JANUARY.

Make up your Clubs for this year.

If a copy of "Godey" were sent into every house of the land, it would do more towards refining and elevating the people than anything we can think of.—*Times*, Aylmer, Canada.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

VOL. LXVI.

1863.

LOUIS A. GODEY

PHILADELPHIA.

LAUDERBACH PHILA

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

For 1863.

GREAT LITERARY AND PICTORIAL YEAR!

The publisher of Godey's Lady's Book, thankful to that public which has enabled him to publish a magazine for the last *thirty-three* years of a larger circulation than any in America, has made an arrangement with the most popular authoress in this country—

MARION HARLAND,

Authoress of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam,"

who will furnish a story for every number of the Lady's Book for 1863. This alone will place the Lady's Book in a literary point of view far ahead of any other magazine. Marion Harland writes for no other publication. Our other favorite writers will all continue to furnish articles throughout the year.

Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Volumes of

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1863,

WILL CONTAIN NEARLY

1300 *Pages of Reading,* **24** *Pages of Music,* **12** *Double Extension Colored Fashion Plates, equal to* **24** *of other Magazines, over* **1200** *Wood Engravings,* **14** *Steel Engravings of beautiful subjects,* **780** *Articles by the best authors in America. And all these will be given in* 1863, *at prices for which*

☞ SEE OUR EXTREMELY LOW CLUB RATES. ☜

THE OLDEST, THE BEST, AND THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.

Useful, Ornamental, and Instructive.

THE ONLY LADY'S BOOK IN AMERICA.

The immense increase in the circulation of Godey—having trebled itself in the last four years—is a convincing proof of the superiority of the work, if the work itself was not sufficient evidence. And when it is considered that NOT A BRIBE in the shape of a premium has ever been offered, it shows that Godey's Lady's Book stands first in the hearts of American ladies who subscribe for the sake of the Book and not the premium.

THE LITERATURE

of the Lady's Book is by the first writers in America, and has always been remarkable for its high literary and moral character. Clergymen recommend the Book, and it can be read aloud in the family circle. The matter is far superior to that of any other magazine, having a healthy and instructive tone. Can any other work name such writers as

MARION HARLAND, MRS. METTA VICTORIA VICTOR, MISS MARY W. JANVRIN, MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, MRS. ALICE B. HAVEN, MRS. S. J. HALE, MISS ANNIE FROST, EDITH WOODLEY, MRS. LUCY N. GODFREY, MRS. E. F. ELLET, PAULINE FORSYTH, T. S. ARTHUR, REV. H. H. WELD, and hosts of others?

EIGHT SPECIALITIES

THAT NO OTHER MAGAZINE HAS, AND ONLY TO BE FOUND IN GODEY.

"Original Music," "Model Cottages, with diagrams," "Drawing Lessons," "Children's Department," "Original Health Department," "Chemistry for the Young," "Horticultural Department," and "Double Extension Fashion-plates."

GODEY'S GREAT SPECIALITY,

Unequalled and unapproached. Competition dead in this department. Our imitators have abandoned the attempt.

OUR SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The unanimous voice of the press has pronounced Godey's engravings to be the best ever published in any magazine of the world, and equal to those published in the Annuals of Great Britain. You may look in vain for *fourteen* such steel engravings as have been published in the sixty-fourth and sixty-fifth volumes of this Book, and those for 1863 will surpass them. The design and execution of these plates have elicited general remark, not only in this country but in England. It is a singular fact that no other magazine goes to the expense of original designs for their steel engravings.

GODEY'S IMMENSE DOUBLE SHEET FASHION-PLATES,

CONTAINING

From five to seven full length Colored Fashions on each Plate. Other Magazines give only two.

FAR AHEAD OF ANY FASHIONS IN EUROPE OR AMERICA.

Godey's is the only work in the world that gives these immense plates, and they are such as to have excited the wonder of publishers and the public. The publication of these plates cost

$10,000 MORE

than Fashion-plates of the old style, and nothing but our wonderfully large circulation enables us to give them. Other magazines cannot afford it. We never spare money when the public can be benefited.

These fashions may be relied on. Dresses may be made after them, and the wearer will not subject herself to ridicule, as would be the case if she visited the large cities dressed after the style of the plates given in some of our so called fashion magazines.

(*See third page of Cover.*)

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE OLD SEWING MACHINE.

TRAVELING or WINTER HOOD.

LA MADRILENA.

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

We illustrate this month a style of pardessus which we regard as peculiarly becoming, comfortable, and convenient—one that from its beauty lays claim to become a lasting favorite. We believe that the style is so clearly depicted in the drawing that no verbal explanation will render it more intelligible. The cloak from which the above view is taken is of black cloth. The ornamentation may vary; that upon the one above was composed of *brandebourgs*.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

HEADDRESSES.

(See description, Fashion department.)

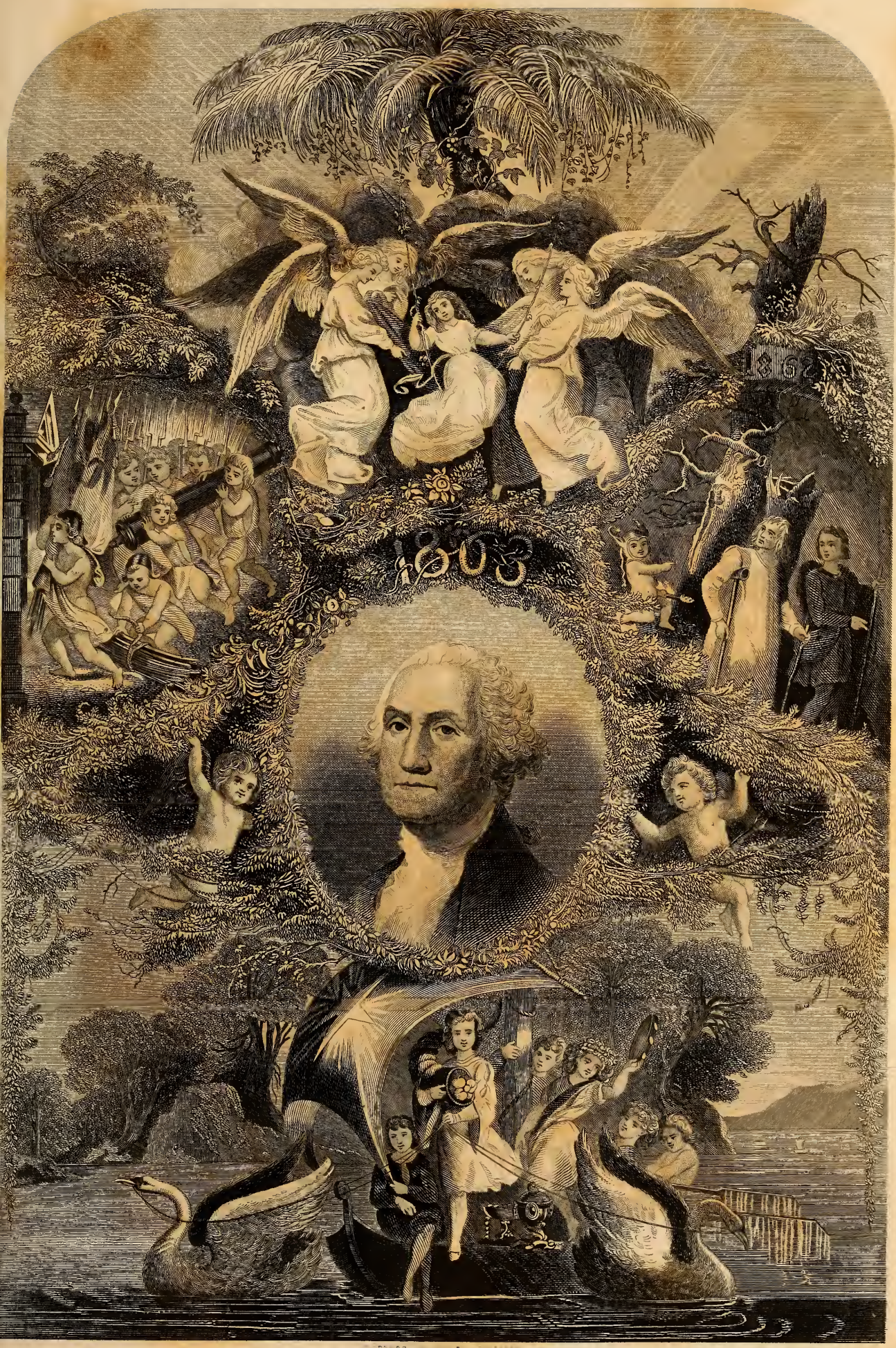
BRAIDING PATTERN.

THE PRINCESS CAPUCHON.

Made of white cashmere, braided with black velvet, and trimmed with cherry-colored ribbon. The tassel is of black lace.

BRAIDING FOR A MARSEILLES CLOAK.

LADIES' BRAIDED SLIPPER.—(*See description, Work department.*)



NEW YEAR.

LATEST FASHION.

Garnet-colored poplin dress, gored. Garnet silk, puffed *en tablier* up the front of the dress and corsage, and ornamented with black velvet ribbon and bows. Fancy tulle cap, trimmed with apple-green velvet. Muslin ruff, and green velvet neck-tie.

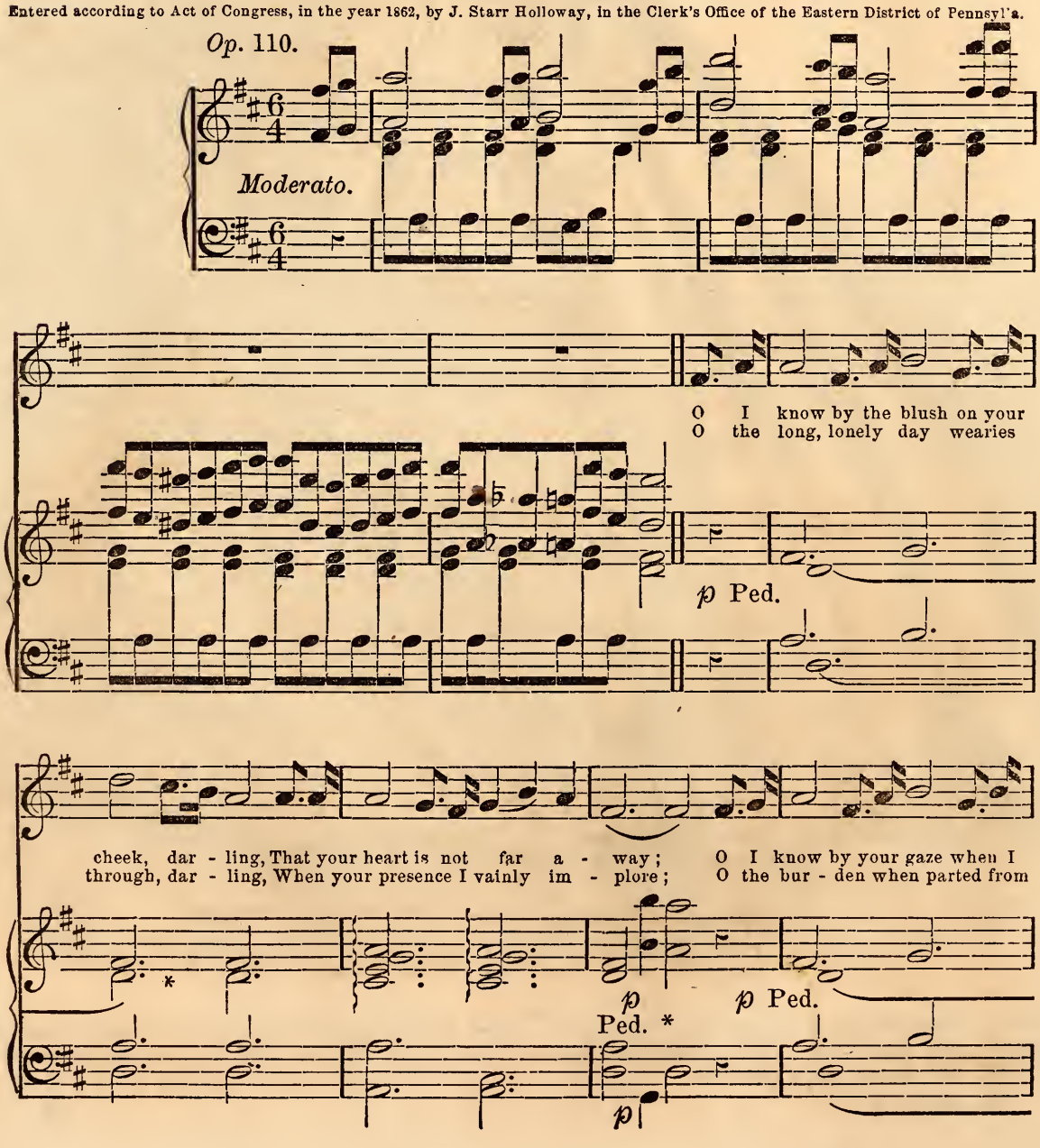
Norah Mavourneen.

New Irish Ballad.

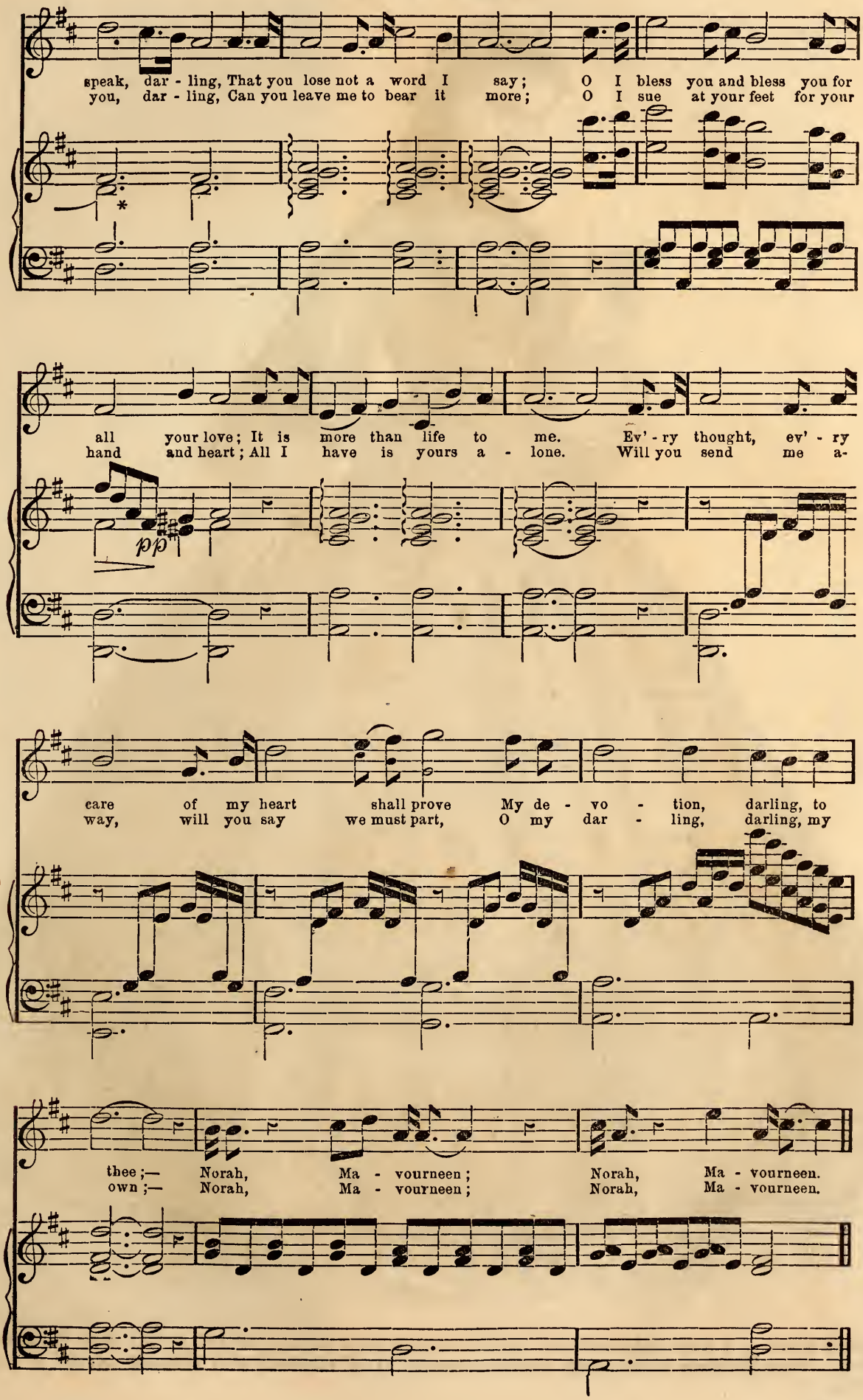
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL VALLEY," "THE PASSING BELL," "POOR BEN, THE PIPER," ETC.



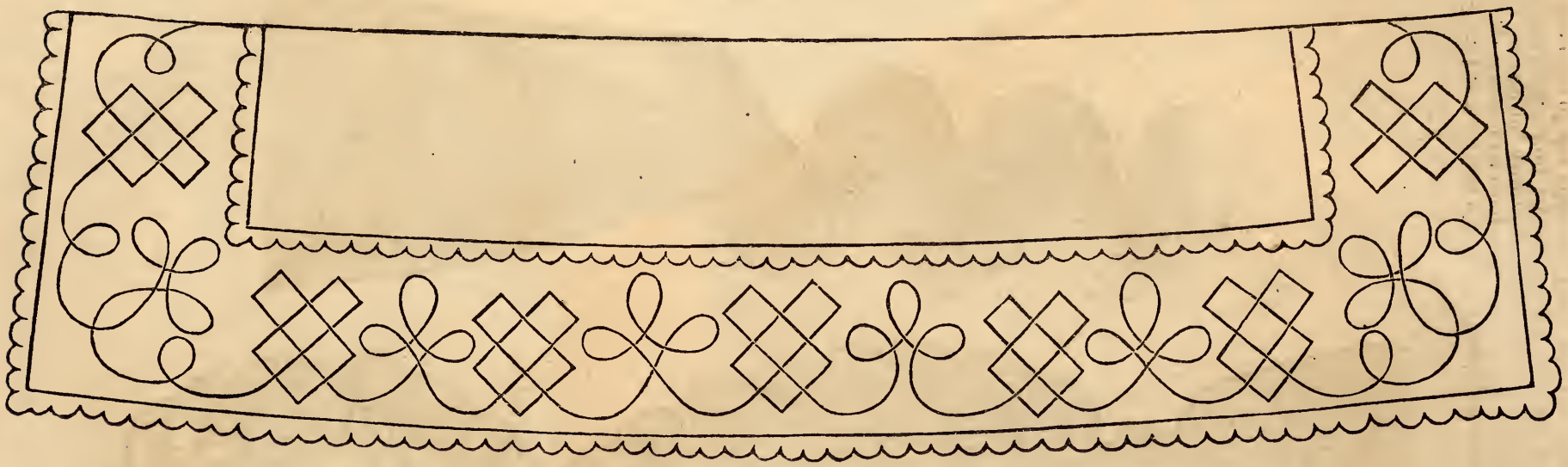
NORAH MAVOURNEEN.



LATEST FASHION.

Dark green silk dress, trimmed with applications of black velvet, finished with narrow black velvet ribbon. Standing linen collar, with vesuve neck-tie. Cap trimmed with different shades of vesuve ribbons.

BRAIDED CUFF.



BACK OF LADIES' BRAIDED SLIPPER.

FANCY TIE.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

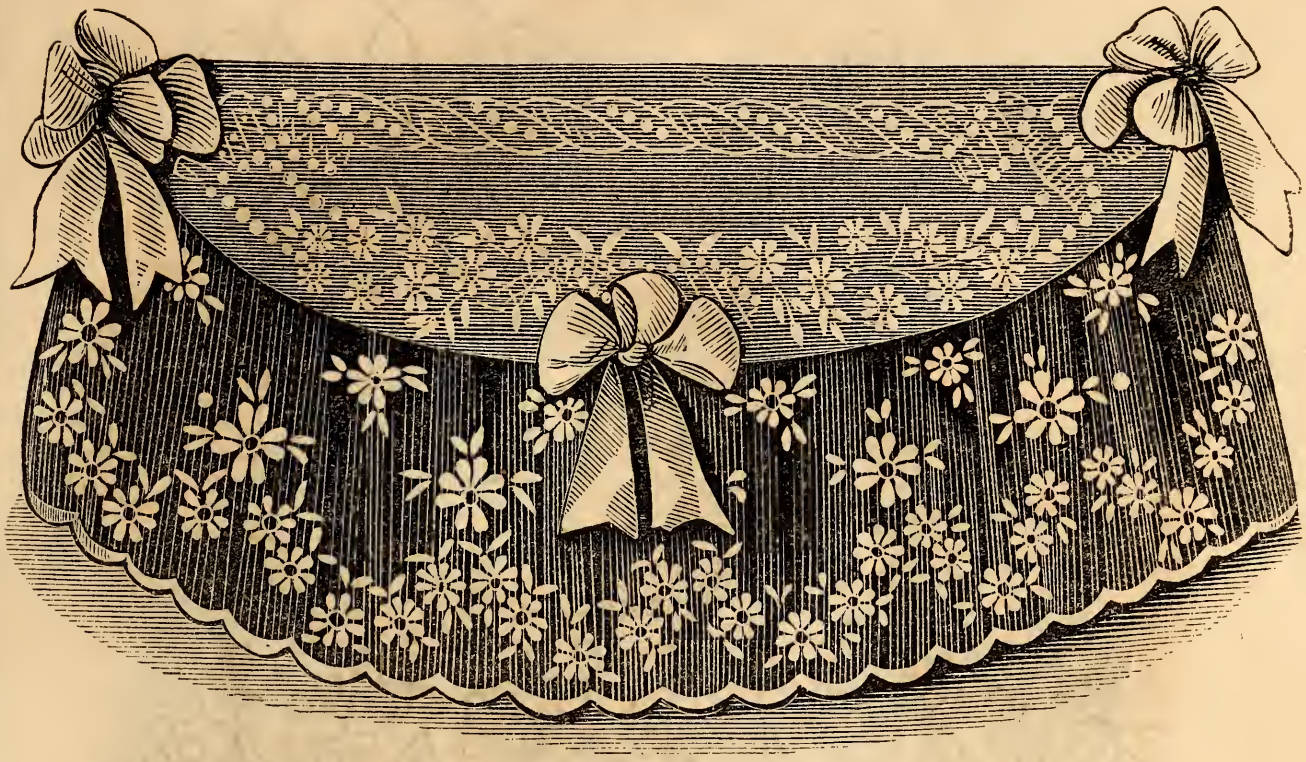
Fig. 1 is a portion of the tie, showing the width of the ribbon.

Fig. 2 is the tie complete.

Take ribbon, with firm edges, but not very stiff, and cut it in three pieces each one yard and a quarter long. Pull all the threads running lengthwise, so that the cross threads are only held by the edge of the ribbon. Then fold the edges together, and twist the ribbon lightly, always keeping the edges in the centre of the twist. When the three pieces are thus prepared, sew them together, and trim the ends with a light silk tassel.

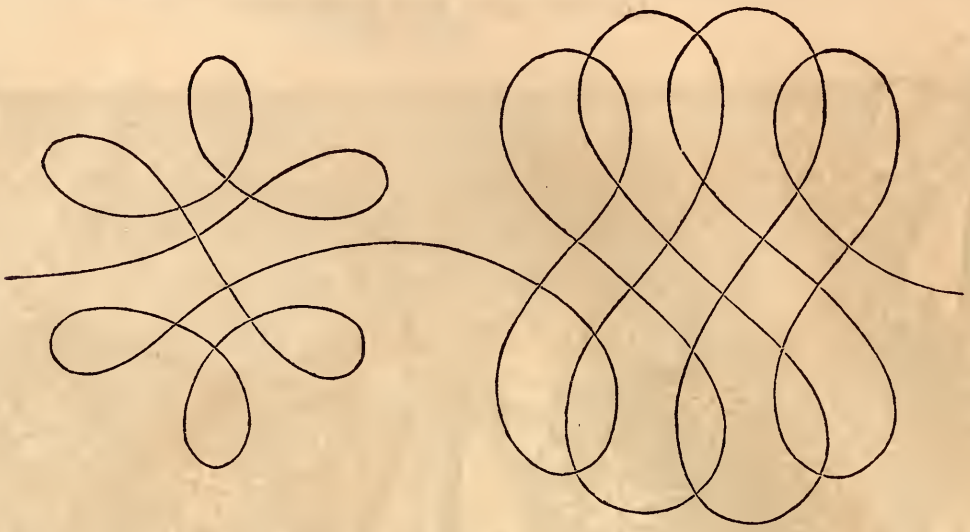
HALF-CIRCLE BOX TOILETTE PINCUSHION.

(See description, Work Department.)



EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT.

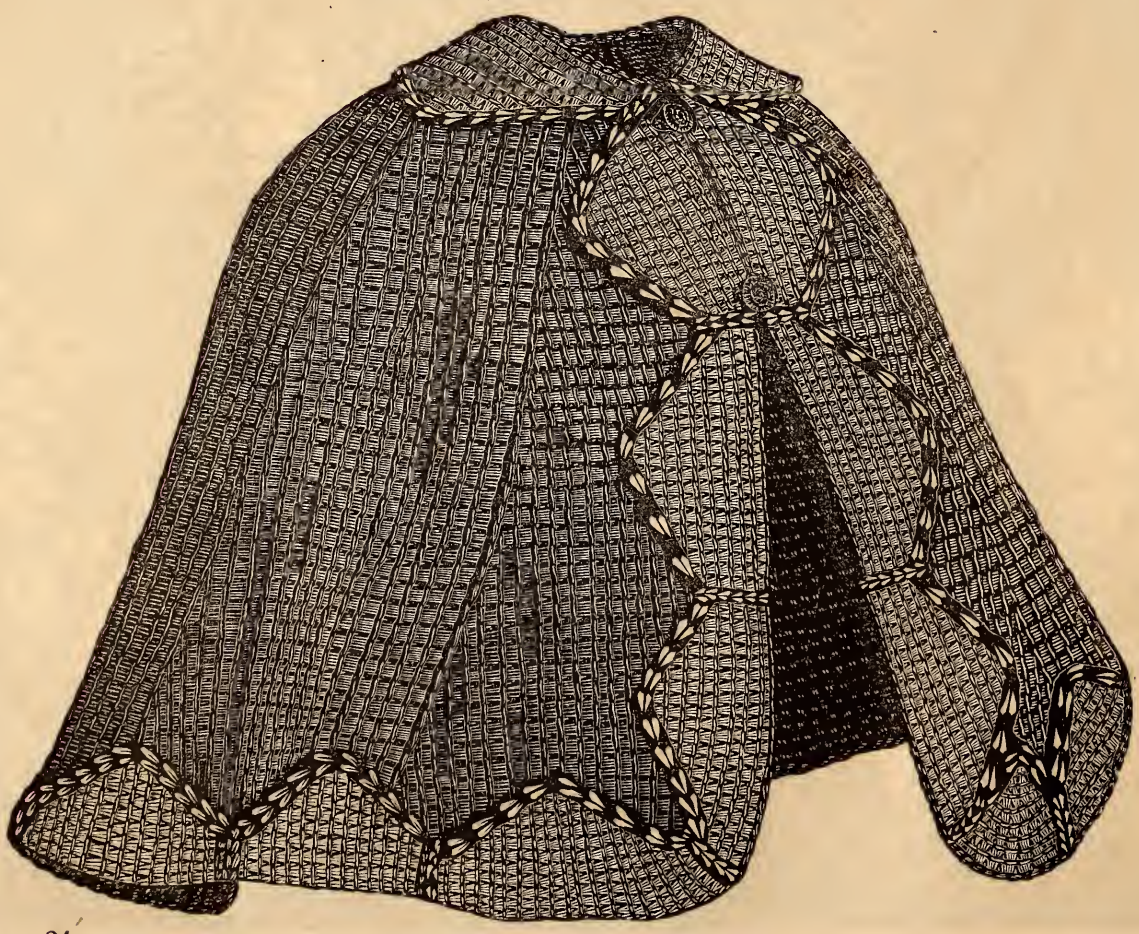
BRAIDING PATTERN.



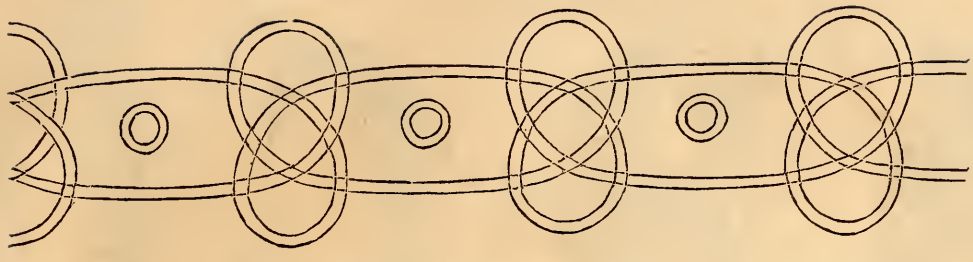
EMBROIDERY.

PELERINE CLOAK.

(See description, Work Department.)

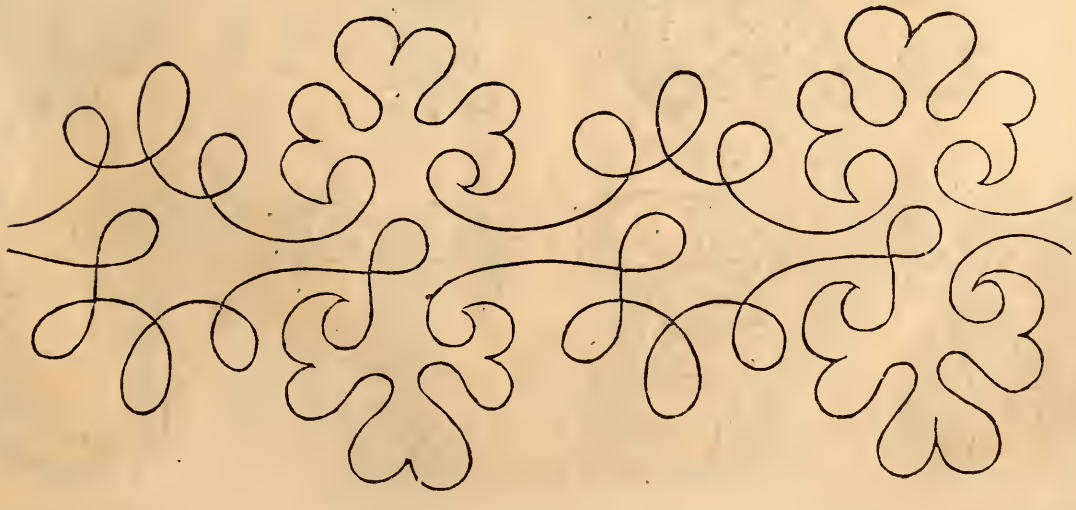


BRAIDING PATTERN.

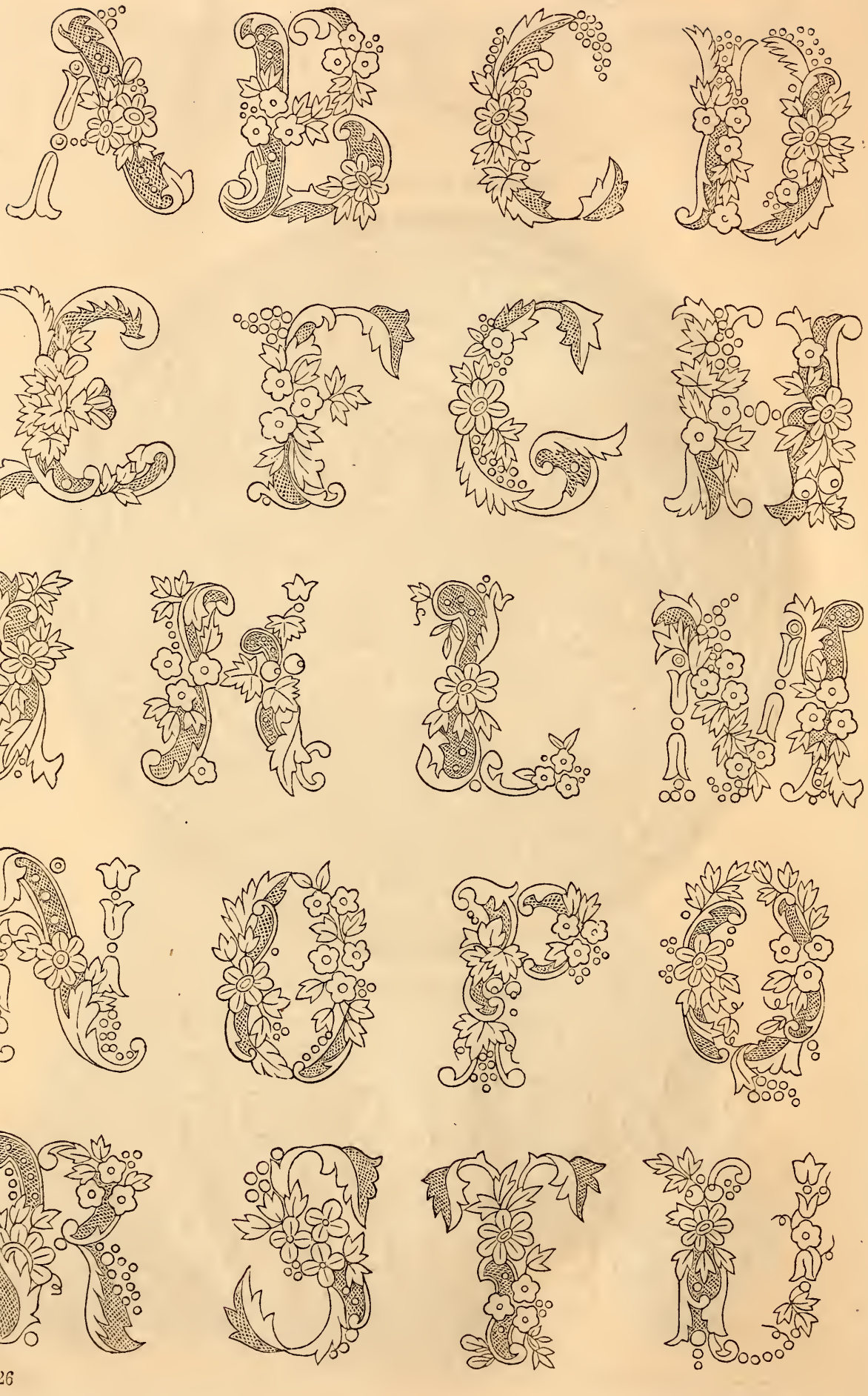


BRAIDED PINCUSHION.

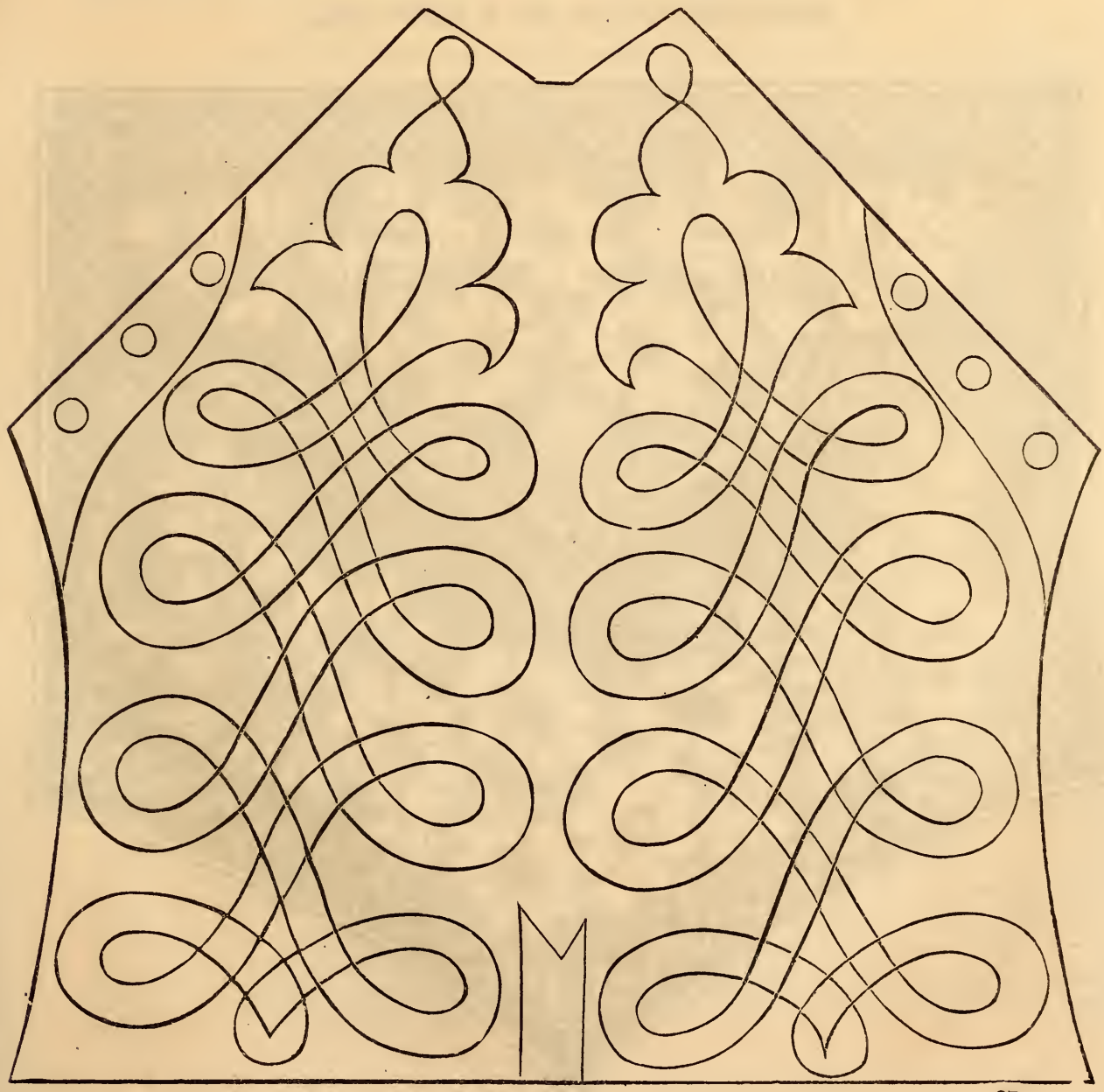
BRAIDING PATTERN.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



BRAIDED SHOE FOR A CHILD.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

EMBROIDERED POCKET FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

(*See description, Work Department.*)

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1863.

"HUSKS."

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

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER I.

It was a decided, uncompromising rainy day. There were no showers, coquetted with by veering winds, or dubious mists, that at times grew brighter, as if the sun were burning away their lining; but a uniform expanse of iron-gray clouds—kept in close, grim column by a steady, although not violent east wind—sent straight lines of heavy rain upon the earth. The naked trees, that, during the earlier hours of the deluge, had seemed to shiver for the immature leaf-buds, so unfit to endure the rough handling of the storm, now held out still, patient arms, the rising sap curdled within their hearts. The gutters were brimming streams, and the sidewalks were glazed with thin sheets of water.

The block of buildings before which our story pauses, was, as a glance would have showed the initiated in the grades of Gotham life, highly respectable, even in the rain. On a clear day, when the half folded blinds revealed the lace, silken, and damask draperies within; when young misses and masters—galvanized show-blocks of purple and fine linen, that would have passed muster behind the plate-glass of Gervin or Madame Demorest—tripped after hoops, or promenaded the smooth pavement; when pretty, jaunty one-horse carriages, and more pretentious equipages, each with a pair of prancing steeds, and two "outside passengers" in broadcloth and tinsel hat-bands, received and discharged their loads before the brown-stone fronts—had the afore-mentioned spectator chanced to perambulate this not spacious street, he would have conceded to it some degree of the fashion claimed for it by its inhabitants. There were larger houses and wider pavements to be had for the same price, a few blocks further on, in more than one direction, but these were unanimously voted "less eligible" and "deficient in style," in spite of the fact that as good and better materials were employed in their construction, and they were in all respects equal in external show and inside finish to those in this model quarter. "But our block has a certain air—well—I don't know what; but it is just the thing, you know, and so convenient! So near the Avenue!" would be the concluding argument.

The nameless, indescribable charm of the locality lay in the last clause. "Just step around the corner, and you are in the Avenue," said the favored dwellers in this vicinity, as the climax in the description of their abode, and "that way *fashion* lies" to every right-minded New Yorker of the feminine gender.

But the aristocratic quiet of the neighborhood, rendered oppressive and depressing by the gloom of the day, was disturbed by a discordant sound—and what was especially martyrizing to refined auriculars, the lament had the unmistakable plebeian accent. The passionate scream with which the pampered darling of the nursery resents interference with his rights and liberty of tyranny, or the angry remonstrance of his injured playmates, would have been quite another species of natural eloquence, as regards both quality and force, from the weak, broken

wail that sobbed along the wet streets. Moreover, what respectable child could be abroad on foot in this weather? So, the disrespectable juvenile pursued her melancholy way unnoticed and unquestioned until she reached the middle of the square. There a face appeared at a window in the second story of a house—which only differed from those to its right, left and opposite in the number upon the door—vanished, and in half a minute more a young lady appeared in the sheltered vestibule.

"What is the matter, little girl?"

The tone was not winning, yet the sobs ceased, and the child looked up, as to a friendly questioner. She was about eleven years of age, if one had judged from her size and form; but her features were pinched into unnatural maturity. Her attire was wretched, at its best estate; now, soaked by the rain, the dingy hood drooped over her eyes; the dark cotton shawl retained not one of its original colors, and the muddy dress flapped and dripped about her ankles. Upon one foot she wore an old cloth gaiter, probably picked up from an ash-heap; the remains of a more sorry slipper were tied around the other.

"I am so cold and wet, and my matches is all sp'ilt!" she answered, in a dolorous tone, lifting the corner of a scrap of oil-cloth, which covered a basket, tucked, for further security, under her shawl.

"No wonder! What else could you expect, if you would go out to sell them on a day like this? Go down into the area, there, and wait until I let you in."

The precaution was a wise one. No servant in that well-regulated household would have admitted so questionable a figure as that which crept after their young mistress into the comfortable kitchen. The cook paused in the act of dissecting a chicken; the butler—on carriage days, the footman—checked his flirtation with the plump and laughing chambermaid, to stare at the wretched apparition. The scrutiny of the first named functionary was speedily diverted to the dirty trail left by the intruder upon the carpet. A scowl puckered her red face, and her wrathful glance included both of the visitants as alike guilty of this desecration of her premises. The housemaid rolled up her eyes and clasped her hands in dumb show of horror and contempt, to her gallant, who replied with a shrug and a grin. But not a word of remonstrance or inquiry was spoken. It was rather a habit of this young lady's to have her own way whenever she could, and that she was bent upon doing this now was clear.

"Sit down!" she said, bringing up a chair to the fire.

The storm-beaten wanderer obeyed, and eagerly held up her sodden feet to the red grate.

"Have you no better shoes than those?"

"No, ma'am."

"Humph! Nor dress—nor shawl?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are you hungry?"

A ray shot from the swollen eyes. "Yes, ma'am!"

The lady disappeared in the pantry and presently returned with five or six slices of bread and butter hastily cut and thickly spread, with cheese and cold meat between them.

"Eat!" She thrust them into the match-girl's fingers. "Wait here, while I go and look for some clothes for you."

As may be supposed, the insulted oracle of kitchen mysteries improved the time of the benefactress's absence by a very plain expression of her sentiments towards beggars in general, and this one in particular; which harangue was received with applause by her fellow-servants, and perfect equanimity by its object. She munched her sandwiches with greedy satisfaction, watching, the while, the little clouds of steam that ascended from her heated toes. She was, to all appearance, neither a sensitive nor intelligent child, and had known too much of animal want and suffering to allow trifles to spoil her enjoyment of whatever physical comfort fell to her lot. Her mother at home could scold quite as virulently as the cook was now doing, and she was more afraid of her anger, because she beat while she berated her. She was convinced that she stood in no such peril here, for her protectress was one in power.

"Have you eaten enough?" said the clear, abrupt voice behind her, as she held two sandwiches in her fingers, without offering to put them to her lips.

"Yes, ma'am. May I take 'em home?"

"Certainly, if you like. Stand up, and take off your shawl."

She put around the forlorn figure a thick cloak, rusty and obsolete in fashion, but which was a warm and ample covering for the child, extending to the hem of her dress. The damp elf-locks were hidden by a knitted hood; and, for the feet, there were stockings and shoes, and a pair of India-rubbers to protect these last from the water.

"Now," said the Humane Society of One, when the refitting was at an end, "where do you live? Never mind! I don't care to know that yet! Here is a small umbrella—a good

one—which belongs to me. I have no other for myself when I go out in bad weather. I mean to lend it to you, to-day, upon the condition that you will bring it back to morrow, or the first clear day. Will you do it?"

The promise was readily given.

"Here 's an old thing, Miss Sarah!" ventured the butler, respectfully; producing a bulky, ragged cotton umbrella from a corner of the kitchen closet. "It 's risky—trusting sech as *that* with your nice silk one."

"That will let in the rain, and is entirely too large for her to carry. You understand, child? You are to bring this safely back to me, the first time the sun shines. Can you find your way to this house again?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, easy! Thank you, ma'am!"

She dropped an awkward courtesy, as Miss Sarah held open the door for her to pass, and went out into the rain—warm, dry, and shielded against further damage from the storm.

Unheeding the significant looks of the culinary cabinet, Sarah Hunt turned away and ascended the stairs. She was a striking-looking girl, although her features, when in repose, could claim neither beauty of form or expression. Her complexion was dark and pale, with a slight tinge of olive, and her hair a deep brown, lips whose compression was habitual, an aquiline nose, and eyes that changed from dreamy hazel to midnight blackness at the call of mind or feeling, gave marked character to her countenance. Her sententious style of address to the child she had just dismissed was natural, and usual to her in ordinary conversation, as was also the gravity, verging upon sombreness, which had not once during the interview relaxed into a smile.

The family sitting-room, her destination at present, and to which we will take the liberty of preceding her, was furnished elegantly and substantially; and there, leaning back in lounging-chairs, were Miss Lucy Hunt, the eldest daughter of the household, and her bosom friend, Miss Victoria West. Each held and wielded a crochet-needle, and had upon her lap a basket of many-hued balls of double or single zephyr worsted, or Shetland or Saxony wool, or whatever was the fashionable article for such pretty trifling at that date. Miss West had completed one-quarter of a shawl for herself, white and scarlet; and her friend had made precisely the same progress in the arduous manufacture of one whose centre was white and its border blue.

"Yours will be the prettiest," remarked Lucy, regretfully. "Blue never looks well in worsteds. Why, I can't say, I 'm sure. It is too bad that I can wear so few other colors! But I am such a fright in pink, or scarlet, or any shade of red!"

"As if *you* could ever be a fright in anything!" returned her companion, with seeming indignation.

Lucy smiled, showing a set of faultless teeth that, to a stranger's first glance, would have appeared by far the most attractive point in her physiognomy. If closer examination discovered that her skin was pearly in whiteness and transparency, that her form was exquisite, with a sort of voluptuous grace; her hands worthy, in shape and hue, to become a sculptor's model; still, in the cold, unflattering light of this rainy afternoon, her want of color, her light gray eyes, her yellow hair, drawn straight back from the broad, low brow, precluded the idea that she could ever, with all the accessories of artificial glare, dress, and animation, be more than a merely pretty girl. Miss West knew better, and Lucy realized the power of her own charms with full and complete complacency. Secure in this pleasant self-appreciation, she could afford to be careless as to her everyday looks and home-people. She saw and enjoyed the manifest surprise of those who, having seen her once in morning dishabille, beheld her afterwards in elaborate evening toilet. Then the abundant hair, wreathed with golden ripples, the classic head, the most artfully simple of tasteful ornaments—a camellia, a rosebud, or a pearl hairpin its sole adornment; her eyes, large, full, and soft, were blue instead of gray, while the heat of the assembly-room, the excitement of the crowd, or the exultation of gratified vanity supplied the rounded cheek with rich bloom, and dewy vermilion to the lips. But nature's rarest gift to her was her voice, a mellow contralto, whose skilful modulations stole refreshingly to the senses amid the sharp clash of strained and higher tones, the castanet-like jingle which most American belles ring unmercifully into the ears of their auditors. Lucy Hunt was not "a great talker," still less was she profound or brilliant when she did speak; yet she invariably conveyed the impression to the mind of a new acquaintance of a thoroughly cultivated woman, one whose acquirements were far beyond her modest exhibition of thought and sentiment. The most commonplace phrase came smoothly and roundly from her tongue, and he was censorious indeed who was willing to lose the pleasure afforded by its musical utterance in weighing its meaning. At school

she had never been diligent, except in the study of music, and her pains-taking in this respect was rewarded by the reputation, justly earned, of being the finest vocalist in her circle of associates. In society she shone as a rising star of the first magnitude; at home she was happy, cheerful, and indolently amiable. Why should she be otherwise? From her babyhood she had been petted and admired by her family, and the world—*her* world—was as ready with its meed of the adulation which was her element.

There were, besides the two sisters already introduced to the reader, three other children in the Hunt household—a couple of sturdy lads, twelve and fourteen years of age, and little Jeannie, a delicate child of six, whom Lucy caressed with pet titles and sugar-plums of flattery, and Sarah served in secret and idolatrous fondness. This family it was Mrs. Hunt's care and pride to rear and maintain, not only in comfort, but apparent luxury, upon the salary which her husband received as cashier of a prominent city bank, an income sufficient to support them in modest elegance, but which few besides Mrs. Hunt could have stretched to cover the expenses of their ostensible style of living. But this notable manager had learned economy in excellent schools; primarily as a country girl, whose holiday finery was purchased with the proceeds of her own butter-making and poultry-yard; then as the brisk, lively wife of the young clerk, whose slender salary had, up to the time of his marriage, barely sufficed to pay for his own board and clothes, and whose only vested capital was his pen, his good character, and perfect knowledge of book-keeping. But if his help-meet were a clever housewife, she was likewise ambitious. With the exception of the sum requisite for the yearly payment of the premium upon Mr. Hunt's life-insurance policy, their annual expenses devoured every cent of their receipts. Indeed, it was currently believed among outsiders that they had other resources than the cashier's wages, and Mrs. Hunt indirectly encouraged the report that she held property in her own right. They lived "as their neighbors did," as "everybody in their position in society was bound to do," and "everybody" else was too intent upon his personal affairs, too busy with his private train of plans and operations to examine closely the cogs, and levers, and boilers of the locomotive Hunt. If it went ahead, and kept upon the track assigned it, was always "up to time," and avoided unpleasant collisions, it was nobody's business how the steam was gotten up.

Every human plant of note has its parasite, and Miss Lucy Hunt was not without hers. There existed no reason in the outward circumstances of the two girls why Miss Hunt should not court Miss West, rather than Miss West toady Miss Hunt. In a business—that is, a pecuniary—point of view, the former appeared the more likely state of the case, inasmuch as Victoria's father was a stock-broker of reputed wealth, and with a probable millionaireship in prospective, if his future good fortune equalled his past, while Mr. Hunt, as has been stated, depended entirely upon a certain and not an extravagant stipend. But the girls became intimate at school, "came out" the same winter at the same party, where Lucy created a "sensation," and Victoria would have been overlooked but for the sentimental connection between the *débutantes*. Since then, although the confidante would have scouted the imputation of interested motives with the virtuous indignation of wounded affection, she had nevertheless "made a good thing of it," as her respected father would have phrased it, by playing hanger-on, second fiddle, and trumpeter general to the belle.

"As if *you* could be a fright in anything!" she had said naturally and perhaps sincerely.

Lucy's smile was succeeded by a serious look. "I am sadly tempted sometimes! Those lovely peach-blossom hats that you and Sarah wore this past winter were absolute trials to my sense of right! And no longer ago than Mrs. Crossman's party I was guilty of the sin of coveting the complexion that enabled Maria Johnston to wear that sweet rose-colored silk, with the lace skirt looped with rosebuds."

"*You* envy Maria Johnston's complexion! Why don't you go further, and fall in love with her small eyes and pug nose?" inquired Victoria, severely ironical. "I have heard that people were never contented with their own gifts, but such a case of blindness as this has never before come under my observation."

"No, no! I am not quite so humble with regard to my personal appearance as you would make out. Yet"—and the plaintive voice might have been the murmur of a grieving angel—"I think that there are compensations in the lot of plain people that we know nothing about. They escape the censure and unkind remarks that uncharitable and envious women heap upon those who happen to be attractive. Now, there is Sarah, who never cares a button about her looks, so long as her hair is smooth and her dress clean and whole. She hates parties, and is glad of any excuse to stay out

of the parlor when gentlemen call. Give her her books and that 'snuggery,' as she calls it, of a room up stairs, and she is happier than if she were in the gayest company in the world. Who criticizes *her?* Nobody is jealous of her face, or manners, or conversation. And she would not mind it if they were."

"She has a more independent nature than yours, my dear. I, for one, am rejoiced that you two are unlike. I could not endure to lose my darling friend, and somehow I never could understand Sarah; never could get near to her, you know."

"I do not wonder at that. It is just so with me, sisters though we are. However, Sarah means well, if her manner *is* blunt and sometimes cold."

The entrance of the person under discussion checked the conversation at this point, and both young ladies began to count their stitches aloud, to avoid the appearance of the foolish embarrassment that ever overtakes a brace of gossips at being thus interrupted.

Sarah's work lay on her stand near the window, where she had thrown it when the crying child attracted her notice, and she resumed it now. It was a dress for Jeannie. It was a rare occurrence for the second sister to fashion anything so pretty and gay for her own wear.

"Have you taken to fancy-work at last?" asked Victoria, seeing that the unmade skirt was stamped with a rich, heavy pattern for embroidery.

"No!" Sarah did not affect her sister's friend, and did not trouble herself to disguise her feelings towards her.

Lucy explained: "She is making it for Jeannie. She does everything for that child."

"You are very sisterly and kind, I am sure," Victoria continued, patronizingly. "You must quite despise Lucy and myself for thinking of and doing so much for ourselves, while you are such a pattern of self-denial."

A blaze shot up in Sarah's eye; then she said, coldly: "I am not self-denying. Have I ever found fault with you or Lucy for doing as you like?"

"Oh no, my dear! But you take no interest in what we enjoy. I dare say, now, you would think it a dull business to work day after day for three or four weeks together, crocheting a shawl which may go out of fashion before one has a chance to sport it at a watering-place."

"I certainly should!" The curl of the thin upper lip would have answered for her had she not spoken.

"And you hate the very sight of shell-work, and cone-frames, and Grecian painting, and all such vanities?"

"If I must speak the truth, I do—most heartily!"

Victoria was not easily turned from her purpose.

"Come, Sarah! Tell us what you would have us, poor trifling, silly things, do to kill the time."

"If you must be a murderer, do it in your own way. I have nothing to say in the matter."

"Do you mean that time never hangs upon your hands? that you are never *ennuyée*, *blasée?*"

"Speak English, and I will answer you!"

"I want to know," said the persevering tormentor, "if the hum-drum books up-stairs, your paint box, and your easel are such good company that you are contented and happy always when you are with them? if you never get cross with yourself and everybody else, and wonder what you were put into the world for, and why the world itself was made, and wish that you could sleep until doomsday. Do you ever feel like this?"

Sarah lifted her eyes with a wondering, incredulous stare at the flippant inquisitor.

"I *have* felt thus, but I did not suppose that you had!"

"Oh! I have a 'blue' turn now and then, but the disease is always more dangerous with girls of your sort—the reading, thinking, strong-minded kind. And the older you grow, the worse you will get. I hav'n't as much book knowledge as you have, but I know more of the world we live in. Take my advice, and settle down to woman's right sphere. Drive away the vapors with beaux and fancy-work now. By and by, a husband and an establishment will give you something else to think about."

Sarah would have replied, but Lucy broke in with a laugh, light and sweet.

"You two are always at cross-questions! Why can't you be satisfied to let one another alone? Sarah and I never quarrel, Vic. We agree to disagree. She gives me my way, and I don't meddle with her. If she likes the blues (they say some people enjoy them!) where 's the harm of her having them? They never come near me. If I get stupid, I go to bed and sleep it off. Don't you think I have done ten rows, since breakfast? What a godsend a rainy day is, when one has a fascinating piece of work on hand!"

Too proud to seem to abandon the field,

Sarah sat for half an hour longer, stitching steadily away at the complicated tracery upon the ground to be worked; then, as the dimmer daylight caused the others to draw near to the windows, she pushed aside her table and put by her sewing.

"Don't let us drive you away!" said Victoria's mock-polite tones; and Lucy added, kindly, "We do not mean to disturb you, Sarah, dear!"

"You do not disturb me!" was the reply to the latter. The other had neither glance nor word.

Up another flight, she mounted to a room, much smaller than that she had left and far plainer in its appointments. The higher one went in Mrs. Hunt's house, the less splendid everything became. In the state spare chamber—a story below—nothing of comfort and luxury was wanting, from the carved rosewood bedstead, with the regal-looking canopy overshadowing its pillows, down to the Bohemian and cut-glass scent bottles upon the marble of the dressing-cabinet. Sarah's carpet was common ingrain, neither pretty nor new; a cottage bedstead of painted wood; bureau and washstand of the same material; two chairs, and a small table were all the furniture her mother adjudged needful. To these the girl had added, from her pittance of pocket money, a set of hanging bookshelves; a portable desk, an easel, and two or three good engravings that adorned the walls.

She locked the door after her, with a kind of angry satisfaction in her face, and going straight to the window, leaned upon the sash, and looked down into the flooded street. Her eyes were dry, but there was a heaving in her throat; a tightening of the muscles about the mouth that would have made most women weep for very relief. Sarah Hunt would have scorned the ease purchased by such weakness. She did not despise the sad loneliness that girt her around, any more than the captive warrior does his cell of iron or stone, but she held that it would be a cowardly succumbing to Fate, to wound herself by dashing against the grim walls, or bring out their sleeping echoes by womanish wailings. So, presently, her throat ached and throbbed no longer; the rigid muscles compressed the lips no more than was their wont; the hands loosened their vice-like grasp of one another—the brain was free to think.

The rain fell still with a solemn stateliness that befitted the coming twilight. It was a silent storm for one so heavy. The faint hum of the city; the tinkle of the car-bell, three blocks off, arose to her window above its plashing fall upon the pavement, and the trickle of the drops from sash to sill. A stream of light from the lamp-post at the corner flashed athwart the sidewalk, glittered upon the swollen gutter, made gold and silver blocks of the paving-stones. As if they had waited for this signal, other lights now shone out from the windows across the way, and from time to time a broad, transient gleam from opening doors, told of the return of fathers, brothers, husbands from their day's employment.

"He sees the light in happy homes!"

What was there in the line that should make the watcher catch her breath in sudden pain, and lay her hand, with stifled moan, over her heart, as she repeated it aloud?

Witness with me, ye maternal Hunts, who read this page—you, the careful and solicitous about many things—in nothing more ambitious than for the advancement and success in life of your offspring—add your testimony to mine that this girl had all that was desirable for one of her age and in her circumstances. A house as handsome as her neighbors, an education unsurpassed by any of her late school-fellows, a "position in society;" a reasonable share of good looks, which only required care and cultivation on her part, to become really *distingué;* indulgent parents and peaceably-inclined brothers and sisters; read the list, and solve me, if you can, the enigma of this perturbed spirit—this hungering and thirsting after contraband or unattainable pleasures.

"Some girls will do so!" Mrs. Hunt assured her husband when he "thought that Sarah did not seem so happy as Lucy. He hoped nothing ailed the child. Perhaps the doctor had better drop in to see her. Could she be fretting for anything? or had her feelings been hurt?"

"Bless your soul, Mr. H.! there 's nothing the matter with her. She always was kind o' queer!" (Mrs. Hunt did not use her company grammar every day), "and she 's jest eighteen year old. That 's the whole of it! She 'll come 'round in good time, 'specially if Lucy should marry off pretty soon. When Sarah is 'Miss Hunt,' she 'll be as crazy for beaux and company, and as ready to jump at a prime offer as any of 'em. I know girls' ways!"

Nor am I prepared to say that Sarah, as she quitted her look-out at the high window, at the sound of the dinner-bell, could have given a more satisfactory reason for her discontent and want of spirits.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Hunt's china, like her grammar, was of two sorts. When her duty to "society" or the necessity of circumstances forced her to be hospitable, she "did the thing" well. At a notice of moderate length, she could get up a handsome, if not a bountiful entertainment, to which no man need have been ashamed to seat his friends, and when the occasion warranted the display, she grudged not the "other" china, the other silver, nor the other table-linen.

She did, however, set her face, like a broad flint, against the irregularity of inviting chance visitors to partake of the family bread and salt. Intimate as Victoria West was with Lucy, she met only a civil show of regretful acquiescence in her proposal to go home, as the dinner-hour approached; and Robbie or Richard Hunt was promptly offered to escort her to her abode upon the next block. If she remained to luncheon, as she *would* do occasionally, Lucy, in her hearing, begged her mother to excuse them from going down, and to send up two cups of tea, and a few sandwiches to the sitting-room. This slight repast was served by the butler upon a neat little tray, in a *tête-à-tête* service—a Christmas gift to Lucy, "from her ever-loving Victoria," and sentimentally dedicated to the use of the pair of adopted sisters.

Therefore, Sarah was not surprised to find Victoria gone, despite the storm, when she entered the dining-room. An immense crumb-cloth covered the carpet; a row of shrouded chairs, packed elbow to elbow, stood against the farther end of the apartment, and a set of very ordinary ones were around the table. The cloth was of whity-brown material, and the dishes a motley collection of halt and maimed—for all Mrs. Hunt's vigilance could not make servants miraculously careful. There was no propriety, however, according to her system of economy, in condemning a plate or cup as past service, because it had come off second best, to the extent of a crack, or nick, or an amputated handle in an encounter with some other member of the crockery tribe. "While there is life there is hope," was, in these cases, paraphrased by her to the effect that while a utensil would hold water, it was too good to be thrown away.

It was not a sumptuous repast to which Sarah sat down after she had placed Jeannie in her high chair and tied the great gingham bib around her neck. On the contrary it came near being a scant provision for the healthy appetites of seven people. Before Mr. Hunt, a mild, quiet little man, was a dish of stew, which was, in its peculiar line, a thing—not of beauty—but wonder.

Only a few days since, as I stood near the stall of a poultry vender in market, a lady inquired for chickens.

"Yes, ma'am. Roasting size, ma'am?"

"No; I want them for a fricassee."

"Ah"—with a look of shrewd intelligence. "*Then*, ma'am, I take it, you don't care to have 'em overly tender. Most ladies prefers the old ones for fricassee; they come cheaper, and very often bile tender."

"Thank you," was the amused rejoinder. "The difference in the price is no consideration where the safety of our teeth is concerned."

Mrs. Hunt suffered not these scruples to hinder her negotiations with knowing poultry merchants. A cent less per pound would be three cents saved upon the chicken, and three cents would buy enough turnips for dinner. It is an ignorant housekeeper who needs to be informed that stewed chicken "goes further" than the same fowl made into any other savory combination. Mrs. Hunt's stews were concocted after a receipt of her own invention. Imprimis, one chicken, weight varying from two and a half to three pounds; salt pork, a quarter of a pound; gravy abundant; dumplings innumerable. It was all "stew;" and if Jeannie's share was but a bare drumstick, swimming in gravy and buried in boiled dough, there was the chicken flavor through the portion.

For classic antecedent the reader is referred to the fable of the rose-scented clay.

To leave the principal dish, which justice to Mrs. Hunt's genius would not permit me to pass with briefer mention, there were, besides, potatoes, served whole (mashed ones required butter and cream), turnips, and bread, and Mrs. Hunt presided over a shallow platter of pork and beans. What was left of that dish would be warmed over to piece out breakfast next morning. The children behaved well, and the most minute by-law of table etiquette was observed with a strictness that imparted an air of ceremonious restraint to the meal. If Mrs. Hunt's young people were not in time finished ladies and gentlemen, it was not her fault, nor was it for the lack of drilling.

"Do as I tell you, not as I do," were her orders in these matters. Since Lucy had completed her education, the mother added: "Look at your sister; *she* is never awkward!" This was true; Lucy was born the fine lady. Refinement of manner and grace of movement, an

instinctive avoidance of whatever looked common or underbred were a part of her nature. Only the usage of years had accustomed her to her mother's somewhat "fussy" ways. Had she met her in company as Mrs. Anybody else, she would have yielded her the right of way with a feeling of amazement and amiable pity that one who meant so well should so often overdo the thing she aimed to accomplish easily and gracefully. Following out her excellent system of training, the worthy dame demanded as diligent and alert waiting from her butler as if she were having a dinner-party. The eggless rice pudding was brought on with a state that was absolutely ludicrous; but the family were used to the unsubstantial show, and took it as a matter of course.

After the meal was over Mrs. Hunt withdrew to the kitchen for a short conference with the cook and a sharp glance through the closets. It was impossible that the abstraction of six slices of bread from the baking of the preceding day, three thick pieces of cheese, and more than half of the cold meat she had decided would, in the form of hash, supply the other piece of the breakfast at which the beans were to assist, should escape her notice. Mr. Hunt was reading the evening paper by the drop-light in the sitting-room, Lucy was busy with her shawl, and Sarah told a simple tale in a low voice to Jeannie, as she leaned upon her lap, when the wife and mother entered, with something like a bluster. All present looked up, and each one remarked the cloud upon her brow.

"What is the matter, mother?" said Mr. Hunt, in a tone not free from alarm.

"I am worried! That 's the whole of it! I am downright vexed with you, Sarah, and surprised, too! What upon earth possessed you, child, to take that beggar into my kitchen to-day? After all I have told you and tried to learn you about these shameful impostors! I declare I was beat out when I heard it. And to throw away provisions and clothes upon such a brat!"

Lucy opened her great eyes at her sister, and Mr. Hunt looked perplexedly towards his favorite, for at heart he was partial to his second child.

"I took the poor creature to the fire, mother, because she was wet and cold; I fed her because she was hungry; I gave her some old, warm clothes of mine because hers were thin and soaked with rain."

"Poor little girl!" murmured Jeannie, compassionately.

Sarah's hand closed instantly over the little fingers. The simple-hearted babe understood and sympathized with her motive and act better than did her wiser elders.

"Oh, I have no doubt she told a pitiful story, and shed enough tears to wet her through, if the rain had not done it already. If you listen to what these wretches say, and undertake to relieve their wants, you will soon have not a dress to your back nor a house over your head. Why didn't you send her to some society for the relief of the poor?"

"I did not know where to find one, ma'am."

This plain truth, respectfully uttered, confounded Mrs. Hunt for a second.

"Mrs. James is one of the Managers in a Benevolent Association," she said, recovering herself. "You had ought to have given your beggar her address."

"Even if I had known that fact, mother, the girl would have been obliged to walk half a mile in the storm to find this one manager. What do you suppose Mrs. James would have done for her that was not in my power to perform?"

"She would have asked the child whereabouts she lived, and to-morrow she would have gone to hunt her up. If she found all as she had been told, which is not likely—these creatures don't give a right direction once in ten times, why, she would have brought the case before the board at their next meeting, and they would help them, if neither of her parents was a drinking character."

"God help the poor!" ejaculated Sarah, energetically. "God help the poor, if this is man's style of relieving his starving brother! Mother, do you think that hunger pinches any the less when the famished being is told that next week or next month may bring him one good meal? Will the promise of a bushel of coal or a blanket, to be given ten days hence, warm the limbs that are freezing to-night? Is present help for present need, then, always unsafe, imprudent, insane?"

"That all sounds very fine, my dear." Mrs. Hunt grew cool as her daughter waxed warm. "But when you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will understand how necessary it is to be careful about believing all that we hear. Another thing you must not forget, and that is that we are not able to give freely, no matter how much disposed we may be to do so. It 's pretty hard for a generous person to say, 'No,' but it can't be helped. People in our circumstances must learn this lesson." Mrs. Hunt sighed at thought of the

curb put upon her benevolent desires by bitter necessity. "And after all very few—you 've no idea how few—of these pretended sufferers are really in want."

This preluded a recital of sundry barefaced impositions and successful swindles practised upon herself and acquaintances, to which Mr. Hunt subjoined certain of his personal experiences, all tending to establish the principle that in a vast majority of cases of seeming destitution the supplicant was an accomplished rogue, and the giver of alms the victim of his own soft heart and a villain's wiles. Jeannie drank in every syllable, until her ideal beggar quite equalled the ogre who would have made a light supper off of Hop-o'-my-Thumb and brothers.

"You gave this match-girl no money, I hope?" said Mrs. Hunt, at length.

"I did not, madam. I had none to give her." Impelled by her straight-forward sense of honesty that would not allow her to receive commendation for prudence she had not shown, she said, bravely: "But I lent her my umbrella upon her promise to return it to-morrow."

"Well!"

Mrs. Hunt dropped her hands in her lap, and stared in speechless dismay at her daughter. Even her husband felt it his duty to express his disapprobation.

"That was very unwise, my daughter. You will never see it again."

"I think differently, father."

"You are too easily imposed upon, Sarah. There is not the least probability that your property will be returned. Was it a good umbrella?"

"It was the one I always use."

"Black silk, the best make, with a carved ivory handle—cost six dollars a month ago!" gasped Mrs. Hunt. "I never heard of such a piece of shameful imprudence in all my born days! and I shouldn't wonder if you never once thought to ask her where she lived, that you might send a police officer after it, if the little thief didn't bring it back to you!"

"I did think of it." Sarah paused, then forced out the confession she foresaw would subject her to the charge of yet more ridiculous folly. "I did think of it, but concluded to throw the girl upon her honor, not to suggest the theft to her by insinuating a doubt of her integrity."

Mr. Hunt was annoyed with and sorry for the culprit, yet he could not help smiling at this high-flown generosity of confidence. "You are certainly the most unsophisticated girl of your age I ever met with, my daughter. I shall not mind the loss of the umbrella if it prove to be the means of giving you a lesson in human nature. In this world, dear, it will not do to wear your heart upon your sleeve. Never believe a pretty story until you have had the opportunity to ascertain for yourself whether it is true or false." And with these titbits of worldly wisdom, the cashier picked up his paper.

"Six dollars! I declare I don't know what to say to you, Sarah!" persisted the ruffled mother. "You cannot expect me to give you another umbrella this season. You must give up your walks in damp weather after this. I can't say that I am very sorry for that, though. I never did fancy your traipsing off two or three miles, rain or shine, like a sewing-girl."

"Very well, madam!"

But, steadied by pride as was her voice, her heart sank at the possibility of resigning the exercise upon which she deemed so much of her health, physical and mental, depended. These long, solitary walks were one of the un-American habits that earned for Sarah Hunt the reputation of eccentricity. They were usually taken immediately after breakfast, and few in the neighborhood who were abroad or happened to look out at that hour, were not familiar with the straight, proud figure, habited in its walking-dress of gray and black, stout boots, and gray hat with black plume. It was a uniform selected by herself, and which her mother permitted her to assume, because it "looked genteel," and became the wearer. Especially did she enjoy these tramps when the threatening storm, in its early stages, kept others of her class and sex at home. The untamed spirit found a fierce pleasure in wrestling with the wind; the hail that ushered in the snow-storm, as it beat in her face, called up lustre to the eye and warm color to the cheek. To a soul sickening of the glare and perfume of the artificial life to which she was confined the roughest and wildest aspects of nature were a welcome change.

I remember laughing heartily, as I doubt not you did also, dear reader, if you saw it, at a cut which appeared several years ago in the Punch department of *Harper's Magazine*. A "wee toddler," perhaps four years old, with a most lack-a-daisical expression upon her chubby visage, accosts her grandmother after this fashion: "I am tired of life, grandmamma! The world is hollow and my doll is stuffed with sawdust, and, if you please, ma'am, I should like to go to a nunnery!"

Yet that there are natures upon which the feeling of emptiness and longing herein burlesqued seizes in mere babyhood is sadly true. And what wonder? From their cradles, hundreds of children, in our so-called better classes, are fed upon husks. A superficial education, in which all that is not showy accomplishment is so dry and uninviting that the student has little disposition to seek further for the rich kernel, the strong meat of knowledge, is the preparatory course to a premature introduction into the world, to many the only phase of life they are permitted to see, a scene where all is flash and froth, empty bubbles of prizes, chased by men and women with empty heads, and oh, how often empty, aching hearts! Outside principles, outside affections, outside smiles, and, most pitiable of all, outside piety! Penury of heart and stomach at home; abroad a parade of reckless extravagance and ostentatious profession of fine feeling and liberal sentiments!

"Woe," cried the Preacher, "to them that make haste to be rich!" If he had lived in our day, in what biting terms of reprobation and contempt would he have declaimed against the insane ambition of those who forego the solid comforts of judicious expenditure of a moderate income would afford; spurn the holy quiet of domestic joys—neglect soul, with heart culture—in their haste to *seem* rich, when Providence has seen that wealth is not to be desired for them! Out upon the disgusting, indecent race and scramble! The worship of the golden calf is bad enough, but when this bestial idolatry rises to such a pitch of fanaticism, that in thousands of households, copies in pinchbeck and plated ware are set up and served, the spectacle is too monstrous in its abomination! This it is, that crowds our counting-rooms with bankrupts and our state prisons with defaulters; that is fast twining our ball-rooms and other places of fashionable rendezvous, into vile caricatures of foreign courts, foreign manners, and foreign vices; while the people we ape—our chosen models and exemplars—hold their sides in inextinguishable laughter at the grave absurdity of our laborious imitation. It is no cause for marvel, that, in just retribution, there should be sent a panic-earthquake, every three years, to shake men to their senses.

Such was the atmosphere in which Sarah Hunt had always lived. In the code subscribed to by her mother, and the many who lived and felt and panted and pushed as she did for social distinction, nothing was of real, absolute value except the hard cash. Gold and silver were *facts*. All things else were comparative in use and worth. The garment which, last winter, no lady felt dressed without, was an obsolete horror this season. The pattern of curtains and furniture that nearly drove the fortunate purchaser wild with delight, three years back, was now only fit for the auction-room. In vain might the poor, depleted husband plead for and extol their beauties. The fiat of fashion had gone forth, and his better half seasoned his food with lamentations, and moistened her pillow with tears until she carried her point. We have intimated that Sarah was a peculiar girl. Whence she derived her vigorous intellect; her strong, original turn of thought; her deep heart, was a puzzle to those who knew her parents. The mother was energetic, the father sensible, but both were commonplace, and followed, like industrious puppets, in the wake of others. They were pleased that Sarah brought home all the prizes offered at school, and both considered that she gained a right, by these victories, to pursue her studies at home, provided she did not obtrude her singular views and tastes upon other people. Mrs. Hunt sighed, frequently and loudly, in her presence, that her genius had not been for shell, or bead, or worsted-work, instead of for reading volumes, that did not even decorate the show book-case in the library.

"If you must have so many books, why don't you pick out them with the tasty bindings?" she had asked her daughter more than once. "And I wish you would paint some bright, lively pictures, that would look handsome on the walls, instead of those queer men and women and cloudy things you have got up stairs. I'd have 'em framed right away, and be real proud to tell who done them."

Sarah remained proof against such hints and temptations, and, shrinking more and more from the uncongenial whirl around her, she twined her eager, restless spirit into her secret, inner life, where, at times, it was flattered into content by the idealities upon which it was fed; at others, ramped and raved, like any other chained wild thing. The sweetest drop of pleasure she had tasted for many a day was the thrill she experienced when the forlorn object she had rescued from the power of the storm stood before her, decently and comfortably clad. The rash confidence she had reposed in so suspicious a stranger was the outgoing of a heart too noble and true in every impulse to pause, for a moment, to speculate upon the chances of another's good or bad faith. The great world of the confessedly poor was an unknown field

to her—one she longed to explore. Her footsteps loitered more often near the entrance of some narrow, reeking street or alley, down which she had promised her mother not to go, than on the spacious *pavé*, where over-dressed women and foppish men halted at, and hung around bewitching shop-windows. She wondered how such throngs of breathing beings contrived to exist in those fetid, cramped quarters; how they lived, spoke, acted, *felt*. The great tie of human brotherhood became daily more tense, as she pondered these things in her heart.

On this particular day, as she sat, silent and thoughtful, at her needle, the chit-chat of her companions less heeded than the continual dropping of the rain without, the wail of the shivering wanderer caused a painful vibration through every nerve. The deed was done! the experiment was tried. She was ashamed that an event so trivial held her eyes waking, far into the night. At least, she said to herself, she would not be without a lesson of some kind; would learn whether deceit and falsehood prevailed in the lowest, as well as the higher ranks of society. If, as she still strove to believe would be the case, the child returned the borrowed property, she would make use of her, as the means of entering upon a new sphere of research and action. After so complete a refutation of her theories respecting the utter corruption of all people, who had not enough to eat and to wear, her mother could not withhold her consent to her petition that she might become a lay-missionary—a present relief committee to a small portion of the suffering, toiling, ill-paid masses. She would then have a work to do—something to call out energy and engagé feeling in healthy exercise—and soothed by the romantic vision, she fell asleep with a smile upon her lips.

The morning dawned between breaking clouds, that soon left the sky clear and bright. All through the day Sarah watched for her visitor of the preceding day—watched with nervousness she could not wholly conceal, from morn to night, for two, three days—for a week. Then she looked no longer while at home; her question, at entering the house, after a drive or walk, ceased to be, "Has anything been left for me?" So palpable was her disappointment that her father forbore to make any allusion to her loss, and Lucy, albeit she was somewhat obtuse to the finer points of her sister's character, good-naturedly interposed to change the subject, when her mother sought to improve the incident to her daughter's edification and future profit. Mr. Hunt was right in supposing that the "unsophisticated girl" had learned something. Whether she were happier or better for the lesson thus acquired was another thing.

Once again Sarah had an opportunity for speech with her delinquent *protegée*. Two months later, she was passing through a by-street in a mean neighborhood, very far up town, in her morning ramble, when her progress was arrested, for an instant, by two boys, who ran out of an alley across the walk. One overtook the other just in front of the lady, and catching him by his ragged collar, threw him down.

"That's right! beat him well! I'll help!" screeched a girl, rushing out of the court whence they had come.

Grinning with delight, she flung herself upon the prostrate form and commenced a vigorous assault, accompanied by language alike foul and profane.

Sarah recognized her instantly, and while she paused in mingled amazement and anger, the child looked up and saw her. In a twinkling she relinquished her grip of the boy's hair—jumped up and sped back into the dirty alley, with the blind haste of guilty fear.

Yes! Mr. Hunt was a wise man, who knew the world, and trebly sage in her generation, was his spouse. If their daughter had never acknowledged this before, she did now, in her disgust and dismay at this utter overthrow of her dreams of the virtuous simplicity to be found in lowly homes, where riches and fashions were things unknown.

(To be continued.)

Every soul has an immortality and infinity in itself that cannot be searched or expressed; it is an awful secret, that neither language, nor action, nor expression of any kind can disclose; we all of us long for what life cannot supply; our aspirations are infinitely beyond our attainments; so much so, that they who are contented with the world as it is are the mere cattle of society. All improvements originate with discontentment; we labor and bring forth in sorrow; genius is a laborer, an operative, a slave; and every useful man and woman is.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

Women are extreme—they are better or worse than men.

THE ORPHAN'S HOPE.

BY EMMA C. D. COWEE.

My invalid mother and I were alone,
Out on the low porch where the bright sun shone—
In the month of June—'twas a lovely day;
With the vines o'erhead the wind was at play—
The sweet breath of flowers was borne on the breeze—
The katydid's song came forth from the trees—
We heard the noise of the busy old mill
That 's over the brook, down under the hill;
And from hill, and dale, and woodland would float
Sweet notes from many a musical throat.
My mother sat there in her old arm-chair,
And I was near,
Plying my needle and chanting an air
She loved to hear.
I suddenly paused in my joyous lay,
And gazed on her face;
I thought that her cheek was paler that day,
And I could trace
Deep shadows of pain on her fair high brow—
I know they are gone, yet they haunt me now.
"Oh, mother," I cried,
As I flew to her side,
"Dear mother, I fear you are worse to-day!"
"Aye! 'tis true, my child, *I am passing away!*
A little time here, then the sexton's spade
Will hollow my grave, and I shall be laid
Away in the mould
Of the churchyard old.
Nay, child, do not weep, it is all for the best
That this aching form should be laid to rest;
Since the gloomy day that your father died,
I have thought 'twere sweet to sleep by his side;
Though my form will lie 'neath the churchyard sod,
My spirit will wing its way to its God.
Dear child, prepare
To meet me there."

"But, mother, the way—do you not fear
The valley of Death, with its shadows drear?
The coffin, the shroud, the pall, and the bier?
And the awful gloom
Of the cold, dark tomb?"
"Nay, daughter, the Saviour will guide me through
The shadowy valley—the Saviour true,
Who alone can save.
His upholding arm can never fail,
For He has passed through the gloomy vale,
And conquered the Death king, grim and pale,
Who ruled the grave.
It is but for you, poor darling, I grieve;
Aye, it pains me sore, all lonely to leave
My orphaned one:
But He who numbers the sparrows that fall—
Whose mercies extend to His creatures all—
His will be done!
Pray to Him always, daughter, dear, pray!
He 'll comfort and guide you when I 've passed away."

That beautiful night, ere the moon was set,
The soul of my dearest friend had fled;
My agony wild I can never forget,
When they tore me away from the form of the dead!
My bosom was filled with the deepest woe;
Of light I could see not a flickering ray,
Till those sweet words came, spoke a short time ago,
"Pray to Him, always, daughter, dear, pray!"
Then a strange, sweet peace swept over my soul
As I knelt in prayer ere the rise of the sun,
And a voice within, when I heard the bell toll,
Said, "It 's all for the best—His will be done."
My mother's voice I can hear no more;
Nor her footfalls light on her chamber floor;
All within her room looks gloomy and bare,
And empty and lone is her old arm-chair;
But her home is a happier home than this—
A home where the angels dwell in bliss;
And I humbly hope that bliss to share,
As I trust ere long I shall meet her there.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world, and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do, and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference we do not think this is quite so; we cannot believe what is now-a-days so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstances, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men, except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly obliterative of such important qualities, it seems strange that they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readiness, their facility, their abundant resources. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever? And is it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds.

AUNT EDITH. A TALE OF THE HEART.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Why so very thoughtful, Anna?"

"I am wondering, mother, how it could have happened that so pleasant and ladylike a person as Edith Gray has always lived alone with her niece in that romantic old house."

"Why," said the mother, smiling, "do you think it betokens a poor prospect for certain young ladies? And do those young ladies fear that, notwithstanding they are pleasant and ladylike, they may chance to live and die maidens, too?"

Anna did not attempt to parry her mother's raillery or notice her sister's smiles, but continued: "Aunt Edith is so kind to Clara that we can easily see she would have made the best of mothers. She has what one may term a domestic heart, and it is such a pity that it has been thrown away!"

"It is well your father does not hear your wise discourse, Anna. He says the present generation of young girls read so many watery romances that they all talk like books, and not the highest style of books, either."

"Why, mother," cried the three sisters, in a breath, now rallying to the common defence.

But she laughingly begged their pardon, and returned to the subject of Aunt Edith. "It would be a great pity if Miss Gray's life had been wasted, as you seem to think. But there are other uses for women in this world besides marriage. And there are opportunities, if we will improve them, by which maiden ladies may do more disinterested good than the joyful mother of children. You have never heard Aunt Edith's history?"

"Never."

"Quiet as she seems, and passionless, her life has been quite a romance. But her adventures, and her fortunes and misfortunes, have not been of her own seeking. She was born in that old house, but there are people who remember that she has not always lived in it. By the way, you never have heard Edith Gray talk about her neighbors except to speak well of them?"

"Never."

"And that is the reason why her personal history is left untouched by a world which we are apt to consider scandal-loving. There is a vast fund of good in poor abused human nature, after all; a sense of justice, and a disposition to reward the generous with generous treatment. Aunt Edith never gossips, and is never gossiped about. But she has been the nine days' wonder more than once in her time. Suppose I tell you her story while the twilight lasts. It is a story with a moral, and will teach you that there may be women who have done a great deal better than to marry."

In the twilight, to her listening daughters, the mother told Aunt Edith's Story.

"Aunt Edith is some ten years my senior. I knew her, when I was a child like you, as a charming young woman. She was a half-orphan and her father's housekeeper, an only child, and the supposed heiress of a large fortune. Her father's house, the same in which she now lives, was made cheerful by her young friends. I was never better pleased than when I could find an errand or a pretext to go see Miss Edith.

"Of course it was presumed that Edith would one day marry. For, whatever we may say about it, the general expectation of young people is that they shall do so, and the usual conclusion of their elders is that they may. Edith was never what is called demonstrative; she never liked to make a sensation or to become the subject of remark; and though her early life abounded in circumstances which gave her prominence in people's minds, this notoriety was not of her seeking. The quiet manner which she now has was always the manner of Edith Gray.

"Though she was silent, even to her dear, dearest, and intimate, most intimate friends, of which most young girls have a half dozen, more or less, it was discovered in due course of events and indications that Edith was affianced. The matter had proceeded without any of the display of a public engagement, which we sometimes see. Nobody knew day and date, if ever there was a day and date on which he first distinctly proposed, and she distinctly accepted. But it was just as well understood, notwithstanding, that they were to be married. Everybody said of *him*, 'Lucky fellow!' and of *her*, 'What can her father do without his housekeeper?' *That* was the difficulty, and I happen to know, from circumstances not of her relating, that while she did accept her suitor,

she could not be persuaded to fix the day of the marriage.

"Just in the midst of the public speculation on the affairs of the young couple, the lamentations of the sentimental that youth must be sacrificed to age, and the wonder of the imaginative why her father did not find himself a wife and release his daughter, there came in speculation of another sort to disturb the movement of events.

"'The course of true love,' you know, 'never did run smooth.' There are always foolish men in the world, and Edith's father claimed his right of admission into that large family. I have told you that he was wealthy. He had long retired from business, but could not, it seemed, let well enough alone. He entered into some speculative adventures, and at sixty found himself a beggar.

"They still lived on, Edith and her father, in the old family mansion. It was said to be all that they had left; in strict justice it was not theirs. It was mortgaged so heavily that the form of a sale would have netted nothing to any one except the holder of the claim. And he did not care to disturb an old friend and respected citizen in his declining days.

Edith patiently and with a daughter's love gave herself to her father. I am afraid that the old man did not fully appreciate the sacrifice that his daughter made. He grew silent and morose. The house was not nearly now so pleasant a place to visit, and the young folks were afraid of meeting the moody countenance of old Mr. Gray. Edith was—outwardly, at least—the same as ever. Never having been what is called 'lively,' she could not now be said to be subdued; but I thought there was an air of sadness on her sweet face, though she still met me, as all other friends, with a calm smile. The wise people said, of course, that now the match *must* be broken off. I remember that I thought, as a child, how sad it was! And others shared the thought, and placed Edith's sadness entirely to the credit of the interruption of her nuptial preparation. I know now that such was not the case. It was her father's misfortune which oppressed her.

"Though people had said the marriage of Edith could not now take place, her silent, uncomplaining course soon changed the fickle tide of public opinion. People began to hint that it was very small and mean for a man, under the circumstances, to break off the engagement. There is no evidence that he had attempted any such thing. Perhaps he had hesitated, and grown somewhat cold. Now he was moved by the popular judgment, and his visits to Edith became as frequent as ever. The village verdict instantly was spoken that he was a 'noble fellow.' I confess that I do not like such noble fellows; I have no respect for any man who has to feel the public pulse to learn his private duty. On a review of all the circumstances, I am inclined to suspect that such was his case. But to make himself sure, and to guard against his possible feebleness of purpose, and to secure the praise which he coveted, he again formally tendered his hand and fortune to Edith Gray.

"Probably she understood his character. At any rate, much to the surprise of those who did not know her, and not at all to the astonishment of those who did, Edith offered him a release from his engagement. He declined to receive it, and the parties still stood upon their old relations. Edith, everybody said, would be married *some time*. Long engagements are generally voted tedious. Nobody dislikes them worse than those who have no other interest in them than the public right to talk. People like a young couple to be married and have done with it, and make room for the next candidates.

"It did not require many months for sorrow and disappointed pride to kill Edith's father. He was honored with a large funeral. Those who felt conscious of having neglected him in his reverses, pacified their consciences by following his remains to the grave. Edith was the subject of sympathy and commiseration for which she was grateful, and none the less so, that she did not understand it. People were grieving for her future. She was mourning her father; she thought they united with her in her grief, and was thankful and comforted.

"She felt the full weight of the blow when she was told, as tenderly as it could be done, that the home in which she had lived could no longer be hers. She learned now that the home of her childhood must come under the hammer, and that all the objects familiar to her must be sacrificed, to pay, as far as they might, the demands against an insolvent estate. Now, how the wise women regretted that Edith had been so very punctilious and straight-laced in her ideas of duty! If she had only consented to the proposals made to her! If she were only married now, the death of her father would not have marred her prospects! Twice she had deferred, if not refused, and nobody could expect that the offer would be renewed. It was just one of those long courtships which everybody saw would come to nothing.

"But the lover seemed determined to take high rank among earth's disinterested and faithful ones. He lost no time, after the death of Edith's father, before he formally declared himself to her again. Decent respect required that the nuptials should be deferred for a season. Meanwhile the suitor reached the very pinnacle of village fame for his magnanimity. I have already said that this kind of excitement in well-doing is dangerous; or rather that the good conduct which comes from such motives is scarcely to be trusted. But in this instance even the skeptics rejoiced that they were to be disappointed.

"Edith retired from the home of her birth, on a small income which had been secured to her from her mother's property, before her father's misfortune. It was increased by the kindness of some friends; and has not only kept her from want, but enabled her to do good to the more needy, all her life. Woman's wants are easily supplied, when, like Aunt Edith, they understand how to put money to its full and highest use.

"A new surprise was ready for the neighborhood. The advertised sale of Edith's home did not take place. Her lover took house and furniture at a fair appraisement, and Edith's fears of the profanation of a public sale were averted. Now, indeed, it did appear as if one of the impossible good genii of fairy tales had stepped into human life. The gentleman was almost canonized. The highest praise was accorded to him by the selfish, who declared that they did not think there was such a romantic fool among living men.

"Now Edith really could resist no longer. The marriage engagement became a fixed fact for a definite time. Carpenters, masons, painters, and other renovaters were busy upon the old house. The new owner discovered a wonderful taste. People had not supposed the place capable of the improvements which transformed the Gray mansion and grounds, like magic. Perhaps he was guided by a better eye for beauty than his own. But if Edith was his counsellor, her maidenly delicacy prevented any appearance which could identify her with the work.

"The place quite renewed its youth, and stood forth quite an aristocrat among the houses in the village. Any man with money—or credit—may erect quite an imposing pile of stone or brick. But fine old trees, shaded avenues, and time-honored associations cannot be created in a day; and a noble old pile of a house judiciously embellished cannot be approached by any invention of the architect. In view of the splendid mansion preparing for her, people now began to consider Edith Gray one of the most fortunate of women, and the bridegroom, in prospect, one of the most generous and noble among men. Still, Edith's quiet manner was not changed, either to her lover, or to any one else. And if *he* seemed to move with the style of one who considers himself a benefactor, perhaps it was only my fancy that thus saw him.

"Perhaps you cannot understand what I mean; but I believe that speech is not by any means the readiest mode of our understanding each other. When a person speaks, it is one man or woman giving an opinion or concealing one. For you have heard the cynical remark that speech is a faculty given to us by which we conceal our thoughts. But even the most common observer can gather, he knows not how, the sentiment of a community on any subject without hearing their voices upon it. It may be misunderstood. It may be taken for more than it means, or for less. But we get our ideas of 'public opinion' by a kind of unspoken sympathy, and if we have not a very firm mind, are apt to be swayed—perhaps to our detriment. At any rate, our generous friend, Edith's lover, came to think that he was wholehearted, magnanimous, self-sacrificing, and devoted, to a fault. And she—why she was not worthy of him. He was throwing himself away upon her! How far he let this lofty idea of himself appear to her, we never shall know. To all outward indications the affair was proceeding as successfully as such a long courtship could; and Edith was rather blamed, and he was rather exalted. Perhaps some persons—especially among the ladies, regarded him as rather injured by the coldness of the calm beauty.

"Suddenly the village was startled from its propriety by the announcement that another bride was to be mistress in the house prepared for Edith! It was monstrous! It was an outrage! It was an indecency! There were no words strong enough to express the indignation which was now awakened against the man who could be so base. The popular sympathy was full in favor of Edith, the popular wrath furious against her false swain. No wonder. Still, while everybody had been saying that he was too good and too kind by half, and that his generosity was almost a wrong to himself, and quite a weakness, what could a poor fool do but take the public at its word, and show himself a man?

"The fickle bridegroom—fickle at last, after long constancy—took the public, like another

Napoleon, by a *coup d'état*. Before the popular indignation was ripe for the inauguration of Judge Lynch, or even for the arrangement of a *charivari*, he appeared in the village church with his wife on his arm and a bridal party in her train, occupying two or three pews. She was beautiful, even more so than Edith; and, poor frightened thing, what could she have known about it? How was she to be blamed? It was not her fault, and she must be received courteously. And then she was so well connected! The name, position, and family of every one of the party were known through the whole town before anybody slept, except, we may add, those who slept in sermon time. There was some talk of 'audacity,' and 'bad taste,' and 'worse principles,' through that Sunday. But after the congregation had all slept upon it, it was reasonably perceived that so distinguished a connection was not to be ignored. The 'reception' included everybody in its invitations, and there were very few indeed who did not respond. Nobody was ever better welcomed. Such is the value of popular opinion *sometimes*. Perhaps it was as well so.

"And poor Edith? She did not die, as we very well know. Hackneyed phrases spoil the gravity of a narrative, but really we can find nothing better than to say that 'she behaved with a great deal of propriety.' It was a blow and a most mortifying one; but Edith had the good sense to see that inasmuch as it was a misfortune over which the world could give her no relief, her only remedy was to conquer herself, and subdue her own chagrin. She made no public exhibition of her feeling of disappointment, and neither sought nor encouraged pity. Indeed I may say that she never permitted it, for she must have been on very intimate and familiar terms with her who could introduce a subject which she studiously and carefully avoided. She visited her faithless lover with no open censure, and to no few select friends (including half the village) did she confide her denunciations. But while people looked that she should have gone into a decline, or sunk into melancholy, become demented, or in some other way have given testimony how deep and awful was the blow, she went quietly on her way, the same gentle Edith as ever.

"The cold world soon came to the conclusion that Edith Gray's disappointment was no such great matter, after all. The young and novel-fed of ardent imaginations were quite indignant that the cold Edith Gray could so set all precedent and all genuine sentiment at defiance, as neither to drown, die naturally, or go mad under the operation of the 'sundering of her heart strings.'

"Years passed, and brought with them the evidence that Edith Gray's disappointment had shielded her from a worse misfortune. To be sure, having lost her first opportunity of matrimony, she remained single. This was not, be it noted, from necessity. Many an incipient attachment she might have encouraged into a declaration; but she had a very lady-like but positive way of checking such demonstrations. Some proceeded in spite of her, and these she resolutely put down at the proper time, and before the affair became so notorious as to cause remark. Having tested the thing once, she was determined on no more experience in that direction. Her friends tried in vain to break her resolution, for, gentle as she was, she had still the firmness of a strong will, supported by a clear conscience. Her conduct vindicated her from the charge of want of feeling. A person more demonstrative would have made more outcry with less affection, and settled, after her first disappointment, upon some one else.

"I have said that Edith Gray's desertion by her lover shielded her from a worse fate. The man who had laid so grievous a load upon his conscience sank under it. He was consumed by the coals which Edith heaped upon his head. If she had given him the excitement of a quarrel, if by a suit at law she had afforded him opportunity to add insult to injury, the punishment would have been less severe. But her calm superiority and indifference, easily, and perhaps not altogether wrongly, construed into contempt, maddened him. She evidently considered that he had proved himself to be not the man whom she had loved. He might not have been willing to confess it, but the punishment of Cain was upon him, and his inward strife and struggles made him wayward and fitful. His friends, and his family especially, could never be sure of him; one moment jocose, even to rude mirth, he was the next moody, even to moroseness. His fitfulness ended where that of men of small mind and less principle is apt to end—in habits of intemperance. You are ready to say that if he had married Edith this would not have been. Perhaps not; but the man who is guilty of one meanness might have been of another. And the treacherous lover would, had he saved his character until after he married, have probably proved a treacherous husband. So, indeed, he did, though not to Edith.

"His property soon gave evidence of the consequences of his habits. Other vices followed in the train of that parent of vices, drunkenness. He gamed, and tried by hard-hearted usury, and by questionable speculation, to repair the inroads which extravagance had made in his fortune. He was not without friends, and as his course threatened to make him a charge upon them, they used their influence to provide him such a maintenance as would avert this danger.

"As there existed such a positive necessity that he should be provided for, it required only a skilful use of party logic to demonstrate that he was precisely the patriot who should hold a place of trust under the government. The principle of 'rotation in office' decreed a vacancy. The old incumbent was 'rotated' out, and our unworthy hero was appointed. The requisite securities were executed without difficulty. There is no more efficient qualification for office than the necessity which may exist to provide for a needy man who has powerful friends.

"Habits of extravagance are not easily laid aside. Whatever may have been the office-holder's desire or resolutions, he early fell into the delusion of mistaking the public funds for his own. With every quarterly return, the deficiency he was compelled to conceal increased. His securities took the alarm, and hinted to him, not obscurely, their suspicions. Affrighted at the possibility of detection in his first breaches of trust, he was betrayed into crime of a deeper dye. He embarked in a course of deliberate frauds, which were continued for several years, and ended at last in detection, and the penitentiary.

"I have recently heard that the poor wretch lives still; and hope that he has, in adversity, better motives for reform than he had, in his prosperity, for good conduct. You see, my dear children, how weak a safeguard for our correct conduct is mere regard for human opinion and a taste for popular praise. And you see, too, that Aunt Edith Gray could have done worse than remain a single woman. The man of weak principles would have proved as weak as her husband as he showed himself when the husband of another.

"I have not told you his name. Nor do I intend to mention it. It is Aunt Edith Gray's secret; and the regard of the community has suffered oblivion to fall upon it. The wretched wife went home to her friends, upon the arrest of her husband.

"And now happened, in real life, one of those instances of poetical justice which we read of in books, but seldom see. Edith's father had been ruined by heavy investments in a corporate concern which fell from par to about ten per cent. The stock was purchased at this low rate by the creditors. By a turn of the wheel of fortune, it came up again, and the holders found themselves paid twice over. When the old mansion was sold on behalf of the government, the creditors of Mr. Gray bought and tendered it to his daughter.

"A romantic woman would have said, 'No! a thousand times, no!' with all the emphasis of the last shilling novel. Edith slept on it, rose calmly in the morning, wrote a note to her friends, and gracefully accepted the return which it was their pleasure to make, no less than her advantage to accept. And so she returned to the home of her childhood.

"The most curious incident yet remains. Edith could not live alone in that great house. And she began to find that she should one day grow old. She needed a young heart to be growing into strength, when she should be sinking into weakness. She desired a friend in the city to find her a child of years so tender, and of condition so destitute, that there should be neither power to recollect, nor need to recall its parentage. Clara, whom you know as Clara Gray, was that child, and is now her attached and most dearly loved friend. Clara knows no nearer heart than Aunt Edith.

"The child had been in her new home a year—and a sweet child she was—when Aunt Edith discovered that little Clara is the daughter of the faithless man who has been the shadow over her life! The mother is dead.

"A romantic woman again would have instantly discarded the child of such parentage—the reminder of her own early unhappiness. Edith looked on the babe as it slept. She looked, and wept, till her sobs awakened the infant. The child stared in wonder, reached out her little arms, kissed away Aunt Edith's tears, and stole so deeply into Aunt Edith's heart that nothing will ever dislodge her.

"Now, my dear children, I have done. You see why I have withheld the father's name from you. You will keep Clara Gray's secret; and you will cease to wonder, Anna, why Aunt Edith never was married. It is strange; but I do believe that she is such a stoic—or such a Christian, rather—that the tone of Clara's voice and the glance of her eye, which remind those who knew him, of her father, make the child still dearer. Edith never talks of her feelings. I only judge from her conduct."

AN ALLEGORY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Once upon a time the King of Cloudland called his family of shadows together, in order to select one for a special mission to earth.

Now this king, having dominion over the dark side of humanity only, had sent an embassy to the realm of Sunshine for a spirit of that bright country to go with his own envoy upon the proposed mission. The embassy had returned, hence the gathering of the shadows.

Having chosen one suitable for his purpose, the king sent forth the Shadow and the Sunshine, saying to them as they went: "Go through the world and be witnesses of the way in which men walk; let the Sunshine—for the world's brightness will then render it invisible—take notice of their doings by day, and the Shadow—hidden in the darkness—watch them through the silence of the night. Bring back a faithful record of all the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the pleasures and the pains of the children of men. *Above all, discover the source from whence flows the most of evil wrought by human hands.* Find out the fountain whose waters are more bitter than all the bitter waters of the world."

So, the king having dismissed them, the Shadow and the Sunshine journeyed together toward the lower world.

While yet afar off they heard sounds resembling distant thunder; as they drew nearer the air seemed to be full of cries of sorrow and wails of woe; here and there mingled among the discordant note, songs of revelry and echoes of words of blasphemy. At these the Sunshine wondered, but the Shadow said: "In Cloudland there is a legend that the words once uttered upon earth die not with the sound of the voice of the one that speaks them, but float on through space forever and forever, undying witnesses of the good or the evil deeds of men. This, then, must be Echo-Land. Here the cry of Abel, as Cain struck him to the ground, vibrates through the air; here lingers the plaintive appeal of Joseph as his brethren sold him into Egypt, mingling with their words of wonder, when, years later, they saw the brother they had sold a slave second only to the king upon his throne; here David's song of triumph cannot drown the accusing voice of the Prophet as he tells the story of the one ewe-lamb coveted by the owner of many flocks; here Peter's oath of denial vibrates through all the arteries of the air; here the dying words of the early martyrs testify in their behalf; and here the echoes of all the words that lips have ever uttered since Adam stood in the Garden of Eden, keep the record of the lives of men. By these shall they be judged and justified or condemned."

As the Shadow ceased, their lightning-like speed carried them beyond the confines of Echo-Land, and lo! they were in the heart of a city the hum of whose traffic went unceasingly upward night and day.

Through the streets of the city, the Shadow and the Sunshine went. Here they saw a beggar asking alms; here a Shylock taking his pound of flesh; here a mother clasping a dying infant in her arms, and herself suffering the pangs of starvation; here a miser dying amid his gold with no one to close his eyes or fold his dead hands over his pulseless breast. They went all through the homes that the daylight and the darkness covers, in the highways and the byways of the great city; they looked into the hearts of all those with whom they came in contact and saw there the secrets that were hidden from the eyes of men. They saw smiles upon faces and the worm of agony in the heart belied the face every hour. They heard words that lips uttered and the life falsified. They saw the mantle of friendship cover the smouldering fires of revenge and hate. The wolf of Guilt they beheld in close communion with the lamb of Innocence. Humanity in all its guises and in all its disguises; in all its beauty and deformity; in all the sweetness of its promise and all the bitterness of its realization; in all the glory that invests it, and in all the disgrace that encircles it, was laid bare before them. High and low, far and near they went their way seeking the fountain whose waters, on the lips of mankind—were bitterest of all; seeking the source of that evil wrought wholly by human means and influences and controlling the fate of so many lives.

And when, having grown weary of witnessing the effect, they began their search for *causes*, they learned that Intemperance lay at the root of nearly all the pain, the sorrow and the suffering of human kind.

"Surely," said the Sunshine, "*this* must be the fountain of which we are in search. The waters of Marah were bitter to the taste; but one drop from this fountain embitters a whole life."

They heard a man on the steps of the gallows trace his past history until he reached the turning point of life in his youth; and the wine-cup, with the serpent of Crime hidden in its glowing bosom stood out as the first great cause

of all; "Look not upon the wine," said the Proverb, "when it is red; when it giveth its color in the cup; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

But this man, born of Christian parents, heeded not the counsels of the wise man; the Spirit of Evil led him upon the slippery places of life, and deserted him when most he needed a helping hand. Closer and closer the cordon of crime gathered around him, until at last the law of life for life sent him to his last account with the dying wail of his victim still ringing in his ear. Here the trail of the serpent of Intemperance was over all the years of this man's life.

The Sunshine and the Shadow could not forget this scene. Said one: "Pandora's box of evil, with Hope at the bottom, has its kindred box of good, with sorrow beneath all the blessings it holds."

And the other replied: "Say, rather, *Intemperance*, for it seems to be the bane of life."

They entered the habitations of the poor and the homes of the lowly, and saw there the full effects of the fearful vice. They were witnesses to the prosperity of those who grew rich by dealing out destruction to their fellow-men.

Said the Shadow: "I went into a cottage by the wayside; all around were the signs of neglect in its outward aspect; within it was still worse. There was no fire on the hearthstone, no carpet on the floor, no bread in the cupboard. The father lay drunk in one corner of the room, with the gin bottle still in his hand. The mother lay near by, *her* senses steeped in liquor, utterly unconscious of her degradation and shame. On a heap of straw in another corner lay an infant whose lips had just uttered life's last wail. They would open no more by reason of cold, or hunger, or pain. And the parents knew it not; they lay there insensible for hours; then the woman rose up and would have taken the bottle from her husband's hand to drink again from the fountain whose bitter waters had already turned to gall all the sweetness that clusters around the holy name of wife and of mother. The attempt awoke him, and he would not yield, but cursed her with a curse. Nay, more; he rose up and struck her to the floor, and then kicked her as she lay there helpless. Nor was this all! this, the crowning-point of infamy in man! the lowest depth of woman's degradation! Reeling to and fro, he struck against a table on which stood a lighted candle; he and it fell to the floor, and in a little while the flames enveloped the house and its living and dead inmates, and from their drunken stupor they awoke at the bar of their God and their Judge."

And the Sunshine said, as the Shadow ceased: "Not many years ago these two stood together at the altar. There they vowed to love, cherish, and protect each other until death parted them. They were young, beautiful, and beloved; the rainbow of promise spanned their future, and beneath the sunny sky of love they walked amid the roses whose thorns were all turned aside. At the bridal feast the wine-cup passed around. Could the bride be pledged in it by all but the bridegroom? Could they all drink her health, and *he*, the chosen one of them all, refuse? Heretofore he had touched not nor tasted the cup; but now—*now* the moral courage that had held him up forsook him, and he raised the *fatal first glass* to his lips. Time passed on, but the first glass was not the last! Step by step, slowly at first, but surely, his feet travelled the downward road; friends failed and fortune forsook him. As *his* self-respect was lost, *hers* vanished also; and here, with the years of life scarce half told, behold the end! Surely the waters of *this* fountain are more bitter than all the other bitter waters of the world. Surely, of all sources from whence flows evil wrought by human hands, *this* was the greatest of all."

They went out of the city into the country, and through the land. They saw war and its desolations; the battle-field and its scenes of carnage; strong men falling as the grain falls before the sickle of the reaper, as cannon boomed, and shells burst, and bullets whizzed through the smoke and sulphur-laden air.

They went where the pestilence raged; and saw young and old, strong and weak, the beautiful and the loving, fall at the touch of the destroying angel.

They floated over the ocean, and, piercing the veil of the waters, saw in the bosom of the sea the wrecks of ships, and the dead over whose grave no tombstone will ever rise.

They saw disasters upon land and sea; earthquakes swallowing up cities, and the hurricane destroying armadas. But more than all, and beyond all these results of the years, they saw and realized that the victims of *Intemperance* outnumbered them all. Outnumbered the victims of the sea, of pestilence, and of war. Directly or indirectly the curse of the wine-cup gathered them in. Young and old, the wise and the simple, the good and the bad, the weak and the strong. It filled cells in prisons, wards in hospitals, and graves in Potters' fields. It broke the hearts of brothers and

sisters, mothers and children, and brought down the gray hairs of fathers in sorrow to the grave. It caused more tears to flow than would suffice for a second deluge. It severed bridal vows, broke up household shrines, destroyed the hopes of youth, embittered the memories of declining years. It touched, and the ashes of desolation followed; it called, and its siren song brought countless victims. No Lûrlei of the sea ever sang so sweetly or so fatally. Like the sexton in the play, its victims Intemperance "gathers in, gathers in," to a grave above which *Resurgam*—"I will rise again"—is not written.

The Shadow and the Sunshine having witnessed all these things, returned to Cloudland, and stood before the king. To one he put this question: "Did you find the source from whence flows the most of evil wrought by human hands?" To the other he said: "Tell me the name of the fountain whose waters are more bitter than all the other bitter waters of the world."

And each said unto the king: "The evils of Intemperance are the greatest of all evils, and its waters are the bitterest of all the bitter waters that flow from poisoned fountains in the valleys of the children of men."

LINES TO MY POEM.

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

THERE are some that hear no music,
Scent no flower, see no sky;
Better thus than live no poem
In our little lives, and die.

Nay, we 're born in the ideal
God, the poet, ne'er expressed;
Mother knows no sweeter sonnet
Than the infant at her breast.

Though its words be all of heaven,
Which we little understand,
Like the song the stranger singeth
In the tongue of fatherland.

When I listen to the echoes,
Murmuring back from hours gone by,
In my life I hear a poem,
In my life a joy have I.

As some mortal caught in vision,
Views the bowers of heavenly bliss
All but this may tell, returning,
But his lips are sealed to this;

So I cannot tell my poem
That like high auroral fire,
When I run and climb to grasp it,
Rises farther still and higher.

Though I hint of its appearing,
Faintly of its feebler part,
Yet I may not tell the glory
When my poem fills my heart.

Then oh leave me to its beauty,
To its fond and soft embrace,
To its white and pearly bosom,
To its smiling, loving face;

To its sweet blue eye of kindness,
To its wealth of shadowy hair,
To her fingers playing freely
With my locks that mingle there;

To her unrestrained caresses,
To her chaste and tender kiss,
To her flood of all that blesses,
To her depth of all that 's bliss—

Depth that hath no deeper measure,
For my very poem lives
Throbbing with the equal pleasure,
It receives and gives.

For thou, Mary, art my poem,
And amid all toil and strife
Let me clasp thee, pretty volume,
Closer, closer, darling wife.

As thy presence makes thee dearer,
And thine absence makes it known,
Here, if sighs could bring thee nearer,
Wouldst thou ever be my own.

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.—The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a Macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications, and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

SNOWED UP.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

"Such a storm! enough to weary one to death!" exclaimed Florence Hunter, a haughty belle and beauty of the Trimountain City, pacing her elegantly appointed chamber with impatient step, pausing now and then to part the rich curtains draping the window, and peer forth into the night. "Three days of snow, and no abatement yet! No shopping, scarcely a caller, and now a prospect of the trains being snowed up, and *his* not arriving!" And, with an air quite at variance with the customary repose of her manner, she let fall the heavy folds of brocatelle, and crossed the apartment to the crimson velvet covered arm-chair drawn up before the grate.

By every appointment of that luxurious boudoir—the Persian carpet, soft as woodmoss to the tread, the costly falls of silk damask and lace, the elegant chairs and couches, the oval pictures leaning from the walls, and the numberless articles of *vertu* scattered around—it was plain to see that this was the home of opulence; and by the curve of the city belle's scarlet lip, the arching of her stately throat, the expansion of her perfectly-chiselled nostril, and the regal carriage of her small Grecian head with its massive braids of jetty hair, it were easier yet to vote her haughty as she was beautiful.

It was, in truth, a long and wearisome storm that had for those three days been an unwelcome visitor to many in the busy city beside the belle and beauty, Miss Hunter; not a wild, fillibustering expedition of the allied powers of rain, sleet, and wind, which often sweep down upon our coast in fury, wreak their sudden vengeance, then as hastily retire; but a continued, pitiless siege of snowflakes, whose countless squadrons poured down so steadily that all the earth and air was one parade field for their white plumes. Merchants, passing through their almost deserted stores, or looking up from their lean ledgers, growled at the storm that kept the gold at home in ladies' purses, instead of in their money-drawers; clerks, lounging over orderly counters, folded their arms instead of webs of silk or Cashmere reps, for no fair customers disturbed their goods; there were few pedestrians abroad, for the sidewalks were deep in snow, and the horse-cars running through the thoroughfares were crowded to overflowing; State Street wore a forlorn look—curbstone brokers taking shelter in-doors, news-boys sparse and quiet, and 'Change transformed into a sort of "waste howling wilderness;" while above the brick walls, towering chimneys, and church towers of the old Puritan city folded the gray mantle of the storm, and "still fluttered down the snow."

"Dear me, Florry, another tedious evening at home!"—and the speaker, Mrs. Hunter, a showy-looking woman of forty-five, entered her daughter's chamber. "What shall we do to pass the time, unless Holt or Morgan drops in? *They* are better than solitude; for John says the railroads are blocked up, and Everett cannot arrive to-night. What *could* have possessed him to hurry off to that stupid country-seat of his before he came to Boston? And now this storm will detain him from us some days longer!" And Mrs. Hunter's voice was full of pique and disappointment.

"Oh, mamma, if Leonard Everett prefers the rustic attractions of 'Ridgewood' to town, let him enjoy them!" replied Florence, with a languid intonation that quite contradicted her former impatience when alone, for she did not care to confess, even to her mother, how eagerly she had looked forward to the arrival of their visitor from his long absence.

"*Prefers!* Why, Florry, you don't suppose that Everett has returned from Europe to bury himself on that horrid farm of his! I never *could* see the attractions of the country, even in summer, though one must go into it, to be sure, if one is at all fashionable; but give me a first-class hotel at a watering-place, or some other resort where our set go, and farmers are welcome to their fields, and grass, and all that. You don't imagine Everett will settle down and practise his profession in his native town, Florry?"

"He will make known his intentions to us when he arrives, mamma," replied Miss Florence, with a well-affected *ennuied* air. "In his letters to me from abroad he did not mention that arrangement."

"Which, of course, *you* would never consent to, Florry," went on her mother, imperturbably, and complacently adjusting the folds of her rich silk, for she was quite used to the

indifference of her only and indulged child. "After your marriage he will, of course, take a house here; as for his profession, he will do as he likes about practising; but he has wealth enough to live without it. As Doctor Everett's wife, you will be the envy of all our set, Florry!"

"Why, mamma, you seem to regard it as a settled thing, when you remember I am not his *affiancée* yet," said Florence, in her soft, rippling voice, that veiled well her own wildly beating heart.

"Florence, *all* our plans have worked well, so far, and why should we look for defeat now? As your father's ward, Leonard Everett became more intimate in our family than any other young man, an intimacy I took pains to encourage after your father's death and his own majority and succession to his fortune; it was to attach him to *you* that I educated you to please him, and procured you the masters he recommended; it was to leave you a fair field that I sent *her* away, that dependant on your father's bounty"—and here the woman's eye flashed darkly, while the lip of the haughty brunette in the crimson velvet chair smiled triumphantly as she assented to her mother's gaze. "It has been my daily thought for these last three years, during Everett's absence in Europe, to anticipate the hour of his return, when he would ask your hand; and now, Florence, your own beauty and tact must do the rest, for if you let Leonard Everett, with his fortune and position, slip through your hands, you will never see such another eligible offer."

"Nor do I intend to *fail* in so doing, dear mamma, let me assure you!" was the beauty's quiet answer, complacently admiring her exquisitely small slipper, resting on the velvet footstool before the grate. "So, prythee, *ma chere mère*, don't fear in the least for your Florence!"

"I thought you had a portion of my spirit and shrewdness, Florry!" said Mrs. Hunter, well pleased at her daughter's answer. "And there can be no such thing as failure, if you decide so. Why, there 's Fred Holt, ready to offer himself at any moment, if you but show him the slightest encouragement; or Alfred Morgan, either of them considered very eligible by any of our friends. But neither possesses Doctor Everett's fortune, a no small consideration, reared with such tastes as you have been, Florry; besides, he is handsome, gentlemanly, and refined. My hopes are high for you, daughter," said Mrs. Hunter, rising.

"Thanks, mamma," replied the haughty beauty, indolently. But when left alone, all her assumed calmness vanished, and, with flashing eyes, she sprang up and paced the floor of her room, as if she would throw off all false restraint. "Wealthy, handsome, gentlemanly, and refined—all true, my dear lady mother; but you did not think it necessary to add that I *love* him! Yes, Leonard Everett, cold and proud to the beautiful and accomplished women you have met in your wanderings, as I know from the tone of your letters from abroad, cold as you have hitherto been to me, my beauty has ripened vainly in these four years if it do not weave a spell to bring you to my feet!"—and she flung an appreciative glance into the toilet mirror, swinging in its elaborately carved frame. "Cold to *all*, I said," she went on, musingly, while her eyes flashed lambent fire for a moment; "and yet I have not forgotten that little episode of your last winter here ere you went abroad, that which *might* have ripened into something serious had not we—my sharp, shrewd mamma and I—sent the artful piece away, that month, after papa's sudden death. But, Edna Moore, with your blonde face and blue eyes, for you were lovely, enact the *rôle* of artlessness as you might, the drama was not played out here. It would have done well enough to have had you with us, had we kept you out of sight; but one cannot pass off their kin always as governess or sewing-girl, and father did have such queer fancies about supporting his poor relatives! So, when Everett became interested enough to inquire for you one day, it was a pleasure to tell him that you had proved ungrateful, and left our protection. Certainly you *did* talk shockingly for a person in your position to mamma that day we parted! Where are you now, I wonder? And yet why should I give you a passing thought, Edna Moore? It is sufficient that you were swept aside long ago, and now Leonard Everett is returned, and *my* triumph will soon be complete."

CHAPTER II.

A JANUARY day was drawing to a close in the town of Dentford—a country region where dwelt a hospitable, kind-hearted, and intelligent farming community. The landscape might have been pleasant enough on a fair day, under the influence of a bright winter's sun; but the twilight was closing early, with a thick fall of snow that had not ceased since its commence-

ment the preceding day; and broad fields, bounded by straggling stone walls, dark clumps of firs and hemlocks, that stood like patient hooded monks on the hill to the west—and the weather-beaten houses, with their broad, low chimneys, and long lines of out-buildings—all seemed dim and weird-like through the veiling snow.

With the early twilight that shut in the winter's afternoon, the door of a little red schoolhouse, perched on the summit of a wind-swept, treeless rise of ground (after the fashion of our Puritan ancestors, who always selected such localities for the site of the meeting or schoolhouse), was thrown open with a wide swing; and a troop of noisy small urchins, followed by the great boys and girls of almost adult size, emerged into the open air. With book satchels in hand, or the little tin pails that had held the dinner for their nooning, they bent their steps homeward—the boys descanting on the prospect of building a snow fort when it should "fair off," and easing the exuberance of their spirits let loose after the school-room confinement by pelting each other with snowballs hastily manufactured from the damp, clinging drifts through which they waded.

When the last scholar had departed, "the mistress"—a young and lovely girl, with such purely transparent complexion, tender blue eyes shaded by long brown eyelashes, and a grace of air that betokened her the fine lady—"the mistress turned the key in the great iron padlock that hung against the weather-stained door: wrapped her cloak more closely about her; and turned her steps down the drifted highway to Farmer Brooks' dwelling—the great, square, old-fashioned farmhouse, with its poplar trees in the front yard, and the long gate that barred it from the road.

For a quarter of a mile "the mistress" kept on, until she turned up into the lane leading to her boarding-house. As she neared the door, she felt unaccountably ill and dizzy. For two days past, she had complained of a slight cold, but that afternoon, while busy with the duties of the school-room, sudden ague fits had sent her to the great wood fire blazing up the wide-mouthed chimney that filled one side of the old schoolhouse, and then, as suddenly, hot flushes shot through her veins, that sent a splendid crimson to her delicate cheeks and lips, and fired her eyes with unnatural brightness, till she was glad to lean her forehead against the cool window-pane for relief. Now, as she crossed the threshold of her boarding house, a blind vertigo seized her, and she stumbled into the entry, and would have fallen but for the friendly aid of Mrs. Brooks, who, seeing her approach from the window, had opened the door of the keeping-room.

"The land! what ails you? are you sick, Miss Edna?" asked that good woman, placing a chair, and hastening to remove the cloak and hood flecked with the soft clinging snow. "Speak, child, for you do look dreadful! Ain't a-goin' to be taken down, I hope!"

"My head was so dizzy!" said the teacher, in a faint, sweet voice. "It is a little better now—it will pass off, I think! Perhaps a cup of your nice tea will make me feel better. Don't look so alarmed, Mrs. Brooks!"

"Scairt? I ain't the least bit scairt, Miss Edna; but them cheeks of yourn, crimson as pinies and hot as fire, ain't a-goin' to deceive me—you 're feverish, that 's sartain; and it 'll take another kind of tea than Young Hyson to cure you. I declare, I kept thinking of you this afternoon; and I went up into the garret, and fetched down some pennyr'yal to steep for you to-night, for I said to Jacob: 'This 'll cure up the Mistress's cold and sore throat.' Now, set right up to the fire in this cushioned chair, and put your feet on this stool while I take off them wet overshoes; and then, after a light supper—if you feel like eating—I 'll steep the pennyr'yal, and make you such famous 'arb tea as 'll bring you down bright as a dollar in the morning. We ain't a-goin' to have you down sick, while Aunt Betsey Brooks knows how to make pennyr'yal tea!" said the brisk, motherly woman, cheerily. "Land! what little feet you *have* got, Miss Edna!" she added, removing the teacher's rubbers, and placing the footstool.

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Mrs. Brooks!" said the teacher, faintly smiling, yet pressing her hand on her aching forehead to still its throbbing.

"Trouble? don't say that word agin, child!" cried the little woman with mock asperity. "Who 's a-goin' to take keer of us when we 're sick, if we ain't willin' to do the same turn by others?" and, stirring the maple clefts that burned in the great cook-stove, she filled the tea-kettle, then drew out the table for supper. "Yes, that 's what I often tell Jacob," she continued, laying the snowy cloth, setting out the well-preserved, old-fashioned pink china that she used in honor of "boarding the mistress," and cutting generous slices of snowy bread, nice cake, and rich yellow cheese. "I tell him, that what we do unto others 'll be pretty sartain to fall in our own dish some day; and

duty, if nothing more, ought to point out the road for every human creeter to walk in. Not that I need to think of any such reason for looking after you, Miss Edna—for I told Jacob, the fust day you come under our roof, a year and a half ago, that I should be sure to take you into my heart to fill the place of my poor lost Annie!" and here Mrs. Brooks' voice trembled a little. "She was eighteen, when she died; and your brown hair and blue eyes always bring her up before me."

"You are very kind to me; and, if *you* are daughterless, *I* am motherless!" The words fell impulsively from the teacher's lips; and, with them, came also a burst of tears and little sobs that shook her frame. Ill and weary—grateful for the kind friends among whom her lot had placed her—yet oh for a mother's hand to be laid upon her aching forehead! a mother's breast whereon she might pillow herself to sleep!

"There, there, don't cry, child! You're tired and feverish, and homesick; don't cry, dear!" said Mrs. Brooks, soothingly.

"No, not 'homesick;' you forget that I have no 'home' to pine for!" replied the girl presently, calming her emotion, but suffering the tears to still roll down her burning cheeks. "But I can't help this longing for my dear mother; and when I get more wearied than usual, or a little ill as to night, the old feeling comes over me too strong to be conquered."

"And I wouldn't try to put it down, dear! Cry as much as you're a mind to; it's a blessed thing that we can cry sometimes!" exclaimed the sympathizing woman, who came and stroked the girl's hair with a tender hand. "Dear! how hot your head is! I'll fetch a cloth wet in cold water to lay on it. There, don't feel so bad! You've got some good friends in Dentford, at any rate! Squire Stanniford was praising your teaching the other day to the minister, and he said our district had the best mistress of any in the county. So you can stay here all your days, and keep school, and live with us—unless somebody should carry you off to live in another home!" added Mrs. Brooks, as if previously forgetting such a possibility.

"Which isn't the least likely," said the teacher, after a long pause in which she had striven for calmness; "the last part of your sentence, I mean, Mrs. Brooks. So you perceive that the chances are for your keeping me the rest of my life."

"There! that sounds natural—to hear you talking cheerful again!" said Mrs. Brooks, bustling about her table. "Now drink this cup of nice hot tea, while I call Jacob."

When the good woman returned from summoning her husband, and the worthy farmer appeared in the cheerful keeping-room, the tea still stood untasted before the teacher.

"Land! Can't you touch it, child? You *are* real sick. I must have you go to bed right away! and in a warm room too," and when, an hour later, kind-hearted Mrs. Brooks returned from the chamber appropriated to "the mistress," she said to her husband, with a serious face: "Jacob, I don't know but the child's going to have a settled fever. I shall do my best to break it up; but if she isn't better by to-morrow, we'd better send after Doctor Fenner. She's had a bad cold two or three days, and going to the schoolhouse in this storm hasn't helped her any."

"I should have gone over after her to-night; but neighbor Stone had my horse to go to mill, and didn't get back in season. I hope Miss Edna'll be better in the morning," said the farmer kindly.

"I hope so, too; but she seems to talk kind of rambling, and keeps complaining of her head. I sha'n't leave her to night!" replied Mrs. Brooks with anxious face, returning to the chamber where—her scarlet cheeks upon the white pillow—the sick girl tossed and moaned in the wanderings of fever, and called constantly for her "mother" with plaintive cries.

CHAPTER III.

"The railroads blocked up by these mountain drifts, I must settle myself contently to *another* week at Ridgewood!" said the owner of the handsome country-seat bearing that title, walking from the window of his library on the evening of the same day when we first looked in upon Florence Hunter so impatient in her city home. "What to do, to pass away these lagging hours, is the next question," stretching his handsome limbs indolently before the blazing wood fire, and patting his slippered feet on the polished fender. "Books? I don't feel like reading to-night. Ruminating over my travels? That's very well for a week, but one gets tired of solitude, and wants a *friend* to talk to about the Tyrol, the Vatican, and the Rhine. Correspondence? Well, none of my old chums know I've returned, so none will be expecting letters from me; thus, like Othello, my 'occupation' seems to be departed from me. Speaking of *letters*, though—and, by the way, I quite forgot

that, if the trains are snowed up, they won't be likely to carry any *mails*—speaking of letters, here 's Miss Florence Hunter's last, received in Europe—a delicately penned, interesting epistle, which I duly replied to before setting foot on the Arabia for my homeward passage!" and he pulled a daintily superscribed envelope from his pocket-case. "They 're expecting me, there in Boston—and, somehow, it seems impressed on my mind that Mrs. Hunter is also expecting me to offer myself to Florence. Handsome, accomplished, sought after in society—it would seem a desirable connection; and why should I not be thinking seriously of settling down in life? I've had my wanderings, my dreams, and my visions; why not now content myself henceforth with *realities*, and become a quiet, domestic Benedict? Florence Hunter is handsome, and 'the style!' I am wealthy—not particularly ugly, I flatter myself—and with some traits that are not undesirable for a married man; she would make a dignified mistress to my house, and I should render her *respect*, if not *love*. But 'love,' love—ah, that 's a word that has no business on my lips! Every man has his dreams, I suppose, of the woman he would like to take to his heart—a sweet, blue-eyed, gentle girl, who would fit into his being till she became a part of himself. I had a vision of such a face once, there at Mrs. Hunter's. Who would have belived that young thing so ill-tempered and unworthy? But ah, well! Imagination has many delusions; and thirty years should bring one a wiser head than to trust in them. When this tedious New England storm is over, I will go down to Boston, and offer my hand and fortune and heart, if I possess the article, to Florence Hunter!"

"Doctor, Farmer Brooks is at the door—waded over from his farm through all the drifts; and wants to know if you won't go over with him to visit the school-mistress, who 's sick. He 's been for old Dr. Fenner; but he 's gone to see another patient, five miles off; and he heard you had come back, so thought p'r'aps you 'd go."

"Certainly, Hannah. Ask Mr. Brooks in, and say that I 'll go with him directly," replied the young man, starting up; and while the maid returned with his answer, he took down a heavy overcoat, drew on his long boots, and soon stood ready. "Rather a surprise to me, Mr. Brooks, to receive 'a call' to-night, for my professional duties have been laid aside these few years back; but I think I can rub up sufficiently to be of help to you, if the case be not too severe," he said, entering the kitchen. "It is not your good wife, I believe, whose pleasant face I remember with distinctness, who needs my services? So I think Hannah stated," he added, as they went out into the storm together.

"No, Doctor; Betsy is hale and hearty, and brisk as ever, thankee! But the schoolmistress we have boarding with us seems pretty sick, and Betsy thinks is bordering on to brain fever."

"I hope it will not result so seriously as that, Mr. Brooks," said Everett, plunging on through the drifts which the two men encountered better on foot than they could have possibly done in a sleigh; and after a long walk they arrived at the farmhouse.

The greetings with little Mrs. Brooks over, Doctor Everett was shown to the chamber of his patient, where lay the sick girl, moaning in the fever delirium, and looking brilliantly beautiful. The young physician started in surprise, for he had not anticipated any other than the usually accredited type of country school-mistress — an elderly, sharp-featured spinster; and he involuntarily stepped to the bedside, smoothed the rich golden hair that floated out over the pillow, laid his cool hand upon her burning forehead, and said, in a deep, kind tone: "My poor child!"

His voice for a moment arrested the wandering reason of the sufferer; doubtless it touched a chord of memory, for she looked up into his face with almost a look of recognition in her bright blue eyes; then, putting her hands suddenly to her forehead, cried out sharply: "I know you, Leonard Everett! But they will not let you stay! They hate me if you look at me, or speak. Go away! go! They are watching me with their cold eyes!"

"Good heavens, what does *this* mean?" murmured the young doctor. "*Her* eyes, *her* hair, *her* voice! Mrs. Brooks"—turning abruptly to her—"this young lady's name?"

"Edna Moore. She has been our schoolmistress a year 'n a half. You must have known her before you left the country, Doctor?" answered Mrs. Brooks, with surprise on her kind face.

"Edna Moore!—I knew it! *Her* eyes and golden hair! Yes, Mrs. Brooks; I met this poor child once, long ago," he answered. Then, bending down, he softly said: "I am glad you know me, Edna. Do Mrs. Hunter and Florence know you are ill?"

The question roused her into strongest excitement for a moment, which then gave way to an air of intense fear. "Don't tell them for the world!" she cried, looking around with

frightened gaze. "They are cold and cruel. I will not call her aunt—that icy woman; and Florence is too proud to call me cousin. *Don't* tell them I am here; they will come and insult me with their haughty tongues, and take you away from me. *Don't* call them!" And she clung to his hands with strong, feverish grasp.

"Land! Miss Edna never told me a word about these folks that treated her so! You don't suppose it 's true, Doctor? She 's wandering," said good Mrs. Brooks. "And yet maybe it 's so, for she seemed alone in the world; lost her mother when she was young; and she said once a kind uncle educated her, but died just after she had left school; and then she 'd stop, and I never liked to ask her too much."

"The poor girl has evidently struggled with many trials," replied the Doctor, evading a more direct reply. Then, setting his teeth hard together while he mixed a soothing draught for the sufferer, he mentally exclaimed: "Proud Mrs. Hunter, beautiful, haughty Florence, I begin to sift this matter. Your story and this poor girl's scarcely agree. If truth be at the bottom, I will not leave Dentford till it be ascertained."

What need to prolong the recital of Leonard Everett's lingering there at Dentford, the most of which time was passed beside his beautiful patient? Enough that, when the fever spell was broken, another spell was woven about both physician and convalescent—the sweet, charmed bond of love; and the gentle orphan, who had been thrust out from her worldly, envious relatives, was received into a tender home, wherein she was henceforth to be shielded always—the noble heart of the master of Ridgewood. Doctor Everett did not make the visit to Mrs. Hunter and Florence, impatiently awaiting him in their city home; but sent a letter instead, announcing "that the duties of his profession detained him at Dentford." But when he did take the trip thither, his lovely young wife was his *compagnon du voyage;* and their rooms were at the "Winthrop," instead of their aunt's elegant mansion. To portray the anger and mortification of Florence and her mother is not in the power of this pen; let it only add that the happy bridegroom has yet never found cause to regret that January storm by which he was "snowed up" at Dentford, the storm which won him his bride.

Time never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed.

THE MODERN MANIA.

These are eminently the days of classification. The scientific professors continue to call helpless bits of creation by hard Latin names, on the discovery of the smallest peculiarity in formation, habits, or habitat. But this learned body are no longer allowed to have the fun all to themselves. The mania for classification has penetrated into every walk and department of life. In vain our modest friend from the country hopes to make all her purchases at one of our palatial establishments, which she bashfully enters, memorandum in hand. The clerks politely smile at her demands for buttons, fringes, colored zephyrs, and knitting-needles. She must push her way among the crowding throng on the sidewalks, and explore shop windows and sign-boards until she can find the stronghold of the merchants whose peculiar privilege it is to deal in these articles. Weary and heart-sick, how she longs for the dear old store of by-gone days, where cheese and china, candy and cashmere, buttons and broadcloth, pins and potatoes were not ashamed to keep each other company!

Fair one, hush thy murmuring! These are the days of classification. In the enlargement of trade it has necessarily divided itself into various departments. If you but lived in the city, the very speciality of which you complain would be to you a source of comfort. You should have heard the world-renowned Prof. G. discoursing the other day on the diversity of organs in the highest stages of the animal creation! How ignoble and insignificant he made the unfortunate polype appear, with its one organ doing the work of all, and that work but the simplest digestive process—a mere stomach, existing for the sole purpose of consumption! (Have we no human polypes, whose life has no better end or aim?) Society is, after all, but a great animal, and in its savage beginning it has but few departments. The Indian thinks it no shame to be his own butcher, tanner, or hut-builder, though he may be the chief of his tribe. But let civilization and progress once have their way, and what a division of labor, what a development of individual talent at once takes place! Here is free play for the idiosyncrasy of every man; a chance to develop the great truth that every child of Adam is the possessor of some peculiar inner treasure, and the wisely fashioned instrument for some special noble work. The notion gives one self-respect, it makes a place for everybody. Even the weakest and humblest of men may be the

keystone on which some great arch depends, or at least the mortar without which some noble edifice would be but a crumbling ruin.

Let us not be out of humor with the age of classification, but take heart, and find our niche, and either fill it grandly with a statue that all ages may look on with reverence, or, bee-like, silently store it with honey, and sweeten life for others mid our daily toil.

Why, in these days one is not even obliged to think for himself. There is an author, or an editor, or a lecturer to tell him what views to hold on any or all subjects, and if an undecided old gentleman should chance to be in doubt concerning any opinion, he has but to appeal to all-knowing Young America, and be set right at once.

Where has classification more decided triumphs than in the kitchen cabinet? Where are its lines more closely drawn? It is vain for our friend in Fifth Avenue, having men-servants and maid-servants without number, to hope that any of them will condescend to sweep the few square yards of pavement in front of her house. Some outsider must be secured for that duty, because, forsooth, the rules of classification forbid any of the trained corps of retainers to depart so far from their peculiar walk as to perform an office not set down in the description of the species to which he or she may belong.

There were old-fashioned days when a well-to-do papa might have a dinner served up to suit his own notions, a sort of general hodge-podge of all his palate had approved lang syne. Not so now! There are laws prescribed as to the dishes that may appear together; and Jew might sooner worship with Samaritan or eat with Gentile than luckless man dare to hope for beef, lamb, or venison without their inevitable accompaniments.

While the grand system of classification has penetrated even to the direction of our daily food it is not strange that it should have set up its authority in the department of letters, and organized a system for the perfect and satisfactory feeding of that by nature omnivorous consumer, the human mind.

What are you? Doctor, minister, old maid, bachelor, child, young miss, college boy, sailor, soldier, school-mistress, or cook, apprentice boy, or aged saint, who or whatever you may be, there has been a book written especially for you, a book precisely calculated to meet the wants of the species of *genus homo* to which you belong.

But stop! There is one class for whom there has been no book written. Where is the book for widows? If it be in print, it has never met our eyes. Is that phase of woman's existence merely looked on as a time of transition, in which she passes by insensible stages from black crape veil to black lace, and so on to the second bridal veil, which enables her again to read the books for wives, and have her mind fed once more with food especially hashed for it? Ah, there are mourners, there are uncomforted hearts among us who prove this excuse an idle slander.

If the widows cannot have their volume expressly for their use, perhaps the editor of the Lady's Book will give them for a time a spare corner in her valued periodical, where they may at least find their portrait, and possibly some hints which it would be wise for them to lay to heart.

Of course we should not think of entering upon any subject without classification, and so, dear reader, do not be shocked if we treat widows as if they were articles in a thread and needle store, duly boxed away with their proper labels, to be brought out as there may be a demand for them.

I.—THE WIDOW INDEED.

"Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

"I say it when I sorrow most,
I count it true, whate'er befall;
It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Let thy widows trust in me.—JEREMIAH, XLIV.
None of them that trust in me shall be desolate.
PSALM XXXIV.

Did we say that there was no book for widows? Blessed be God! there is a Book for Widows Indeed, written by the finger of Omnipotence and illuminated with pictures of His tender compassion who hath formed the human heart.

For such a mourner we have no trite word, words of sympathy. No human hand can bind up her broken heart, no human voice can charm away her grief; yet for her there is laid up a wealth of consolation; there is an Almighty arm offered to sustain her; there is exhaustless love proffered her by one who is the Faithful Promiser.

We will not lift the dark, shrouding veil that hides the true widow's tears. Hers is a sorrow too sacred for touch of our pen. By and by her little ones will play bo-peep with those long sable folds, their faces will look lovingly up to hers, and she will learn to dash away her tears and return their sunny smiles. We but murmur, "God comfort her!" and pass on to her less afflicted sisters.

MILDRED'S RESOLVE.

BY VIOLET WOODS.

CHAPTER I.

"CLIFFORD, do not speak to me again of marriage. You know the only conditions upon which I could possibly become your wife, and yet you refuse to comply with them. My friends, as you are aware, are my advisers in regard to this, and I know too well what misery I *might* secure to myself to disregard their counsels."

A pause ensued in which the young man loosened his clasp on the hand he had been caressing, and moving farther and yet farther from the drooping figure, his eyes sought the downcast face. Mildred Asher looked up; Clifford Hale was subdued by that timid expression, and replied in a voice whose every tone was the very essence of devotion:—

"Ah, Mildred, you little know what an influence you might exert over me as my wife. I already love you, but a more intimate companionship will, if possible, augment the affection I now entertain, and increase the power you already possess. Will not even that admission make you yield to my dearest wishes?"

She did not reply; her fingers were playing nervously with her embroidered handkerchief, and the tears were settling in her eyes. Clifford grasped her hand, and continued: "Why do you hesitate, Mildred? Answer me, for heaven's sake, and let this burden of unrest be removed. Tell me your final resolve. Let me know whether we shall thus walk year after year, united in heart, and yet divided in life's dearest interests. Shall a fear force you to destroy my happiness when love and hope both prompt you to establish it? Answer me quickly, Mildred, for my ears are eager to hear the unjust words for which your countenance bids me prepare."

"You have, indeed, anticipated my reply," she returned with provoking coolness; "if you think me 'unjust' for maintaining a belief which I know to be correct, and for firmly standing my own ground when it would be wrong to yield. It is strange," she continued, earnestly, "that I am destitute of that power now, during our engagement, with which I should be invested after marriage. So, you see, Clifford, that your opinion is incorrect. Now is the time! I shall not wait until I am your bride to accomplish the reformation which, as your betrothed, I have vainly undertaken!"

There was a dignity and emphasis in her language which precluded all necessity for farther pleading, and Clifford, having observed it, exclaimed with ill-suppressed anger:—

"You do not love me, Mildred! You have never loved me, or you could not resign me so easily. If you were an automaton, you could scarcely evince less feeling. You have no charity for my faults, and exercise no forbearance towards the weakness which I cannot conquer. No, you do not love me," he added in a voice plaintive as that of a wounded dove.

"Clifford," she replied, raising her eyes and gazing steadily into his face, "you are doing me a great injustice, and my heart bleeds beneath the torture you inflict. How intensely I love you, you, who have received the manifestations, alone can tell. But I shall be more generous than you have been, and admit that every profession you have ever made, has been received without a doubt as to its truth. I have asked you to pledge yourself never to drink again, and my love and confidence are so boundless, so implicit, that I would willingly stake my life upon your honor. You have, I imagine, a mistaken belief that you will sacrifice your independence by adopting the course I have proposed, and for that reason, you refuse to secure to yourself the possession of my love. I shall no longer urge, for I already blush in remembrance of the fact, that I promised you my heart and hand upon certain conditions, and that you failed to comply."

"Yes," said he, "I *have* failed to comply, because I could not pledge my word to do that for which I felt I had not sufficient strength. You do not love me, Mildred, or you would be willing to marry me with a full knowledge of my faults."

"Calm yourself, Clifford, and let me tell you in what you are wrong. You say that you do not believe I love you, and yet, should another than yourself accuse me of infidelity, how quickly you would resent the infamy. Never, never did a young girl yield her heart to the keeping of another, more willingly, more entirely, than did I mine to you. I know the difference between your social position and mine; I know that you are brilliantly endowed with the rarest gifts of both Nature and Fortune, and that I am only a governess in the

house of your sister; I know all that intervenes between us in a worldly point of view, and, at one time, it seemed strange that you could descend from your lofty position, and select one so lowly as myself for the object of your devotion. That devotion has been reciprocated, and yet you accuse me of falsehood. Clifford," she added, her speech gaining earnestness with each word, "if I do not love you why should I wish to become your wife? That I may enjoy the wealth of which I know you to be possessed? That I may occupy the exalted station, which, as your wife, I would be expected to fill? To no other facts than these can your insinuations be reduced. I either do love you devotedly, or else my object in entering into this engagement was merely mercenary. If you think the former, recall the words which you have uttered in a moment of passion; if the latter, spurn me as you would a worthless bauble!"

Clifford observed her extreme agitation, and rising, he walked several times across the room. Finally, he approached the fire-place; leaned his head upon the marble mantel, and gazed abstractedly into the glowing grate. It might have been the heat which sent the red flushes across his face in such rapid succession, but what was it that paled his cheek so instantaneously as he lifted himself from his bent position? Mildred's head was buried in the velvet of the sofa upon which she was sitting; one tiny hand was pressed upon her heart, and low, unmistakable sobs burst upon the stillness of the apartment. Clifford had never before seen her in tears, and the sight affected him painfully. He went forward, threw himself upon his knees beside her, and exclaimed: "Mildred, Mildred, God forbid that you should shed a tear for me! I know and acknowledge my own unworthiness, and yet I cannot give you up. I have never broken my word; have never made a vow which has not been fulfilled—but this, but this, oh! Mildred, I am so weak. My heart is strong to undertake anything to which you may point, but can I succeed? I dare not give my pledge, but I will struggle to do as you wish. If I am capable, I will claim you; if not, I will resign you." The faltering voice, quivering lip, and moistened eyes were strangely at variance with the firm determination expressed in the words.

"Then, Clifford, I know that I shall at some time be your wife." The remark was uttered in a low, sweet voice, a voice that clearly evinced the fidelity of the heart from which it emanated.

Clifford pressed his lips to her brow, and replied: "Mildred, you could have given me no greater proof of your boundless affection than the utterance of those few, simple words. God alone knows with what miserly care I shall guard them. They will ring through my ears, and sound in the depths of my heart; and if ever I am tempted, I will listen to their undying melody, and let it still the voice of the tempter. Mildred," he added, after a few moments had passed, "I no longer urge, nor would I have you to become my wife until my strength is tested. But oh, if that time had only passed, and I might claim you! It seems so strange, so unjust, that I, a man and your affianced husband, should live in idleness, without a thought of the morrow; while you, a woman, born to be admired and adored, are dependent upon your own exertions. If you were any place but here, I should feel miserable on account of your situation; but I know that Agnes is your friend, and that she loves you. Am I right?"

"Indeed you are," she returned. "Your sister is all that an orphan like myself could wish in a friend. She deserves and receives my unbounded confidence, and her advice is the wisest and best. I told her of the course I had resolved to adopt relative to our marriage, and it received her approbation. Clifford, she has committed to me the task of reclaiming you, and oh! if love and hope can accomplish anything, you will be saved. Poverty and affliction have no terrors for me, if you are by my side; wealth and honor no charm, if destitute of your presence. But," she concluded, looking into his eyes with a calm, penetrating gaze, "I would rather occupy a hireling's place in another's household than be mistress of a palace whose master is devoted to the wine-cup."

"You are enthusiastic," he exclaimed, with a smile.

"Yes; the subject is one which demands the highest enthusiasm, the deepest earnestness. You have never thought of it as I have. What could I promise myself in the future years? Could I hope to have an influence *then*, if it failed me now? It has been promised that no man shall be tempted beyond his strength, and God's own words have many times been verified. Test them, Clifford, and test yourself. You love me, and you cannot fail. Think how *I* would act were you thus pleading with me."

Like a snow-white dove in its protecting covert, her hand nestled confidingly in his. They no longer talked, but thoughts unspeakable swept through their minds, and it would

have seemed a bitter mockery to mar the hallowed silence. But during that silence a change passed slowly over Clifford's countenance. A firm resolve was traced upon the brow, the black eyes grew more intensely dark, and the flexible lips assumed a sternness never before observed. But oh! the tones that issued from them were gentle as the notes of the woodland zephyr, as he drew nearer to the young girl, and said: "Mildred, if I should not visit you for a month, would you miss me?"

"Miss you!" was love's involuntary exclamation; "can you doubt it?"

"I do not doubt it, Mildred, but I shall test your truth. I am about to impose upon myself the severest penalty that could be inflicted. As I have told you, I intend trying to abstain from the use of any intoxicating beverages, whatever; and for one month shall place myself in a position to be assailed by every temptation. I shall mix with a class of society from which I have always kept aloof; and the consequences shall be truthfully revealed to you. If I resist, I shall make you the pledge for which you have asked, and shall demand, in return, a speedy marriage. If I fall, we will have one last interview, and I will resign you forever."

"Oh, Clifford, a month seems so long to wait for your smile; so long to listen for your voice!" The blue eyes were full of tears, and the lips were tremulous. "I cannot understand why you will not visit me in the meantime. Explain, and I shall be satisfied."

"Because I intend to mingle in those scenes with which it would be a sin to connect even a thought of you, and I must forget you for a while, if possible. You will be contented to wait, will you not?"

"Yes," was the low reply, "I am not only contented, but happy, to wait, for you will succeed."

Half an hour later, Clifford rose to take his departure. He was standing before the fire, holding both of Mildred's hands in his own, and she listened, oh! so intently, to each word as it fell from his lips. He was saying:—

"In four weeks from to-morrow night I will come again. Do not expect me until then, for I am determind to make this test. What a sad interview this has been, Mildred," he added, as he gazed more steadily into her sorrowful eyes.

"And the next!" she exclaimed with an involuntary shudder. "How much more painful than this it may be."

She burst into tears, he kissed the pallid cheek, and whispering, "In four weeks from to-morrow night," he departed.

CHAPTER II.

Night after night found Clifford Hale wandering restlessly from one scene of low debauch to another, but like a statue of Parian marble in a company of grim and horrible skeletons, his soul remained pure and unsullied by the associations by which he was surrounded. Thoughts clothed in language which had never before fallen upon his ears, uttered as if in ignorance of the recording Angel, were breathed in his presence, and caused him to shrink back in horror from the debasing influences he was struggling to renounce. Time passed, and the period of his probation had almost expired. He had been tempted, but like an iron-bound ship breasting the fury of the wind and waves, he had resisted the enticements of the tempter, and looked proudly back upon the strength which had rendered him triumphant.

It was the night before that upon which he was to have an interview with Mildred. He would give the required pledge, and she, in return, would render his happiness complete. He had scarcely a thought independent of the woman he loved, and those thoughts flashed upon his mind like the beams of a brilliant star breaking through the parted clouds.

"And Mildred? There was an indefinable something which hung like a mist over her heart, and rendered her almost sad. Mrs. Wayland observed her dejection, and proposed that they should attend a masked ball to be given at the house of a friend. It was the last evening of Clifford's probation, and she accepted the offer upon condition that they should remain entirely unknown.

They did not go until late, and the company being assembled in the drawing-room, the upper halls were deserted. They had just reached the ladies' apartment, when a gentleman emerged from an opposite room, left the door ajar, and descended the stairs. A voice fell upon her ears—a voice welcome as the first carol of the spring bird, and she knew that Clifford was not far distant. Other tones, too, were heard, and the words swept down upon her heart like the ruinous avalanche upon the peaceful valley below: "Come, Hale, let's have a drink before we go down."

How will he reply? Her heart almost ceased to pulsate she was so fearful he would fall.

"No, no. Do not ask me. I am trying to abstain altogether."

"Under a pledge to some lady, I warrant," was returned.

"I am under no pledge, but my reason for

refusing you is sufficient. Hereafter, the man who asks me is not my friend."

"Are you in earnest, Clifford? I thought you were jesting, perhaps."

"I was never more serious," was the calm reply. "If a kingdom were offered me if I would indulge in one glass only, I would scorn the offering."

They passed out of hearing, and Mildred turned to where Mrs. Wayland was standing before the mirror. She had not heard the conversation nor could Mildred repeat it. Who can tell the emotions of her heart? One might as well attempt to learn the rippling cadence of the brooklet's song, or the deep, sublime bass of the ocean's roar, as to think to read the language of a soul whose happiness is gained. Mildred's was supreme! She had known Clifford to be enticed, and she had known him to resist. Was she surprised? No, for had not her own heart prophesied that temptation would fall powerless in the presence of his superior strength?

A few moments later they descended; the rooms were crowded, and presented a splendid appearance. Clifford, with several other gentlemen and ladies, was unmasked, and one of the number, a young girl, won and engrossed Mildred's attention. She was lovely in an eminent degree, and Clifford, too, seemed to appreciate her loveliness; for already he appeared unconscious of the presence of another than herself. Mildred's confidence was too implicit to permit one jealous thought, but she did not like to acknowledge the influence the stranger seemed to exert. But the crowd moved toward the room in which the refreshments were served, and for a few moments she lost sight of the couple in which she felt so much interest.

"Wine, if you please."

Mildred turned, and recognized in the speaker the lady who had so irresistibly won her notice. Her eyes were as bright and her voice as liquid as the article she demanded, and, like Christabel, she was "beautiful exceedingly."

Clifford Hale approached with but one goblet, and presented it with a smiling bow. She received it gracefully, but exclaimed in astonishment: "Am I to drink this alone?"

"I cannot indulge," was the low reply.

"Cannot indulge!" she echoed. "You are not loyal, I am afraid. No gentleman can refuse a lady, and I demand obedience. Another glass, if you please."

Clifford bit his lip, but replied, firmly: "I cannot comply; you must excuse me."

"But I shall *not* excuse you." She approached one of the side tables, lifted a heavy decanter, and poured a glittering draught into a massive cup. Then, returning, she offered it with irresistible sweetness, and said: "Come, the wine will lose its brilliancy and I my patience, if you keep me waiting. This is to the health and happiness of Mr. Hale."

Their glasses touched, and Clifford's was emptied at a draught.

Mildred had heard every word, had seen every movement, and had the glass contained her heart's "best blood," she could not have endured a greater agony. Gone were the lofty hopes, the towering aspirations! Here a castle had crumbled away, and fallen a mass of gilded ruins at her very feet. Sick at heart, she turned away; but for a moment was almost tempted to tear the mask from off her face and stand revealed before the man she had loved and trusted. But should she condemn him? Had he not told her his weakness? And had he not refused to pledge his word? But with what woe and misery was the result of his failure freighted! Like the ship which moves majestically through the storm and mountain wave, yet goes down in sight of the shore to which it was hastening, he had wrecked himself when nearest the point he would have died to gain.

"Mildred, I have come to resign you!" Hopeless as the clank of a prisoner's chain was the voice which uttered these words. Few they were, but oh, how heavily laden with grief and woe!

The young girl addressed raised her eyes, and looked, not said: "You have failed, then?"

"Yes, failed — utterly, entirely," he responded, interpreting the mute expression. "At a time, too, when I thought myself most secure. Until last night, I resisted every variety of temptation; and then, exulting in the very strength which had sustained me, I became hopelessly weak, and fell." He endeavored to repress his agitation, and appear calm, but he might as well have attempted to still the roaring of a cataract or quell the fury of a storm.

Mildred did not speak. Words were useless now. She had striven and pleaded, and where was her reward? There was not a ray of light in the present, not one beam to dispel the darkness of the future.

In the intensity of his anguish, Clifford suddenly grew calm; he talked earnestly of his failure, and eloquently of his affection. He

could not, would not give Mildred up! He would make one more trial, and then, if he fell or succeeded, he would abide by the consequences. And the young girl listened, accepting his terms as eagerly as the thirsty floweret receives the sparkling dew. She could not live without him; she would trust him again, and a thousand times, if necessary. Woman, loving and confiding! in thy breast the divine injunction finds its echo: "Yet not seven times, but seventy times seven shalt thou forgive."

Mildred did not tell Clifford that she had witnessed his humiliation; she had not the fortitude for that. He had failed signally, and had reported the truth to her. She would try him again, but where was the towering hope which had characterized her former trial? Even the eagle, whose eyrie is almost beyond the sweep of the human eye, can sometimes fail in the dizzy ascension, and so, too, Clifford, the high, the noble, would sometimes fall short of the mark to which he had aspired.

CHAPTER III.

The period of Clifford's second probation was fast drawing to its close. Only one evening remained, and immediately after tea Mildred retired to her chamber, saddened by the remembrance of their former trial, and yet, oh, so hopeful for the one now impending! She could scarcely read, her excitement was so intense, and book after book was thrown aside, whose perusal was considered a task not to be accomplished in her present state of mind.

About eleven o'clock she walked to the window, threw aside the heavy curtains, and gazed out upon the night. The streets were almost deserted; now and then a lonely pedestrian moved hastily along, his heart growing lighter with each step that brought him nearer home and a quiet fireside, for the weather was intensely cold. In the midst of her reflections she was startled by the sound of approaching wheels, and a moment later a carriage drew up to the door and halted. A gentleman and two ladies alighted, and, running up the marble steps, gave the bell a quick, impatient jerk. She heard them speaking in merry tones to Mrs. Wayland, and presently that lady herself went up and entered her room.

"You are wanted, Mildred," was her exclamation.

"Wanted for what?" was the reply.

"Don't be frightened," Mrs. Wayland returned, with a smile. "Rose and Nellie Martin have come for you to go home with them. You know they give a party to-night. Rose wants you to take part in a duet with her, her friend whom she was expecting is necessarily absent."

"But I am not prepared."

"Oh, fy! when were you not prepared for music? Come, hasten; I will tell them that you will go."

It required but a few moments for Mildred to make her toilet; a simple white dress and no ornaments, and yet how radiantly beautiful she was!

"Ready so soon!" was the remark which greeted her as she entered the drawing-room, and Mrs. Wayland stepped back in surprise at her extreme loveliness. She had but seldom seen her attired in party style, for Mildred rarely ever went into company, knowing that, although she was invited, it was solely on account of Mrs. Wayland.

It required but a few moments for them to reach the place of destination, and Mildred was ushered into the parlor. The whole company had adjourned to the supper-room, and thither they soon followed them. The apartment being crowded, they were obliged to stand near the door, behind which a lady and gentleman seemed to be stationed, and were evidently in an earnest conversation. Mildred attempted to move away, but Clifford's voice, low but excited, riveted her attention.

"You need not ask me; I cannot, will not indulge."

"I remember," said the same sweet voice which once before had caused him to waver—"I remember what a task I had to resurrect your politeness on a former occasion. The remembrance of my success *then* gives me hope for the present."

"You need not make another attempt," was the quick, stern reply. "Once you almost ruined me, body and soul; I defy your utmost exertions now." There was no reply, and presently he added, in a softer voice: "Come, let 's go where it is not so crowded, and I will give you the reasons for my abstinence."

They passed out directly in front of Mildred. Clifford recognized her, and bent upon her a look full of surprise and unutterable love. She remembered the disappointment which awaited her former trial, and for a moment her heart was clouded; but the shadow swept by, and the sunlight of confidence, renewed again, beamed full upon her.

"Did you see the lady standing near the door as we came out?" said Clifford, after he

and his companion were seated in the drawing-room. "There she is now," he added, casting his eyes toward Mildred, who was then entering.

"Which? The one with such a lovely complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair?"

"Yes; though I rarely ever think of her external appearance, her mind and heart so completely enslave me. Nina Hayes, she is my betrothed, and you may imagine how dear she is to me. She is poor—a governess in my sister's family—and yet, she refuses to become my wife until I have conquered every desire for ardent spirits. I had determined to test my strength before giving my pledge to that effect, and for this purpose have resisted every species of temptation. In one effort I failed; in this, with God's help, I have been successful."

"And I was the cause of your former failure!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes filling with tears. "The lady despises me—doesn't she? and you, too?"

"She knows nothing of it," was the reply; "and as for myself, I can scarcely regret it. It has but proved that while she is just, she is truly generous; and that where I have deserved scorn and contempt, I have received only love and forgiveness. Let me make you acquainted with her, for I am sure that you will love her."

Affection is oftentimes a false prophet, but Clifford spoke the words of truth, when he said that Nina would love his affianced bride, for the admiration she first experienced soon deepened into the truest, most lasting friendship.

Two months later a brilliant party were assembled to witness the marriage of Clifford Hale with Mildred Asher. Had the wishes of either been regarded, the occasion would have been one of privacy; but Mrs. Wayland could not forbear publicly receiving her brother's wife into her family.

"No, no," said she, in answer to their entreaties; "do not ask me to forego my present plan. If but few were invited, the fashionable world might insinuate that I was not pleased with the alliance; when, indeed, I would have every one know that you are my choice as well as Clifford's."

So Mrs. Wayland gained her point. And manœuvring mammas and aspiring daughters smiled and congratulated the lovely bride; and smiling, envied her the fortune she had won and the diamonds which glittered upon her arms, neck, and brow. But ah! she possessed one gem more priceless to her than all Golconda could have furnished; which, unseen by the world, threw its dazzling radiance across her pathway. And that gem was the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, which Clifford had presented her previous to her marriage. Happiness and honor attended their steps, and Mildred has never had cause to regret her resolve; for her husband has gained for himself a name and a place in the hearts of all who know him, and ever attributes his success to the woman of his choice.

THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Pearl the First.—January.

KIND words of welcome, words of cheer,
First of the children of the year,
We give to thee!
Frost-crowned—ice-girdled though thou art—
Enter the people's home and heart,
January!

One of unnumbered thousands thou!
Born with a crown upon thy brow,
And bringing gifts
And promises of greener bowers
Beyond thy present icy hours
And white snow drifts.

From SIXTY-TWO to SIXTY-THREE
How brief the span of time; and we,
Upon the shore,
Look forward while our thoughts go back
To seasons and to scenes, alack!
That are no more.

And if a solemn measure runs
Our welcome through, because of suns
And seasons fled,
Be it the earnest of our faith!
What poet and what prophet saith,
Should thus be said.

Snow-wreathed, ice-girdled, and frost-crowned,
God speed thee on thy daily round
Of days to be!
And, as we walk Time's winding way,
"Touch us all tenderly," we pray,
January!

INFLUENCE OF A TRUE WIFE.—A sensible, affectionate, refined, practical woman, who makes a man's nature all the stronger by making it more tender—who puts new heart into all his worthy strivings, gives dignity to his prosperity, and comfort to his adversity. Every true life wields a still greater power when it feels a living heart drawing it with irresistible force into every position of duty.

ROBIN HOOD.

A PARLOR PIECE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

(As proposed to be represented in the Back Drawing Room.)

BY WILLIAM BROUGH.

Characters.

ROBIN HOOD, *an Outlaw, passing himself off as Locksley.*
LITTLE JOHN, SCARLET, MUCH, *the Miller's son,* } *Outlaws, followers of* ROBIN HOOD.
ALLAN-A-DALE, *a wandering minstrel.*
HUGO, *the tax gatherer.*
SIR REGINALD DE BRACY, *Sheriff of Nottingham.*
KING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, *travelling incognito as "The Black Knight," on his return from Palestine.*
MAID MARIAN, *the Sheriff's daughter, betrothed to Locksley.*
ALICE, *her attendant.*
Outlaws, Citizens, Soldiers, etc. etc.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the house of the Sheriff of Nottingham, elegantly furnished.*

[NOTE.—In order to put dramas on the stage correctly, it is usual to "consult authorities." In arranging the furniture for this scene, we should strongly advise that the "authorities"—that is to say, Papa and Mamma—should be consulted as to what chairs and tables may be used; as a neglect to do so, might lead to serious chronological mistakes—even to the premature sending to bed of the management.]

Enter ALICE *with a dusting-brush.*

Alice. There, my work 's done—if my work
I can call work;
It seems all play, though I am maid-of-all-work.
Sure no girl e'er had such a place as this is,
The Lady Marian 's such a first-rate Missis.
Dusting her room 's mere child's play. Though
I must
Confess her pa' sometimes *kicks up a dust.*
This comes of being Sheriff. I 'm aware
The seat of office is no easy chair;
But what care I what fortunes variable
O'ertake that chair, while I am *com-for-table.*
[ALLAN-A-DALE *is heard outside playing on the guitar.*

[NOTE.—Should the resources of the establishment include a grand pianoforte, the notes of a guitar may be exactly imitated by laying a sheet of tolerably stiff paper loosely upon the strings. Should the only available piano be an "upright," or a "cottage," the paper may be *threaded* in and out of the wires. In the absence of a piano, however, or in the event of the "authorities" before alluded to objecting (as they probably would) to any tampering with the internal economy of the instrument, the guitar accompaniment may be safely left to the imagination of the audience.]

Alice. But hark! those silvery tones—'tis
he; oh joy!
Allan-a-Dale, my own dear minstrel boy.
[ALLAN-A-DALE *sings outside.*

AIR.—"*Lonely I wander.*"—TROVATORE.

Lonely I wander the wide town through,
In hopes to pick up an odd sixpence or two;
Ne'er shall I quit your door,
Till some odd pence or more,
You place into the hat of the poor troubadour.

Alice. 'Tis he! I knew it; ne'er yet was he
willing
To move on under at the least a shilling.
[*Going to the door.*
Come in, dear Allan.
Allan (*entering*). May I?
Alice. May you! stuff;
You know you 're always welcome.
Allan (*sits down*). That 's enough!
Alice. My mistress is so fond of music.
Allan. True;
And of the gossip that I bring her too.
We wandering minstrels' story-telling powers,
Gain us admission to all ladies' bowers.
Alice. True, we 've no other way our news
to get,
For newspapers are not invented yet.
Now for it! [*Sits by him.*
Allan. Alice, words would tell but poorly
How fair you are!
Alice. You don't call that news, surely!
Have you no fresher tidings?
Allan. Yes; I 've learned
King Richard from his travels has returned.
Alice. Why then Prince John—
Allan. Prince John I should advise,
His nose put out of joint, to mind his eyes.
Since the king left, nice tricks has he been at.
Alice. Mice *will* play in the absence of the
cat!
Allan. But see, the Lady Marian 's coming
hither;
And, as I live—no—yes, say, who 's that with
her?
Alice. That; oh, that 's Locksley.

Allan. Locksley him d'ye call? His name is—

Enter ROBIN HOOD (*as* LOCKSLEY) *and* MARIAN.

Robin. Locksley, sir, of Locksley Hall. (*Aside to him*). Be quiet.
Allan. All right, captain.
Marian. Why, how 's this? The minstrel seems to know you.
Allan. Know him, miss! That gentleman 's the leader of our band.
Robin (*evasively*). Yes; I conduct sometimes.
Marian. I understand. You play first fiddle, I suppose?
Robin. Just so. 'Twould do you good to see me use my *bow*. But never mind my *beau;* am I not yours?
Allan. I see; our leader 's made you *overtures.*
Marian. How dare you speak, sir, upon such affairs? Alice, conduct the troubadour down stairs.
Allan. This conduct to a bard!
Alice. There, never mind; I 've luncheon ready.
Allan. True, the bard 's not dined. Yet if he chose he could speak.
Alice. Well, but don't.
Allan. The bard is hungry—so he thinks he won't.

[*Exeunt* ALLAN *and* ALICE.

Marian. Now, Locksley, we 're alone, repeat, I pray, What you but now were just about to say.
Robin. Rare news, sweet. I 've your father's full permission To marry you upon one sole condition.
Marian. And that is—
Robin. That I from all rivals snatch The first prize in to-morrow's shooting match.
Marian. Oh, should your arrow fail!
Robin. That chance look not for.
Marian. But I don't choose to be put up and shot for. I 'll be no archer's butt. I don't like putting My future hopes on such *an arrow* footing.
Robin. I 'll hit the bull's-eye, dearest, have no fears.
Marian. I think pa 's mad about his volunteers And shooting matches. Of it what 's the good?
Robin. The fact is, he 's afraid of Robin Hood. To catch him 'tis they drill each raw recruit, And teach their young ideas how to shoot.
Marian. I wish this Robin Hood was dead. Don't you?
Robin. Well, no, I can't exactly say I do.
Marian. His ceaseless thefts—
Robin. Such slanders don't believe in. He 's always *Robin*, but not always *thievin'*—
Marian. You take his part? Oh, no, it can't be!
Robin. Why! Perhaps he 's quite as good a man as I. What if I were abused and slandered so, Would you believe what folks said of me?
Marian. No. Of course I wouldn't.
Robin. Just so. Then, again, E'en suppose I were Robin Hood. What then?

DUET.

AIR.—"*Will you love me then as now?*"

Robin. You have told me that you loved me, With the blushes on your cheek;
Marian. Can you wonder at my blushing, 'Twas so difficult to speak.
Robin. But suppose the noble Locksley, Into Robin Hood should change?
Marian. I should say the alteration, At the very least, looked strange.
Robin. But I ask you would you cut me?
Marian. Well, I almost think somehow—
Robin. You would cease to care about me?
Marian. No; I 'd love you then as now.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Sherwood Forest.*

[NOTE.—The arrangement of this scene will give an excellent opportunity for the exercise of skill on the part of the management. We have seen very effective "forest sets" got up by means of a few trunks of trees roughly painted on pasteboard, and surrounded by evergreens. But should this be found too troublesome or impracticable, it should be borne in mind that in the "good old times," in the "palmy days of the drama," before the present rage for *spectacle* had set in, it was considered amply sufficient to have the nature of the scene legibly written on a placard, and hung up in a conspicuous part of the scene. And surely, if this was deemed good enough for Shakspeare, the author of the present drama has no right to feel dissatisfied with it. So we should suggest, in default of any scenic appliances, a sheet of card-board with the words "SHERWOOD FOREST" written upon it, leaving the author to make what protest he chooses against the want of liberality in the management.]

Enter HUGO.

Hugo. Thus far into the thickest of the wood Have I marched on, nor yet seen Robin Hood. Oh, how I shudder at his very name! He 'd deem a tax-collector lawful game.

He hates all taxes. Well, those we now levy
In the king's absence I confess are heavy;
And not quite constitutional, folks say:
Well, let them talk, what matters if they pay.
The tax on incomes, p'rhaps we might relax,
Or soon there 'll be no incomes left to tax.
And yet I don't know—tax them as you will,
This Anglo-Saxon race seems prosperous still.
To *the last stick* you bring them down—what then?
You find *th' elastic* race spring up again.

SONG.

AIR.—"*The Postman's Knock.*"

What a wonderful land this England must be
(A remark that 's been made before);
You take her last shilling in taxes, and she
Is still good for some millions more.
What with income-tax, house-tax, assessments, and rates,
No Englishman knows what he 's at;
His house is his castle, but we storm the gates,
As we come with the double rat-tat.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
The poor-rates or taxes are sure to knock.

[*He brings a large money-bag from under his cloak.*

This morning's work has brought me glorious profit,
My bag 's so heavy.

LITTLE JOHN, MUCH (*the Miller's son*), SCARLET, *and other Outlaws, enter and surround him.*

Little John. Let us ease you of it.
Hugo. Thieves! Robbery! Police!
Much. Peace, what 's the good,
To holloa till your safe out of the wood?
Little John. Give us the sack (*snatching it from him*).
Hugo. Nay, it 's not mine, you see;
Don't take it, or they 'll give the sack to me;
Mine 's a good situation.
Much. Well, at present,
Your situation might be much more pleasant.
Let 's hang him.
Hugo. No, no; quarter, pray.
Much. Just so;
We 'll quarter you, but hang you first, you know.
You, as a tax-collector, can't be nettled
To find the *quarter* you 've applied for settled.
Bring him along.
Scarlet. Had we not better wait
Till Robin Hood himself decides his fate?
Hugo. Yes, do.
Scarlet. He comes.

Enter ROBIN HOOD *in forester's costume, with bow and arrows.*

Robin. Now, lads, what means this stir?
Little John. We 've caught a Norman tax-collector, sir.
Robin. A Norman! Hated race! Our country's curse!
And a tax-gatherer, which is even worse!
The Norman's visit each true Saxon hates,
'Specially when he calls about the rates.
We loathe his written laws; yet even more
The printed papers he leaves at one's door.
Hugo (*kneeling*). Spare me!
Robin. Perhaps we might.
Much. What means this whim?
Robin. Who is there we could better spare than him?
Go; you are free.
Hugo. Oh, thanks!
Robin. Now, list to me.
Your name is *Hugo*. I let *you go* free.
So, when some Saxon in your law's fell pow'r,
Implores your pity, think upon this hour.
Spare him as you 're now spared; and when you would
Remorseless be, remember Robin Hood!
Hugo. Fear not. Oh, sir, I am so glad I met you.
Remember you! I never shall forget you.
Robin. No words. Away!
Hugo. My thanks no words can speak.
(*Aside.*) The rate-payers shall smart for this next week. [*Exit.*
Scarlet. I 'm sorry that you spared him.
Robin. Cruel varlet!
To say so I should blush, if I were *Scarlet*.
What think you, Much, of it?
Much (*sulkily*). I 'm sorry, too.
Robin. In that case, Much, I don't think *much* of you.
Black Knight (*calls outside*). What ho, there! Help!
Robin. Hark! there 's a call. What is it?
Little John. That call may p'r'aps not mean a friendly visit.
Black Knight (*outside*). Help!
Much. By all means, if you have any pelf.
Scarlet. Oh, yes, *we 'll* help him.
Much. I shall help myself.

Enter THE BLACK KNIGHT. *They surround him.*

Robin. Now, sir, who are you through our forest bawling?
Your name and business tell; we 've heard your *calling*.
Black Knight. A weary knight, who all the weary day
Has wandered through this wood and lost his way,
Craves food and rest.

Robin. Your name?
Black Knight. I may not tell it.
I can repay your kindness.
Robin. I don't sell it.
Little John. No; but we 'll take your money all the same. [*Advancing towards him.*
Robin. What! rob a fasting, weary man! For shame!
Come in. We grant the shelter that you seek;
We spoil the strong, but we befriend the weak.
Black Knight. Mine 's but a momentary weakness, mind;
You 'll see how strong I come out when I 've dined.
Robin. No matter. Go (*to outlaws*), make ready for our guest.
And see that everything is of the best.
[*Exeunt outlaws.*
Sir, you are bold to venture through this wood.
Have you no fears of meeting Robin Hood?
Black Knight. Would I could meet him hand to hand!
Robin. Well, stay.
After you 've dined and rested, perhaps you may.
Are you his enemy?
Black Knight. I am the foe
Of all their country's laws who overthrow.
Robin. Nay, then of foes you 'll find a decent lot.
There is King Richard to begin with.
Black Knight. What?
Robin. Yes, if the people don't obey the laws,
The king himself is the unwitting cause.
Why quit his kingdom on a wild-goose chase,
Leaving a cruel tyrant in his place?
Black Knight. Does John oppress the people?
Robin. Have you eyes
To see their sufferings, ears to hear their cries,
That you can ask the question? Why, 'tis known
Beneath his laws no man's life is his own,
Save such as Robin Hood and his brave outlaws,
Who, in the forest free, don't care about laws.
So when folks' grievances too heavy press,
They fly to Robin Hood to seek redress.
In vain the tyrants as a traitor brand him;
The common people love and understand him.

DUET.

AIR—"*A famous man was Robin Hood.*"

Robin. Oh, a famous man is Robin Hood,
The English people's pride and joy;
The tyrants he has long withstood,
Who try our freedom to destroy.
Black Knight. What you 've just told me, do you know,
Has filled my mind with strange alarm.
Robin. While Robin, though, can bend the bow,
Be sure his friends he 'll keep from harm.
Both. A famous man is Robin Hood,
No wonder he is England's joy;
Where tyrants are to be withstood,
It 's very plain that Rob's the boy.

Enter LITTLE JOHN.

Little John. The dinner 's ready.
Robin. Come, then, worthy knight,
Let good digestion wait on appetite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The fair outside Nottingham. Stalls with toys, fruit, cakes, etc., on them. Swings, shows, etc. People attending the stalls, peasants walking about.*

[NOTE.—The appearance of this scene will doubtless vary considerably in different establishments. A table with an open umbrella fixed over it makes a very good stall, while toys, cakes, fruit, and other articles to put on them ought to be readily obtainable, especially with a guarantee from the management that the "properties" shall not be demolished until after the conclusion of the performance. Should there be any difficulty in fixing swings, the simplest way is to do without them. The same remark will hold good as regards the shows; though, as only the outside of them is seen, a curtain or a tablecloth hung against the wall, with a showman standing in front of it to invite folks in, will answer every purpose. A picture of wild beasts, or a giant, or a dwarf, or a king, or a queen—or, in fact, a picture of any possible or impossible object, hung on the curtains, would improve the effect, but is by no means essential.]

The scene opens to a confusion of cries, such as "What 'll you buy—buy—buy?" "Walk up—walk up—be in time." "Gingerbread-nuts, sir!—best spice-nuts, sir!" "This way for the giant!" "All the fun of the fair!" *and others suggested by the articles on the stalls, all the cries being repeated together.*

Enter the SHERIFF *of* NOTTINGHAM *and his daughter* MARIAN, *followed by* ALLAN-A-DALE *and* ALICE, *attended by soldiers.*

Sheriff. Silence! D'ye hear? Be quiet—cease this din.
[*All are quiet immediately.*
Bring chairs here.
[SHERIFF *and* MARIAN *sit at one side.*
Now, before the sports begin,
If any one has anything to say,
Any complaints to make or fines to pay,
Or any business to transact, in short,
Let him now bring it in the Sheriff's Court.
Only, I warn you, I am in a hurry,
So at your peril you 'll the Sheriff worry!
[*One or two peasants who have approached him turn away frightened.*
Does no one speak? Sure ne'er was town so bless'd,

With not a single wrong to be redress'd!

Marian. I think that maid would speak, if you 'd but let her.

What is it, girl? Speak.

Sheriff. Nonsense! She knows better. The court 's adjourned.

HUGO *runs in.*

Hugo. Nay, for one moment stop.

Sheriff. What seek you?

Hugo. Justice!

Sheriff. We 've just closed the shop. You are too late.

Hugo. But I 've been robbed.

Sheriff. Pooh-pooh!

Hugo. Half murdered!

Sheriff. Call again to-morrow—do.

Marian. Who robbed you, friend?

Hugo. 'Twas Robin Hood, miss.

Sheriff. What?

Hugo. And I know where to find him.

Allan (*in the crowd*). I hope not.

Alice. What 's it to you, pray?

Allan. Nothing, dear.

Sheriff (*to Hugo*). You mean To tell us that you Robin Hood have seen?

Hugo. I have.

Sheriff. And know where he hangs out?

Hugo. I do, For I was all but *hanging out there* too. Come with your guards—I 'll lead you to him straight.

Sheriff. Well, till our shooting-match is over, wait.

Hugo. You know you promised a reward.

Sheriff. Just so. We 'll talk of that when we have caught him, though.

Allan (*aside to* ALICE). Dear Alice, if you love me, get that man Away from here, by any means you can.

Alice. Easily. Hugo 's an old friend of mine. Won't you come in and take a glass of wine [*To* HUGO. After your troubles?

Hugo. I shall be enraptured.

[*Exeunt* ALICE *and* HUGO.

Allan (*aside*). How to save Robin now from being captured?

Sheriff. Now, then, good people, let the sports begin.

Re-enter ALICE.

Alice (*aside to* ALLAN). All right. The pantry I have locked him in.

Marian. Why is not Locksley here? Pa', can't you wait?

Sheriff. Not I; it 's his fault if he comes too late.

Marian. Mind, if he doesn't win me, I declare, I 'll have no other for a husband. There!

Sheriff. Peace, girl. Now, who shoots first?

First Peasant. Good sir, 'tis I!

Sheriff. You see the mark? Ready! Present! Let fly!

[*Peasant shoots an arrow off. All laugh at him.*

Missed it! Who 's next? (*Another comes forward to shoot.*) Mind how you take a sight. Ready! Present! Let fly!

(*Second Peasant shoots.*) Good! in the white.

ROBIN HOOD (*as Locksley*) *runs in.*

Robin. So; just in time, I see. Confound that stranger! I couldn't leave him.

Allan (*aside to him*). Robin; you 're in danger.

Robin. I know; I always am. Who cares? Look out! [*He shoots.*

Sheriff. Right in the bull's eye. Shout, you villains; shout.

[*The populace all shout.*

Locksley, your hand. You 've nobly won the prize; My daughter 's yours.

Enter HUGO. *He starts at seeing* ROBIN.

Hugo. Eh! can I trust my eyes! 'Tis he; secure him! There stands Robin Hood!

[*Soldiers seize* ROBIN.

Sheriff. What!

Hugo (*holding out his hand*). The reward, sir; if you 'll be so good.

Sheriff. What! he! my future son, the outlaw! Pshaw— An *out-law* can't become a son-*in-law!*

Marian. Speak to me, Locksley! Say it is not so.

Hugo. I told you I 'd remember you, you know.

Robin. For this I saved you from the halter?

Hugo. Yes. I like the *halter*ation I confess.

Sheriff. Speak! Are you Robin Hood?

Robin. Well, without sham, Since you ask so politely, sir, I am. Farewell, dear Marian. As you see, I 'm sold.

Marian. No, it can't be!

Sheriff. To prison with him.

Enter the BLACK KNIGHT, *followed by* LITTLE JOHN, MUCH, SCARLET, *and Outlaws.*

Black Knight. Hold!

Sheriff. Who 's this, that comes in style so harum-scarum?
Who are you?

Black Knight (*throwing off his disguise*). Richard, Rex Britanniarum. [*All kneel.*

All. Long live the king!

King. He means to; and what 's more,
To live at home, his people to watch o'er.
Release your prisoner. Robin Hood, come here.
[ROBIN *kneels to the* KING.
As Earl of Huntingdon, henceforth *appear.*

Robin (*bringing* MARIAN *forward*). This peerless maid, sire, who was late so cheerless—

King. Now has her Earl, so she 's no longer *peer-less.*
We pardon all that 's past; let none bear malice.
Now all take hands.

Allan. Good! I 'll take yours, then, Alice.

Alice. Well, since the king commands. There! I submit. [*Gives her hand.*
(*Aside.*) I almost feared he 'd never ask for it!

Hugo. But my reward?

Robin. You 'll get it.—Don't be hurt.
(*To audience.*) Reward us all! Not after our desert:
By no high standard, pray, our *acting* test;
Whate'er we 've done—we 've *acted for the best.*

FINALE.

AIR.—"*There 's nae luck about the house.*"

Old Christmas comes but once a year,
The time for mirth and fun;
'Tis not a time to be severe
On those their best who 've done.
At such a time, to laugh 's no crime,
Don't harmless jokes despise;
Unbend a while—at folly smile,
Be merry though you 're wise.
For there is no luck about the house
That Christmas fails to cheer;
'Tis no bad rule to play the fool,
If only once a year.

All repeat in chorus.

For there is no luck about the house, &c.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

(Provided you have one; if not, it doesn't.)

LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

LETTER I.

DEAR MR. GODEY: It 's nigh about three years since I come to Scrub Oak to live with Cousin Brewstir; and, as I was tellin' Flory the other day, I 've a'most forgot all my old-fashioned ways, and I don't s'pose anybody would know me for the schoolma'am in Pendle Holler, over twenty years ago I remember as well as if 'twas only yesterday, how Deacon Arza Pendle come over after me in a bellus-top shay, and how Susan cried when she tied on my bunnit, and how Archy slid my little trunk—covered with a spotted calfskin tacked on with brass nails, and my two first letters on the top in brass nails, too—under the seat, shook hands with me and the deacon, and put up the bars after we drove out of the door yard. I looked back when we had got to the bend in the road, where you lose sight of the house, and I could see Archy standin' lookin' after us yet. Susan's winder was open, and if I didn't see her, I knew she was there, and I knew, too, how much they both hoped and feared for me. I hadn't tried to do anything after John's death till then, and maybe I shouldn't have courage enough to keep me up after all; but I kept sayin' to myself all the time, "I will, I will;" and I shut my lips together tight, so that I shouldn't even feel them tremble, and tried to think about the posies and little bushes along the side of the road. There was wintergreen, young sasafras, May-apples and lady-slippers. The red and yellow keys hadn't all dropped off the maple trees, and the popples was bright yet with their young leaves. All the birches was covered with tawsels that swung in the air with the tender leaves, and the wind brought us the smell of the young spruce cones, and the hemlock buds that was sweeter than the very best of the queer little bottles of perfume with outlandish letters all in gold printed on the glass, that Flory has on her table up stairs. I heard the birds singin' among the trees, and my heart begun to beat softer, and I was a'most glad that I *was* goin' away from home, when all at once, Deacon Pendle spoke out for the first time, "That 's a purty place over the lake yonder. I wonder how it comes to be desarted." I caught hold of the side of the shay, as if he had struck me a blow with his great whip. I couldn't help sayin' "oh," such a painful feelin' of suffocation came over me all at once. My heart gave a jump and then a'most stood still. The Deacon looked scared when he turned round and see how I shook. He stopped his horse and jumped down as spry as a boy.

There was a little tin pail in the shay full of cabbage plants, that the Deacon had begged of Archy, and now he flung 'em out, and run to the brook after some water.

I hadn't looked at the place where John died and was buried, before; but I looked now, for I could not hear it spoken of without feelin' as if I should die if I didn't look.

Oh how pleasant it was! How the lake shone in the sun like a sea of fire, and the tops of the maple trees on the hill brightened and darkened when the wind tossed them up and down! Little patches of bushes had sprung up in the clearin's and around the house; and I could see the two slender white birches in the corner of the yard where John was buried. I looked at it, as I had a thousand times before, as if the sight of that spot quenched a great thirst in my soul. I expected to have been so happy. Somehow my heart cried out at times for a sight of the Paradise that would have been mine, if the destroyer had not come and left it desolate. I had time to think of all this before the Deacon come back with the water. He had sense enough not to ask me what ailed me, and when I told him I felt better, he got into the shay and we drove along.

I like riding in the woods and among the hills, and I managed to gather enough courage and cheerfulness from the trees and birds and posies to make me quite chirp by the time we got to the Holler. The Deacon talked, but as he didn't seem to expect me to answer, I didn't, and I couldn't for my life tell what he said half the time; only when we got purty near the Holler, then he said that the red house yonder was Squire Kinyon's, and that white one the minister's. There was the meetin'-house furthur up the Holler, and close by the schoolhouse, all shady with young maples; and yonder was his orchard and barn, we couldn't see the house.

I s'pose, of course, everybody knew the schoolma'am was comin' when the Deacon's horse and shay jogged up the road, and got a sly peep at me as I passed; for more than one white-headed boy jumped off the fence, and come and stood by the road, and bobbed his tow head at us as we rode along, grinnin' dreadfully all the time to think he had got a first sight of the schoolma'am.

There was Squire Kinyon drivin' some geese into the barn to be picked, and they wouldn't be drove, so he coaxed them along with some corn; then the widder Soul was scourin' a churn on the well-stone; and over at Elder Jones's there was the Elder with a cotton hankercher on his head under his hat, workin' in the garden settin' beanpoles and bushin' peas. A hull swarm of little Joneses was scootin' about the yard, and yellin' as if they was doin' it for the good of their lungs.

Bymeby we come to Deacon Pendles, a little house with a cool gigsy yard, and two great clumps of yellow lilies at the corners of the house, and a little mite of a portico like one-half of a bird-cage.

I stood on the door-step waitin' for my trunk and the Deacon, when Mrs. Pendle opened the door. She poked back her specs, and looked at me, and then pulled me right into the house and made me sit down in a great green rockin'-chair with a feather cushion all covered over with red and blue merino stars. She said that she knew me in a minit, for I was the very image of my father, and "many and many 's the times I've danced with Elnathan Broom-corn," says she, all the time busy untying my green calash and takin' off my shawl.

She was a dreadful small woman, and had a spry, handy way of doin' things. Before the Deacon got into the house she had a warin' fire on the hearth, the teakettle hung on, and the round top of the table turned down and covered with a newly-bleached cloth. Then she trotted in and out till I began to think we never should have anything to eat. Fust she brought a pile of white plates with copper-colored edges, then cups and saucers not a bit bigger than Cousin Brewstir's egg-cups, a fat little sugar bowl and cream pitcher to match, an oval tea board with just such picters on it as Miss Spanglebow's "Oryental Pieces" she is so proud of. For eatables, there was wheat biscuit, a round bake kittle loaf of indjin, honey, butter, cheese, plumsass, custard pie, and soft gingerbread.

I thought I was hungry when I was out doors, but in the house, with nobody but strangers, I felt a little homesick, and could not eat. The Deacon urged, and his wife coaxed, and I praised everything on the table till they was satisfied. I wanted to go out doors again, because then I wasn't homesick. Somehow all the out of doors world is pleasant to me, but I have to get used to houses and people, before I can feel at home with them. The Deacon's house had such a slick shiny look, as if there wasn't ever even the stir of a good hearty laugh in it, that I felt a little afraid.

After tea I went all over the yard and orchards, and went with the Deacon to let the cows out of the lane beyond the barn. Just as

we got down at the foot of the hill by the bars, a couple of ragged boys jumped off the stone wall, and run across the fields screamin' as loud as ever they could, "Schoolma'am, Schoolma'am." The Deacon laughed so loud that it scart me at first, but I had to laugh, too, and so I forgot that I was a bit homesick, and was as happy as possible all the time. I even woke up in the night and laughed when I thought of the two boys.

The next day was Saturday; Sunday I went to meetin' and wore my new cambric dress with sleeves a good deal bigger I 'm afraid than anybody else's. The gallery was full of young folks, and they sung about as loud as any singers I ever heard. The leader was a big man, very blusterin', and he sung all four parts in the compass of a single verse, dodgin' about so that I couldn't have follered him, only, by the way, the part he was helpin' started ahead of the rest, and made more noise, as if suddenly somebody had given them a sly push. After sermon the folks that had come a good ways, sot around in the pews and talked, or strayed off into the buryin'-grounds, and a good many come over to Deacon Pendles and picked sweet Williams, and none-so-purtys in the yard, or set in the front room and talked over the sermon along with the Deacon and his wife.

There was a tall girl with an open-work straw hat, trimmed with blue roses, on her head, and a sprigged muslin gown and crape neck-hankercher, that walked about softly by herself, lookin' into all the rosebushes and piney-buds, after an "early flower," as she told me. I thought she must like roses, a lookin' after them so early. She had a bunch of camomile in her belt, along with some wild honeysuckles. She asked me if I liked school-keepin', and if I read verses, and if I could say every bit of "Young Edwin." She told me she meant to be well acquainted with me, and asked me what was my given name. When I said it was Betsy Broomcorn, she looked as if she thought it was a pretty common sort of a name. "Mine," says she, "is Matilda Mahala Button. Maybe you 've heard of me before? I wrote some verses for Squire Kinyon when his wife died. I was asked for ever so many copies, and finally they was published in the *Starry Banner* newspaper, and went the length and breadth of the land, I suppose. I 've got ever so much poetry at home—enough to make a good-sized book, for I keep a copy of everything I ever wrote. Elder Jones says I have quite a nachural gift for makin' verses. S'pose I repeat some I wrote about a lily-root. I know almost everything by heart." I said I should like to hear them, for I was 'mazin' fond of verses, so she broke off a laylock sprout, and began to switch the barberry briers with it as she went on repeatin':—

"O ploughman, spare that lily-root;
It 's very dear to me.
Don't desecrate its humble bed
With implements of husbandry.

"I 've seen your iron heel go down
Upon its tender leaves,
And for the flowers that never shall bloom
My tender spirit grieves.

"When last year's summer's fields was green,
I saw it proudly wave,
Its head all crowned with yeller flowers,
Where now I see its grave.

"Such is the fate of beauty
Upon this transient earth;
It 's enamost as good as dead
The minit it has birth.

I 'll hang my harp on a willow-tree,
And mourn for the lily fair
That was rooted out of its grassy nest
By a rusty iron ploughshare."

"Well," says she, takin' breath, "how do you like 'em?"

I said—"I thought it was very nice, but seems to me they aint all in the same jingle. I couldn't sing 'em all to the same tune, could I?"

"Of course not," says she, bridlin' up. "It 's a poet's license I 've used, to change as I 've a mind to. It 's very handy to know how to let a line out a little, if you want to get in a good word. Some words is wuth more than others; they twist round so wavy and nachural. There 's 'ploughshare;' it 's as unaccommodatin' as buckram. I guess it 's time to go to meetin'; I see Elder Jones's wife shakin' her tablecloth out of the back door."

Just then Squire Kinyon come along, and Miss Button said she wouldn't wait for me; she wanted to sing over "Strike the Cymbal" with the singers before meetin', so she opened the gate and went out in time to walk down with the Squire.

When Deacon Pendle's wife and I went into meetin' again, they was sayin'—"Spread your banners, shout hosanners," as loud and sharp as if they meant it.

The next day was Monday, and I begun my school. The school-house was all scoured up and trimmed with green bushes in the fireplace and on the wall, and a new cedar broom stood behind the closet door. The children was like a flock of blackbirds; but I got along pretty well, for you see I was used to Susan's boys, and I had a knack of managin' children.

I was to board with Deacon Pendle's folks

the first week, and then at Parson Jones's, and so around the deestrict. There 's some fun in boardin' round, and sometimes there 's a good many hard spots; but I warn't a bit afraid of them, for I was used to makin' the best of everything.

When I walked home from school, I was tired enough, I can tell you, but about a dozen of the children walked along with me, all talkin' and laughin' at once, and the grass was so soft and cool under my feet, and the white and blue violets and dandelion heads looked so purty that I forgot all about it.

Miss Pendle was feedin' her goslins under an apple-tree when I went in, and I went out and broke off a lot of great pink blows, and sot on my table in a cheeny mug. After we had tea, Miss Button come in with a terrible stiff pink sunbunnet on, and went to talkin' with the Deacon. I never did hear such a talker. She fairly worried the Deacon, for he is ruther slow. Says she: "Brother Jones give us a better than ordinary sermon, but seems to me his doctrine is a little leanin' agin 'lection. Now, I *should* feel all unsettled, and would as soon turn Univarseler as anything, if I on'y thought for a minit that 'lection wasn't true. As for quotin' Scripter, Brother Jones does it pretty well; but seems to me I 'd quote the hymn-book, too. Psalms is good; I like 'em sprinkled over a sermon like daiseys over a medder. Don't you, Deacon Pendle? Miss Pendle, how does your goslins get along? Mother had a nice passle come off, but the weasles and minks catched about all of 'em. You allers have good luck, though. Miss Broomcorn, aint you a goin' to say somethin', or be you allers so dumb?"

I declare I hadn't had a chance to speak before, and didn't then, for she kept right on a talkin', first to one and then another, till it begun to grow dark, and she got ready to go hum. I went down to the gate with her, and she picked a laylock for me to lay under my piller, and then she gave me a sheet of pink paper, folded up diamond-shape, with my name on it in the middle of a mess of posies, carlecues, and stars, all made off as neat as could be with a pen.

After I went up to my little chamber, I opened the paper and read the verses. I don't suppose there 's any harm in copyin' them off for you. The paper is faded and old-lookin', and the ink looks a dirty brown color. I have always kept it along with my letters and the others Miss Button give me that summer. I'll copy it off just as it is. Miss Button wasn't a much better speller than I am now. Oh dear! I used to do better, I believe; but I remember with a sort of shame how hard I tried to understand Brown's Grammar that spring, and how desperately I figured over my old sums in Pike's shabby Arithmetic, and how I was troubled for fear some of the children would be a little further along than I, and how I brightened up my writing and spelling. But that 's a long time ago, and I have got to be ruther a poor speller. But dear me, I shall forget Miss Button's verses:—

LINES TO A KINDRED SPIRIT.

Many years I 've been a seekin'
Of a sympathizin' mind,
Hopin', ere my youth was wasted,
Such a blessin' I should find.

What I wanted was a spirit
Fond of soarin' as my own,
One that warn't afraid of thunder,
Nor to walk the starry zone.

Oh, my pretty, pale, pink posey,
I have found you out at last;
Now my wings your head shall shadder,
And my two hands hold you fast.

When you see the moon a climbin'
Up the side hills of the skies,
And you see two big stars shinin',
Make believe it is my eyes.

I shall think I come to see you
On a cloud as white as snow,
And I 'll make a gale from heaven
Round your chamber winder blow.

Oh the glory of our futur,
Like a summer sundown shines,
When we see the specks of fire
In the long, slim, yeller lines.

You are pale as sorrel posies
Growin' by a shady spring;
I am like a medder lily
Where the bobolinks do sing.

But you are the kindred spirit
I 've been seekin' all the while,
Mournin' like a lonely sparrow
For a sympathizin' smile.

Now I 've found you, I can soar
For a poet's celestial crown
Higher than any went before,
And fetch a flood of glory down.

Well, after I went to bed, I laid awake ever so long, thinkin' it over. Miss Button was a curis girl. I didn't pretend to know about kindred spirits; but if there was any meanin' in what she wrote, had I oughter write somethin' back to her or not? I knew I couldn't come up to her, and after thinkin' it over and over, I concluded I wouldn't try. If I did, she might laugh at me, seein' she knew so much more about poetry than I did. So I pretended not to be able to make rhymes at all, and I

praised Miss Button's verses all I could. I shall tell you about my boardin' at Parson Jones's next time I write to you. Brewstir wants me to go with him to be painted in some kind of a graff, I can't remember what, so good-by. Your obedient,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

THE BEGGAR'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. JOHN C. WINANS.

ONE groat from the silver that clangs
In the 'broider'd purse at your side:
One groat for the beggar-boy's hand,
From the hand of the rich man's bride.
I am famished with woe and want:
Kind lady, hear while I plead:
Of the plenty lying about,
Only an atom I need.

There 's a hovel over the waste,
Wretchedly cold and bare:
A heap of straw in a corner—
My mother is starving there.
She is starving! O God, do you know—
You, housed in comfort and ease,
How many naked and hungry,
The pitiless winters freeze?

She used to be up and toiling,
Before dawn lighted yon hill;
And she toiled till midnight nearing,
Our three little mouths to fill:
But her face has grown so ghastly,
And her form so spectral thin,
I dream whenever I 'm sleeping
Of the grave they will bury her in.

I draw my cold limbs together,
And moan through the dismal night,
And watch for the coming of day
To shut out the horrible sight:
It comes. I say my prayers softly,
Fearing that she will awake,
And with hunger reptile-like gnawing,
The round of a beggar take.

I get a kick or cuff from men,
Eating the fat of the land;
And now and then a lone penny
Grudgingly drops in my hand;
Drops into my hand, and away
For a loaf and fagot small:
So very little sufficeth
The narrow wants of us all.

Give me, oh give of your plenty
My darling mother to save!
I cannot bear she should leave me
For the dark and loathsome grave.
I have heard her tell of the worms
That come and fatten them there:
How they eat of the crumbling flesh,
Till the bones are shining bare—

But what in your hand is gleaming?
Money! bright gold, do I see?
Lo, at your feet I am kneeling,
Dear lady, give it to me!
Quick, quick, for moments are ages—
Ah, ha! ha! ha!—thanks—I 'll fly—
Back, back, little crowd—God bless you!
Mother, I 've money—don't die.

WHERE I WOULD REST.

BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

WHEN all life's shifting scenes are o'er,
And here I 've ceased to smile and weep—
Fore'er have pass'd from earth's drear shore
And lain me down in death's long sleep,
I ask not that the sculptured stone
Should proudly tower toward the sky,
Telling to every careless one
Where my mouldering ashes lie;
Or that the thoughtless and the gay
Around my sleeping dust should come
There to sport the hours away,
Lured by the splendor of my tomb;
Or not amid the worldly great,
With costly monuments around
(All hollow mockeries of their state)
May my last resting place be found.

Within a village churchyard lone,
Beneath a spreading oak-tree's shade,
A father and a brother gone
In dreamless rest are lowly laid;
Ay, and a mother's sacred dust
In death's long sleep there calmly lies,
Waiting in peaceful, hopeful trust,
Till God at length shall bid it rise
In His own image, pure and fair,
Up to the heavenly plains above,
Where ne'er can come dark pain or care,
But all is endless bliss and love;
There, in that spot to memory dear,
Near which bright boyhood's days were past,
When life was fair and skies were clear,
Oh let me rest in peace at last!

Then let no stranger soil receive
This useless form when life has fled,
But make my humble lowly grave
Near to my heart's own loved dead;
Let the sweet birds that sing above,
When summer's sunny days have come,
Trill forth the self same songs of love,
The same soft strains o'er our last home.
And if perchance some faithful friend
With flowers should mark my place of rest,
Oh may their rising perfume blend
With that from off my mother's breast;
Then lay me down when life shall cease
Close by my loved ones gone before,
Till we shall wake in joy and peace
And meet again to part ne'er more.

WHEN minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

A MAN'S favorite prejudice is the nose of his mind, which he follows into whatsoever predicament it may lead him.

LESTER'S REVENGE.

BY ANNA M. BINGEN.

CHAPTER I.

"To be weak is miserable."

Lizzie Howard sat in her luxurious room with her hands lying idly in her lap, and a weary, dissatisfied look shadowing her gentle face. She was a fair mild woman, something over thirty years of age. Her deep blue eyes had lost none of their lustre, but early sorrow had given them a serious, pleading look which never failed to attract strangers. It had attracted Mr. Howard, when, twelve years before our story opens, he visited New York city and found her in the care of her aunt, the fashionable Mrs. Carey.

He inquired her history, and learned that when her father died she was found to be penniless, instead of, as was supposed, an heiress. Then when, in her bewildered grief, she turned to her betrothed lover for sympathy he quietly informed her that his fortune was too small for him to hope to supply her with the luxuries to which she was accustomed; and he would not ask her to live without them. She clung to him, and told him in broken timid words how valueless were all these luxuries when compared with his love; but he coldly replied that he had more worldly wisdom than she, and she must let him decide for both. Another week and William Allen had sailed for Europe; and Lizzie was eating the bitter, bitter bread of dependence, in her uncle's house.

Lester Howard was a widower when he heard this little history. The years of sorrow he had endured, as he saw the wife of his youth fade slowly away under the destroying hand of consumption, had prepared him to sympathize in the grief of others. His naturally haughty spirit was roused in bitter scorn toward the faithless lover, while he deeply pitied the desolate girl, who was so evidently miserable in her new home. He sought her out, and after a short acquaintance, offered her his hand; an offer which she gratefully but sadly accepted. Do not judge her too harshly. She was gentle and amiable, but utterly lacking in self-reliance; and that any one would suppose she could support herself, did not occur to her.

Marriage and death seemed to her the only avenues of escape from the cutting remarks which so deeply wounded her sensitive spirit. Besides this, she did not believe she could ever again love as she had done. Esteem was all she could give, and she certainly did esteem the generous stranger, who offered her his protection. She married for a home, as so many have done, but she resolved to strive to be, as she promised when she spoke her bridal vows, "a loving, true, and faithful wife." He took her away to his beautiful estate in Kentucky, and their marriage was far happier than she had any right to hope. Ten years passed rapidly away; then Lester Howard was gathered to his fathers, and his wife wept passionate tears of heartfelt grief as she and her boy followed him to the tomb. Time had, in a great measure, soothed her sorrow, and when two years after his death, we first introduced her to the reader, she had become quietly cheerful. She sat, as we said, with her hands lying idly in her lap, but beneath them was a letter which she had just perused—a letter from the faithless lover of her girlhood. The words were earnest and ardent; for William Allen could talk well; but Lizzie *felt* they were not entirely truthful, and (so strange a thing is the human heart) tried to reason herself out of the belief.

"He has always loved me, he says, and I believe he has, though he is so refined, so luxurious in his tastes, that he felt it impossible to marry me when we were both poor. If he had been rich, no doubt he would have acted differently. Mr. Howard called him a despicable wretch; but then he was so much nobler and better than other men that he could not sympathize with common frailties. I hope Letty will be high-spirited and generous like his father, I believe he will; he seems even now to despise anything mean."

A rich glow, a glow of motherly pride came to her cheeks. Ah, Lizzie Howard, if you had only tried to imitate the virtues you admired so much, how far better it had been for you. But she could not. The old feelings of her girlhood had been aroused. Though her idol had been proved to be clay, she loved him yet, and determined to marry him, when her instinct, her conscience forbade; when a loftier spirit would have turned from him in utter scorn.

Think pityingly of her, dear reader. Remember that those who by weak or wicked acts make their own misery, have, when that

misery comes, the torture of reflecting that it might have been avoided. Thus the affrighted sinner who trembles and shudders as death appears in view, remembers with terrible agony how many precious opportunities he has slighted; how many times he has heard the gracious offer, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Mrs. Howard arose, and walking to the window, looked across the shady piazza to the green lawn which sloped down to the road, winding along the river bank. There was little Lester, a noble-looking boy almost ten years old, talking to old Tom who was busily engaged trimming some shrubbery.

"Now, Tom," he said, "I want you to go and saddle my new horse; I am going to ride him."

"Can't do it, Massa Letter, 'pon no 'count; 'cause you know Massa James he said how you mustn't ride any horse till he 'd rode hisself," said Tom, decidedly.

"Massa James," as Tom called him, was Lester's uncle and guardian, who resided on a neighboring plantation.

"Never mind what he says," said the boy, "I want my horse, and besides, how can he ride himself?"

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed Tom, "you know what I mean, Massa Let; and you know Massa James would be awful if I 'd go git your horse after he telled me not to."

"But Uncle James has no right to say what I shall do; nobody has but mamma, and she don't try."

Mrs. Howard's heart sank as she heard these words. "How would William and Lester agree? William who always loved to rule, and Lester who would not be ruled."

If there should be trouble between them, what could she do? Lester had inherited not only his father's deep dark eyes and high white forehead, but his indomitable will, his imperious temper. His mother was very proud of these qualities, but she realized that the calm, polished, yes, and selfish, William Allen would look upon them differently.

"Perhaps, after all, she had better remain a widow; it might be better for the boy she so dearly loved. But then she loved William too, and Brother James would not allow Letty to be imposed upon, even if any one felt so disposed, which, of course, no one would." The last words were spoken aloud, as if she was determined to convince herself of their truth. Need we tell her decision? Three days after, Mr. James Howard visited his sister-in-law, and was informed of her contemplated marriage.

"You do not mean to tell me that this is the same Allen that deserted you when your father died," he said in indignant astonishment.

"Yes; but he has been very sorry since," she replied, casting down her eyes.

"Sorry! yes, you would see how sorry he would be if you were poor. His conscience would not trouble him then, I 'll warrant."

"You judge him very unkindly, Brother James," she said, tearfully.

"No, Lizzie, I do not wish to do that; but just think of all this man has done, and tell me what reason you have to suppose him less mercenary than formerly?"

"Why, he says he is perfectly willing to have my property so settled on me that he cannot touch it. Does not that prove him disinterested?"

"No, it does not, when, as he well knows, you are so yielding that it would be under his control as much as if in his possession; besides, as he has, no doubt, informed himself, your property is in the form of an annuity, payable only to you or your order; so he makes a virtue of necessity."

"I do not believe he ever asked anything about it. You are determined to think ill of him."

"Not so. I would be glad to have a better opinion of him, but I cannot; and I do earnestly entreat you to consider what unhappiness this will bring to Lester as he grows up."

"You think all for Lester and none for me. I am sure I shall be a great deal happier."

"Do be reasonable, Lizzie." But at this moment Lester came bounding into the room.

"Uncle James, why can't I ride the horse Uncle Carey sent me? Tom won't saddle him for me, because he says you told him not to."

"You may now, my boy; I tried him this morning, and do not think there will be any danger. But, Letty, what do you think of having some one take your father's place?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lester.

"Why, how would you like to have your mamma marry some one who would come here and order you around?"

"He had better not try that," said the boy, hotly. Mrs. Howard looked very deprecating.

"He will not think of such a thing, my darling; he will love you and be kind to you, if you will call him father, and act as if you thought him such."

"I won't call him father. So there, now!" was the ungracious answer which delighted

his uncle and moved his mother's tears. This was Lizzie's last resort in all her contests with her impetuous son, and never failed to bring him to terms. "Yes, I will, dear mother. I'll call him anything you want me to," he said, with ready contrition. "I'll call him grandpapa, if you wish," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye. A smiling sob from his mother and a glance of grim amusement from his uncle were the rewards for this generous proposal.

They were married. William Allen, the spendthrift, who had never yet done anything for his own support, but had sacrificed the property his father left him at the gaming table, and was now (though this was not known) almost penniless; and Lizzie Howard, who now renewed the vows of her early girlhood.

Six weeks were spent in travelling; then they came back to Kentucky, for Mr. Allen said he would not tear his Lizzie from the home to which she was so attached. Lester, who had spent the intervening weeks with his uncle, was delighted to see his mother again, and for two brief days Mrs. Allen had the happiness of seeing that her husband and son seemed to like each other. The third morning after their return the newly-made husband walked out to inspect the stables.

"Whose horse is this?" said he, pausing beside one.

"Massa Letter's," replied Tom, respectfully. "He 's rode that horse most since he could sit alone. This one is Misse Howard's—beg pardon, sah, mean Misse Allen's."

"Well, Allen isn't a hard name to remember, is it?" said Tom's new master, smiling with an affability which quite won his heart, and he replied with alacrity—

"Oh no, massa, not hard at all; bery easy, in fac'."

"And whose is this one?" said Mr. Allen, stopping and gazing delightedly at the beautiful animal which Mr. Carey had sent as a present to the son of his "beloved niece."

"That 's Massa Letter's, too. His Uncle Carey sent it to him from New York 'bout four months ago, and he jess thinks there never was such another."

Mr. Allen walked round and round the horse, and then turned to Tom. "Saddle him and bring him round to the house; and bring your mistress's too."

Tom scratched his head doubtfully. "Massa Letter don't like nobody to ride him but jess hisself."

"Do as I tell you," was the haughty reply.

The horses were brought to the door. Mr. Allen having assisted his wife to mount, was looking to something about his own saddle when Lester came bounding out.

"Are you going out riding, mamma? You look real pretty"—and the boy looked admiringly at the delicate roses which happiness was bringing to his mother's cheek. His look changed, however, as he saw his pet horse, the pride of his young heart, standing near. "Why, that is Hannibal; you mustn't ride Hannibal; nobody is to ride him but me," he said, his cheeks growing red and his dark eyes very brilliant.

"Why, Letty, dear, you will let papa ride your horse," said Lizzie, cheerfully, though with many forebodings.

"No, I won't. There are plenty of other horses he can take, but he sha'n't have Hannibal," he replied, his breast heaving rapidly, as he resolutely winked away the tears of which he was ashamed.

"Come, come, young gentleman!" said Mr. Allen in a tone of authority. "No more of this, if you please. I like this horse better than any of the others, and shall ride him."

"You shall not! he is mine! he is mine!" screamed Lester, now bursting into a passion of tears, and jumping up and down on the steps in his boyish wrath. "You have no right to him; Uncle Carey sent him to me." Mrs. Allen looked at her boy, and knew that it would be useless now to attempt to expostulate with him. Then she turned tremblingly to her husband.

"William, please come here a moment." Very unwillingly he complied, and went and stood by her. "O William," she whispered, timidly, "don't take Letty's horse; he almost idolizes it."

"Lizzie," he answered, sternly, "do you mean to ask me to yield to a boy of ten?"

How her coward heart quaked! how she longed to say, "Respect his rights, and he will respect you!" when all she replied was: "Oh, I don't want to ride; I am going into the house."

"No, you will not," he said, determinedly. "Stay where you are." And she dared not disobey. He turned to where Hannibal stood impatiently pawing the ground, and Lester saw him coming. Poor boy, how indignantly his ungoverned heart swelled as he looked at the horse, *his* horse! Then he looked down the lawn, and saw the carriage gate standing temptingly open. A sudden light gleamed in his eyes. He sprang from the high step where he

stood to Hannibal's back, jerked the rein from Tom's hand, and galloped off.

"Stop him, you rascal, you!" said Mr. Allen, in a tone of concentrated passion, and Tom ran down the lawn shouting, "Stop, Massa Letter," but rejoicing in the depths of his honest old heart in the knowledge that "Massa Letter" would *not* stop.

"We may as well go in the house, Lizzie," said Mr. Allen, with an icy smile, when Tom came back and said he "'clared Massa Letter went like the wind." His wife looked wonderingly at him; she could not understand this sudden cooling of his temper; but she went into the house and lay down in a state of exhaustion.

When Lester came back from his ride, and had sent Hannibal to the stable, he entered the house in a half defiant, half frightened mood, and was met by his stepfather.

"Lester," said he, coldly, "don't let me see you do such a thing again. I will excuse you this time; but if you try it again, I will assuredly punish you."

"Just you dare to lay your hand on me," said the boy, with blazing eyes, "and I 'll—I 'll—"

"What will you do?" was the mocking question.

"I 'll go and live with Uncle James; and when I grow up, I 'll turn you out of doors," exclaimed Lester, looking resolutely in his face. Mr. Allen did not doubt he would, if he had the power.

"Lizzie," he said, an hour later, "does not this house belong to you?"

"No," she replied, with languid indifference. "Only till Letty is of age. I have nothing of my own but my annuity."

Her husband turned wrathfully away; he was already beginning to hate his stepson.

Time passed slowly on, marked by continued hostility between Lester and Mr. Allen, till Mrs. Allen came to dread seeing them together. A daughter was born to her, a fair, lovely little creature, over whose cradle she spent her happiest hours. When her husband was away (and now this frequently happened, for in a neighboring town Mr. Allen had found a number of congenial spirits), she, and Lester, and the little Alice would really enjoy themselves, and the boy would forget his waywardness in the deep love he bore to his mother and sister. But his stepfather's return was sure to bring tumult, and the unhappy wife would be almost distracted between husband and son. Lester had gone to his uncle and begged permission to have Hannibal kept in his stables, for Mr. Allen would ride him, spite of all the boy could say. Mr. Howard readily consented, and gave strict orders that the horse should never be taken out except at his nephew's command. So Lester would ride over on his old horse, then mount Hannibal and go where he chose, but before he came home he always changed back; and his stepfather, though he often saw the coveted horse, could not gain possession. He had many sources of vexation toward the boy, for new difficulties seemed continually to arise between them, and since he had renewed his old habits of gaming, there was an added provocation in the fact that his wife's income, large as it was, was not sufficient for his continued demands. James Howard, who thoroughly despised him, would never pay it one day before it became due, nor would he permit him to interfere in the slightest degree in the management of Lester's estate. He fretted and chafed under this restraint, and often in his heart wished the boy dead, for then Lizzie would inherit all, and not be limited to an annuity.

One day, three years after Mrs. Allen's second marriage, Lester—having obtained permission from the teacher who was now employed to take charge of his studies—was walking along the river bank about a mile from his home. He had strolled away from the road which was here a little back from the river, had gone further than he meant to, and was about to turn back, when he saw a veil of his mother's hanging on a bush which grew on an island some few rods from the shore. He and his mother, with little Alice, her nurse, and old Tom, had visited the island a few days before, and when they came away, Mrs. Allen could not find her veil. "I will go and get it now," thought the boy, looking for the boat which usually lay moored there, but the boat was gone. The river was very high, and the current rapid, but Lester was not easily discouraged. Two or three planks which had been carried off by the high water were drifting past, and with the aid of a long pole he managed to bring one to shore, and stepping on it found it would support his weight.

There was a large tree growing on the edge of the island, its long branches reaching far over the water, and their extremities bending almost to it. As the boy neared the land standing on one end of his plank and using his pole as an oar, the forward end struck against this tree so suddenly and with such force as to throw him off into the water. Instinctively he caught at

the branches over his head, and in a moment his unwieldy boat floated off. Lester was no swimmer, and if he had been, his strength was not equal to a contest with the swift waters; but he tried to move his hands along the branches and so draw himself toward shore. Finding that with every such effort the slender twigs broke off, leaving him to grasp at others equally slender, he desisted, for he saw that those he now held were the last which drooped within his reach. He screamed for help till almost exhausted, but the only answers which came to his ears were the sighing of the wind and the rushing of the waters. He called again, and shouted till his voice died out in a husky whisper, but still no reply. Then he looked toward the island. It was not very far of; maybe if he was to let go he could reach it. But no, he dared not try, he would hold on, perhaps some one would come along. At last, when hope had almost died, he heard (oh blessed sound!) horse's hoofs ringing sharply along the road. He turned as much as he could, and saw that the rider was Mr. Allen. "Father! father!" he shrieked (that word had not crossed his lips for months before), "father, come and help me or I shall be drowned. Oh, father, father!"

The horseman was riding rapidly and was now opposite him, though the trees between them partly hid him from view. "Father, help me!" Still he rode on, he was past him, now; the boy could see him plainly. "Oh, father, I'll never be ugly again! I'll do just what you tell me. You shall have everything I've got. I'll give you Hannibal," he screamed in his terrible agony; but the horseman rode on. Turn back, William Allen; now when you can win the warm love and gratitude of that generous boyish heart, smoothing away past difficulties and binding him to you forever; when you can save the child your gentle wife almost idolizes and win a hearty grasp of the hand from James Howard, prejudiced as he is against you. Let not this foul crime be added to your dread account. Do not do a deed which you—

"Shall blush to own
When your spirit stands before the throne."

No doubt his conscience whispered all this; but he had that day lost largely at the gaming table, and was pondering what he should do when he first saw Lester in the water. A dark temptation came to his mind. Why should he help the boy he hated? he had only to leave him where he was, and independence, yes wealth, would be his. So William Allen rode on without once turning to look at the struggling boy. Dismounting at the gate, he walked up the lawn, and little Alice, who was there with her nurse, came toddling up to meet him.

As he took her in his arms, and she stroked his face with her dimpled hands, had he no thought of two other hands gleaming whitely and coldly from the dark mass of waters? As the blue eyes were raised in childish confidence to his, did he not think of those darker ones now growing dim in their deep despair? He entered the house, and sitting by his wife's side with his child in his arms, talked to both with more than his usual affection. Lizzie's eyes beamed brightly.

"I wish, dear William, you would be a little more patient with Letty," she said, with unwonted boldness.

He kissed the little one, perhaps to hide the spasm which crossed his face, as he replied, "Well, I'll try, Lizzie. I do think a great deal of him; but sometimes he provokes me into saying things I do not mean."

"Oh, I know that," she answered, gratefully, "but he does not mean it either; he is quick-tempered, you know."

The dinner-bell rang. "Where is Lester, Mr. Banks?" asked Mrs. Allen, as her son's tutor took his seat at the table.

"I do not know; he plead so earnestly that his head ached, and he wanted to go out in the fresh air, that I let him go."

"I hope he will not go near the river," said Mr. Allen, unable to keep his thoughts from that one channel.

"I do not apprehend any danger for him, if he does," replied Mr. Banks, wondering at this sudden solicitude, but Lizzie thought she understood it, and smiled her gratitude.

It was hard for the guilty man to still his upbraiding conscience enough to join in conversation; and when the meal was over, he made an excuse to go away, taking care to ride up the river, though all his thoughts went in an opposite direction. He had not been long gone, and his wife and Mr. Banks were sitting in the parlor, when there was a sound of shuffling feet and frightened voices in the hall, and stepping to the door, Lizzie saw old faithful Tom with her dripping boy in his arms.

"He isn't dead, missus; don't you go get scairt, don't you see he is jess peryausted?"

She leaned over him in bewildered silence; and the poor tired arms were feebly placed around her neck. "O, mamma!" he whispered, "I thought I should never see you again."

"Are you sure you are not hurt, my darling?"

"I trust he is not," said Mr. Banks; "but perhaps we had better send for the doctor."

"Yes, do," she replied; "and tell them to stop and ask Brother James Howard to come over. I wish I knew where to send for Mr. Allen." Mr. Howard came immediately, and Mrs. Allen met him at the door.

"How did it happen, Lizzie?"

"I don't know. Mr. Banks said I had better not talk to him till he is a little rested. They are undressing him now.

"Where did Tom find him?"

"Down by the island holding the bushes to keep himself from sinking."

"Has Mr. Allen come back from town?"

"Yes; he came just before dinner, but he had gone away some place before Tom came."

"Missus, Massa Banks says you go up now, if you want to," said Tom. Lester was much revived. He had been undressed and rubbed by Mr. Banks' direction, and that gentleman was now holding a wineglass to his lips as he lay in bed. His mother laid her head on his pillow and silently kissed his cheek; while his uncle, taking his hand, said: "Why, Letty, my little man, how did this happen?"

"O, uncle! I saw mamma's veil, and I wanted to get it; but the plank struck so hard I fell off, and I 'd have been drowned if I hadn't caught hold of the branch of that big tree."

"And our good Tom found you there, did he?"

"Yes," said the boy, his face suddenly darkening. "Mr. Allen passed, and I screamed to him, and called him father, and begged him to help me, and told him he should have all I had, but he wouldn't stop—he wanted me to die."

"O, Letty, Letty!" said Mrs. Allen, imploringly.

"He could not have heard you," said Mr. Howard, looking very grave.

"Yes, he did; you know what a little ways it is from the river to the road along there; and I called just as he was passing. I never screamed so loud before in my life; I didn't know I could."

The poor wife shivered, and placed her hand over her eyes. "O Letty, it can't be true!"

"Indeed it is, mother."

The doctor rode rapidly up, arriving at the gate just as Mr. Allen did.

"Why, doctor, what is the hurry?"

"I ought to ask you. Your Jack came for me; said Lester was almost drowned."

"Lester! Why, I had not heard of it; but I rode out immediately after dinner. Almost drowned, did you say?"

"Yes, that is what Jack said."

"Strange," said the guilty man, with a sinking heart. The little contrition he had felt was all lost in the horror of the thought that Lester would tell what had occurred. Feeling very much agitated, but not daring to stay away, he accompanied the physician up stairs.

"What does all this mean?" he said, addressing his wife. "The doctor tells me Lester is hurt."

"The doctor tells you!" said Mr. Howard, with bitter scorn. "Do you attempt to say that was the first you knew of it?"

"Most assuredly I do. How else should I know?"

"Lester says he called to you as you passed, and you would not stop."

"I didn't hear him call. Where was he?"

"You could not help hearing me," said the boy, resolutely. "I was by the island, and I called just when you was opposite, and kept on till you was out of sight. When Tom heard me, he was a great deal farther off."

"I certainly did not hear you," said Mr. Allen, determinedly.

"I am so glad to hear you say so," said his wife, with quivering lips. "You don't know how I felt, William!"

"Why, Lizzie, you surely did not believe such a thing of me. Lester's accident must have turned his head." he replied, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

The physician had been leaning over the bed, professing not to hear this colloquy. Mr. Howard walked back and forth in deep thought; suddenly he paused. "Doctor, Mr. Banks, you are both men of honor. Will you promise me never to mention this wretched transaction abroad?"

"Certainly," said both gentlemen.

"Lester," continued his uncle, "will hereafter live with me; I am his guardian, and will take charge of him."

"You shall not take him away from his mother; I will not permit it," said Mr. Allen, haughtily.

Mr. Howard turned full upon him. "Just you try to keep him, and I will publish this shameful story; you will not find this part of the country very pleasant to live in after that."

Poor Lizzie sobbed bitterly. "I am sure Lester is mistaken, brother James."

"Perhaps so, but henceforth he will live with me."

And so Lester Howard went to live with his

uncle, and his unhappy mother saw him but rarely, for her husband disliked to have her go to Mr. Howard's, growing petulant and moody when she did so; and she did not feel like urging her boy to come to his old home, when he steadily refused to speak to his stepfather. Though her heart often grew sick with vain longings for his presence, the love and fear she felt for her husband were too great to permit her to express her wishes. Her face grew thin and pale; a few months seemed to add many years to her bowed and drooping head, and the little face of her unconscious babe was often bedewed with the bitterest tears poor Lizzie had ever shed, for all past trials were light, compared to this.

(To be continued.)

HEAD GEAR IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

American and English females have little notion of the artistic effect of wearing, as many of the better sex do in Lombardy, those very becoming black veils, which cover a greater part of the head, neck, and shoulders. They would also be astonished for awhile at meeting in the streets of Genoa with something very different from any coverings for the heads used hereabouts in the muslin Pezzotto, which is pinned into the hair of the ladies, and floats away from it, and in the gaudy Mazzaro scarf, which is worn by their poorer neighbors. There is something to look at in the showy handkerchiefs of the Livornese, and something to admire in the pretty white shawl which adorns while partially concealing the locks of the fair ones of Bologna. The white folded square which painters commonly place upon the head of their plebeian figures belonging to Rome will probably disappoint the observer so far as the place itself is concerned, for it is not often worn by any but those wrinkled dames who used to play on the banks of the Tiber some time last century, and are now too conservative to submit to any new-fangled notion about showing the world the exact state or quantity of their residue of capillary attraction. Where we can suppose our countrywomen a little envious is in the neighborhood of Florence, itself the great centre of straw-plait manufacture, where the damsels come forth to captivate the hearts of certain open-mouthed swains, in their large, flapping hats, so limp as to take all sorts of shapes with the passing breeze, and yet so well made as to return forthwith to their normal condition. We well remember the effect of them when we were lounging in the dull, broad street of Fiesole, a place more noted for its Pelasgic and other historical remains than for any modern attraction. It was a *fête* day, the Duomo was gaudily furnished for the occasion, and the bells struck up a merry invitation to the service, which all the younger part of the population seemed duly to accept. The youths who came early showed anything but an anxiety to secure good places inside—in fact, loitered about to see the successive batches of damsels well in first, with or without any idea of profiting by that sort of introduction to the solemnities of the evening. We watched them likewise; and, seeing as a novelty to us that they took off the flapping hats at the entrance of the Duomo, we were tempted to look in and see what they did with them. We soon found that, although white veils have the chief place in old ecclesiastical costumes, the rule was for each female to put on a black one. And, since by another rule they all fell on their knees, the process of adjusting their veils had to be gone through in that position. The unfolding, pulling, squaring, etc., of the covering, the constant fidgeting of the wearer, and her evident critical anxiety about the success of others in gracefulness, all on the hard marble floor, seemed likely, in our view, to increase the difficulties of devotion under the circumstances; but then we had no license to judge.

Acts of Kindness.—Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes—it finds its way into the hidden treasures of the heart, and brings forth treasures of gold; harshness, on the contrary, seals them forever. What does kindness do at home? It makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brows of the father and the man of business less severe in their expression, and the children joyous without being riotous. Abroad, it assists the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate—those in the broad way, who perhaps had never been taught that the narrow path was the best, or had turned from it at the solicitation of temptation. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches it turns to virgin gold—the true gold, wherewith we purchase contentment, peace, and love.

NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

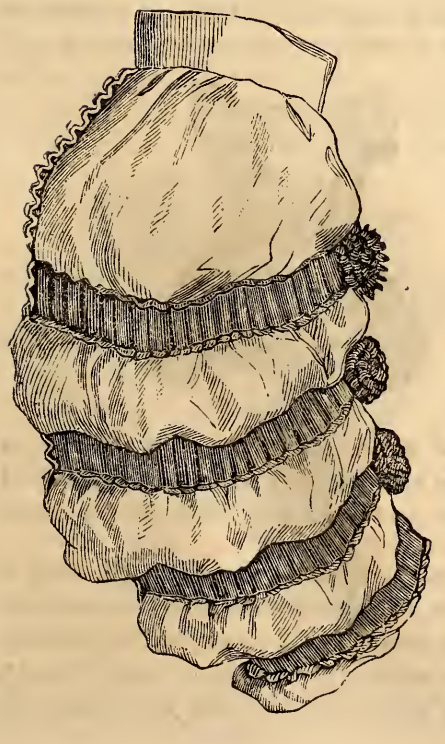


Fig. 5.

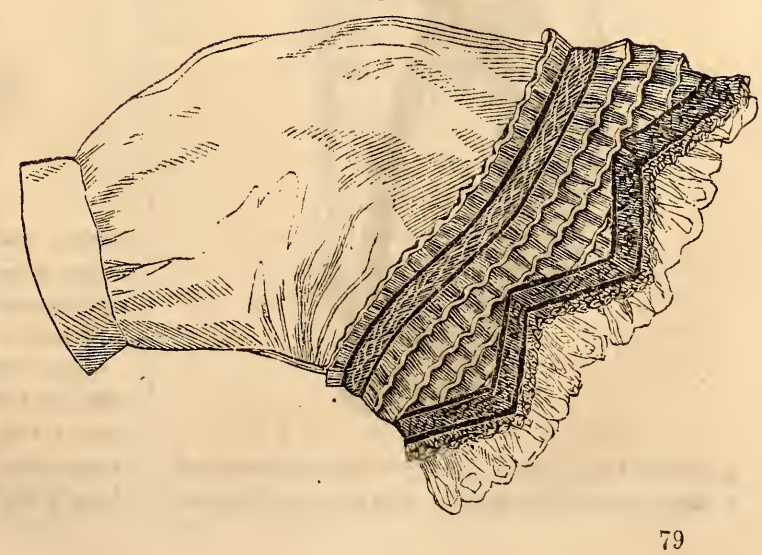


Fig. 1.—Fancy morning-cap, composed of tulle, lace, and mauve ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Honiton coiffure.

Fig. 3.—Fancy dinner-cap, made of white lace, and trimmed with cherry ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Fancy muslin undersleeve, trimmed with rose-colored ribbon and black velvet rosettes.

Fig. 5.—Fancy muslin undersleeve, trimmed with ribbons and velvet.

Fig. 6.

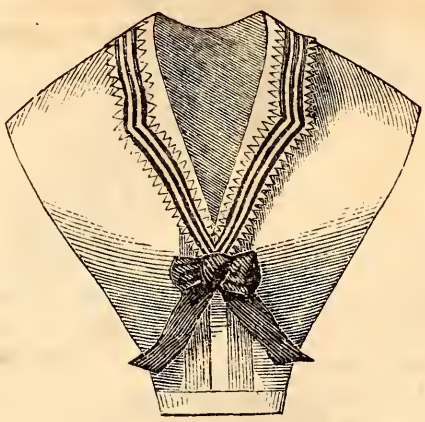
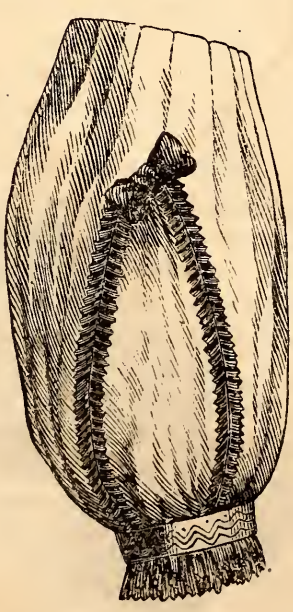


Fig. 6.—Fancy collar.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

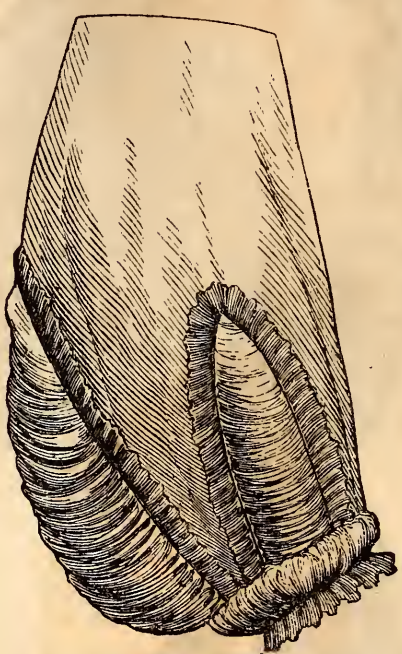
No. 473 Broadway, New York.

"Spanish" Sleeve.—An elegant sleeve in silk or grenadine. It is a small bishop in shape, the fulness laid in box-plaits at the top, and



gathered into a loose band, to which is attached a deep lace at the wrist. A wide gore cut out on the front of the arm is trimmed round with a ruching of ribbon, and discloses the handsome lace under-sleeve.

The "Madrilena."—This elegant sleeve can be made up in a great variety of ways, and in any rich material. It is superb in velvet, with inserted puffings of satin. The sleeve itself is quite plain, the puffings supplying all the ful-



ness. The centre one extends in a point above the elbow, and each of the three is surrounded by a quilling of velvet or ribbon. The wrist is loose to slip over the hand, and is finished with a puffing of ribbon and quilling to match.

Freddie Dress.—This is a simple sack dress, with a seam at each side, and made back and front alike, except the addition of pockets in front, and is just put over the head and tied

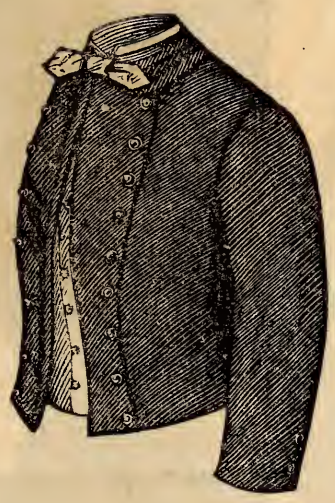
with a cord about the waist. The drawing is taken from a fine striped Mohair dress, braided with black; two and a quarter yards of material will make it.

Josie Sack.—This is a pretty sack, with a side jacket, which extends only to the seam under the arm. The belt is carried entirely round the waist. The sleeve is narrow, and a false piece set on in folds; the whole garment

is trimmed with braid in a simple pattern. It is suitable for a boy five or six years old,

and requires three and a quarter yards of material.

"*Oxford*" *Jacket.*—This is a very handsome jacket for a young gentleman of from ten to fifteen years old. It may be made in black,

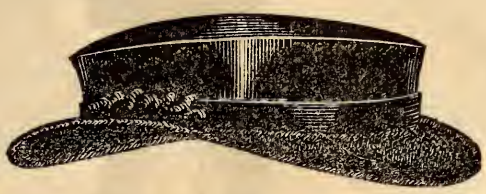


invisible green, or claret-colored-cloth, with black buttons. The vest should be white, with small jet buttons, and only just visible. White Oxford tie, embroidered in black.

The Gentian.—This elegant hat, designed by Mr. Genin for stylish Misses of any age over

five, is as pretty as the northern flower from which it takes its name. It is made entirely of velvet, with a lower brim, shaped something like the "Jovita," but with an upper plaited rim surrounding the crown, which imparts novelty and additional beauty to its appearance. The trimmings are composed exclusively of velvet, very gracefully arranged.

The Russ Hat.—This is one of Genin's stylish winter hats for a boy of ten or twelve years.



It is made of beaver, with a smooth crown and brim of fur, and ornamented with a velvet band. The combination is novel and *distingue*.

BOOK-MARKER,

TO BE WORKED ON PERFORATED CARD.

A NEW STYLE FOR COLLAR AND CUFFS.

Fig. 1.

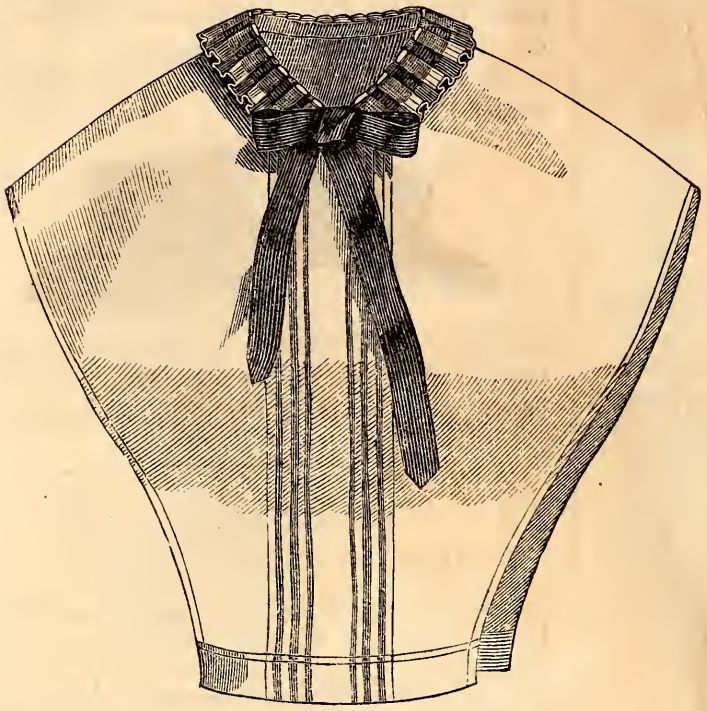


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

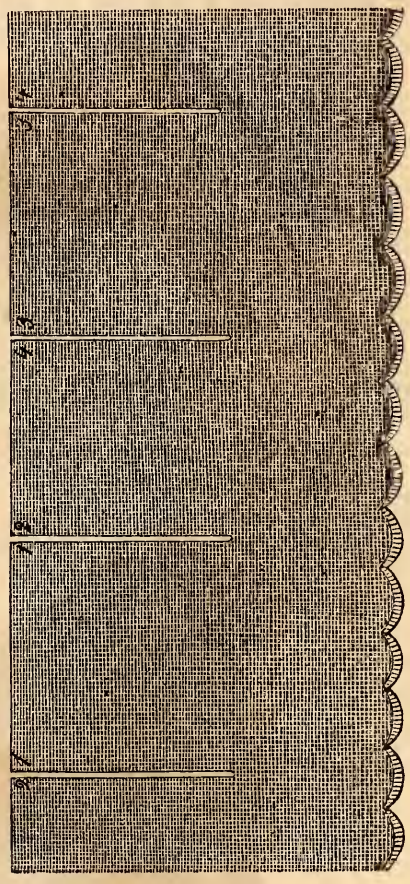
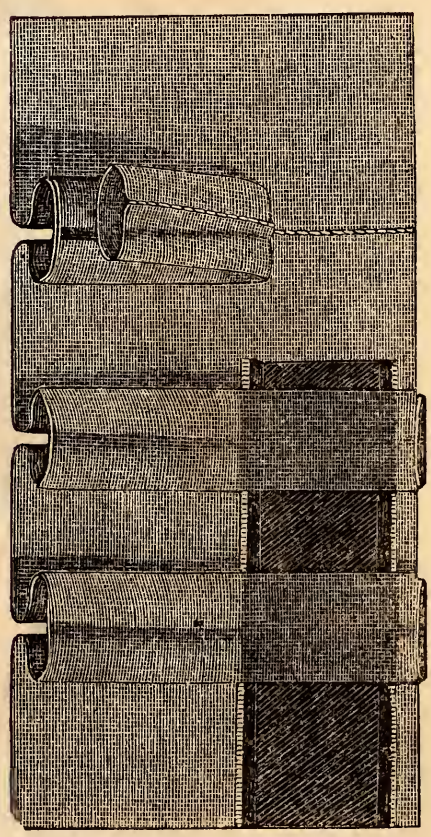


Fig. 4.



We give four engravings for the one subject. Fig. 3 is the band of muslin with the slits for the plaits marked. Fig. 4 shows how the plaits are formed and the ribbon run through.

THE ESMERALDA.

MADE OF BLACK AND VESUVE RIBBONS, SUITABLE FOR A BRUNETTE.

CROCHET FRINGE TRIMMING, FOR PIQUE BASQUES.

Materials.—Crochet cotton, No. 10, with a suitable hook.

Each piece intended for the trimming must be made separately; therefore make a chain long enough for, say, one sleeve.

2*d row.*—Single crochet. 3*d.*—Diamond open hem. 4*th.*—Single crochet.

5*th.* (Worked on the original chain).—* 3 sc, 5 ch, miss 3, * repeat to the end, which finish with 3 sc.

6*th.*—Worked on this. * 1 sc, taking up the original chain and working over the centre of 3 sc; 3 sc under the chain of five, another with a picot, and 3 more plain, making 7 altogether, under the chain of five.* Repeat to the end.

7*th.*—After this work on the 4th row. * 5 sc, 9 ch, miss 6; * repeat to the end, which finish with 5 sc.

8*th.*—*3 sc on centre 3 of 5; 2 ch, dc on 1st of 9 ch, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on next, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on next, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on next, 2 ch, miss 1, dc on last, 2 ch, * repeat to the end.

9*th.*—Sc on centre of 3; 3 ch, dc over dc, and over every other dc, with 2 ch between, 3 ch after the last.

Wind some of the same cotton round a card two inches wide, and knot seven strands in each of the four centre holes of the shell.

CROSS STITCH KNITTING.

FOR A SOFA CUSHION.

Cast on 91 stitches.

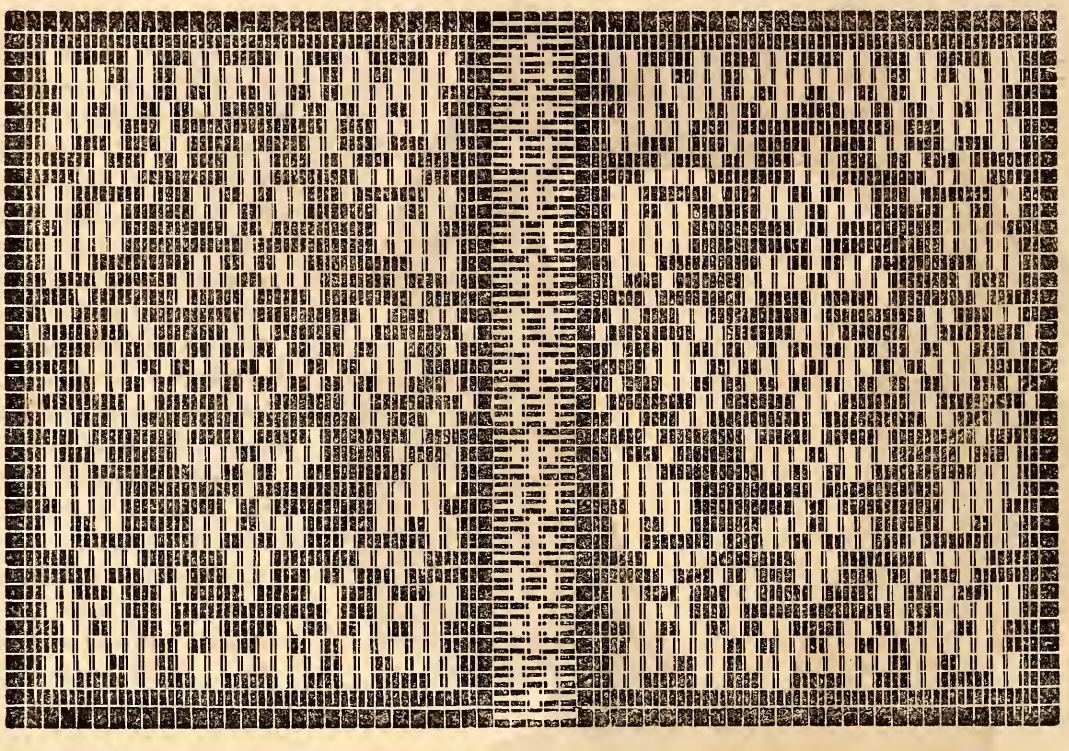
1*st row.*—Knit 1, bring the wool forward, slip 1 the reverse way, pass the wool back, repeat.

2*d.*—Seam 2, *, pass the wool back, slip 1, bring the wool forward, seam 1, repeat from *.

Repeat these two rows alternately; knit 6 rows of black, 2 of violet, 2 of maize filoselle doubled, 2 of violet, 2 of maize, 2 violet, 6 of black, 2 of scarlet, 2 maize, 2 scarlet, 2 maize, 2 scarlet, 6 black, 2 green, 2 maize, 2 green, 2 maize, 2 green, 6 black, 2 blue, 2 maize, 2 blue, 2 maize, 2 blue. Repeat until the cushion is the size you wish it.

4 skeins of black double German wool, 2 skeins each of scarlet, violet, green, and blue, and 10 skeins of maize filoselle, are required.

NEEDLE-BOOK IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.



Small ornamental articles are generally acceptable to those ladies who feel an interest in contributing to the numerous sales of fancy work which are annually held for the purpose of augmenting the funds of the many benevolent charities of America. The little design given among our illustrations forms a pretty and useful article for this purpose. It is worked on fine canvas with small beads; the pattern is in the two sorts of opaque and transparent, half the leaf being in one sort, and the other half in the other. The ground is in Berlin wool of any bright color which may be preferred, crimson, a rich blue, or a bright green, having either of them a good effect. This part of the work must be stretched over a cardboard cut to the proper size, and lined with silk. The cashmere leaves are laid in the inside, and fastened down with a ribbon; the ends are brought through to the back and tied in a bow. The edges are finished with a row of beads, one being put on at every stitch with great regularity.

PELERINE CLOAK.

(*See engraving, page* 24.)

This cloak is worked in Afghan stitch, with needle No. 3. The upper part is of blue, and the points of chinchilla zephyr.

Set up for the centre 321 stitches, and work 7 rows. In the 8th row begin the narrowing, which will be 8 times in the row; work the 8th row as follows: work 39 stitches, take 2 together, work 33, take 2 together, repeat this twice. You will have 4 narrowings each side of the cloak. Work for the middle 29 stitches, narrow 1; you will have to keep these 29 stitches all the way up and narrow on each side of them to go toward the fronts. Work 2 rows plain, narrow, so the plain part between the narrowing will be one stitch less. Narrow every 2d row all the way up, and at the same places. After you have done 52 rows there will be 22 rows of narrowing.

In the 53d row you must narrow on the 8th stitch, and between, twice in the middle part, work 9, narrow, work 7, narrow, work 9, narrow. This narrowing keep on the same as the 3 on each side, 5 times in every 2d row and 4 times in every row. When you begin the narrowing in the middle of the back you will have to narrow 1 stitch on beginning and end of the row. When you have 62 rows work the 63d as follows: two stitches together, 4 stitches plain, 2 together, 5 plain, narrow, 5 plain, narrow, 5 plain, narrow, 3 plain, narrow, 7 plain, narrow; these 7 stitches are the inside of the row, the other side must be repeated.

64*th row.* Take the 3 first stitches together, 1 plain, 2 together, 4 plain, 2 together, 4 plain, 2 together, 4 plain, 2 together, 2 plain, 2 to-

gether, 7 plain; this is the middle; repeat for the other side.

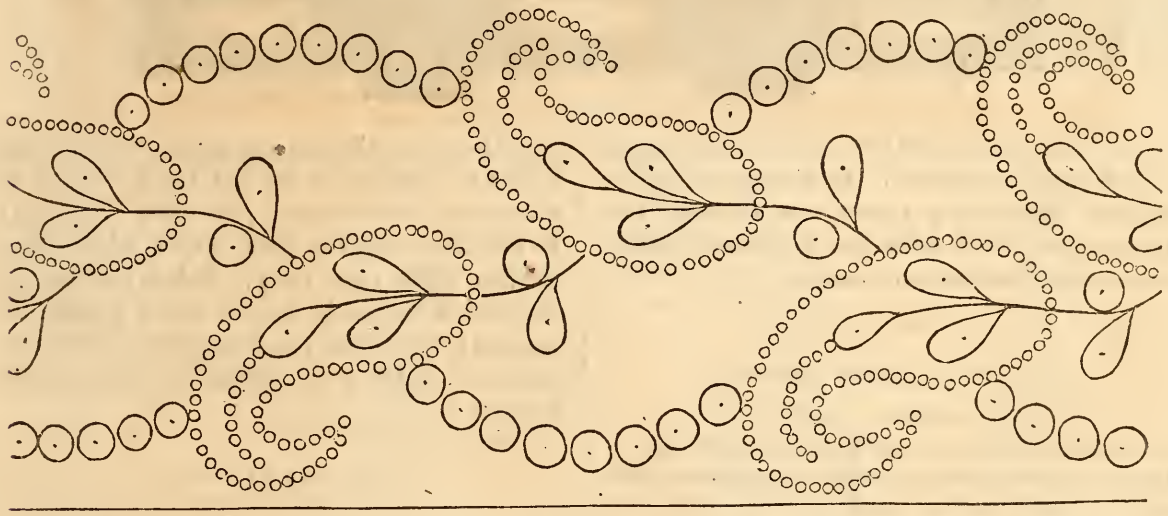
65th row. 2 together, 13 plain, 2 together, to the middle plain, and repeat to the end of the row.

66th row. Leave 8 stitches of the last row and begin to work on the 9th, work plain, and leave 8 at the end of the row, the same as at the beginning.

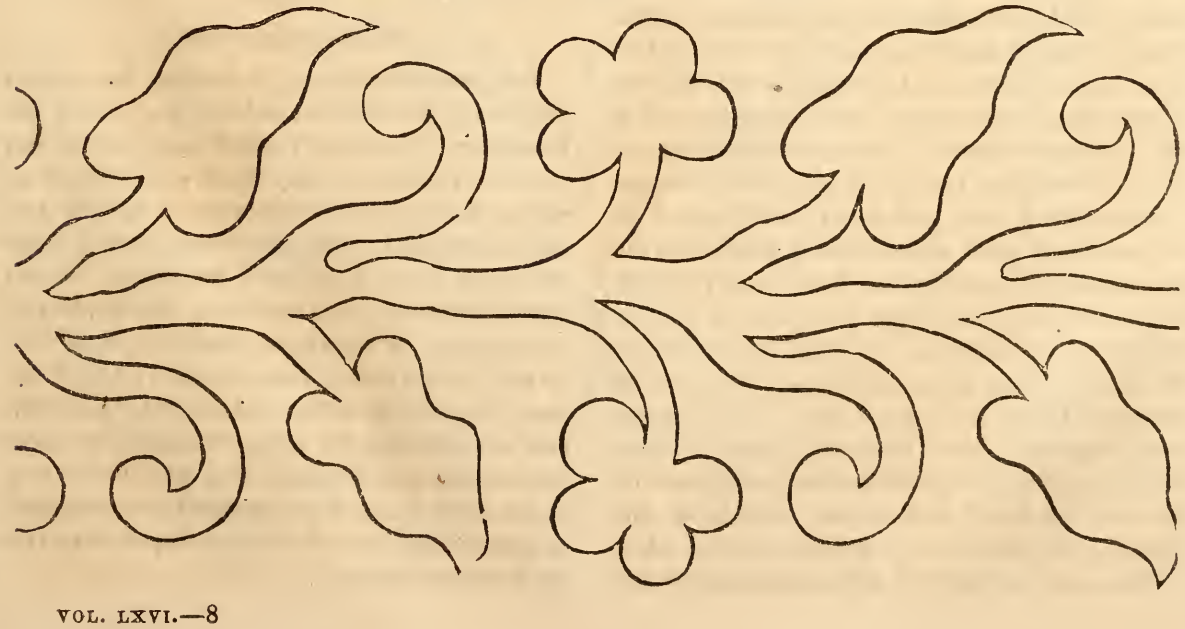
67th row. Leave 5 stitches of last row, and work plain, leaving 5 stitches at the end of the row. This is the last row. Finish the neck the same as you would an Afghan stripe.

For the points of the cloak, take *chinée* worsted, and use No. 3 needle, but work very loosely. The points are worked crosswise. Set up 9 stitches; the 1st row widen on the left side by picking up the chain between the 2d and last stitch; do this every row up to 19 stitches, then narrow on the same side 1 stitch every row down to 9 stitches, then begin the widening again; work in this way until you have 21 points. It will take 3 for the neck, 3 up the fronts for each side, and 12 for the rest of the cloak. Sew the points all round, and join the pointed side on with 1 stitch of black and one of white. On the corner the pointed edge must be fulled in a little, so it will set evenly. The little bars in the narrow part of the points are made of 6 threads of worsted, braided, or they can be done in crochet, 1 stitch of black and one of white. There are two buttons and two buttonholes to fasten the cloak in front.

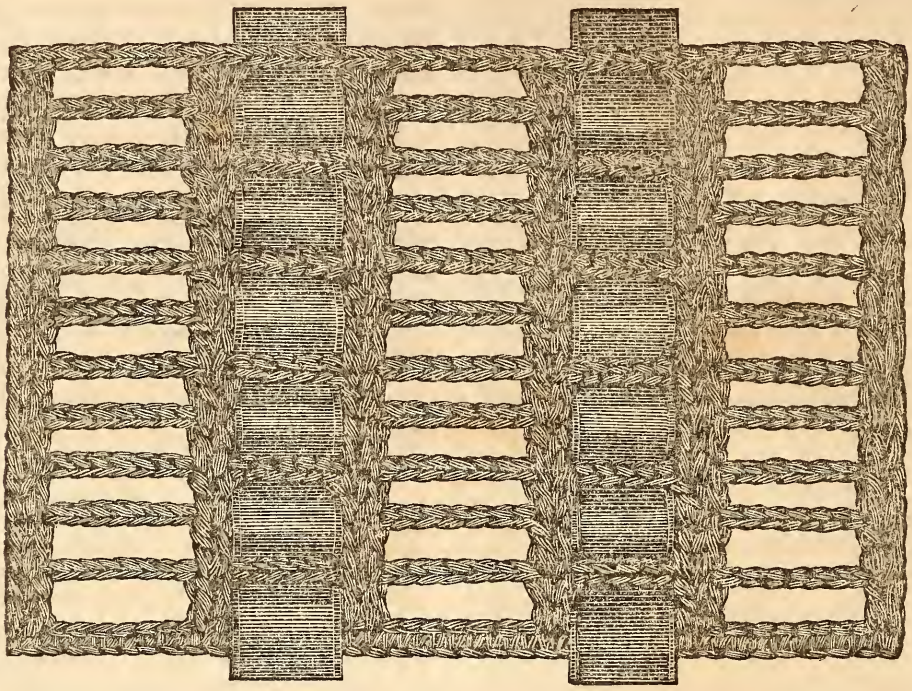
INSERTING FOR A PILLOW-CASE.



BRAIDING FOR A CHILD'S PIQUE DRESS.



DESIGN FOR AN INFANT'S BLANKET.



This very simple and pretty design is suitable for an infant's blanket. It is made of white zephyr, with black velvet run through the chains, and lined with Marie Louise blue or rose-colored cashmere or merino.

LADY'S BRAIDED SLIPPER.

(*See engraving, page* 20.)

Materials required for one pair of slippers are: A quarter of a yard of bright blue cloth; one piece of Alliance silk braid, scarlet and gold.

This style of slipper is different from the ordinary shape, as it is made with shaped sides, the toe and back being sloped down to a point. These slippers are often made up with rather high heels, which give to the foot a very dainty appearance, particularly when the heels are made in bright scarlet. Velvet or bronze leather might be selected instead of cloth for the foundation, and a rich gold braid used instead of the silk, or a plain colored braid might be run on, edged with gold twist. The pattern should be traced on tissue-paper and tacked on the material to be braided. The braid should then be run over the paper, and when the work is complete this may be torn away. The slippers being very open, must be neatly finished inside with a quilted lining and quilted sock made of the same colored silk as the outside of the slipper, and should be bound round the edge with a silk or velvet binding, whichever accords best with the material used. Chain-stitch might be substituted for the braid, worked in some very bright-colored purse silk. This may be also done over the tissue-paper, which being so thin, easily tears away. Before sending the slippers to be made up, we would advise our readers to tack some paper over the needlework, as it is so liable to soil under the shoemaker's hands.

EMBROIDERED POCKET FOR LADY'S DRESS.

(*See engraving, page* 28.)

The present fashion of making the pocket sufficiently ornamental to become a part of the trimming of a dress is both convenient and pretty. Pockets are now worn embroidered on white muslin dresses as well as in silk and other materials. The one we are giving is appropriate for either white muslin or colored silk embroidery; in either case it is worked in satin-stitch. If on white muslin or piqué, No. 10 and No. 20 cotton must be used; but if the dress is of silk or other material, the embroidery should also be silk. Sometimes these pockets are placed on the long wide bands of a sash having the ends ornamented to correspond. A narrow lace beyond the escalloped edge is a great improvement.

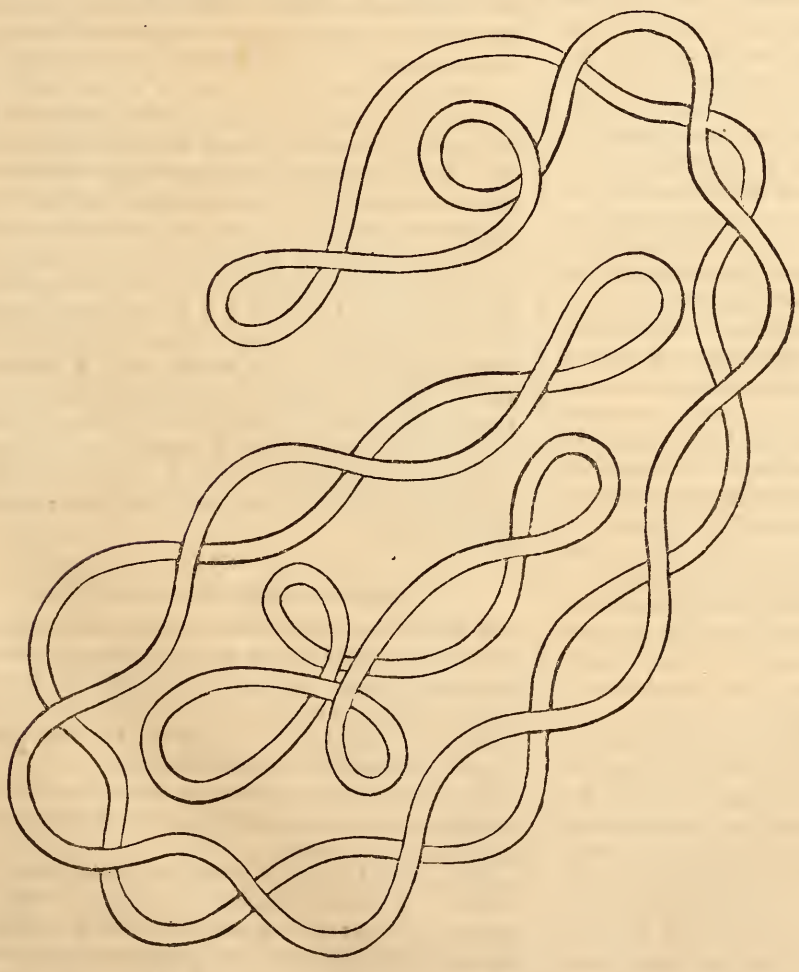
TOP OF TOILET PINCUSHION.

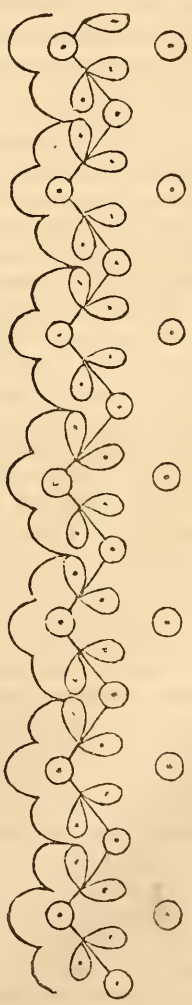
(*See engraving, page* 23.)

This little article for the toilet-table is recommended not only by its novelty of shape, but for its being so admirably well adapted to take its place in the front of a looking-glass, when the space is too limited to allow of one of the entire circle. A small box of the form which will be seen in our engraving can be easily purchased, having the cushion on the top of its lid, and being covered and lined with either a pink calico or a silk of the same or some other bright tint. Immediately below the rim of the opening of this box is a frill of the same material as the covering, just the same depth as the box. The half circular portion on the top is to be worked on net, the flowers being all in satin-stitch. The twisted bar across the top is in sewn-over lines, with solid spots worked in the under divisions, and the upper part in a kind of herringbone-stitch. The ribbon bows have a double line of fine chain stitch at each edge, with a row of dots between, and in the middle a row of diamonds, run in with a spot in the centre of each. The flower or rosette at each end of the bar has its outline in chain stitch, filled in with solid spots. No. 20 will be found the proper cotton for the embroidery of this pincushion. We have only to add that a quilling of ribbon is to be carried round the edge of the lid, together with a little loop in the centre by which to lift it up.

NAME FOR MARKING.

BRAIDING PALM FOR THE END OF A SASH.





EMBROIDERY.

Receipts, &c.

MODERN COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

The average of human felicity may not be much higher now than it has been; the world will most likely deserve its title of a "vale of tears" to the end of time; but one consolation, and that by no means a small one, has become stronger and of more general circulation in the present day—there is the possibility of getting good dinners *oftener!* Good dinners, excellent dinners, superexcellent dinners, have been cooked and eaten in all ages. "Lord Mayor's Feasts" have never failed. Christmas time, Easter, and even Michaelmas, have secured good cheer for Christendom. Sunday dinners retain a comfortable superiority over the rest of their brethren; but their very association with plenty of good things suggests the "spare fast" of intermediate seasons, when a household was kept on salted meat for months, the frugal housewife being careful to use first the portions which were a "little touched," and going on with the remainder as it stood in the most urgent need of being cooked. Certainly all that has been much changed for the better. Our Lady's Book receipts deal less with grand dishes for high-company occasions, and more with the common dinners of every day. Domestic cookery-books have of late boldly encountered the difficulty of dealing with "that poor creature"—cold mutton. Set dinner-parties are less thought of than the comfort of the family. The idea has been set forth and cherished that the husband and the children are entitled to as much consideration as occasional guests, and that the table ought to be set out as carefully and neatly every day as on special occasions. There is a self-respect in such a fact that goes deeper than the clean tablecloths and dinner-napkins. One of the latest attainments of civilization is—comfort; it is one of the last applications men venture to make of their money, just as, in religion, the practical part of it lags a long way behind the canons of orthodox metaphysics. Men wore fine clothes whilst they walked on rushes, and the beautiful embroidery and picturesque costume of Vandyke's portraits were worn previous to Cromwell's sanitary direction that the dirt should be shovelled from before the doors of houses every day. People are beginning to make themselves comfortable with such things as they have. From the green-hafted scimitar-shaped knives and two-pronged forks which prevailed among decent people within the memory of man to the appointments of the present day there is a great step, and at no more cost. Silver forks are still for those who can obtain them, and silver spoons continue to be the mystic symbol of good luck; but the substitutes for these precious articles improve every day, and the convenience of the originals is afforded to a wider circle. The one point insisted upon in all works on household management is not a love of show or extravagant expenditure, but the necessity of having everything that depends on personal thought or care done as well as possible. The electro-plate or the nickel silver, or even the commonest species of Britannia metal, is to be kept clean and bright, and put neatly on the table; the table linen has no need to be fine, but freshness is indispensable. The dinner may be of scraps, but those scraps must be made savory; and certainly the receipts and directions for turning stale crusts into delicate puddings, morsels of cold, dry meat into delicious *entrées*, leave cooks and wives without excuse for "banyan days" or hungry dinners. No one can read the Lady's Book receipts without being struck by the good sense which pervades them as a general rule.

Cookery is not merely "the art of providing dainty bits to fatten out the ribs," as the scornful old proverb has it: it is the art of turning every morsel to the best use; it is the exercise of skill, thought, ingenuity, to make every morsel of food yield the utmost nourishment and pleasure of which it is capable. To do this, or to legislate for the doing of it, does not depend on the amount of money spent; the same qualities of character are demanded whether the housekeeping be on a large or a small scale. A woman who is not essentially kind-hearted cannot be a comfortable housekeeper; a woman who has not judgment, firmness, forethought, and general good sense cannot manage her house prudently or comfortably, no matter what amount of money she may have at her command; a woman who has not an eye for detecting and remedying disorderliness and carelessness cannot keep her house fresh and pleasant, no matter how much money she may spend on furniture and upholstery. It is not money, but management, that is the great requisite in procuring comfort in household arrangements. Of course, nobody asks impossibilities; none but the Jews ever yet succeeded in "making bricks without straw," and even they found it difficult, and lamented wearily; but the woman with limited means may make her things as perfect after their kind as the woman with ample means, only she will be obliged to put more of *herself* into the management; and that element of *personality* has a charm which no appointments made through the best staff of servants can possess—it is a luxury that money cannot buy, and generally hinders. The luxury of completeness must always depend on the individual care and skill of the mistress. That a thing should be perfect after its kind is all that can be required. Bacon and venison lie at opposite ends of the economical scale; but if the woman whose means allow her to procure bacon only is careful to have it so dressed and served that it is as good as bacon ought to be, she has attained the only perfection required at her hands; and it is the higher qualities brought to bear on a common action which give to the result a beauty and value not its own. We are all so much creatures of imagination, that we think more of the signified, than of the actual, fact. When a man sees his table nicely set out, he believes in the goodness of his dinner in a way that would be impossible with the self-same dinner on a soiled tablecloth with a slovenly arrangement.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

A Round of Salted Beef.—As this is too large for a moderate family, we shall write directions for the dressing half a round. Get the tongue side; skewer it up tight and round, and tie a fillet of broad tape round it, to keep the skewers in their places. Put it into plenty of cold water, and carefully catch the scum as soon as it rises; let it boil till all the scum is removed, and then put the boiler on one side of the fire, to keep *simmering* slowly till it is done.

Half a round of fifteen pounds will take about three hours; if it weighs more, give it more time. When you take it up, if any stray scum, etc., sticks to it that has escaped the vigilance of your skimmer, wash it off with a paste-brush. Garnish the dishes with carrots and

turnips. Send up carrots, turnips, and parsnips, or greens, etc., on separate dishes.

N. B. The outside slices, which are generally too much salted and too much boiled, will make a very good relish as potted beef.

Veal.—Veal requires particular care to roast it a nice brown. Let the fire be the same as for beef; a sound, large fire for a large joint, and a brisker for a smaller; put it at some distance from the fire to soak thoroughly, and then draw it near to finish it brown.

When first laid down it is to be basted; baste it again occasionally. When the veal is on the dish, pour over it half a pint of melted butter; if you have a little brown gravy by you, add that to the butter. With those joints which are not stuffed, send up forcemeat in balls or rolled into sausages as garnish to the dish, or fried pork sausages; greens are also always expected with veal.

Veal Sweetbread.—Trim a fine sweetbread (it cannot be too fresh); parboil it for five minutes, and throw it into a basin of cold water. Roast it plain, or beat up the yolk of an egg, and prepare some fine bread-crumbs, When the sweetbread is cold, dry it thoroughly in a cloth; run a lark-spit or a skewer through it, and tie it on the ordinary spit; egg it with a paste-brush, powder it well with bread-crumbs, and roast it. For sauce, fried bread-crumbs round it, and melted butter, with a little mushroom catsup and lemon-juice, or serve them on buttered toast, garnished with egg sauce or with gravy.

A Leg of Pork of eight pounds will require about three hours. Score the skin across in narrow stripes (some score it in diamonds) about a quarter of an inch apart, stuff the knuckle with sage and onion, minced fine, and a little grated bread, seasoned with pepper, salt, and the yelk of an egg. Do not put it too near the fire.

A Chine of Pork.—If parted down the back bone so as to have but one side, a good fire will roast it in two hours; if not parted, three hours. Chines are generally salted and boiled.

Goose.—When a goose is well picked, singed, and cleaned, make the stuffing with about two ounces of onion and half as much green sage, chop them very fine, adding four ounces—*i. e.* about a large breakfast-cupful—of stale bread-crumbs, a bit of butter about as big as a walnut, and a very little pepper and salt (to this some cooks add half the liver, parboiling it first), the yolk of an egg or two, and incorporating the whole well together, stuff the goose; do not quite fill it, but leave a little room for the stuffing to swell; spit it, tie it on the spit at both ends, to prevent it swinging round, and to keep the stuffing from coming out. From an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters will roast a fine full-grown goose. Send up gravy and apple sauce with it.

To Clarify Drippings.—Put your dripping into a clean saucepan over a stove or slow fire; when it is just going to boil, skim it well, let it boil, and then let it stand till it is a little cooled; then pour it through a sieve into a pan.

Obs.—Well-cleansed drippings and the fat skimmings of the broth-pot, when fresh and sweet, will baste everything as well as butter, except game and poultry, and should supply the place of butter for common fries, etc., for which they are equal to lard, especially if you repeat the clarifying twice over.

N. B. If you keep it in a cool place, you may preserve it a fortnight in summer, and longer in winter. When you have done frying, let the dripping stand a few minutes to settle, and then pour it through a sieve into a clean basin or stone pan, and it will do a second and a third time as well as it did the first; only the fat you have fried fish in must not be used for any other purpose.

Potatoes Roasted under Meat.—Half boil large potatoes, drain the water from them, and put them into an earthen dish or small tin pan, under meat that is roasting, and baste them with some of the dripping. When they are browned on one side, turn them and brown the other; send them up round the meat, or in a small dish.

Vegetable Soup.—Put a cabbage, turnips, and carrots, cut up, a bit of celery or a little sugar, into two quarts of water; boil one hour; add three onions, sliced, some oatmeal or rice boiled, or crusts of bread, pepper, and salt; give it a boil up for a quarter of an hour.

Cabbage Jelly.—A tasty little dish, and by some persons esteemed more wholesome than cabbage simply boiled. Boil cabbage in the usual way, and squeeze in a colander till perfectly dry. Then chop small; add a little butter, pepper, and salt. Press the whole very closely into an earthenware mould, and bake one hour, either in a side oven or in front of the fire; when done, turn it out.

To Hash a Calf's Head.—Clean the head thoroughly, and boil it for a quarter of an hour. When cold, cut the meat into thin, broad slices, and put them into a pan with two quarts of gravy; and, after stewing three-quarters of an hour, add one anchovy, a little mace and Cayenne, one spoonful of lemon pickle, and two of walnut catsup, some sweet herbs, lemon-peel, and a glass of sherry. Mix a quarter of a pound of fresh butter with flour, which add five minutes before the meat is sufficiently cooked. Take the brains and put them into hot water, skin them, and pound them well. Add to them two eggs, one spoonful of flower, a little grated lemon-peel, and finely chopped parsley, thyme, and sage; mix well together with pepper and salt. Form this mixture into small cakes; boil some lard, and fry them in it until they are a light brown color, then lay them on a sieve to drain. Take the hash out of the pan, and lay it neatly on a hot dish, strain the gravy over it, and lay upon it a few mushrooms, forcemeat balls, the yelks of four hard-boiled eggs, and the brain-cakes. Garnish with slices of lemon and pickles.

Scalloped Oysters.—Wash out of the liquor two quarts of oysters, pound very fine eight soft crackers, or grate a stale loaf of bread; butter a deep dish, sprinkle in a layer of crumbs, then a layer of oysters, a little mace, pepper, and bits of butter; another layer of crumbs, another of oysters, then seasoning as before, and so on until the dish is filled; cover the dish over with bread-crumbs, seasoning as before; turn over it a cup of the oyster liquor. Set it into the oven for thirty or forty minutes to brown.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

In making cakes it is indispensably necessary that all the ingredients should be heated before they are mixed; for this purpose everything should be prepared an hour before the time it is wanted, and placed near the fire or upon a stove—the flour thoroughly dried and warmed; the currants, sugar, caraway seeds, and anything else required heated in the same way; butter and eggs should be beaten in basins fitted into kettles or pans of warm water, which will give them the requisite degree of temperature. Without these precautions cakes will be heavy, and the best materials, with the greatest

pains, will fail to produce the desired results. The following directions should also be strictly attended to: Currants should be very nicely washed, dried in a cloth, and then set before the fire. Before they are used a dust of dry flour should be thrown among them, and a shake given to them, which causes the cakes to be lighter. Eggs should be very long beaten, whites and yelks apart, and always strained. Sugar should be pounded in a mortar or rubbed to a powder on a clean board, and sifted through a very fine hair or lawn sieve. Lemon-peel should be pared very thin, and with a little sugar, beaten in a marble mortar to a paste, and then mixed with a little wine or cream, so as to divide easily among the other ingredients. The pans should be of earthenware; nor should eggs, or butter and sugar be beaten in tins, as the coldness of the metal will prevent them from becoming light. Use no flour but the best superfine, for if the flour be of inferior quality, the cakes will be heavy, ill-colored, and unfit to eat; but if a little potato flour be added, it will improve their lightness. Cakes are frequently rendered hard, heavy, and uneatable by misplaced economy in eggs and butter, or for want of a due seasoning in spices and sugar. After all the articles are put into the pan they should be thoroughly and long beaten, as the lightness of the cake depends much on their being well incorporated. Unless you are provided with proper utensils as well as materials the difficulty of making cakes will be so great as in most instances to be a failure. Accuracy in proportioning the ingredients is also indispensable, and therefore scales, weights, and measures, down to the smallest quantity, are of the utmost importance. When yeast is used, a cake should stand for some time to rise before it is put into the oven. All stiff cakes should be beaten with the hand; but pound and similar cakes should be beaten with a whisk or spoon.

Rock Cakes.—Take a pound of flour, rub into it half a pound of butter, and half a pound of sugar; mix with it a quarter of a pound of lemon-peel and the yelks of six eggs. Roll into balls, and bake on tins.

Arrowroot Biscuits.—Put together three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and the same weight of butter until they rise; beat three eggs well and mix with it, then stir in two cups of sifted arrowroot, and two of flour; roll them thin, cut them with a biscuit-cutter; place them in buttered tins, and bake in a slow oven.

Lemon Pudding.—Take four ounces of butter, melt and pour it on four ounces of powdered loaf-sugar; add the juice of a large lemon, with the rind grated, and the yelks of six eggs. Line the dish with paste, bake it half an hour.

Apple Snow-Balls.—Take half a dozen fresh apples, cut them into quarters and carefully remove the cores from them; then put them together, having introduced into the cavity caused by the removal of the cores, two cloves and a thin slice of lemon-rind into each apple. Have at hand half a dozen damp cloths, upon each dispose of a liberal layer of clean, picked rice; place each apple in an upright position in the middle of the grain, and draw the sides of the cloths containing the rice over the same, tying them at the top only sufficiently tight to admit of its swelling whilst under the operation of boiling—three-quarters of an hour will suffice. When released from the cloths they will resemble snow-balls. Open, add sugar, butter, and nutmeg to the fruit, and serve them up to table. The above will be found very wholesome and satisfactory food for children.

Bath Buns.—Take a pound of flour, the rinds of three lemons, grated fine, half a pound of butter melted in a cup of cream, a teaspoonful of yeast, and three eggs. Mix; add half a pound of finely-powdered white sugar; mix well, let it stand to rise, and it will make thirty-nine-buns.

An Orange Pudding.—Make a light paste, and roll it out to the extent you require it. Take your oranges, slice them with the rinds on, removing carefully the pips or seeds from the pulp. Place a layer of fruit, well-sugared, within one side of the paste and turn it over the fruit, and repeat the same course until the whole of the slices are disposed of. Fold the paste up at each end, so as to secure the syrup. Boil it in a pudding cloth. It constitutes, in some families, a nursery luxury.

Apple Cream.—Peel and core five large apples, boil in a little water till soft enough to press through a sieve; sweeten, and beat with them the beaten whites of three eggs, serve it with cream poured around it.

Eve's Pudding.—Grate three-fourths of a pound of stale bread, and mix it with three-fourths of a pound of fine suet, the same quantity of chopped apples and dried currants, five eggs, and the rind of a lemon; put it into a mould, and boil it three hours; serve it with sweet sauce.

Cranberry Roll.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning; make it very sweet, strain it through a colander, and set it away to cool; when quite cold, make a paste as for apple pudding; spread the cranberries about an inch thick; roll it up in a floured cloth, and tie it close at the ends; boil it two hours, and serve it with sweet sauce. Stewed apples, or any other kind of fruit, may be made in the same way.

An Excellent Pudding.—Take one pint and a half of milk, two eggs, and a small tablespoonful of flour; mix the flour with cold milk to the consistence of thick cream; boil the rest of the milk and pour, boiling hot, upon the flour, stirring all the time; add a salt-spoonful of salt, sugar to your taste, and, when *cool*, two eggs well beaten; have ready a buttered dish, pour the whole into it, grate lemon-peel or nutmeg over it, and bake thirty-five or forty minutes; it should be out of the oven fifteen minutes before serving. It is delicious to eat cold with jam, tart, or fruit pie.

Apple Jam.—Three pounds of large apples to be put into a jar to stand all night in the oven with half a pint of water, the cores having first been taken out. The next day, add the juice of one lemon, and one pound of lump sugar; boil altogether from two to three hours.

A Swiss Custard.—Take one quart of new milk; introduce one half of the measure into a clean saucepan, with the rind of a lemon shred very fine, and let the latter simmer over a gentle fire. Have at hand three tablespoonfuls of ground rice, damp it with cold spring water in a deep dish, and mix with it the milk which was left unused, adding loaf-sugar to your taste. When the milk in the saucepan simmers, let the cold mixture be gradually added to it, carefully stirring it round till it becomes thick and assumes the usual consistency of a custard made with eggs. Grate cinnamon and nutmeg over it, and eat it cold.

Cheesecakes.—Two ounces of sweet almonds, a little better than an ounce of bitter do., the whites of two eggs, a quarter of a pound of lump-sugar pounded very

fine. Pound up the almonds (after blanching them); mix in the whites of the eggs with the sugar, and bake until a light brown in patty pans lined with a paste.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Preserve Irons from Rust.—Melt fresh mutton suet, smear over the iron with it while hot, then dust it well with unslaked lime, powdered and tied up in muslin. When not used, wrap the irons in baize, and keep them in a dry place. Use no oil for them at any time, except salad oil.

To take Rust out of Steel.—Rub well with sweet oil, and let the oil remain upon them for forty-eight hours. Then rub with leather sprinkled with unslaked lime, finely powdered, until all the rust disappears.

To Clean Black Grates, Hearths, Sides, etc.—Boil a quarter of a pound of the best black lead in a pint of weak vinegar and water, adding a teaspoonful of brown sugar and a bit of soap about the size of a walnut. When that is melted, first brush off all the dust and soot, and then with a painter's brush wet the grate, etc. As soon as it begins to dry rub to brightness with a stiffish brush, such as shoes are polished with.

To Make Blacking.—One pound of ivory black, two ounces of vitriol, one pound of treacle, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, two quarts of vinegar or stale ale. Have ready a large mug, put the ivory-black and oil into it, and mix them well together. Pour the vinegar and oil into a pan, and after making them hot, add them gently by degrees to the ivory black until you have mixed all well together. Let it stand till cold, and then add the vitriol. Bottle it for use. It will keep for years, and can be highly recommended when used for giving boots and shoes a lustrous jet appearance.

Corks.—The common practice of employing inferior corks for the purpose of stopping the mouths of bottles is often productive of considerable loss, from the air being only partially excluded, and the contents suffering in consequence. We once saw a large "bin" of valuable wine become, in less than a year, little better than sour Cape, from the parsimony of its owner on this point, and we have frequently had to regret the loss of valuable chemical preparations, from a similar cause. The best corks are those called "velvet corks," and of these the finest qualities are imported from France.

For Chapped Hands.—Two ounces of white wax, two ounces of hog's lard rendered, half an ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of oil of sweet almonds. Simmer all these ingredients together for a few minutes, then strain the liquid through muslin, and put it into pots. To be rubbed well over the hands when going to bed, and sleep with gloves on.

Red Ink.—Take of the raspings of Brazil wood one-quarter of a pound, and infuse them two or three days in vinegar, which should be colorless. Boil the infusion one hour over a gentle fire, and afterwards filter it while hot through paper laid in an earthenware colander. Put it again over the fire, and dissolve in it, first, half an ounce of gum Arabic, and afterwards of alum and white sugar, each half an ounce.

Blue Ink.—Chinese blue, three ounces; oxalic acid (pure), three-quarters of an ounce; gum Arabic, powdered, one ounce; distilled water, six pints. Mix.

Black Ink.—Sulphate of iron, calcined, six ounces; powdered nutgalls, two ounces; powdered gum Arabic, two drachms. Mix a teaspoonful to a pint and a half of cold water.

Turkey Carpet, to Clean.—Beat it well with a stick in the usual manner until all the dust is removed, then take out the stains, if any, with lemon or sorrel-juice. When thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf, and if the weather is very fine, let it hang out in the open air for a night or two. This treatment will revive the colors, and make the carpet appear equal to new.

Extinction of Fires.—The safety of the inhabitants being ascertained, the first object at a fire should be the exclusion of all fresh and the confinement of all burnt air—*suffocate* the flames—remember that burnt air is as great, if not a greater enemy to combustion than even water: the one, till again mixed with oxygen, can never support flame; the other, especially if poured on heated metal, is converted into its elements, the one hydrogen, in itself most inflammable, the other oxygen, the food of fire. For both purposes, of excluding the one air and confining the other, all openings should be kept as carefully closed as possible. An attempt should always be made to stop up the chimney-pots; wet rags, blankets, or an old carpet, will serve this purpose, and thereby confine a considerable quantity of burnt air.

Vitriol Accidents are not uncommon in kitchens, as when oil of vitriol (improperly used for cleaning copper vessels) is let fall upon the hands, etc. In this case, if a little soda or potash be dissolved in water, or some fresh soap-boilers' lees, and instantly applied, no injury whatever will occur to the person or clothes.

An easy method of removing wine stains from tablecloths is to hold the stained part in milk while it is boiling on the fire. The stains will soon disappear.

Tooth Powder.—We know of no better than finely powdered charcoal; it cleans the mouth mechanically and chemically. But as alone it is dusty, and not easily mixed with water, it may for this purpose be mixed with an equal weight of prepared chalk, and, if requisite, scented with a drop or two of oil of cloves.

To Destroy Ants.—Ants that frequent houses or gardens may be destroyed by taking flour of brimstone half a pound, and potash four ounces; set them in an iron or earthen pan over the fire till dissolved and united; afterwards beat them to a powder and infuse a little of this powder in water; and wherever you sprinkle it the ants will die or fly the place.

Portable Lemonade.—Take of tartaric acid, half an ounce; loaf sugar, three ounces; essence of lemon, half a drachm. Powder the tartaric acid and the sugar very fine in a marble or Wedgwood mortar; mix them together, and pour the essence of lemon upon them, by a few drops at a time, stirring the mixture after each addition, till the whole is added; then mix them thoroughly, and divide it into twelve equal parts, wrapping each up separately in a piece of white paper. When wanted for use, it is only necessary to dissolve it in a tumbler of cold water, and fine lemonade will be obtained, containing the flavor of the juice and peel of the lemon, and ready sweetened.

Cheese Snaps.—Take a new loaf, hot from the oven, pull it in halves, dig out pieces about the size of a walnut with a fork, put them on a dish, and set in a quick oven to brown lightly. Stale bread can be used, but does not answer so well. This forms a pretty supper dish, and can be eaten with wine.

Editors' Table.

A NEW YEAR AND NEW HOPES.

The Present is only known to us by the Past. We must look the Old Year in the face as he is dying before we can comprehend the great task imposed on the New Year in the burden he has to take up.

Turn to the Frontispiece, where, in an allegorical illustration, you will read these lessons.

At the top of the picture *the palms of peace* are rocking the *Infant Year;* there, too, is the emblem of promise, nursed by winged hopes and pious wishes.

On the right side is the decrepit *Old Year*, as a man on crutches, turning to gaze on his infant successor. Ah! the old year departs burdened with the sorrows of millions, and scoffed at by a thankless world. But let us remember that his path was beset with difficulties.

The New Year! Is there not a glorious opportunity before the New Year? "What will he do with it?"

Look on the left side of the picture; see the little group of happy helpers, symbolizing the hopes and prayers of those who love peace; see them carrying away the weapons of warfare and ensigns of military strife, so that the influences of love and good-will may have room to work; and glance at the bottom of the plate; there are the emblems of happy meetings, of concord, prosperity, and joy.

But the centre Portrait is the magnet that will draw all true American hearts to feel that Union must be peace. Who can look on that august face, where passion is subjected to duty, and every line and expression show the patriot who loved his whole country, and not feel that

"Peace greatness best becomes."

Heaven grant our New Year's dream may soon be realized! Then how dearly we shall enjoy the blessings of peace, with its bright anticipations, its leisure for mental improvement, and its wide range of benevolent interest that finds its best pleasures in the general happiness of society!

Dr. Franklin's old motto—"Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves"—may be applied to a wider range of thought. Let every citizen take care of his or her own conscience, character, soul; keep these pure, right, and just, and the Commonwealth will take care of itself.

We always approach our readers on these anniversaries with feelings akin to warm personal friendship and confidence. So many years have been given, or at least a large part of our time and thoughts, to the questions—What good can we do, what advantages offer to our subscribers?—that the idea of contributing to their happiness has become a necessary part, as it were, of our life. We trust this feeling is reciprocated. We believe our readers will welcome this first number of our new volume with kindly desires for the happiness of the Editors, and accept with pleasure our sincere greetings and good wishes for the New Year, 1863.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT. SEE PLATE.

"What though my heart be crowded close with objects dear nor few,
Creep in, my little smiling babe; there 's still a niche for you."

Ah, yes; there is always room in the loving heart of womankind for the new baby! It is this instinct of the sex which these three dear little girls are obeying, as each lets fall her choice holiday presents to gaze with yearning tenderness on the sweetest gift of the New Year, their own baby brother. "Isn't he a darling?" they all exclaim.

When our first mother went out, weeping sorrowfully, from her Paradise Garden, she carried in her heart, like a holy gift of perpetual youth and hope to humanity, the blessed promise that her "seed" should restore the lost glories of Eden. But Eve did not find her first-born what she anticipated. Why was this cross of her hopes? Might it not have been caused by her over indulgence of Cain's appetites and passions? Her unwise tenderness thus fostered his egotism and selfishness, till, when his brother Abel came and claimed a share in the mother's love, the jealousy and hatred of the elder born was aroused, and never afterwards slumbered.

Here is a subject demanding the inquiry of the educator. We do not recollect that any writer has analyzed the effect which might be wrought on the sensitive nature of a young child, two or three years of age, who has been the worshipped of the nursery, when a new baby comes to displace the first idol. It is a terrible trial to an affectionate and indulged little child.

Every young mother should watch carefully when her first-born is put away from her immediate tendence by the presence of a new claimant on her affections; she must see that the elder one is not made to feel forsaken, as the thoughtless words of servants, or visitors, even, would imply. She should never permit expressions of preference for the baby to be made in the hearing of the other, and all the changes which must be felt by the first autocrat of the nursery should be made up to him by new enjoyments and resources for self-amusement. More than this, great pains must be taken to cultivate the tender feelings of love and care for his little brother or sister.

Very much of the real happiness of children depends on giving them something to do for themselves or for each other in promoting the means of amusement and happiness. Encourage them to do this, and praise and caress them when they show a spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice towards each other. It is an unspeakable blessing to a family if the mother has rightly trained her first-born; the child, son or daughter, is the index of the mother's character in the household, and also of her capacity to mould the minds of her children. The example of this elder one, if right, leads all the others rightly, almost without the need of authority from the parents.

Look at the trio of sisters in the plate, as they bend over their little baby brother! Will they not be *almost*

like guardian angels to his opening life?—tending his steps, watching his wishes, keeping him from harm, and helping him, so far as they can, to become what they will surely believe he may be if he tries—one of the best and noblest men in the land.

HOUSEHOLD WORK.

Women show their parts
When they do make their ordered households know them. KNOWLES.

THOSE who read our Table for December (we hope all our friends have that number) will recollect the "Letter from a Lady of Pennsylvania," concerning the changes which, coming over our country, must affect the condition and character of American women.

We now give the thoughts and suggestions of another dear friend, whose excellent ideas on "household work" will, we hope, make a deep impression on the hearts and minds of our readers.

LETTER FROM A LADY OF NEW ENGLAND.

MY DEAR MRS. HALE: The Lady's Book, which has always been foremost in every good word and work relating to women, seems to me a proper channel through which to express some of the sentiments, the exhortations, the hopes, and the fears called out by this unhappy war, so far as women alone are concerned.

The good which has been elicited out of evil, certainly among New England women (with whom mostly I have been conversant) is one of those mysterious Providences which make us feel that we know nothing about the management of the world or of human beings. When I have seen young creatures whose fingers have been too dainty all their lives long to do a useful thing; who not only did not know how to do a useful thing, but really piqued themselves on this delightful ignorance; when I see such girls, heartily entering into the making of coarse shirts and drawers, and knitting coarse yarn for stockings: when I see them do this, not once, but all the spare hours, formerly given to idleness or to delicate fancy-work; when I see these girls, whose only delight seemed to be a ball or a concert, to dress and be admired, patiently and industriously working away, week after week, at common clothes and the making of comfortable garments for the sick and wounded; when I hear the talk of these girls, deeply interested in something apart from themselves, above themselves, relating to something altogether aside and above the petty interests of daily life, and involving the highest contemplations of the human mind; when I look at this and at these, I feel that there is good in all evil, and that the regeneration of so many young hearts almost pays the price of blood and suffering.

This war is to make widows and orphans, sisters with no brothers to care for them, mothers with no sons to uphold their age and comfort their infirmity. The whole face of society will be changed. How, then, shall women prepare for such a change, for such a new order of things? From being cherished they must uphold themselves; the wind that formerly must not blow rudely on their tender cheeks, will strike blastingly, with the tempestuous force of poverty and desertion. Whatever the political result may be of this war, the social and domestic results are inevitable. It is of no use to thrust them aside; better look them squarely in the face.

It seems to me there will gradually and imperceptibly open a way for these mothers, daughters, and sisters to maintain themselves, merely from the circumstance of their sex being in excess of the other, for a long future. Many of the occupations which have heretofore been monopolized by men, but which are suited much better to the strength and ability of women, will be open to women. Work of all sorts will be necessary and *fashionable*. If it is fashionable now to strew the drawing-rooms with blue shirts and brown stocking yarn; if the belle comes to receive her morning calls with her knitting in her hand, much more will it be fashionable to continue to labor when that labor shall be sanctified with deeper than patriotic motives, with higher and closer impulses than a country's love.

It is well for our young girls to look forward to this state of things. Not despondently, not fearfully, but hopefully, fearlessly, cheerfully. Better a thousand times that you "wear out" in the quick attrition of active exertion than to "rust out" in the inane idleness of a useless existence. If to be a cherished and petted wife be denied you, you can still be a helpful sister, a devoted daughter, or a cheerful, patient, and soothing companion to a wounded or helpless husband.

We know—for even in the middle of the blind rush there was virtue enough in the country to say and feel it—we know that we have drifted, as a people, far out of sight of the principles of our fathers, on which the country was settled and this republic founded. We have been warned, over and over, that we were going down to ruin, through the corruptions of prosperity, as fast as we could possibly go. We heard the voice of prophecy and of denunciation; the "Wo upon this *goodly land!*" We heard, but we folded our hands, and said: "Apres nous le deluge." But the deluge *has* come upon *us*, the guilty ones, and not on our innocent children; for them opens a brighter path through suffering. No more luxury or pampering, no more laziness and dissatisfaction; but, instead, cheerful labor, fortitude, and Christian dignity. For one, I rejoice in the prospect of new virtue in the body politic, beginning, as it must and ought, with women. If they must give up, during their whole lives, the pleasing task of decorating their persons, and even in some measure of adorning their minds, still they will have gained immeasurably in mental elevation, and their whole plane of action and thought be far higher.

There is a large class of single women who will be thrown out of employment by this war. There will be more teachers than schools; more instructors of music than pupils or pianos; more ready to give drawing lessons than children to avail themselves of such blessings. This state of things will necessitate a broader and different field of action for these women.

In the increased and factitious refinement of manners and employment in the country, all the pleasantest part of domestic life has long been sacrificed, and an imitation of European style substituted. In the sparse condition of our native population, it has been necessary to employ emigrant labor for all domestic purposes. This has had a bad effect on both employer and employed. I could dwell on this at great length, and yet it cannot be necessary. You hear constantly pathetic lamentations over the "old nurses," the "old help" (when servants were not) that were so faithful, so friendly, so to be relied on at all times; and mournful chats over the faithless cook who left you that morning without warning, or the ungrateful waitress, who "won't stay under two dollars and a half."

There will be a better opening for labor for the large class of efficient and active young women in domestic service. Hitherto, they have declined to enter into competition with emigrants, and have chosen—partly with a laudable, and partly with a foolish pride—rather to confine themselves to needle work and teaching, than to enter the lists of active household labor with foreigners.

Everybody who is at all conversant with the real state of the *country* (I mean as distinct from the city) knows that there is always a glad opening and liberal remuneration for domestic service. For Americans, much more. There is friendly interest and attachment. I should be very glad, for one, to see the days of almost feudal distinction, which have obtained during the last thirty years among us, abolished; and the old times returned where to aid and serve in the family, was associated with no degradation, but, on the contrary, with pleasure on both sides.

Then there will not be so much starving in city attics, because women prefer to make shirts for fourpence a piece to washing dishes and cooking dinners for two dollars a week. They will feel a proper self-respect and self-appreciation which will not be lowered by sweeping the house, or speaking properly to their employers. A new state of feeling and interest will spring up among all. We shall all be grateful for aid, and glad in our turn to aid others. Heretofore we have been hard. There has been no possible room for kindly feeling or interest beyond the day, for domestic service, which was liable to cease at any hour, when increased wages called, and where interest was the sole propelling motive. We acknowledged that it could not be helped; that it could not be expected; that it should be otherwise. Still, we mourned over the good old days when everything was so different!

I apprehend that in the immediate future of our country, there will be a closer inweaving of all classes, through the intense and common interest in the general good. There will be more upholding and assisting of those who need it. A development of character from within is better than any amount of encouragement

from without; and persons who cannot be or would not be benefited by public aid, are inexpressibly consoled and fortified by private sympathy and encouragement. They begin to feel themselves strong and able to cope with life; nay, more, to feel that labor is itself a dignity and a blessing; and that to adapt themselves to the kind of labor most healthful for them, is the truest dignity as well as common sense.

MEMORIAL

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:—

WHEREAS, there are now more than *two millions* of children in our country destitute of the opportunity of education, demanding *sixty thousand teachers* to supply them at the same ratio as is common in our best educated sections, your memorialists beg to call your attention to these considerations:—

1. That while the Great West, California, and the wide Ocean, invite young men to wealth and adventure, and while the labors of the school-room offer so little recompense or honor, the sixty thousand teachers needed cannot be obtained from their ranks, and therefore the young women of our country must become teachers of the common schools, or these must be given up.

2. That the reports of common school education show that women are the *best* teachers, and that in those States where education is most prosperous, the average of female teachers to that of the other sex is as *five* to *one*.

3. That while, as a general rule, women are not expected to support families, nor to pay from their earnings to support the State, they can afford to teach for a smaller compensation than men, and therefore funds bestowed to educate female teachers gratuitously will, in the end, prove a measure of *economy*, and at the same time will tend to render education more universal and more elevated by securing the best class of teachers at a moderate expense.

4. That those most willing to teach are chiefly found in the industrial class, which, as yet, has received few favors from National or State Legislatures.

5. That providing such gratuitous advantages for women to act as educators, will secure a vast number of well educated teachers, not by instituting a class of *celibates*, but by employing the unoccupied energies of thousands of young women from their school-days to the period of marriage; while, at the same time, they will thus be qualifying themselves for the most arduous duties of their future domestic relations.

In view of these considerations, your memorialists petition that THREE OR FOUR MILLIONS OF ACRES OF THE PUBLIC NATIONAL DOMAINS be set apart to endow at least one *Normal School* in every State, for the gratuitous education of Female Teachers.

These institutions could be modelled and managed in each State to suit the wishes of its inhabitants, and young ladies of every section would be trained as instructors for children in their own vicinity. This would be found of immense advantage in the States where schools have hitherto been neglected.

While such vast portions of the national domains are devoted to national aggrandizements, or physical advantages, we humbly petition that a moderate share may be conferred to benefit the Daughters of our Republic, and thus at the same time to provide Educators for two millions of its most neglected children.

BOOKS FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, AND HOME READING.—The list of expensive books, prepared expressly for the holiday season, has greatly dimiuished, much to the advantage of better literature, and also as preventing useless expense. This year new books of all descriptions are few, compared with our "halcyon days of peace." Still, there must be gifts for Christmas and New Year, and those who wish to find a worthy literary souvenir for a Christiau lady (old or young), which shall have an impressive interest for the present and be a rich addition to the family library, let them select the five volumes of Dr. Cummings' works, lately republished iu New York.*

THE GREAT TRIBULATION: *or, Things Coming on the Earth.* 2 Vols.

THE GREAT PREPARATION: *or, Redemption Draweth Nigh.* In 2 Vols.

TEACH US TO PRAY. 1 Vol.

These books are wonderful productions, and breathe the true spirit of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The style is perfect of its kind, clear, cogent, impressive, and yet simple and tenderly careful of offences. The subjects discussed are the highest, noblest, and of most awful import to the whole human race. Upward flights which the greatest poet would not dare attempt are here opened to our view; grand and awful scenes that no human genius could conceive or delineate are here shown, through the veil of prophesy, to be surely approaching. Every true Christian, who believes what the Great Redeemer (They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.—MATT. XXIV. 30.) declared to his followers should happen ought to read these books.

MY SHIP.

IN the purple flush of the twilight dim,
Way out on the ocean's most distant rim,
I watch for my ship in her gallant trim.

Pray tell me, good friends, have you seen my ship,
Her satin sails in the blue ocean dip?
I say sometimes with a quivering lip.

"What 's the captaiu's name?" they ask, with a smile,
And I know they 're wondering all the while
At my sad question, so quaiut in its style.

My ship 's the most royal you e'er did behold.
And Strength was the name of the captain bold,
And Health was the freight, of value untold.

Some years ago, on a drear stormy day,
She spread her bright sails and flew far away;
Oh watch for her coming, good sailor, I pray.

Toward the lake of the Sunrise she turned her bow,
And the blue waves surged round her shining prow,
'Tis graved on my brain, I see it now.

So o'er that dark oceau I still keep my eye,
I 'll watch for my ship till the day that I die;
I 've faith she will come though I do not know why.

Then watch for her coming, good sailor, I pray,
Be sure that you tell me the very same day,
And whether she 's anchored in river or bay.

ESTELLE.

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA, FOR FOREIGN LANDS.—We have had encouraging Reports from Mrs. Mason since her return to her School for Karen girls. All her labors in regard to the Karens are prospering. Our missionary, Miss Sarah A. Marston, who went out, October, 1861, to found a School for Burman girls at Tonnghoo, has been successful: her school is established: also five native women are also employed as teachers of children at different mission stations in the East. These teachers, except Mrs. Mason, are paid by

* Mr. Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. The volumes are bound in handsome style, the paper good, and type fair, making a valuable gift for a lady's library.

our "Woman's Union," etc. It is encouraging to record that the collections have been successful. The ladies of New York and Boston are ready with their funds; those of Philadelphia will not be found wanting. But the hopes we cherished of assistance from ladies in the Western States have not yet been fulfilled. We still hope that contributions of "Fancy articles and of Children's clothing," which can be sold by ladies at our missionary stations to much advantage, will be forwarded. Boxes or packages may be sent to the Editress of the Lady's Book.

To our Correspondents.—We have accepted these articles: "Both Sides"—"Faithful to the end"—"Disenchanted"—"John Broad"—"At Sea at Night"—"Is Genius desirable?"—"Homes and Husbands"—"Peace, be Still"—"Aunt Rachel"—and "Reminiscences."

These articles are declined: "Unreal"—"A Wish"—"My School" (a *stamp* must be sent when an answer is requested)—"Music of the Heart"—"Jane Archer"—"The Golden Gate"—"Agnes Day" (worth publishing, but we have no room)—"The Zephyr"—"Sunrise"—"My Wife" (has some beautiful imagery and the sentiment is tender and holy, but the rhythm is defective)—"Fortunetellers and their Victims"—"The Way of Life"—"Edgetools"—"My Playmates"—"Energy is the great lever of success"—"Stories"—"Beggars in the Street"—and "Come to me" and the other poem.

We hoped to have reported on all the MSS. in our hands; but are compelled for want of time to postpone a number till next month.

And now we take pleasure in expressing our thanks to the many warm friends who have contributed to our pages during the past year. The letters which pour in their tributes of encouragement are most welcome now, when many circumstances are adverse to literary success. We are glad to find that our magazine does not lose its interest, even when it is old, as our friends often assure us that the Lady's Book, in bound volumes, is treasured in their family libraries. A charming letter from Mrs. T. K. says: "Often when unfurnished with books to my taste I turn to your magazines, published years ago, and always find some new beauties." The lady goes on to thank us for herself and also in the name of the ladies of her own State, "for the instruction and entertainment afforded them by the Lady's Book:" wishing us "all prosperity and happiness in the future."

Such friends, we feel sure, are with us to-day; we wish them all a Happy New Year.

We don't return poetry even if stamps are sent; can't afford the time. Those who send poetry must keep a copy. Consult this department and you will see whether it is accepted or rejected.

"Mary Mayfield." A letter sent to your address, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Healty Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

Beds, Covering, etc. of Infants.—Children, if allowed to sleep alone, should have bedding sufficiently soft to prevent injurious and disagreeable pressure, and the covering should be sufficient to protect from cold. But at the same time, excessive covering and over-heating should be carefully guarded against. Indeed, as things are generally managed, there is much more danger of over-heating than of cold.

"It is too much the custom," as Dr. Condie truly remarks, "to lay an infant when asleep—with its body warmly clad—in a feather bed, and to cover it carefully with a thick blanket or two. The consequence is, that in mild weather, or in a warm room, a copious perspiration is quickly produced, which, besides weakening the child, exposes it to catarrhal or even more dangerous affections, when, upon its awaking, it is exposed to the air of the room, or perchance to the draft from an open door or window." There can be no doubt that many of the colds, croups, and bowel affections of children are produced in the manner indicated by our writer. To avoid these evils, children should sleep on a good thick hair or cotton mattress, and the covering should be just heavy enough to prevent chilliness. Of the two extremes there is more danger from too much heat than from cold.

Feather beds should be entirely and forever banished from the nursery. They retain too much heat; they interfere with the electric currents of the body; they are a reservoir of offensive and contagious matters; and they are well calculated to occasion deformity in young children by their softness and compressibility. Pillows of feathers are particularly objectionable. "Occasionally it happens, that when a young infant is placed in a soft feather bed with a thick soft pillow, its own weight causes it to slip, so that its head is brought entirely beneath the external coverings, and, in common with its body, becomes so completely buried in the feathers as to endanger suffocation." Another great objection to soft feather pillows is that they keep the head excessively warm, thus exposing the child to colds, eruptions on the scalp and behind the ears, and even to inflammation of the brain, an affection to which young children are peculiarly prone.

To guard against these serious dangers, pillows should be made, like the beds, of hair or cotton, and they should be flat, so as to raise the head but slightly above the level of the body, thus avoiding the difficulty of slipping down, and the deformity of round shoulders. The faces of children should never be covered when asleep or awake, and every impediment to the free circulation of air should be removed.

INFANTS SHOULD SLEEP WITH MOTHER, ETC.—For the first month or two of their existence, infants should sleep with the mother. At this tender age they cannot generate sufficient heat of themselves without such a quantity of covering as to prove injurious by its weight. But after the first few months, the child should be placed in a cradle or cot by itself. The practice of leaving children to sleep with old and infirm persons is attended with the most serious difficulties. It is a well-established fact that old and diseased persons of feeble vital powers will abstract from the vitality of younger and more healthy persons when brought in contact with, or close proximity to them. This must certainly predispose strongly to disease; while children thus exposed are liable to contract actual disease from imbibing the foul secretions, and breathing the impure air arising from diseased persons. On the same principle, the kissing and fondling of children by diseased people, strangers, and servants should be avoided.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

ANDREE DE TAVERNEY; *or, The Downfall of French Monarchy.* In two volumes. Being the final conclusion of the "Countess of Charny," "The Memoirs of a Physician," "Queen's Necklace," and "Six Years Later." By Alexander Dumas, author of the "Iron Mask," etc. etc. Written in its author's best vein, this is undoubtedly the most exciting and absorbing novel of the series to which it belongs, and of which it is the conclusion. Price 50 cents per volume.

—

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

THE PHANTOM BOUQUET. *A Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves and Seed-vessels, and Adapting them to Embellish the Home of Taste.* By Edward Parrish, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, etc. etc. The author has kindly furnished to the lovers of artistic recreation this little volume, giving as complete information concerning the process of skeletonizing leaves and seed-vessels as can be conveyed by words. We have no doubt many of our young friends who would gladly devote a portion of their leisure time to an employment so pleasing, will avail themselves of this assistance in preparing and grouping the delicate, lace-like bouquets which are at once so beautiful and so easily obtained. Price 75 cents.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Nos. 7, 8, and 9. We have received the above numbers of this valuable work. We are certain that every one who could secure a single number of this work would subscribe for it at once. Price 15 cents per part.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Nos. 53 and 54, with engravings. This Encyclopædia, when finished, will be a most valuable library work. The minds of the most eminent men in Europe are engaged upon it, and it is in its detail very full and satisfactory. Each number is a study in itself; we would want no better work to employ our spare hours upon. The quantity of information to be derived from its perusal is incalculable. It is an invaluable work. Price 15 cents per part.

—

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ORLEY FARM: *A Novel.* By Anthony Trollope, author of "North America," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," etc. etc. Trollope has excelled himself in the present work. It is by far the best of his productions that we have yet read. It is especially a character novel, and each figure is boldly and strikingly personified. Some portions of the book, on this account, remind us of Dickens. Lady Mason, the heroine, is a woman that challenges admiration at the same time that she repulses. Sir Peregrine Orme is one of the noblest specimens of the English gentry. Mrs. Orme is so gentle, so forgiving, so truly womanly and Christian-like, and carries all these qualities to such a degree, that we cannot help woudering at the boldness of the author for flying in the face of generally received sentiment, in thus daring to describe her. We cannot think of undertaking a descriptiou of the plot, but we cordially commend the book to our readers. It is finely illustrated by J. E. Millais. Price $1 25.

A MANUAL OF INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS FOR OBJECT LESSONS, *in a Course of Elementary Instruction.* Adapted to the Use of the School and Family Charts, and other aids in Teaching. By Marcius Willson, author of "Willson's Historical Series," "School and Family Readers," etc. etc. We have given this work a careful consideration, both as to the theory upon which it is based, and the matter it contains. Though it is daring enough to propose a thorough reform in our present system of education, we are yet sufficiently convinced of the necessity of such a reform, to be willing to sustain it in all it proposes. Its plan is to depend less on the use of the memory of the pupil alone, and to develop and strengthen his perceptive faculties. We believe this book will prove an invaluable aid to the teacher who comprehends its purpose, and is ready to adopt its suggestions; though no good teacher will rely upon it altogether, but will see the advantage of carrying out the principle to an unlimited extent, drawing upon his own resources, in every branch of science. Price $1 00.

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC, *Comprising a Discussion of the various Means of Acquiring and Retaining Knowledge, and Avoiding Error.* By P. McGregor, A. M. The system of logic here presented is remarkable for clearness, precision, and compact fulness. We cannot call to mind any similar work so well calculated to meet the wants of students. Without any effort at simplicity of language or style, its author has succeeded in making his book one that can be understood by those who are expected to apply to it for assistance. As a general thing, our "systems of logic," hitherto, have not possessed this *desideratum* to a noticeable extent. Price $1 00.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D. (KIRWAN). By Samuel Irenæus Prime, author of "Travels in Europe and the East," "Letters from Switzerland," etc. etc. The biography of a clergyman, who, at one time, enjoyed quite an extensive reputation in the religious world. It is written in a familiar and easy style, and the materials furnished its author have been sufficiently well arranged. The work has evidently been a labor of love, and the friendly spirit thus evoked

gives to the book a gentle charm that it might not otherwise have possessed. Price $1 00.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, *Minister of the National Scotch Church, London.* Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. Oliphant. The lives of clergymen, generally speaking, present few incidents calculated to render the record of them universally attractive. The life of the subject of this biography could not rightly be called an exception to the general rule. Nevertheless Mrs. Oliphant has invested the history of the comparatively uneventful career of the pious and eloquent Irving with attractions which will go far to procure for it a wider circle of readers than usually falls to the lot of works similar in character. We know of no more striking picture of an earnest, faithful, indomitable, hard-working minister than this interesting volume affords. Price $3 00.

—

From SHELDON & Co., New York, through SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., Philadelphia:—

MIRIAM. By Marion Harland. Marion Harland is one of the few American authoresses whose names and fames have had something more than an ephemeral existence. The public acknowledged her genius when, a few years ago, "Alone," was issued from the press. Other authors have made as brilliant commencements, but have neglected to follow them up altogether, or their second efforts have been such signal failures, that their names were quickly buried in obscurity. But not so the gifted lady of which we speak. We have now her fifth work before us, though we trust it is far from being the climax of her literary labors. "Miriam" is a truly womanly book, but bearing throughout its pages the evidence of the pen of a high-souled, intelligent, and Christian woman. The character of Miriam is a noble conception, and ably illustrated. She is altogether different from the namby-pamby class of girls which novelists too frequently consider as being especially qualified for heroines. Miriam is characterized by energy, strength of purpose, dignity, and rare intellectual gifts, combined with qualities which are considered as being more especially feminine. And, most wonderful, most commendable, she is no beauty. What Miriam is as a woman, such is Neale Thorne, the hero, as a man. A lively variety to the theme is the little chatter-box, Mrs. Fry, with her many good intentions, and her frequent journeys to the "valley of humiliation." The story is ingeniously arranged; and though everything is not just as you might wish it—for instance, you wish Mrs. Hartley might open her eyes to the true character of her graceless son—still the reading of the book affords one intense pleasure. The prestige of Marion Harland's name is a sufficient guarantee for its merits, while we believe this work will be pronounced better than her previous ones. Price $1 25.

SERMONS. Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Seventh series. The admirers of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon will find in this volume twenty-two sermons, exhibiting, in a marked manner, all the peculiarities of style and thought which have rendered their author so popular. Price $1 00.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. IV. Northern Colonies. The series of little histories to which this volume belongs, promises to be most useful and instructive, as well as entertaining. It presents to the youth of our time a source of information of which they should not hesitate to make a good use. The contents of the present volume comprise a full account of the early settlement of New York and the New England colonies. We should be better pleased with these histories, had not Mr. Abbott, evidently acting upon some peculiar notion of his own about the dryness of such things, almost entirely discarded the use of dates. Price 75 cents.

—

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

EYES AND EARS. By Henry Ward Beecher. This book is a collection of short sketches, essays, etc., originally written for newspaper publication. They are lively, amusing, and sentimental by turns, and not unworthy of a reading; though we almost wonder at their being thought of sufficient importance, by either author or publisher, of being preserved in book form. Articles written thus on demand, from week to week, should be read at once, as soon as prepared, or else, however brilliant and sparkling they may have been, like soda-water, they are apt to become insipid when the effervescence has passed off. Price $1 25.

THE POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. A choice little volume in blue and gold, containing the complete poetical works of this famous American humorist. Let those who wish to laugh, as well as those who wish to make a valuable addition to their poetical library, be grateful to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for the means of gratification afforded them. Price 88 cents.

—

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

THE VICTORIES OF LOVE. By Coventry Patmore, author of "The Angel in the House," etc. The admirers of the author of that exquisite little domestic poem, "The Angel in the House," will find many of the characteristics in the present volume which gave to that work its chief attraction. Coventry Patmore, however, does not seem to us an improving poet. His first work is, to our mind, his best. In "The Victories of Love," he has adopted a style of rhyming that is entirely too easy for the purposes of poetry. If the various epistles which form this present volume had been given to us without rhyme, and with no attempt at metre, they would certainly have sounded better, and, in all probability, would have pleased a larger number of readers than they will in their present shape. Price 50 cents.

—

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

THE ALDEN BOOKS. Illustrated. By Joseph Alden, D. D., comprising—

THE CARDINAL FLOWER; *and Other Tales.*

THE LIGHT-HEARTED GIRL; *a Tale for Children.*

THE LOST LAMB; and THE BURIAL OF THE FIRST BORN.

The Reverend author has done faithful service in the cause of family happiness by devoting his thoughts and time to the preparation of this series of books for the young. The stories are very interesting, full of wise sentiment and cheerful hope; they are entertaining as Fairy Tales, yet instructive even to mature Christians. The style is simple and natural, and the words so fitly chosen that while the youngest reader can comprehend the meaning, the scholar's taste will feel the books are from the pen of a good and learned man. The publishers have made up the set in beautiful style.

REWARD CARDS, from the same publishers, are pretty and useful in Family instruction and Sunday Schools.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

VESPER. By Madame the Countess de Gasparin. Our readers will remember the notice of a former work by this fascinating writer—"The Near and the Heavenly Horizons"—in our Table of last February. This new book, "Vesper," has the same tender sentiment of love for God's works and trust in his mercy, which made the first work so charming. Madame de Gasparin paints in words, and this charming little book will find, as her other one did, thousands of readers. It deserves them.

NED MANTON; *or, The Cottage by the Stream.* By A. L. O. E. We need not waste words in commending a book for children which has the initials of this popular writer. We think her books among the best which are found in our Sunday Schools, and for Sunday reading.

LITTLE WALTER OF WYALUSING. By a Guest in "the old castle." This is an American book, the story of a little boy, whose short life of less than seven years has formed a very interesting sketch. The touching trait is the tender love which the *character* of this child awakened in the hearts of all who knew him.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR JANUARY.—The first number of the sixty-sixth volume—a holiday number. We give a list of the prominent embellishments: "A New Year's Gift," which is an engraving we think will be understood and appreciated. A further notice of it will be found elsewhere. "New Year," an emblematical plate of the past and present season. If this picture were not otherwise beautiful, it would be valuable to every family for the very admirable likeness of Washington, taken from Stuart's celebrated painting. Our Fashion-plate contains five beautiful figures; these plates praise themselves. The "Daisy travelling or winter hood," is the best piece of color printing we have ever given. We publish in this number the "Old Sewing-Machine." In the February number we shall give the "New Sewing-Machine." In addition to the above will be found dresses, hoods, crochet-work, braiding and embroidery patterns, fancy ties, braided slipper, headdresses, toilet pincushions, cloaks, an alphabet of letters, pocket for lady's dress, pincushion, and about fifty other articles, designed expressly for the ladies' work-table. This is a specimen of what we mean to do this year. With thanks for former favors we wish all our old friends a Happy New Year.

THE PRICE OF CLUBS.—Owing to the increased price of paper, unprecedented in this country, we shall be obliged to advance the price of clubs, commencing with the issuing of the February number, as follows: One copy, $3. Two copies, $5. Three copies, $6. Five copies, $10. Eleven copies, $20; no extra copy given. Even at this price there will be no profit on clubs. We can give our readers no idea of the panic in paper. One month it will be one price, the next month twenty per cent. will be added to the price, and the next twenty more; and what will be the eventual price it is at present impossible to say. Canada clubs of five subscribers only, and no extra copy, $11 25, which includes the postage.

Our price to dealers will also be increased.

THE PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The Rockport *Republic* has the following in reference to the increase of the price of newspapers:—

"Most of the large daily newspapers in Western New York have advanced the price of the issues. An editor of a leading New York daily informed us last week that the publishers in that city would soon follow suit. Many of the country journals have also been published at increased prices. The advance is caused mainly by the advance in printing stock."

WE ask attention to our advertisement for 1863, published in this number. It is but a faint outline of what we will do, but will give some general idea of what the Lady's Book will be. In fact, it is hardly necessary for us to publish any advertisement. Our subscribers and the public know that we will publish the best lady's book in the world: and they have known us so long that they are willing to trust us, even without any promises on our part. We are thankful, very thankful for the patronage we have received for the last thirty-three years; and we can only add that, having found that fulfilling every promise made has been the best policy, that plan we shall still continue to pursue.

MARION HARLAND.—We call attention to the first portion of the story of "Husks" in this number. We think that our subscribers will say, when they have finished the story, that it is her best.

FROM present appearances this will be our largest subscription year. We wish that the price of paper would allow it to be a more profitable one.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO SEND US DRAFTS OR CHECKS.—Be particular, when you purchase a draft or check to send us, that the same has the proper stamp affixed to it by the person from whom you procure it.

Extracts from the Law.

"Stamps must be affixed to all documents by the party *issuing* the same."

"The person using or affixing a stamp must write thereupon the initials of his name, and the date when used."

"The penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind without the same having thereon a stamp to denote the duty is $50, and such a paper will be invalid and of no effect."

Any check on a bank, or sight draft, over $20 requires a two cent stamp; $20 and under no stamp is required.

CLUB RATES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, $4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, $3 50. All three of these magazines, one year, $6. Godey and Madame Demorest's Quarterly Book of Fashions and Patterns, one year, $3.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

A GENTLEMAN in England once died suddenly while he was writing a letter to his brother. When his executor found the letter among his papers, he finished and signed it as follows: "While I was writing this, I fell dead. Your affectionate brother, ——."

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

At this writing the city is being Gottschalked, and concerts and soirees rule the day. Opera is looming up, however, and the year will not go out without permitting us a taste. But, while waiting for the legitimate, who shall forbid us enjoying the burlesque, as it is found at the Eleventh Street Opera House? Everything is well managed there. Even Dambolton's famous troupe, which used to set the London *élite* crazy, were nothing compared with Carncross & Dixey's. Carncross is a sweet singer; and Dixey—well, we heard a lady say there is but one Dixey. And then the Burlesque Monster Concert, got up in the style of Jullien's! If there could be a better mimic of Jullien in all his remarkable exaggerations as an impresario than Frank Moran—we beg his pardon, Signor Moranio—we should like to see him. Caricatured or not, there is good music down Eleventh Street. Their overtures and choruses would shame some orchestras and singers we have heard at the Academy.

The Operatic World.—For the purpose of familiarizing young piano players with the best music from operas, Firth, Pond, & Co., of New York, are now issuing a fine publication with the above title. Each number is complete, and contains two or three gems from some opera. Those we have seen are La Favorita, L'Elisir d'Amore, Anna Bolena, Satanella, Luisa Miller, and Nabucodonosor. Price of each 25 cents, on receipt of which we will purchase and mail to any address.

New Songs and Ballads.—H. Tolman & Co., Boston, have just published a pretty song, Minnie Ray; a beautiful ballad, Can I Go, Dearest Mother? by Covert; Angels, my Darling, will Rock thee to Sleep, sung by the Barker family; The Angels' Call, song by Oechsner; and Ferdinand Mayer's arrangement of We are Coming, Father Abram, or Three Hundred Thousand More, adapted as a song or quartette. Price of each 25 cents.

The new songs from Firth, Pond, & Co.'s press are Mother, Oh Sing me to Rest, in the style of Rock me to Sleep, 25 cents. I'll be Home To-Morrow, new ballad by S. C. Foster, 25. Come in and Shut the Door, and The Last Broadside, two beautiful songs by Fred Buckley, of Buckley's Opera Troupe, each 25. Oh Let me Shed one Silent Tear, author of Cottage by the Sea, 35. Comrades, Touch the Elbow, same author, 25. There's Beauty in the Summer Flower, an exquisite quartette by Laurence, 10 pages, 50 cents.

New Pieces, etc.—The same publishers issue splendid variations on the army air, Marching Along, by Grobe, 10 pages, 50 cents. Himmel's Battle Prayer, transcribed by Julius E. Muller, 35; and a charming bagatelle by G. Wm. Warren, Harry's Music Box, 25 cents.

The popular air, Adams and Liberty, as played by the military bands, is published by H. Tolman & Co., who also issue at the same price (35 cents) a fine transcription by Baumbach of Louis' exquisite nocturne, Departed Days; at 25 cents, Perini's Hilton Head Waltz; at 40 Magdalena, new fantaisie, by the author of The Maiden's Prayer; and at 50 cents a splendid new set of waltzes by Strauss, entitled Gedankenflug (stray thoughts), 11 pages.

New Music by the Editor.—We have just published new editions of our own songs, Beautiful Valley (third edition in a few weeks); Poor Ben the Piper (seventh edition); O Lady, Touch those Chords Again; The Minstrel's Grave; and The Passing Bell, or Home Returning from the Wars. Price 25 cents each, or we will send the five to any address for $1 00.

The Musical Editor will continue to purchase and mail any music ordered, or will cheerfully give any information requested concerning music. In these Christmas and New Year holiday times especially our friends making presents should draw largely from the above list, or the lists in past numbers of the Book, as a fine assortment of music makes one of the most acceptable of presents. Address, at Philadelphia,

J. Starr Holloway.

Send me a Specimen Number.—We never hesitate to send a specimen when we think that it is honestly asked for; but here is another attempt at imposition. A man writes to us from a town in Ohio, for specimens of *Lady's Book*, *Arthur*, and *Harper*. He also wrote to Mr. Arthur for specimens of *Arthur's Magazine* and *Lady's Book*. Thus far we know. No doubt he has also written to the Messrs. Harper, and the *Atlantic* and *Knickerbocker* for specimens, and probably to every other magazine in the country. If any publisher wants his name, we will send it to him.

A Nice Situation for a Little Boy—in the parquet of a theatre, behind a lady with a *very* fashionable bonnet on of the present style.

The Foster Home.—This institution, situated at the corner of Twentieth and Hamilton Streets, has accomplished a large amount of good under the care of the benevolent ladies who have it in charge. It provides for the wants of many children who would otherwise be left to suffer. Among others, the children of fathers who are doing duty as soldiers, who otherwise would be left to suffer, and probably become outcasts. It cares for the children in such a way as to make them useful members of society. Would any lady visit the establishment, she would become at once convinced of its utility; she would see how happy the children are, how well they are cared for. The war has necessarily increased the demand for its beneficent agencies, and it is now considerably straitened for funds. With a largely increased family, and the winter season approaching, its means are nearly exhausted, and in this state of things an appeal is mado to the benevolent to come to its succor. The ladies who manage the "Home" do not feel that they can apply personally to the public, and they trust that this appeal will be successful, and that the power and usefulness of the "Home" may be strengthened by liberal donations. Persons wishing to contribute may leave the funds at the office of the Lady's Book, 323 Chestnut Street, or with Mrs. Godey, No. 1517 Chestnut Street.

Literary News.—Our readers will be pleased to hear that we have made arrangements with Marion Harland, the well-known author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam," for a series of stories. Every number for 1863 will contain a story from her pen. This is a compliment to the Book, as she writes for no other magazine. The stories will be copyrighted, so that they may not be found anywhere but in the pages of the Lady's Book.

Postage on the Lady's Book.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shopkeeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

SANFORD has opened a very pretty place of amusement under Concert Hall, Chestnut Street. The performances are very good, but we have one piece of advice, both to Sanford and Carncross & Dixey—give us more negro melodies; we don't want to hear a stalwart looking negro singing love songs. Bad enough to hear a white man giving utterance to such songs as "Love me, dearest," "I'll love thee ever," "Fondly I'll love thee." We go to hear negro minstrelsy, and don't want white folks' songs. As the old negro said when reproached for throwing in the water a fine black fish he had caught, "When I fishes for catties, I fish for catties."

NOTES of all solvent banks received in payment; but when the amount is $10 and over, drafts had better be sent. A sight draft of $20, and under that amount, requires no excise stamp.

NEW TABLE ORNAMENTS.—Ladies are introducing a new and beautiful ornament for the parlor mantel or centre-table. They take large pine burs, sprinkle grass seeds of any kind in them, and place them in pots of water. When the burs are soaked a few days they close up in the form of solid cones, then the little spears of green grass begin to emerge from amongst the laminæ, forming an ornament of rare and simple beauty.

AN advertisement to this effect appeared in one of the papers: "A citizen wishes to find the sum of $50,000. If any one will tell him where to find it, he will give him half of the money."

OUR very able musical editor, Mr. Holloway, opens the year with a piece of music of his own composition.

CLUB of $10.

Your magazine is a welcome monthly visitor, without it I don't know how I could procure the Fashions in time. Most of the other monthlies are, I find, behind you in the Fashions. M. M., *New York.*

DEAR SIR: I have had your Lady's Book for two years, and would not, on any account, be without it, and so I have been telling my friends; and have succeeded in getting up a club. Please accept my warmest thanks for your useful and elegant Book. MISS R., *Mass.*

Club of $10.

Accept many thanks for the pleasure you have given us during the year. Though we feel the depressing influence of the times, we cannot yet feel that we can give up the Book which always comes with so pleasant and cheerful a greeting. MRS. R., *Ohio.*

I enclose $10 for the Lady's Book. It is a welcome visitor to me, for it has gladdened my household for four years, and it has improved every year. I hope it will still continue to be the best magazine published.

MRS. H., *Conn.*

A BIT OF GERMAN ROMANCING.—In a book published at Berlin, under the title of "Schultze and Müller in London," is the following passage: "At a quarter to six we went to the great Post Office. As to-morrow is Sunday it was to-day an extraordinary crowd, and especially the squeeze was tremendous round the newspaper-box, when as the Englishman says, the newspapers are thrust in in bales; and it is, indeed, on a grand scale, since the *Times* alone has 16,000,000 subscribers. I warned Schultze not to go so near the crush, but he did not hear me. As he was standing there there come a great shock of newspaper boys running with bales of newspapers and throwing them in at the window. A bale of newspapers hits Schultze on the head; he loses his balance and tips head-forwards into the bureau; half a dozen officials immediately seize him, stamp him in the stomach, and the unhappy Schultze is dispatched as an unpaid newspacket to the provinces. At this moment the box is closed with a snap. I rush against it and cry, 'Schultze! Schultze!' But it was too late. Your unhappy son-in-law was already packed in the post-cart, and went off with the bale of newspapers to the South-Eastern Railway. I run into the bureau of the postmaster, and demanded back your son-in-law. 'Is your friend addressed?' he asks. 'No,' I answered. 'Very well,' says the Englishman, 'Mr. Schultze will remain for six months in the bureau, and, if no one applies for him, he will be burned as a dead letter.'"

A CAUTIOUS MAN.—As a pedestrian tourist was lately proceeding towards Trenton, he asked a man who was breaking stones by the roadside how long it would take him to reach that place. The man looked at him without speaking and then resumed his work. The question was repeated with the same result, and at last the traveller walked on. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when the man called after him and made a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stonebreaker, the latter said to him, "It will take you an hour to reach Trenton." "Then why did you not tell me so at first?" said the traveller. "Why," replied the man, "it was necessary for me first to see at what rate you walked, and, from the way you step out, I am now able to say that you can do the distance in an hour."

THE FAIRY SEWING-MACHINE. A HOLIDAY GIFT FOR THE WORK-TABLE

As many of our readers are anxious to know just what the new sewing-machine introduced by Mme. Demorest, and alluded to in our November number, is, we will tell them what we think of its uses and advantages.

WHAT IT IS.

In the first place it will attract attention from its diminutive, fairy-like size, and the ease with which it can be carried, an important matter to a seamstress or dressmaker employed from house to house. It is contained in an ordinary paper-box, much the size of an ordinary square photographic album, and may be carried about with the same ease. When in use it is attached to an ordinary table, after the fashion of a sewing-bird. There is no machinery below, the whole motive-power being a small crank, which is turned with ease.

HOW IT WORKS.

Its operation is wonderfully simple. *An ordinary* sewing needle is threaded, the eye placed in a socket, which may be seen in the cut; the point must rest opposite the centre of the cog wheel, and for this reason the socket may be adjusted by a simple screw, pushed backwards or forwards as the needle is longer or shorter. This is the chief judgment required. The commencement of the seam is held to the point of the needle, which takes it up until the needle is full, when a reverse movement of the crank is made, the work drawn off, and it begins afresh.

WHAT IT DOES.

What no other sewing-machine attempts to do, it *runs*, and does not stitch, it sews the more delicate materials, which an ordinary sewing-machine cuts or draws. The cambrics for infants' clothing, the Swiss muslin for Swiss waists, skirts of soft fabric, Nansook, muslin, and mousseline de laine (all wool), can be traced beautifully by it.

Breadths of fine flannels, mousselines, summer poplins, and *all thin fabrics*, can be run up with it. For the dressmaker, in spring and summer it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place for more delicate uses. As in sewing by hand one seamstress is required for heavy work, another only undertakes fine sewing, or certain parts of it, so with sewing-machines. Every owner of these household blessings is willing to give five dollars for a "tucker" or "hemmer," or any improvement that facilitates work—it is just the price asked for this little gleaner in the great harvest field of industry, that modestly keeps its own place, nor seeks to usurp one already filled. It is a most useful and appropriate gift for the holidays, being packed for this purpose in a pretty case, and ornamental in itself.

The price is only $5. Address Madame Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

From an Editor.

Friend Godey: I am bothered to the roundest every month with persons who wish to borrow your valuable Book; they (the ladies) know it is the best book of fashions, and they are sending from all quarters of the town to my better half to borrow it; she does hate the principle, and often tells me to publish them. She is very afraid that you will discontinue it to this office, if I do not publish the borrowers. However, in the long run, I believe it is an advantage to you, because they subscribe to the Book after awhile; that is, I have known several ladies who have subscribed after examining our copy. Yours truly, B.

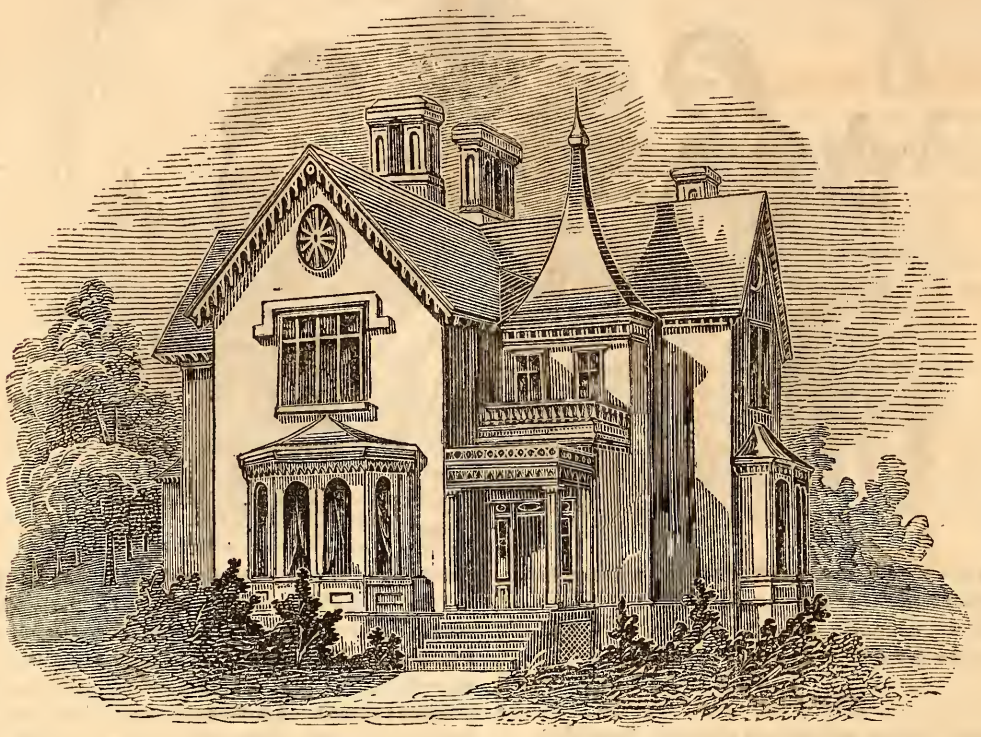
A Present for a Lady.—Did it ever strike any of our young friends that they could not make a more agreeable Christmas or New Year's present to a young lady than a year's subscription to the Lady's Book? Will it not monthly call the donor to their remembrance, and will they not be particularly gratified in receiving so useful a present?

A lady once wrote to her absent husband thus: "I write to you because I have nothing to do; I stop because I have nothing to say."

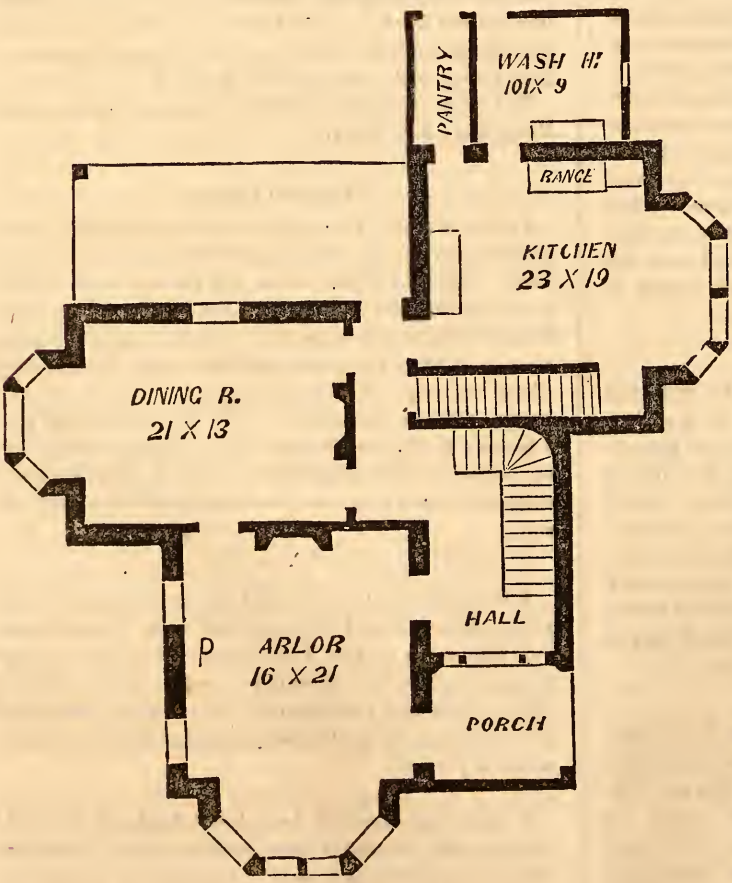
The best $3 and the best $2 monthly are offered one year for $3 50. See advertisements in this number.

RURAL RESIDENCE.

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

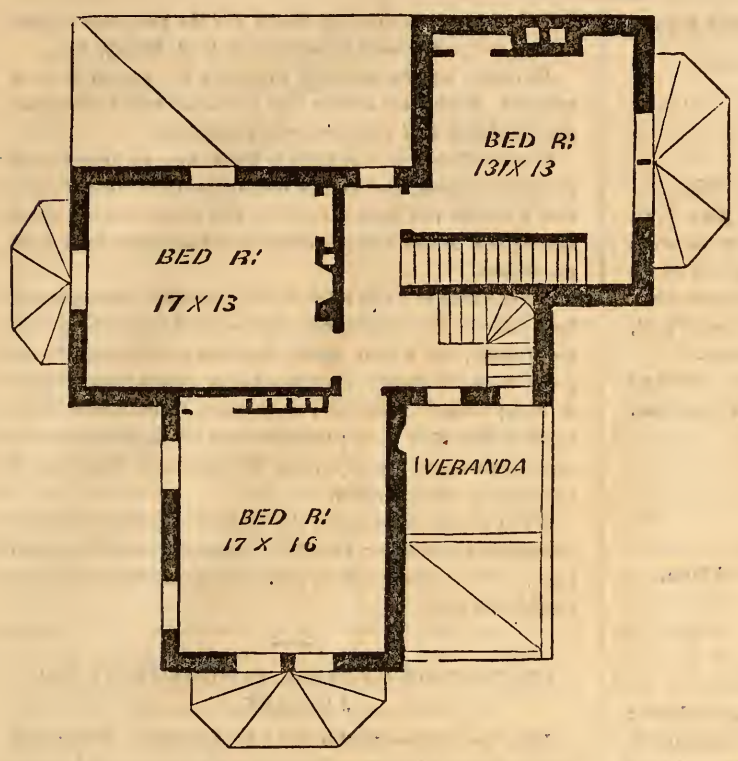


IN presenting to the public the above design, I have taken pains to make it practicable. The building is intended to be built of stone, and roughcast; but if built of brick, the walls may be reduced to 13 inches in thickness, and will need no internal lining, which must always be done when they are built of stone. The window-frames are intended to be made plank front, which need no outside lintels, as they are always objectionable if made of wood, where roughcasting is done.



The roof of the main building is intended to be built of slate or shingles, as choice may determine; but if the loft rooms are to be fitted for sleeping rooms, shingles should be preferred, as they make them more pleasant in warm weather. Bay-window and veranda roofs must be of tin, and preparation should be made for them as the building goes up. All conductors, lightning rods, and all other work to be fastened to the walls, and work put up inside around the windows previous to roughcasting, as in the performance of them there is much danger of laying the foundation for cracked and scaling walls. Many are prejudiced against roughcasting on that account, but if it is properly done, and in a good season of the year, with sharp sand and good lime, well beaten together, avoiding the covering of any wood-work, cutting it off neatly at the edges of frames, as the adjar caused by the striking of doors and shutters will shatter the work. The color, if possible, should be obtained by the use of colored sand, which is by far the most durable and natural in appearance. The more it is worked in beating it together the less danger of blisters. More sand than lime can be used, which is always desirable. Base courses must always be placed as high up as the veranda floors, made of stone, pointed, or bricks, and painted. Cement is not to be relied upon, and as I have found by experience a poor substitute for either of the above.

ISAAC H. HOBBS, *Architect.*



THE MEN WHO MAKE SPELLING-BOOKS.—Will not some person start up and make a spelling-book that will contain words that there may be some possibility that one of them may be used some time in the next fifty years? We have before us now a spelling-book in which are some words that in an intercourse with the world of some sixty years we never have heard used; and we will venture to say that we will ask one hundred men in common life, and no two out of the hundred will be able to tell the meaning, and no one out of the same number will be able to spell the word. It is a common complaint, and we hear it every day, that children come from school and cannot spell, simply from the reason that they are kept at words not in use, and not at those used in common every-day life.

MANY SUBSCRIBERS.—You have probably seen, by the way the fashion is folded in the December number, how stupid your bookbinder must have been.

SOME HINTS.

IN remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for *three* monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

PEG TOP PANTALOONS.—We have often referred to excess of fashions among the ladies. Let it be understood that every fashion is supposed to be pretty. The eye gets accustomed to it, and the departure from it is what is remarked. Occasionally a lady may be seen without crinoline; people stare and turn round to look at her. She certainly attracts attention. So with the gentlemen's peg tops; the use would be well, but the abuse is ridiculous.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

E. B. H.—Sent infant's wardrobe October 18th.

Miss G. McD.—Sent bonnet 18th.

Mrs. S. T. G.—Sent pattern 20th.

Miss D. A.—Sent knitting cotton 22d.

H. F. B.—Sent hair chain 22d.

Miss E. L. B.—Sent velvet trimming 22d.

Mrs. H. W. W.—Sent articles by express 23d.

Miss D. A. D.—Sent patterns 23d.

Mrs. A. B.—Sent zephyr by express 24th.

Mrs. G. G. P.—Dry goods have advanced here very much, and the same articles we purchased you which then cost $104, we could not duplicate for $134.

Mrs. C. M. W.—Sent patterns 24th.

W. R.—Sent corsets 27th.

Miss A. M.—Sent hair ring 28th.

C. La P.—Sent hair ring 28th.

Mrs. H. S. H.—Sent pattern 28th.

A. F. N.—Sent braid 28th.

Mrs. E. B. H.—Sent articles 28th.

Mrs. M. P.—Sent patterns 29th.

Mrs. G. F.—Sent pictures for vases November 1st.

Mrs. L. C. H.—Sent pattern 1st.

C. L. R.—Sent hair ring 3d.

Mrs. H. C., Brunswick, Maine.—Madame Demorest's *Mirror of Fashion* is published at 473 Broadway, New York. The number of her establishment is published monthly in the Lady's Book.

Mrs. R. G.—We cannot answer such questions. Your family physician is the proper person to mention the inquiry to.

Miss D. E. E.—Immediately after nuptials have been solemnized. The waiter gives the signal, and the parties then proceed—as you have stated.

Miss E. H. A.—No *gentleman* would ask such a question.

E. C. B.—Sent jewelry 3d.

Mrs. J. B. W.—Sent Alicant pattern 4th.

Mrs. A. E. B.—Sent pattern 4th.

Mrs. M. A. B.—Sent pattern 5th.

Mrs. C. W. C.—Sent lace undersleeves, etc., 8th.

W. M. of Chicago—Asks us to furnish "a plan for a block of city residences," etc. It will cost him no more than it will us to have such a plan designed; and as we are not aware that any other of our subscribers want such a plan, we must refer him to Mr. Hobbs, and will, with pleasure, see that Mr. Hobbs gets his letter.

M. G. E.—*Gentlemen* don't wear expensive jewelry; there is a class of men who do, but they are supposed generally to be of the fancy order.

Miss M. G.—Sent worsted 10th.

Mrs. L. M.—Sent hair ornaments 10th.

C. J.—Sent bonnet 10th.

Mrs. G. M.—Sent infant's wardrobe 10th.

Miss R. L.—Sent pattern of Red Riding Hood 10th.

R. M.—Sent Chemisse Russe 10th.

Mrs. H. H. K.—Sent "Titian" 11th.

Miss S. N. N.—Sent Chemisse Russe 11th.

Mrs. M. K.—Sent Mirandole 11th.

Miss R.—Learning to write is like learning to draw: you have only to take a good copy and try to imitate it. You will soon find your writing improved. Avoid flourishes.

E. H. R.—Sartain's and Graham's magazines have been dead for many years.

Mrs. J. L. E.—Sent cigar-case 12th.

Miss M. H.—Sent gloves, net, etc., 12th.

Mrs. J. B. F.—Sent crochet net 12th.

Miss S. M. D.—Sent kid gloves 12th.

Miss D. R.—We know of no remedy for freckles; and we advise you not to try any of the advertised nostrums.

Mrs. A. V. S —Out of time—cannot attend to it.

Mrs. H. D.—Soap and water is the best remedy, well applied.

Anna, New York.—Seam, ribbed, purl, and turned stitch, are all terms having the same meaning. A seam stitch is made by bringing the cotton before the needle, and instead of putting the needle over the upper cotton it is put under.

Or, bring the cotton forward, and knit the part of the stitch which is next to you.

Mrs. W. S. T.—A mother's feelings should answer your question about mourning.

Miss E. R. N.—We shall probably commence paper flower making in our next number.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.—Dress suitable for a bridesmaid. White silk under-dress, with over-dress of white *crêpe*, made with two skirts. The second skirt is quite long, and is finished with scallops bound with white silk, and is elegantly trimmed with puffs of the *crêpe* arranged in a linked Grecian pattern. The same design forms the bertha on the corsage, also trims the sleeves. The corsage is made with a deep point both behind and before. Etruscan ornaments and coiffure of cherries with foliage.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white reps, with five narrow flounces on the skirt, trimmed with violet velvet. Above this trimming are three black thread lace flounces. Corsage pointed both back and front, and trimmed with lace and violet velvet trimmings. Sash of violet velvet, embroidered and fringed. Coiffure of Parma violets.

Fig. 3.—White satin dress, trimmed elaborately with groseille velvet and black lace. Bertha and corslet trimmed to match the skirt. Coiffure composed of white ostrich plumes and groseille velvet.

Fig. 4.—White *glacé* silk, with plain skirt; corsage trimmed with folds, and the sleeves one large puff. Breast knot of green velvet, with bullion tassels. Sash of green velvet, with pointed ends, finished with heavy bullion tassels. Coiffure of green velvet and Solferino flowers.

Fig. 5.—Dress suitable for a bridesmaid, composed of white muslin, with six gauffered flounces on the skirt. Bertha formed of three gauffered ruffles. Full body and puff sleeves. Pink sash, with heavy fringed ends tied behind. Coiffure of rose-buds, with foliage.

HEADDRESSES.

(*See description, page* 18.)

Fig. 1. *The Coralio Headdress.*—This headdress is formed of a torsade of cerise velvet and a point lace barbe, with a large bow on the forehead, and white plumes on the right side.

Fig. 2. *The Eulalio.*—Net composed of gold cord caught with black velvet and gold buttons. Three white plumes are on the left side. Over the head is a roll of black velvet, which is finished on the right side by a large bow with ends trimmed with gold and lace.

DAISY TRAVELLING WINTER HOOD.

(See plate printed in colors in front.)

Materials required to make one hood: An ounce and a half of single white Berlin wool; two ounces of a *very bright* shade of Alpine rose; half an ounce of single Partridge wool; six skeins of white sewing silk; half a yard of Alpine rose ribbon for the bow behind; a d'oyley frame, with brass pegs, twelve inches square, and one four inches wide and twelve inches long.

This pretty hood, which is so useful for travelling wear, or for putting on in coming out of a theatre or place of public amusement, is made in the same manner as the daisy d'oyleys which used to be so much in vogue.

The hood has a white and speckled head-piece, bordered all round with a bright rose-colored border, with strings of the same. The head-piece is not cut after it is removed from the pegs of the frame; but the border and strings have half of the wool cut in the same manner as the daisy mats, to give it a *fluffy*, soft appearance.

The wool is wound on a frame, and each square is secured by a cross-stitch in wool. The head-piece consists of a simple square, the wool being wound crosswise on the frame, from corner to corner, so that, when finished, the diamonds lie in the proper direction.

Four rows of white wool must be wound round every other peg, and over this three rows of white sewing silk; the other pegs require two rows of white wool and two of Partridge wool.

When all the wool is wound, the squares must be secured with white wool, threaded in a long netting-needle, slipping the wool on the wrong side to form a square underneath; or, to explain ourselves better, securing the squares the straight way of the frame.

When this square is completed the head-piece is finished, and the border must be commenced on the long, narrow frame.

The front border and strings are made in one piece; and, as the frame is not long enough, it must be accomplished by four separate windings. Take seven skeins of the rose-colored wool, fold each skein into five lengths, fasten each skein on to the pegs of the long side, winding the wool that is to be continued, round the opposite pegs, to keep it secure. To form the squares, loop two pieces of wool in and out the short way of the frame, and over that three pieces.

It will now be seen that the squares are formed, which must be secured with the same colored wool; and, when this portion of the work is completed, three of the threads cut on each side of the stitch, to form a little tuft, or daisy.

When removed from the frame, the border is finished by the loops on each side, which make a pretty edging to the strings. Three more lengths of border must be done in the same manner, until the wool is used up.

Half the quantity of border is sufficient for the hood behind. The border must now be sewn on in front, *holding in the cap* a little at the top, to give it a round appearance. After it is sewn on behind, a piece of plaited Partridge wool should be run in between the stitches on the wrong side, so that the hood may be drawn in to the required size.

In the colored illustration of this hood, our readers will see that the border is composed of *four* windings of wool only. The reason for this is that, if there had been seven rows shown, the character of the work would not have been so easily seen, on account of its minuteness.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

While the month of January brings with it opportunities for using the elegant evening toilets, for which our ladies are famous the world over, it none the less brings mud and mire and stormy days. But notwithstanding mud and mire, business must be attended to and exercise taken in the open air. For these purposes, there is nothing so useful as the *Jupe Pompadour;* and we cannot recommend it too highly. It is very easily made: Two rows of rings are sewn at regular intervals on the inside of the skirt; through these rings pass cords, fastened to the bottom of the dress, which come out at the top of the skirt. By these cords the skirt can be drawn up in graceful folds to any height. With this Jupe should be worn the colored or Balmoral skirts, of which there is an endless variety. Some are elegantly braided and trimmed with velvet, others are of black material, with bands of scarlet cloth pinked on each edge and stitched on them. Again we see them alternately striped with black and white, with a deep Grecian design embroidered in black. Sometimes they are in brilliant colored merinos, with arabesques of black silk or cloth. They are also made of Poplin. But we object to these expensive styles, for a colored petticoat in our eyes, is only suitable for unpleasant weather, and should not, under any circumstances, take the place of a white one, with a handsome dress.

Dress skirts are now rarely seen perfectly plain. They are generally much ornamented, but in excellent taste. Soutache or braiding seems to be the order of the day. We have lately seen at Stewart's some very beautiful imported dresses of Empress cloth, braided or rather tamboured in a very deep and rich design. Other styles for misses, with *Sautes en barques* to match, were of blue, green, or brown reps with two rows of the Greek pattern woven on them in black velvet, the velvet about one-eighth of an inch in width, and the designs complete for the entire dress. The same style of robe was in the mourning department, black and purple velvet on black materials; also other rich designs on different materials.

At Mme. Pinchon's, Lord & Taylor's, and other establishments, were dresses with sack or Camailes to match, richly braided with fancy braids.

Dress skirts are worn of a moderate length on the street, but for a reception, visiting, or evening, they are made exceedingly long. Sleeves generally are of the coat style, and dresses are either made with jackets, many of them with box-plaits at the back, or else trimmed to give the appearance of a jacket in front. The *vest postillion*, *basquine lancier*, and *vest Impératrice* are all fashionable.

The taste for solid colors seems to prevail, and never were such greens, purples, modes, and garnets, as those of this season. Changeable silks are being introduced, and *moire antiques* and watered silks are much worn.

Merinos like the silks are of the most brilliant dyes this winter, and as they are a very pretty medium dress, and susceptible of much ornamentation, no wardrobe is considered complete without one. Indeed there seems to be a perfect rage for them, and as they hang in such soft graceful folds, we should prefer them rather than poplins for misses.

Mrs. Ellis, of 880 Broadway, contributes some very beautiful styles to our chronicle of fashions for this month. A very stylish dress was a wine-colored *moiré* trimmed at the edge of the skirt with a narrow plaited

flounce. Above this plaiting were a series of semicircles or coquilles of black lace, in the centre of which were bands of black velvet. These coquilles, which were carried quite round the skirt, and ascended half way up the skirt on the left side, were headed by a narrow plaited flounce corresponding with that on the edge of the skirt. The corsage was trimmed *en zouave*, and the trimming of lace and velvet was carried under the arms to the back, where it was finished with a bow and long ends. Another was of wine-colored silk, with chestnut leaves of velvet, caught in pairs with a jet ornament and carried round the skirt and up one side to the waist. Spanish corsage trimmed to match, and Spanish pocket.

Another dress, quite novel and in excellent taste, was a silver gray silk, ornamented round the bottom with a very deep band formed of black and violet ribbons, so arranged as to form checkers. On the corsage was a plastron of the same, and the sleeves with revers were trimmed to match.

Among the numerous merino dresses, was one of *rose de chine*, with velvet oak leaves, chain-stitched with white, running all round the skirt. Another of green, beautifully braided with thick white silk cord, a brown braided with gold color. A travelling dress of Humboldt purple, with Camail to match, both elegantly braided with fancy black braid.

Black alpacas are being made up with fluted ruffles, and trimmed with colored velvets and braids. Velvets are to be had narrow enough for braiding and so up to a finger in width of all colors; the black with white edge, however, seems to be preferred for everything. Plain black velvet ribbons come one-quarter of a yard wide. Black and white fancy braid is very stylish, and black mixed with tinsel we see used. Beads worked in with braiding add much to the effect. Short plaid silk scarfs are very much worn by misses, tied in a large bow under the chin. Camel-hair scarfs are worn in the same style. For in-doors, lace and muslin lappets or scarfs are now very generally worn round the neck, to the exclusion of collars. They are also tied in a large bow, and, when well tied, are very stylish. When made of lace, and arranged with taste, they are very becoming.

Handkerchiefs are worn very simply ornamented: some have five rows of small spots in black silk all round, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle, with similar black spots worked upon it. Others are chain-stitched, or braided in colors, with a medallion and initials on one side, the handkerchiefs being generally round. The more elegant are trimmed with insertions and flutings of Valenciennes.

Sashes are much worn, and as it is rather expensive to have them to match every dress, many are made of black silk, with either a ruche all round, or else braided and the ends fringed. The most elegant are of black thread lace, and add much to the style of a dress.

The accepted style of bonnet is very high, rather square on top, and straight, shallow sides. For misses the tabs are generally very small. The trimming is placed on top, and consists of plumes or fans, fold, or flutings of velvet.

We noticed at Miss McConnel's, of Clinton Place, New York, an exquisite bonnet of Humboldt purple velvet, with the whole of the front covered with the green blossoms of the American linden. We should remark, *en passant*, that the Humboldt purple has the peculiarity of looking well in the evening. Another of the same shade was trimmed with velvet flowers to match, and black lace. We have not space to describe the many beautiful bonnets we saw at this establishment; but we were particularly attracted by a new veil styled *Loup de dentelle*. They are suitable for round hats as well as bonnets, and, we have been told, have been adopted by the Empress, and will be much patronized this winter. They are made in different sorts of lace, rather oval in shape, and held in their place by a black velvet, or ribbon of a similar color as the bonnet, which is run through a beading, and tied with bow and ends just over the mouth. The veil is then trimmed with a lace about two inches in width.

Brodie's cloaks are as usual very stylish and of great variety in shape and trimming. A number of the rich velvet cloaks are long sacks without trimming, except on the revers of the sleeve, on which there is a coquille of lace. Others are rounding, with several seams from the shoulders to the waist, causing them to hang very gracefully. They have armholes, but no sleeves, and are trimmed with jet passementerie running up in pyramids. Some have a large plait in the centre of the back, and are ornamented with rich crochet medallions, and fastened at the throat with crochet ornaments.

Ball cloaks are now being made of exceedingly rich and handsome material, and really form part of the evening toilet. Some are of white silk, bordered with bands of black and gold, others spotted with gold. New designs appear daily in the show-rooms. At Mme. Pinchon's we noticed a number of cloaks made of blue cloth, thick, soft, and velvety, richly braided or trimmed with passementerie. Others were darker, almost a blue black.

At other establishments we have seen sacks made up of army blue cloth, and trimmed with gilt braid and buttons; but these are entirely too *prononcé* for the street, and the style will not be adopted by ladies of good taste.

We were shown some very elegant dresses, just finished by Mme. Demorest, 473 Broadway. One was a Russian leather colored taffeta, the skirt trimmed with five bands of black velvet, edged on both sides with quilling of the same taffeta, and finished with black lace. The body was open and trimmed round over the shoulders with three rows of the velvet and plaiting, the centre band being the widest, which was also the case on the skirt. The bands ended in the girdle, which had broad, long ends, fastened without a bow.

An evening dress we admired for its novel and appropriate use of *crêpe* as the trimming. This was a mauve silk, trimmed with three rows of *crêpe* ruches in three shades, the inner one the darkest, and the outer one lighter than the dress. Low body, with Marie Antoinette fichu, trimmed to correspond, and terminating in long ends behind. Another silk of Mexican blue had three fluted *crêpe* flounces, the same shade as the dress, and edged with black lace.

A very beautiful carriage dress was a fine poplin, in shaded tints of maize color and black, with five undulating black stripes. This dress had a hemmed flounce of changeable silk, the same shade as the foundation color of the dress. Above this was an application of guipure four inches wide. The body was trimmed *en Zouave*, and the sleeve shaped at the elbow with trimmings of guipure lace and flutings.

One of the latest novelties is the Spanish pocket, a very pretty and dressy little affair. It is worn on the outside of the dress, and is very like a Zouave pouch. It is suitable both for ladies and misses, and, we think, will be a favorite this winter. FASHION.

"The best *Two dollar* Magazine published."—*Lancaster Union.*

☞ **ONLY $1 25 A YEAR IN CLUBS OF FOUR.** ☜

Rare Inducements to getters-up of Clubs! A premium plate for every Club!!

Arthur's Home Magazine for 1863.

Volumes XXI. and XXII.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness.

The aim of this work from the beginning, has been to unite in one periodical the attractions and excellencies of two classes of magazines—The Ladies', or Fashion, Magazines, as they are called, and the literary monthlies; and so to blend the useful with the entertaining, as to please and benefit all classes of readers. The true "Home Magazine" must have its

TOILETTE AND WORK-TABLE DEPARTMENT; its *MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT;* its *HEALTH, CHILDREN'S, AND HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENTS; as well as its strictly LITERARY DEPARTMENT.*

All these are united in our magazine, and in each department excellence is sought. Nothing is admitted in any way hurtful to morality, honor, or religion.

Probably of no periodical in the country has the press everywhere spoken with such unqualified approval. From thousands of similar notices we give the following:—

It is a Home Magazine in every sense of the word, healthy, fresh, and sweet—beautiful as the meadows of June. It is a welcome necessity in our home.—*Journal, Delhi, Iowa*

Its cheapness makes it accessible to all families, while its literary merits are inferior to none of the more expensive magazines.—*Cataract, Cohoes, New York.*

Arthur has done as much as any man of his age to diffuse good morals and religious principles among the young, and his magazine comes forth from month to month like a sower to sow, and scatters the good seed everywhere.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Arthur's Home Magazine is undoubtedly the best publication of its character, for the price, published in the United States or any other country.—*Independent, Mankato, Minn.*

It is decidedly the best two dollar magazine published, and should be in every house.—*Mirror, Mt. Holly, N. J.*

This superb ladies' magazine comes fully up to the best standard of a literary and fashionable periodical.—*Telegram, Ottawa, Ohio.*

Any person who cannot get two dollars' worth out of it in a year, will never get it in any magazine.—*Independent, Warren, Ill.*

Bright, beautiful, and home-like as usual. May its genial presence never fail to cheer our home.—*Chronicle, Rochester, Ind.*

We never put down this magazine, but that we feel better for having taken it up.—*Union Dem., Deposit, N. Y.*

We have said so much in favor of Arthur's Magazine tha we hardly know what else we can say. It is certainly one of the best and one of the cheapest.—*Republican, New Oregon, Iowa.*

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS

appear in every number, including choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing Fashions, and a great variety of needle-work patterns.

THE LITERARY

portion of the HOME MAGAZINE is of the highest character. The Editors, who write largely for its pages, are assisted by liberal contributions from the pens of some of the best writers in the country.

PREMIUMS.

Our Premium Plates for 1863 *are:—*

1. A large Photograph copy of that splendid engraving, "SHAKSPEARE AND HIS COTEMPORARIES." This copy is made from a *proof before lettering*, and gives all the detail and effect, with an accuracy that is remarkable.
2. A large Photograph copy from an engraving of Huntington's celebrated picture, "MERCY'S DREAM," a favorite with every one.
3. A similar copy of Herring's "GLIMPSE OF AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD." This premium was given last year, and was so great a favorite that we continue it on the list for 1863.

YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy	Home Magazine (and one of the premium plates),	$2 00
2 copies	(and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	3 00
3 "	(and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	4 00
4 "	(and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	5 00
8 "	(and an extra copy of Magazine, and one premium plate to getter-up of Club),	10 00
12 "	(and an extra copy of Magazine, and two premium plates to getter-up of Club),	15 00
17 "	(and an extra copy of Magazine, and two premium plates to getter-up of Club),	20 00

☞ It will be seen that each single subscriber, who pays $2, is entitled to one of the premium plates.

☞ In ordering premiums, three red stamps must be sent, in every case, to pay the cost of mailing each premium.

☞ It is not required that all the subscribers to a club be at the same Post-office.

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, $3 50.

Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine, one year, $3 50.

Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, $3 00.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.**

JANUARY, 1863.

Embellishments, Etc.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT. A splendid engraving on steel.
NEW YEAR. Emblematical title-page, containing the best likeness of Washington ever published.
GODEY'S DOUBLE EXTENSION COLORED FASHION-PLATE. Surpassing any published either in Europe or America.
THE DAISY TRAVELLING OR WINTER HOOD. Printed in colors.
THE OLD SEWING-MACHINE. An illustrative engraving.
LATEST FASHIONS. Dresses. Two engravings.
LA MADRILENA. From Brodie.
HEADDRESSES. Three engravings.
THE PRINCESS CAPUCHON.
LADIES' BRAIDED SLIPPER. Two engravings.
BRAIDING FOR A MARSEILLES CLOAK.
BRAIDED CUFF.
FANCY TIE. Two engravings.
HALF-CIRCLE BOX TOILETTE PINCUSHION.
EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT.
PELERINE CLOAK.
BRAIDED PINCUSHION.
ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.
BRAIDED SHOE FOR A CHILD.
EMBROIDERED POCKET FOR A LADY'S DRESS.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. Caps, Undersleeves, etc. Six engravings.
PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT. Seven engravings.
BOOK-MARKER.
A NEW STYLE FOR COLLAR AND CUFFS. Four engravings.
NEEDLE-BOOK IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.
INSERTING FOR A PILLOW-CASE.
BRAIDING FOR A CHILD'S PIQUE DRESS.
DESIGN FOR AN INFANT'S BLANKET.
NAME FOR MARKING.
BRAIDING PALM FOR THE END OF A SASH.
THE FAIRY SEWING-MACHINE. Two engravings.
RURAL RESIDENCE. Three engravings.
BRAIDING PATTERNS. Ten engravings.
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Four engravings.

Contributors and Contents.

GODEY'S WOOD ENGRAVING NOVELTIES.

Of these we give double the number of any other magazine, no matter what its price may be. Among them will be found all the latest fashions of the day, as we import them from London and Paris; and owing to our fast printing presses we are able to give the very latest.

COLORED EMBROIDERY PATTERNS AND LINGERIE.

Every number contains patterns of some article for a lady to work—ottomans, backs of chairs, slippers, etc. You may look in vain in other magazines for finished articles of this kind. Each one in the stores would cost more than a single copy of the Book.

Among the articles to be continued, and which have been appreciated, will be

Gardening for the Ladies.

MR. H. A. DREER, the celebrated Horticulturist of this city, will assist in this department.

Our Musical Department.

Three dollars' worth of Music is given every year; and if it were only for the music alone, the Lady's Book would be cheap at the price we ask for it. We give twelve pieces of very choice, and most of it original, music every year, the cost of which would be in the stores Three Dollars, and much of it cannot be procured there at any price. This department is solely under the direction of J. STARR HOLLOWAY, ESQ., a gentleman whose taste is undoubted.

Our Health Department.

This is a feature peculiar to the Lady's Book.

Articles that can be made for Presents, or Fancy Fairs.

This department gave great satisfaction in 1862; it will, therefore, be continued.

DIAGRAMS FOR CHILDREN'S AND LADIES' DRESSES.—These we have always given, and will continue to give. This is our peculiar feature.

CHILDREN'S SAMPLERS for learning.

In the various numbers for 1863 will be found the newest designs for

WINDOW CURTAINS, BRODERIE ANGLAISE, SLIPPERS, BONNETS, CAPS, CLOAKS, EVENING-DRESSES, FANCY ARTICLES, HEADDRESSES, HAIR-DRESSING, ROBES-DE-CHAMBRE, CARRIAGE DRESSES, BRIDES' DRESSES, WREATHS, MANTILLAS. WALKING-DRESSES, MORNING-DRESSES, RIDING HABITS, COLLARS, CHEMISETTES, UNDERSLEEVES, PATCHWORK, EMBROIDERY PATTERNS, and *CROCHET AND NETTING WORK.*

Our designs are received semi-monthly from our agents in France, England, and Germany, and every new pattern of any portion of a lady's dress appears first in the Lady's Book.

DRAWING IN ALL ITS VARIETY, useful to the beginner and the proficient.

FASHIONS from the establishment of the celebrated "Brodie" will be in every number.

MODEL COTTAGES.

GODEY'S INVALUABLE RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT.

indispensable to every family, worth more than the whole cost of the Book, and a great saving of expense to all those who take the Book. For the Boudoir, the Nursery, the Kitchen, the House, and the Laundry. As a test of the value of this department, originated by the Lady's Book, we have frequently received letters in which ladies have stated that they have taken premiums at fancy fairs for cakes and other articles manufactured from receipts taken from the Lady's Book. It also serves as an exchange of receipts. Ladies who wish to know how to make any article inquire through the Book, and others answer it. Our department is much fuller than that of any other magazine—having more room in the Book—and it is more carefully attended to. Godey's Lady's Book is also used as a premium at nearly every Agricultural exhibition in the United States—another testimony of its worth.

Send in your orders soon. The best plan of subscribing is to send your money direct to the publisher.

SUBSCRIBING TO ASSOCIATIONS.—We recognize no subscription that is not sent direct to ourselves. If you pay your money to any association, you must look to it for your books. We will not supply a copy of the Lady's Book unless the money is sent direct to us. We have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year, $3. Two copies one year, $5. Three copies one year, $6. Four copies one year, $7.
Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making six copies, $10.
Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making nine copies, $15.
Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies, $20.
Any person having sent a club will have the privilege of adding one or more copies at the same club rates.
☞ *The above Terms cannot be deviated from, no matter how many are ordered.*
And the *only* magazine that can be introduced into any of the above clubs is Arthur's Home Magazine. One or more of that work can be included in a club in the place of the Lady's Book, if preferred.

Terms to Subscribers in the British Provinces by the year.

One copy, $3. Two copies, $5. Three copies, $6. Five copies and one copy to the getter-up of club, making six copies, $11 25. At these prices, subscribers in the Provinces will only have the British postage to pay.

Special Clubbing with other Magazines.

Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine both one year for $3 50.
Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine both one year for $4 50.
Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine one year $6 00.
The above is the only way we can club with Harper's Magazine.
☞ *The money must all be sent at one time for any of the Clubs.*
☞ Treasury Notes and Notes of all solvent banks taken at par.
☞ We can always supply back numbers for the year, as the work is electrotyped.
☞ Club subscribers will be sent to any post-office where the subscriber may reside.
☞ Subscriptions may commence with any month in the year.

HOW TO REMIT.—Procure a draft, if possible; if not, send Treasury or Bank notes; but let it be a matter known only to yourself; the fewer you let into the secret, the more certainty there is of your money coming to hand. If you send gold, secure it carefully in the letter; otherwise, it is apt to work out of the envelope. Be careful and pay the postage on your letter.

Address **L. A. GODEY, 323 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!!!

MAY BE PROCURED

At FROM $8 to $12 PER ACRE,

Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization.

1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, ON LONG CREDIT, the beautiful and fertile PRAIRIE LANDS lying along the whole line of their Railroad, 700 MILES IN LENGTH, upon the most Favorable Terms for enabling Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics and Workingmen to make for themselves and their families a competency, and a HOME they can call THEIR OWN, as will appear from the following statements:

ILLINOIS.

Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,722,666, and a soil capable of supporting 20,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT.

CLIMATE.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils, cultivated with so much ease. The climate from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 200 miles, is well adapted to Winter.

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO.

Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which Chicago and other Northern markets are furnished from four to six weeks earlier than their immediate vicinity. Between the Terre Haute, Alton & St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, (a distance of 115 miles on the Branch, and 136 miles on the Main Trunk,) lies the great Corn and Stock raising portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 50 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith, (a distance of 56 miles on the Branch and 147 miles by the Main Trunk,) Timothy Hay, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c, are produced in great abundance.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 35,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes, Flax, Hemp, Peas, Clover, Cabbage, Beets, Tobacco, Sorgheim, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

STOCK RAISING.

In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the best breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enter with the fairest prospects of like results. DAIRY FARMING also presents its inducements to many.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON.

The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Commencing in latitude 39 deg. 30 min. (see Mattoon on the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line), the Company owns thousands of acres well adapted to the perfection of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can turn their youthful labor to a most profitable account in the growth and perfection of this plant.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Traverses the whole length of the State, from the banks of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan to the Ohio. As its name imports, the Railroad runs through the centre of the State, and on either side of the road along its whole length lie the lands offered for sale.

CITIES, TOWNS, MARKETS, DEPOTS,

There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving about one every seven miles. Cities, Towns and Villiages are situated at convenient distances throughout the whole route, where every desirable commodity may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where buyers are to be met for all kinds of farm produce.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and working-men will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of the schools. Children can live in sight of the school, the college, the church, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

80 acres at $10 per acre. with interest at 6 per ct. annually on the following terms:

Cash payment	$48 00
Payment in one year	48 00
" in two years	48 00
" in three years	48 00
" in four years	236 00
" in five years	224 00
" in six yers	212 00
" in seven years	200 00

40 acres, at $10 00 per acre;

Cash payment	$24 00
Payment in one year	24 00
" in two years	24 00
" in three years	24 00
" in four years	118 00
" in five years	112 00
" in six years	106 00
" in seven years	100 00

Address **Land Commissioner,** *Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.*