territory voluntarily to the commerce of all nations.

The working men of London have formed emigrating parties on a large scale to Canada and Australia.

From Naples, accounts are deplorable. Terror reigns throughout the capital and kingdom. Arrests continue incessantly.

England, with a national income of fifty odd millions sterling, contributes only four thousand pounds per annum for the encouragement of the fine arts.

The success of the half holiday movement in London has been such that business appears to be very nearly suspended on the last day of the week.

Bell's Life states that the vigorous measures adopted by the authorities for suppressing the London betting houses are likely to be completely successful.

It is said, on good authority, that Madame Novello has relinquished all idea of making the voyage to America, which has been so often announced in the transatlantic journals.

The head of Verger has been taken to the amphitheatre of the *Ecole de Medicine*, to be subjected to phrenological examination, and to allow casts to be taken from it.

Russian authorities give notice that they will purchase paving stones, brought as ballast, at the rate of twenty silver roubles per 343 cubic feet, and nine roubles per square foot of flag stones.

Augustine Brohan, a very charming French actress, and sister of the celebrated Madeline Brohan (Rose Cheri's rival, and *protège* of Napoleon III.), has taken the place of M. About as *feuilletoniste* of the Paris *Figaro*. She is a most brilliant and *piquante* writer.

Parliament has published an account of the public income and expenditures for the year ending September 30, 1856. Total income from all regular sources of revenue, was £71,348,000, and total expenditures £88,307,000, being an excess of £16,959,000 sterling of expenditures over income.

## Record of the Times.

The last legislature of Connecticut appropriated \$3000 to the Plymouth monument.

John J. Phelps, formerly a compositor in Boston, has bought the Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

A southern Episcopal university is about to be established, probably at Cleveland, Tenn.

Dr. William Symmes, of Andover, who died in 1807, wrote over 4500 sermons.

Mr. Berry, of Illinois, claims two-thirds of the land on which Dover, Delaware, is built.

The estimated cost of the railroad suspension bridge at St. Louis is \$1,500,000.

A teacher in one of the Cincinnati public schools was lately attacked by a pupil's mother.

Mrs. Brown says her stupid husband, when he tries on a boot, "puts his foot in it."

An extra session of the Pennsylvania Legislature will probably be called in June.

A German will lay awake hours studying metaphysics. They put an Englishman to sleep.

The Italian republicans have given President Buchanan a splendid gold chronometer watch.

People who write for this busy age, should accustom themselves to use short sentences.

There have been about twenty convictions, the past year, for forgeries of land warrants.

J. B. Wallace, of Oswego, lately lost a little son, owing to an apothecary's mistake, who sent wine of opium instead of antimonial wine.

Chief Justice Taney has administered the oath of office to Presidents Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

The degree of M. D. was conferred upon two hundred and twelve graduates at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, recently.

Quite a revival of religion is in progress in Ipswich, and a great number of persons have been added to the churches.

A clergyman in New York lately had a surprise visit from his friends, who brought him a shot bag with fifty double eagles in it, or \$1000.

Albert Delfosse has invented an "Anti-Garrotte Boot Bayonet," a valuable attachment for those accustomed to kick backwards—it being secured to the heel of the boot.

"What boxes govern the world?" asks a New York paper. It answers the question thus: "The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box and the hand-box."

One of the royal engineers has patented a method of changing common lime into hydraulic cement, by heating it in a closed chamber with sulphur.

Nineteen persons have been arrested at places along the line of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, who have stolen goods at various times from the freight cars to the amount of \$50,000.

The Sacramento Times says, in the course of a report of the proceedings at a public dinner: "The mayor of the city, and the ladies, etc., were appropriately and elegantly drunk, and the party separated in fine cheer."

About 150,000,000 letter-stamps were sold by the U. S. government last year.

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart inside of it.

A piece of gold is said to have been found in Australia, lately, worth \$100,000.

The two U. S. senators and the chief justice of Pennsylvania were formerly printers.

Fire-crackers have advanced in price in consequence of the war news from China.

There are about seven hundred clergymen in the city of New York and in Brooklyn.

It is said that large numbers of females in New York carry pistols in their pockets for protection.

The Manchester, N. H., Mirror tells of a turkey that lived 37 days without food or water.

The appropriations for the Springfield armory are \$320,000—larger than in any previous year.

A strenuous attempt is being made to establish a post-office in South Boston.

A new hotel is to be built at Philadelphia—\$700,000 having been already subscribed.

In Alabama they are manufacturing a wine called "Ulrica," which is much praised.

Huntington is now employed as bookkeeper for Mr. Woodruff, contractor in Sing-Sing prison.

An excellent coal deposit has been discovered in Pike county, Indiana.

The rowdies of Baltimore have taken to beating women for a pastime.

All the men who have been elected governors of New Hampshire since 1838 are alive, and all before that period are dead.

A mass of pure silver, weighing sixty-five pounds, it is stated, was lately found in one of the mines in the Lake Superior region.

A brutal omnibus driver in Philadelphia tied a rope round the tongue of his horse, because he would not move, and tore off five inches of it.

The Lowell police have notified the owners of buildings where intoxicating liquors are sold in the city, to stop the same. There is a penalty of \$1000 for letting buildings for this business.

Gerritt Smith has given \$1000 to the Dudley Observatory. The list of Boston gentlemen who have contributed to this institution has never been published.

If hoops for ladies' skirts go out of fashion, cord is not likely to. The Newburyport Herald says that the cord factories at the lower part of that city are hard pressed to supply the demand.

Congress has appropriated \$30,000 to renew the furniture of the Executive mansion; and also \$11,000 for the repair of the public grounds in Washington.

One of the patriots of the Revolution, John C. Reinhardt, died in Philadelphia recently, at the age of ninety-eight years. He was a native of Germany, and came here at nearly the same time with Lafayette.

H. Meschendorf, a German, aged 46, while eating dinner in too great a hurry, at New York, got strangled by a piece of meat and choked to death. He was said to be partly intoxicated at the time.

## Merry-Making.

A polite gentleman of this city begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down.

Planets and shooting-stars are similar, for the former are all *revolvers*.

An Emeraldler, in writing his life, says, "He ran away early from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle."

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is *let out* at night and *taken in* in the morning.

"Virtue is its own reward," as the gentleman said to the little street sweep at the crossing, when he held out his hand for a penny.

We learn that a distinguished professor has come to the conclusion that the cause of the potato rot is the *rotatory motion* of the earth.

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight has fallen on his toes, may be called excruciatingly funny.

An "orderly" is in a scrape, for saying that the general's lady put him in mind of the invoice of an African trader when he looked at her mouth—"all gums, gold and ivory."

St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words: "O, mihi, beate Martine," which was corrupted into "My eye and Betty Martin."

Once at the Holland house, the conversation turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by *paring*."

"Ma, I want a sled—I do want a sled—can't I have a sled?" "Ask your father." "I don't like to ask him, ma." "Why, what nonsense—ask him." "No, ma, you ask him—you have known him the longest."

"Lizzy," said a little curly-headed boy of some five years, "isn't Sam Slade a *buster*?" "Why, Charley?" "Because the grammar says positive buss, comparative buster, and I did see him give you such a positive buss."

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going—for it's time honest folks were at home." "Well, yes," was the answer; "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."

Why is a young lady about to dismiss her lover because he is a *medium*, like a person approaching a certain village in Maine. Of course you give it up. Well, it is because she is going to *sack a rapper* (*Saccarapa*)!

A fellow from the country, being treated to a glass of wild cherry compound, exclaimed, as soon as he got the pucker out of his mouth: "Gosh! I guess those *cherries* were so *wild* that the man didn't catch many of them."

A gentleman in the west of Scotland, celebrated for his wit, was conversing with a lady, who at last quite overpowered by the brilliance and frequency of his bon mots, exclaimed: "Stop, sir! there is really no end to your wit." "God forbid, madam," replied the humorist, "that I should ever be at my wit's end."

What name of a woman can always command a degree? Emma (M. A.).

"By your leaf," as the caterpillar said, when he dined off the cauliflower.

Who dare sit before the king with his hat on? Ans.—A coachman.

"I see better without wine and spectacles than when I use both," said Sidney Smith.

Life is a good deal like a pair of trousers—the comfort increases as the shine wears away.

What rod was most feared by Hebrew children of old? Ans.—He rod.

What is that which you should always keep after you have given it to another? Your word.

Why is a man not asleep like the evening before an Irish funeral? Ans.—Because he is a-wake.

It wont do for a man to bump his head against a stone fence, unless he believes his head is the hardest.

It is stated that the Buffalo folks are discussing the question, whether "Pop goes the Weasel" is an appropriate tune to be chimed by church bells.

Gentleman (to servant).—"Bridget, bring me this morning's paper." Bridget.—"Arrah! I used it to kindle the fire! Wont yesterday's do as well?"

"Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man." "By chalks, you tell the man, and I'll lick you and the 'lasses too."

Rousseau used to say, that "to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing anything that you have written."

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes."

In Ireland a sharp fellow is said to be "as cute as Power's fox, the fox of Ballybotherem, which used to read the newspapers every morning to find out where the hounds were going to meet."

There is a girl in Schenectady whose hair is so red that she is obliged, on retiring at night, to put an extinguisher on her head, instead of a night-cap, to prevent a conflagration of the bed clothes.

A man who forbade his servant girl (who belonged to the same church with himself) going in and out of the front door of the house, was quietly asked by the girl if he supposed they would enter heaven by separate doors.

"Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?" "O, I'se a carpenter and jiner." "Ho, I guess yer is! What department does yer perform, Sambo?" "What department? I does de circular work." "What's that?" "Why, I turn de grin'stone."

### GIVEN AWAY.

Any person desiring to see a copy of BALLOU'S PRORIAL, the favorite illustrated weekly journal, has only to address us a line to that effect, and a copy will be sent by return of mail, full of elegant engravings, free of charge. M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass.



# Mr. Leatherhead's Experience as a Whaler.



Mr. Leatherhead excited by the perusal of adventures in the South Seas—decides on a whaling trip.



Proceeds to procure an outfit from a friend who knows exactly what he needs, and supplies him.



Reports himself prepared to do duty, and is ordered to get aboard—gets one.



He hears the order to "weigh anchor," and proceeds at once to do it.



Being ordered aloft in a storm, thinks it time to make use of his umbrella. Hard work!



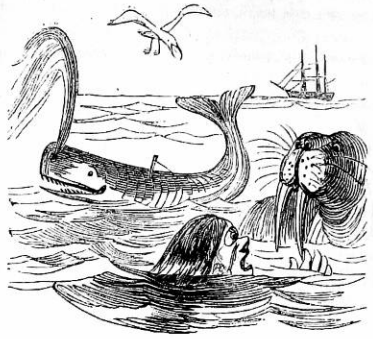
False alarm of whales is raised, to practise the green hands at the oar. His hands don't improve under the system.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

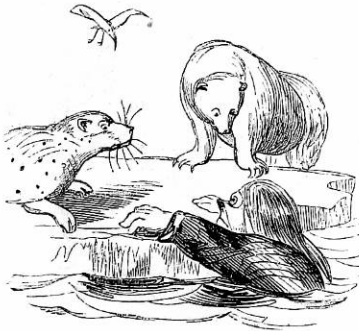
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



He catches a whale, however, and holds on to him like grim Death.



Consequently he follows the whale overboard. "Strange things come up to look at him."



He reaches, after a desperate struggle, a friendly cake of ice, and introduces himself to its inhabitants.



He is rescued, and proceeds down the ship's side to dig spermaceti. Not being successful, he is appointed



To boil the oil. Succeeds in setting the ship on fire, and



Makes his escape to a desert island, with some refreshments and the captain's hat.